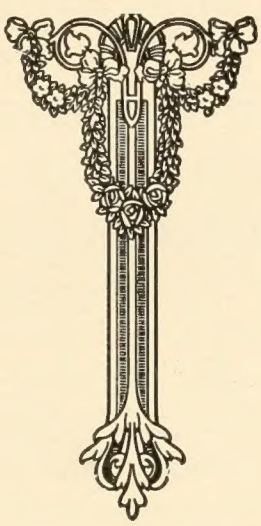
A HISTORY of ROME and FLOYD COUNTY

by

GEORGE MAGRUDER BATTEY, JR.

A History of Rome and Floyd County



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FRIENDS, ROMANS,

COUNTRYMEN:

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EXPLANATION OF PICTURES ON "JACKET"

The "jacket" or paper cover which encloses the cloth cover of the book is made up of the following pictures:

At the top, a panoramic view of Rome taken about ten years ago from Myrtle Hill cemetery, showing the castle-like spires of old Shorter College, the city clock and the Floyd County court house; to the left, the Oostanaula River, and in the foreground, the Etowah. This picture was obtained through courtesy of the Central of Georgia Railway Company.

At the bottom are: Rome in 1864, shortly after Gen. Sherman had captured the town; the Confederate Soldiers' section in Myrtle Hill cemetery; the North Rome Baptist church; Broad Street and a column of Boy Scouts ready for a hike.

On the front are: The grave of the first Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, in Myrtle Hill; the chapel of the Berry Schools; entrance to the old Rome driving park and fair grounds, near DeSoto Park; Rome boys enjoying a freshet; Col. Thos. W. Alexander, commander of the Berry Infantry.

On the back strip is a silhouette of Col. Jos. Watters, a planter and state senator in the thirties.

On the back are: Gen. Charles Floyd, father of Gen. John Floyd, for whom Floyd County was named (in the uniform of the St. Helena Guards, of Charleston); Gen. Charles Floyd assisted in removing the Indians from Cherokee Georgia (he is wearing in his hat a crescent bearing the words "Liberty or Death," which is in posession of Wm. G. McAdoo, a grandson several degrees removed); Donald Harper, of Rome and Paris (France); the Baptist parsonage; Steve Eberhart (or Perry), mascot of Floyd County Camp 368 of Confederate Veterans; Maj. Philip W. Hemphill, one of the four founders of Rome; left to right, little Misses Elizabeth Morris, Eleanor Fuller and Juliet Graves; entrance to the Battey vault, in Myrtle Hill.

THE IMPORTANCE OF HISTORY

Biography is the only true history.—CARLYLE.

History casts its shadow far into the land of song.—LONGFELLOW.

Succeeding generations should tote their own historical skillets.—COLEGATE.

History, like true intelligence, consists in old ideas wrought over.—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Each generation gathers together in history the imperishable children of the past.—BANCROFT.

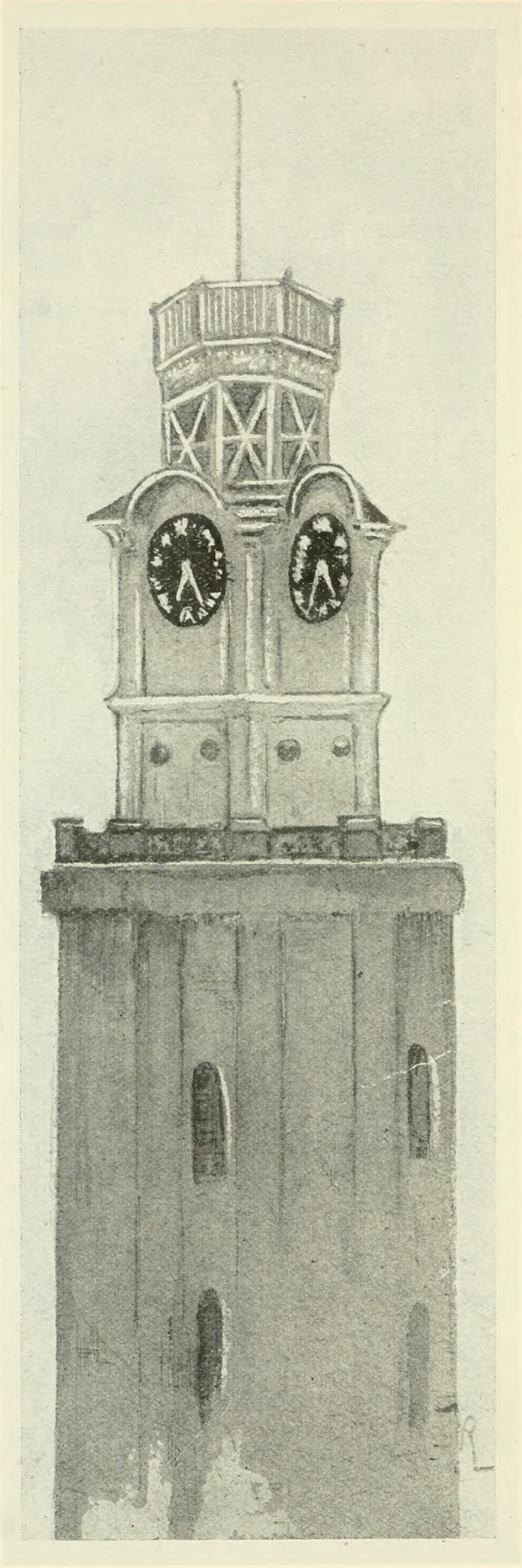
Out of monuments, names, traditions, private records and passages of books we do save and recover somewhat from the deluge of time.—BACON.

This I hold to be the chief office of history, to rescue virtuous actions from the oblivion to which a want of records would consign them.—TACITUS.

God is in the facts of history as truly as He is in the march of the seasons, the revolutions of the planets or the architecture of the worlds.—LANAHAN.

History maketh a young man to be old, without wrinkles or gray hairs, privileging him with the experience of age, without either the infirmities or the inconveniences thereof.—FULLER.

An historian ought to be exact, sincere and sympathetic, free from passion, unbiased by interest, fear, resentment or affection, and faithful to the truth, which is the mother of history.—NAPOLEON.



THE CLOCK TOWER.

A HISTORY OF ROME AND FLOYD COUNTY

STATE OF GEORGIA — UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

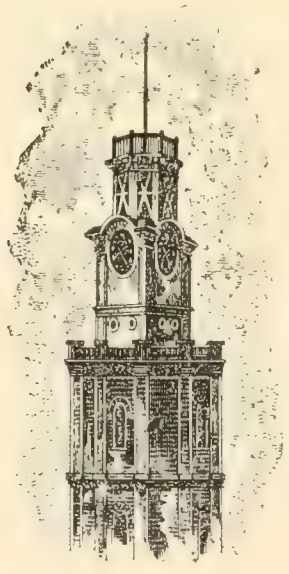
INCLUDING NUMEROUS INCIDENTS OF MORE THAN LOCAL INTEREST

1540—1922

VOLUME I.

By

GEORGE MAGRUDER BATTEY, JR.
AUTHOR OF "70,000 MILES ON A SUBMARINE DESTROYER"



ATLANTA, GA.
The Webb and Vary Company
1922

F294
.R7 B3
1922

DEDICATION
To the Boy Scouts
and the Girl Scouts of
Rome and Floyd County, whose
youthful enthusiasm and helpful, un-
selfish spirit of service promise so much
for the development of civic enter-
prise and the advancement of in-
terest in the wholesome life
of the Great Outdoors,
this book is affec-
tionately dedi-
cated by
THE AUTHOR.

Introduction

NOW AND THEN a queen pawns her jewels to advance the cause of civilization, and thus gives back part of what her admiring subjects have offered up. Similarly has a queen who wears no tiara or crown thrown herself into the breach and made possible the completion at this time of the History of Rome. Her rocking chair is "in soak" because she believes the enterprise is worth while. If we will redeem the chair out of sales from the book, she will feel amply repaid, and can sit down again. It will be possible through a little unselfish sacrifice on the part of each and all of us.

One thousand copies of the book are included in the first binding. More than half of these have been mailed to subscribers who spoke for them in advance. Additional sheets have been printed so that other Romans may have copies who desire them. Extra copies will be bound in accordance with the demand, so that the total issue will be just what Romans, former Romans and a select company of "innocent bystanders" make it. The compiler hopes that many will avail themselves of the opportunity to invest, for the double reason that the book contains a wealth of material which everybody should have, and a subscription does just that much to advance the interests of the town and section. He does not urge any support in the expectation of making a profit, for he has put far more into it these two years than he can possibly get out, except in mental satisfaction. He wishes to sell the book not on personal or sentimental grounds, but on the basis of whatever value the purchaser may see in it. No doubt the edition will be quickly exhausted, because material has been included which is expected to stimulate a heavy demand outside of Rome. Then there will be no more copies, for the number is strictly limited.

The excuse for this work was found in the fact that the historians have systematically neglected the section known of old as "Cherokee Georgia." The compiler went back to his birthplace Oct. 21, 1920, to supply whatever of the deficiency he could, realizing that he had had no previous historical experience, but believing that the subject was worthy of a literary masterpiece. He found a fertile field in which to labor; the legend of DeSoto's visit in 1540, the Indian occupation and removal, the deeds of valor in war, the constructive enterprises following the war's wake, all supplied an inspiration that was irresistible. On beginning his work, he saw the truth of the statement, "The South makes plenty of history, but writes very little of it." His task, therefore, consisted in laying a foundation as well as erecting a superstructure, and he realizes the imperfections that such conditions necessarily impose, and is fully conscious of his inability to handle the material as it deserves. He only hopes that the work may be considered from cover to cover, and thus criticized, rather than that any insignificant error of omission or commission may be allowed to obscure the whole in the estimation of the individual.

It is manifestly impossible here to devote much attention to the entire Northwest Georgia section. Floyd's sister counties will no doubt eventually write histories of their own. However, there are numerous references to happenings elsewhere which are connected with characters

or events in Floyd, and in certain instances the material is quite general in its character and application.

Since the greater part of Rome's history existed in tradition and in scrap books and old records, it has been deemed advisable to go back as far as possible, and rescue the fragments of early Rome before they are lost in the dust of the past. The story of Rome's part in the removal of the Indians has never been adequately told, nor has the picture of conditions just before the Civil War been fully presented. The subject of Rome's part in the war of 1861-5 is all but ignored. The duty is manifestly to revert to the dim beginnings, to give "right-of-way" to the "old settlers," to suggest that the present generation keep newspapers and records liberally so our contemporary history may not suffer likewise.

So much material has been developed that the necessity of a second volume is apparent. Volume I contains half of the complete narrative, a great many pictures and a vast amount of miscellaneous data. Its faulty arrangement is due to the uncertainty, up to the last moment, over what was to be used. Volume II, which it is intended should be published when conditions are more favorable, will contain many additional pictures and such biographical sketches and miscellaneous items as could not be included in the first. These two volumes will in a measure tell the romantic tale.

The history started with a series of articles in the Rome News, followed by "Rambles Around Rome." It has been augmented from many sources, and particularly from the files of the old Rome Courier, which was the forerunner of Rome's daily newspaper, The Tribune-Herald. Both of these present-day newspapers have been unflagging friends of the history. In the collection of material, chiefly of a statistical nature, the most consistent individual has been Richard Venable Mitchell, of Rome. Mr. Mitchell has worked with splendid spirit and without hope of reward; Romans are certain to appreciate the accurate data he gives them in his lists of the natural resources of Floyd, and of the state, city and county officials, various important and interesting dates and a vast quantity of odd information. Mrs. Harriet Connor Stevens has contributed liberally of her time in order that some of the Cave Spring pioneers might be remembered. Miss Frances Long Harper has also helped substantially at Cave Spring. In forcing the history upon public attention, the most valiant supporters have been H. H. Shackelton, president of the Chamber of Commerce; Robt. H. Clagett, editor of the Rome News; W. S. Rowell, editor of the Tribune-Herald, and Lee J. Langley, writing for both papers.

Thanks are due Hooper Alexander, of Atlanta; W. R. L. Smith, of Norfolk, Va.; Mrs. Mabel Washbourne Anderson, of Pryor, Okla.; S. W. Ross, of Tahlequah, Okla.; Judge Henry C. Meigs, of Ft. Gibson, Okla., and C. F. Hanke, chief clerk of the Indian Office, Washington, D. C., for much of the Indian data. (The biographies of the Indian leaders are omitted for further investigation of conflicting material). Substantial assistance has been given by Miss Tommie Dora Barker, librarian of the Carnegie Library, Atlanta, and by Miss Carrie Williams, of the reference department; Mrs. Maud Barker Cobb, state librarian, the Capitol, Atlanta; Duncan Burnett, librarian of the library of the University of Georgia, Athens; Dr. Lucian L. Knight, director of the State Department of History, the Capitol, Atlanta, and Miss Ruth Blair, of the same department. Dr. Knight's valuable books have been consulted freely and credit generally given in each instance. Appreciation is like-

wise expressed herewith of aid rendered by the Daughters of the American Revolution and the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and of the interest shown by Henderson L. Lanham, president of the Board of Education of the City of Rome, by Prof. B. F. Quigg, City Superintendent, and Prof. W. C. Rash, County Superintendent, in a plan for teaching local history in the public schools. While nothing definite has been done, the suggestion that a condensed school history be written out of the History of Rome is being considered, and already has the moral support of at least one large Eastern publishing house.

Most of the maps are from Rand-McNally & Co., Chicago.

The artistic pictures of the Berry Schools were taken by D. W. Densmore, faculty member, and a number of pictures of landmarks by R. V. Mitchell. Several pictures and some text do not appear because they have been lost or misplaced; a few typographical errors herein likewise prove the intensely human character of the work of man.

Loans negotiated through the assistance of John M. Graham and Wilson M. Hardy greatly helped the work at the outset, and $100 received near the close from a group of Rome business men, headed by E. R. Fishburne, averted an almost certain postponement. Mr. Walter D. Carr, of Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston publishers, loaned the cuts of John Ridge and Major Ridge. To all others who have helped with friendly advice, data or money the heartfelt thanks of the compiler are herewith given. Rome will thank them in her own way. The list is a long one, and it cannot be extended here; it will appear, perhaps, in the proposed Vol. II.

There is a great deal that is left over for another volume simply because no funds were in sight to print it. Ample warning of this situation was given from time to time. If Romans make Vol. II possible by an underwriting plan, or if a single Roman desires the opportunity of doing that much for the town he loves, the compiler will dig into his files again. Undoubtedly some Roman who wishes a send-off here below and a welcome above will remember Vol. II in his will.

The rules governing the history campaign were very simple. Practically everybody who showed as much as a passing interest has been given some notice in the book, either for themselves or their ancestors. Those who have ignored letters, personal or circular, or both, or have refused to "weep" while we "mourned," have erected a temporary barrier between us. Fortunately, there have not been many of these, although more have sat on the fence. They will have another chance if they want it—for Vol. II. No considerations of friendship have caused us to overlook a flagrant neglect of Rome and the history by those who in our opinion could have helped. At the same time, we feel friendly and hold the door open—for Vol. II. We consider it a duty to speak plainly so Romans will understand, and that we may do better next time. Let us make Vol. II surpass Vol. I.

The original plan called for sections of text devoted to the Berry Schools, Shorter College, Hearn Academy, the Georgia School for the Deaf at Cave Spring, and the Floyd County and Rome public schools. Failure of the leading institutions in this group to pay a cost price for the printing (due largely to the general economic conditions) has put these sections over for further consideration.

A few words about quoted articles. Most of the items with dates from 1920-22 affixed are from The Rome News, prior to that, after 1886, from The Tribune of Rome or The Tribune-Herald, and from 1850 to 1887

from The Rome Tri-Weekly Courier or Weekly Courier. An understanding of this scheme, it is believed, will assist the reader.

It is hoped that the history will please the subscribers as well as prove of some use to them as a work of reference. A reading glass for aged eyes is recommended where type and pictures are small. In practically all cases the biographies have been submitted to the families for correction and approval. A committee of Romans has kindly gone over most of the other data. Anecdotes are told—on our own clan, too—which we hope will be received in good part, for there is no intention to offend anyone. Romans are noted for speaking the truth fearlessly, and since we are all in one big family and are blessed with a sense of humor, we can well afford to perpetuate the stories of our members for fireside enjoyment. A colorless story of Rome would be of no good and would find few willing consumers.

With this much said by way of introduction, we salute our subscribers and friends, wish them a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, and unreservedly place our literary fate in their tender hands.

GEO. M. BATTEY, JR.

81 W. 14th St.,
Atlanta, Ga.,
Friday, Dec. 1, 1922.

P. S.—Since the above was written, the decision was reached to include in Vol. I. no biographical sketches. It was believed best to hold over for consideration for Vol. II. all the 300 sketches rather than to print only a few to the exclusion of the many. A little extra financial support would have made possible the inclusion of all. Since it was not forthcoming, it seemed best to file this other valuable material. The recent vote by mail, by the way, was overwhelmingly in favor of holding the biographies for another time. The several persons who advanced money for sketches will be reimbursed or given extra copies of the present volume, as they prefer. We assure them and all others that we regret our inability to use this excellent data, which can only be improved with age. We will keep it intact in the confident hope that Romans will make its publication possible at some day in the near future.

G. M. B.



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PART I.

THE DIM BEGINNINGS

1540-1834



CHAPTER I

The Spanish Cavaliers and Their Quest for Gold

MANY years before the English settled the first permanent colony in America at Jamestown, Va., in 1607, there existed a wild stretch of country at the southwestern end of the Appalachian Mountain chain, encompassing what is now Rome and Floyd County, Ga., and which was inhabited only by tribes of Indians who lived in wigwams made of bark and skins, and huts of rough pine and oak finished in red clay mortar. The waters of this region, leaping through the mountain gorges in slender, silken streams, purled their way into the valleys and found outlets in the Atlantic Ocean or Gulf of Mexico. They were alive with fish, especially the upland streams with trout, and it used to be said that had the Indian possessed a hat, in many places he could have scooped up a hatful at a time.

Large black bears went grubbing over the mountain tops in search of worms and roots, occasionally shambling into the fertile valleys below; hungry wolves leaped freely through the forest trails; deer penetrated the thickets and slaked their thirst at the sparkling brooks; panthers and wildcats slunk serenely from feeding ground to cavernous lair; snakes of huge size and great number infested the rocky fastnesses, the sun-baked river banks and the grassy plains; wild turkeys clucked along the leafy bowers and smaller birds of beautiful plumage dotted the trees of hillside, valley and swamp.

Upon this primitive stage at some uncertain date had appeared the Indian, successor to the ill-fated Mound Builder of North America. Agile, bloodthirsty and possessing a keen appetite, the Indian pursued by foot and in his swift canoe, with his trusty bow and arrow, the animals, birds and snakes, killed them and ate the flesh, sometimes cooked, sometimes raw, and made the skins into rugs, wigwam covers, robes, papoose bags and numerous ornaments for his person. The Indian painted his face and his body with a mixture of oil and clay, dressed himself in a wampum belt from which depended a wildcat skin or kilt of limber grass or hair, and with a headdress of feathers which hung down to his waist he joined in the big tribal hunts or fared forth to fight enemy tribesmen. The Indian women, or squaws, did the routine work about the hut or wigwam settlements, took care of the children and strung beads and wove various materials into baskets, rugs and articles of clothing, and cultivated small patches of grain.

From the time when Christopher Columbus discovered America in 1492 and took possession in the name of the King and the Queen of Spain, the Indian was forced to count on the paleface as a potential foe who needed his hunting grounds and his towns for colonization purposes. The Spanish are regarded as the pioneer explorers of America through their expeditions to Florida, the Land of Flowers, which embraced vastly more territory than the State of Florida of the present day. Juan Ponce DeLeon explored the coast of the Florida Peninsula in 1513, penetrated into the interior in search of the Fountain of Perpetual Youth, engaged the savages and was killed with a poisoned arrow. Followed the cruel Narvaez to the west coast of the peninsula,

where he set an example for the savages by loosing bloodhounds on the aged mother of an Indian chief, which tore her to pieces; then he cut off the chief's nose and sent him to Cuba as a slave. The Indians avenged this atrocity by driving Narvaez to his ships; a storm hit the vessels and Narvaez and all but four of his men were lost.

Next in importance was Hernando (Ferdinand) DeSoto, who in his search of the Chiahan Eldorado in the hope of filling the treasure chest of the King of Spain is supposed to have spent nearly 30 days on the present site of Rome.

DeSoto had fought successfully in the Spanish wars of conquest in Central America and Peru, when called by the king to cut a path through Florida, to work the gold mines and the pearl fisheries which earlier explorers had assured the king existed. Having recently married Dona Isabel de Bobadilla, member of the Spanish royal family and his social equal, whose father was his superior in wealth if not in manhood, DeSoto set sail from Spain on April 8, 1538, taking with him his wife, 600 soldiers, 200 horses and a herd of swine for food. DeSoto's "noble Six Hundred" carried arquebuses, matchlocks, one cannon and a falconet (small cannon in general use at that time). They had plenty of ammunition, and led by tethers a pack of fierce bloodhounds. Plenty of iron chains, collars and wristlets were carried to put upon Indian prisoners. Swine and cattle furnished a large part of the food, while pack mules bore the provisions. The personnel was made up of mechanics, builders and smiths monks, laymen and Catholic priests in robes. Quite a number of the fighters wore light armor which readily shed the sharp darts of the red-skins. They landed at Havana, Cuba, but after a short stay proceeded up Florida's west coast, leaving Dona Isabel behind as governess of the island. On Friday, May 30, 1539, DeSoto landed at the present Tampa Bay, where he took possession of Florida as Adelantado (governor), and where he wrote the city fathers of Santiago de Cuba what was supposed to have been the only letter he sent back on his long and heart-breaking journey.

DeSoto immediately asked the Indians where gold and precious stones could be found; they pointed northward. He fought and diplomatized his way to the present Georgia-Florida line, encountering numerous physical difficulties; thence he proceeded northwestward when told by a captured scout* of a province ruled over by a beautiful Indian princess, called Cutifachiqui, where his beasts might break their backs under the load of pearls and gold. The home of the princess is supposed to have been at Silver Bluff, Barnwell Co., S. C., 25 miles southeast of Augusta, Ga., on the Savannah river, where George Golphin later lived. Here DeSoto was presented with a handsome string of large pearls by the Princess Cutifachiqui; he dug heaps of pearls and relics out of Indian mounds, which the Indians did not like, but they maintained an appearance of acquiescence. On leaving, he forced his gracious hostess to accompany the expedition as a guide and protection against any possible attacks by her tribesmen. The Indian maid's knowledge of trails and woodcraft enabled her to escape in a few days and return to her settlement. DeSoto pressed northward in forced marches to relieve his weary and starving horses and men, and to seize or unearth gold for the king.

*Juan Ortiz, who had been left by Narvaez and had since lived among the Indians.

While accounts differ as to the route DeSoto took through North Georgia, the authorities generally agree that after leaving Cutifachiqui, DeSoto went to the site of Yonah Mountain, in Nachoochee Valley, White County, where he mined a while and the Indians gave his troops many dogs to eat; also that he crossed the North Georgia mountains to the Connasauga River, thence followed the Oostanaula River to the junction of the Etowah River, where the Coosa forms, to Chiaha province and town, the modern site of Rome; also that he followed the Coosa southwestward into Alabama, whence in time he pushed on across West Tennesssee and discovered the Mississippi River, in which he was buried after dying of fever in 1541.

It is possible to mention these differences of opinion only in brief here. James Mooney, a careful student of the subject, held that DeSoto followed the Chattahoochee River headwaters down the valleys of Habersham County, sighted Kennesaw (Kensagi) Mountain in Cobb County, instead of the Connasauga River, (passing near the site of modern Atlanta), and instead of visiting Chiaha, visited Chehaw, a Creek town in Alabama below Columbus. It may be significant that Atlantans do not claim that DeSoto passed near their land.

An understanding of the topography of the country, the aims and necessities of the expedition and the reasonable probabilities are prerequisites to a reconciliation of the viewpoints. Some aid may be found in the reflection that DeSoto often divided his force; undoubtedly he let the main body follow the rivers in the valleys, while prospecting parties penetrated through the mountains. Thus it is possible that his main force, with the heavy equipment and pigs, started down the headwaters of the Chattahoochee in Habersham County, bore to the northwest, crossed the headwaters of the Etowah and followed the Etowah to Rome, discovering and exploring the huge Indian mound on the Tumlin place three miles south of Cartersville; also that the mining group, after exploring the mountains nearly to the Tennessee line, came to the Connasauga River and followed the Oostanaula River down to Rome, where he joined the other unit. Chiaha Town was described by the early chroniclers of the expedition as an island. That impression might easily be made on an explorer crossing the creeks north of Rome whose headwaters nearly touch, and passing on down the peninsula to the water on all sides.

It is quite possible, moreover, that 382 years ago a canal connected the Oostanaula and Etowah rivers, passing through North Rome and making an island of the narrow neck of land between



FERDINAND DeSOTO, Spanish cavalier who it is generally accepted visited the site of Rome in 1540, searching for gold for his king.

the streams at their junction. Another theory is that the DeSoto district (now better known as the Fourth ward), which is supposed to have been where the Spanish camped, was once an island, having been cut off by a break in the Oostanaula near the mouth of Little Dry Creek, which found its way through the lowlands and entered the Coosa above Horseleg Creek, forming a body of land of not less than 250 acres.

Both of these suppositions find encouragement in freaks of nature which are observable in the lifetime of the average man. Less than a decade ago Perkins Island, in the Etowah River, near the foot of Fifth Avenue, was yielding sand to a concern which for many years had sold to contractors who were erecting the most substantial buildings in Rome. In 1920 suit was filed in the Superior Court of Floyd county by the Perkins heirs against Mrs. J. Lindsay Johnson to prevent her from removing the sand. Mrs. Johnson's answer recited that the island had stood opposite her East Rome farm, separated from the mainland by a narrow body of water. Accretions of sand and silt had filled up this channel and made the island part of the mainland; therefore, as she claimed, the former island belonged to her.

Another island which has become part of the mainland in like manner was at Nixon's sand bar, Coosa River, just below and across from the mouth of Horseleg Creek. There are no examples as conspicuous as these in which new islands have been formed, but examples are common elsewhere, notably in the Mississippi Valley.

Certain historians who do not believe DeSoto camped at the present site of Rome locate the island down the Coosa in Alabama, near the Georgia line. However, Pickett, Jones, Knight and others hold that Chiaha settlement and the present site of Rome are identical, and that the route proceeded down the Coosa. It is worthy of note that DeSoto resisted the supplications of his men to turn back toward his ships and first landing place, and insisted on striking repeatedly northward in search of gold. Although he followed a zigzag course, his trail was generally northwestward, allowing for a considerable zag toward Mobile, where he won a great battle with the Indians. At Chiaha he dispatched two cavaliers on a ten-day journey northward. There appears to have been no point in his going below Columbus, where in July it is much hotter than the North Georgia mountains.

The Indians all along the route had told DeSoto of the rich province of Chiaha, the Eldorado of his dreams. To the principal towns of this province DeSoto had sent scouts to demand of the chiefs a two months' supply of maize (Indian corn). On June 4, 1540, DeSoto entered Chiaha Town via the valleys of the west bank of the Oostanaula River, camped his cohorts along what has for many years been known as the DeSoto Road of the DeSoto District of Floyd County, and crossed the Oostanaula River (probably in canoes) with his advance guard. Here he was warmly received by the young chief, who spake substantially as follows as he handed DeSoto a long string of perfect pearls:*

Mighty Chief: Into this beautiful and beloved country which our fathers have hunted for the beasts and birds of the forest and handed down to us a long time ago, and in which we worship the Spirit of the Sun with all the strength of our natures, we welcome you as friends and brothers. Stay

*This speech is supposed to be more nearly typical of Indian nature and disposition than the polished versions of the chroniclers, which are unmistakably Spanish.

with us as long as you desire; live in our houses, fish and hunt with us in our choice places, and accept our gifts offered you from our hearts. Tell us at once your mission, that we may serve you with the fidelity of the stars. You have asked of my good people supply of maize to sustain your powerful tribe two months. Here you will find 20 barbacoas (barns) bursting with our best grain. Welcome! May your people and my people enjoy a peaceful friendship that will be as strong as the mountains and last as long as the sun shines warm and the rivers of Chiaha run cold.

Through an interpreter DeSoto thanked the chief cordially, then gave to him some trinkets and coins.

"Chocklestee!—Sit down!" invited the chief, and turning to a group of copper-colored warriors, he said: "Talahi—chetawga—chisqua!" The men ran to a picketed enclosure and brought many fowls and dogs for the hungry Spaniards to eat, after which the young chief announced that DeSoto would stop at "akwenasa" (my home).

DeSoto is supposed to have spent 26-30 days in Chiaha, after which he went through Alabama and Western Tennessee and discovered the Mississippi River at Chickasaw Bluff, below Memphis. He died shortly after and was buried in the Mississippi to prevent the Indians from destroying his corpse. His wife died in Cuba of a broken heart, following her husband shortly. She had had no word from him since his departure.



CHAPTER II.

John Sevier, John Floyd and the Indians

IN SEPTEMBER, 1793, an event was catalogued in which the site of Rome was brought to the attention of the country. Gen. John Sevier* descended upon Cherokee Georgia from Tennessee, chasing with his 800 men 1,000 Indians who had scalped and killed thirteen people at Cavett's Station, near Knoxville, and had retreated southward. Gen. Sevier swept out of his path such resistance as was offered, and burned a number of Indian towns. Presently he arrived at Oostanaula, near the forks of the Coosawattee and Connasauga rivers, and after burning this village, divided his force. With half he proceeded down the Oostanaula, while Colonel Kelly and Major Evans were detailed to take the other half down the Etowah river, and to destroy such towns as they found. On Oct. 17, 1793, the Battle of Etowah was fought.

The Kelly-Evans force discovered the main body of the fleeing Indians at a rocky bluff across the Etowah. Some say this was where the Southern Railway now crosses the river, about a mile above Rome, while others hold it was quite a distance farther down the stream. The Indians had felled numerous trees and behind these had sought protection, while a few hid in the rocky fissures of the bluff. Many others had been strung out down the river bank to protect a ford. A clever ruse dislodged the Indians and brought about their defeat. The two officers took their force below the crossing point. Colonel Kelly and several others plunged their horses in and swam across. Thinking the whole force was coming into the water and hoping to shoot them with arrows and guns before they could get out, part of the Indians left their protection and bore down upon the Colonel and his squad, who quickly dashed back into the Etowah. In the meantime, Capt. Evans had back-tracked his force to the ford, and there crossing, fell heavily upon the surprised foe, and put them to flight with a heavy loss. For many years later Indian bones and relics could be found in the crevasses of the hill.

Such of the Indians as escaped swam the river at Myrtle Hill cemetery, and made a stand at the western foot of it. Gen. Sevier having come up with his force, the frontiersmen inflicted terrible slaughter upon the red-skins, and drove them in confusion down the Coosa Valley. Sevier is also said to have destroyed Coosa Old Town at this time. This was a village which has been located by certain people on the Nixon farm and by others below it on the Coosa River.

It so happened that most of these Tennessee "squirrel hunters" were volunteers who had had a friend or relative killed at Cavett's Station, and among them we find a youth of tender years named Hugh Lawson White.** Historians relate that in this engagement the young paleface shot a minie ball into the breast of Chief King Fisher, one of the leaders of the Indian horde, killing him instantly and causing the Indian ranks to break in con-

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*Gen. Sevier was a Tennesseean and the ancestor of the Underwoods, the Rowells, the Nevins, the Pattons, the O'Neills, the Wylys and others of Rome. The Cherokees called him "Nollichucky Jack." A monument glorifying his exploit at the site of Rome was erected at the western base of Myrtle Hill cemetery by the Xavier Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

**A kinsman of Dr. James Park, of Knoxville, and his descendants, including Mrs. B. I. Hughes and Mrs. T. F. Howel, of Rome.

fusion. Forty-two years later Hugh Lawson White became a noted man in Tennessee—a judge, Senator and friend and supporter of President Andrew Jackson, with many of the Jacksonian attributes. In 1835 he was nominated for president by the Whigs, and carried his own state over Martin Van Buren, the Democratic nominee, by 10,000 majority. It was said that Jackson's support would have won for Judge White, but it was captured by Van Buren.

A more complete account of the Battle of Etowah is found in the Tennessee Historical Magazine (Nashville), 1918, Vol. IV, pages 207-9-10:

Finding the authorities powerless, the patience of the Cherokees gave way, and the latter part of August, 1793, provided unmistakable evidence of Indian hostility. The settlements were put in a posture of defense. Gen. Sevier was posted at Ish's station, across the river from Knoxville, with 400 mounted infantry. . . . On the evening of Sept. 24, John Watts, at the head of a large body of Indians, estimated at 1,000 men or more, composed of Cherokees and Creeks, crossed the Tennessee river below the mouth of Holston and marched all night in the direction of Knoxville. They avoided Campbell's station, passed within three miles of Ish's, and daylight found them in sight of Cavett's station, eight miles west of Knoxville . . .

Col. Watts had with him some of the most intractable chiefs of the nation . . . The chiefs disputed whether they should kill everybody in Knoxville or only the men. Doublehead insisted on the former. An altercation between Doublehead and Vann was long and heated. Vann had a little boy, a captive, riding behind him. Doublehead became so infuriated that he killed the little boy. . . .

In sight of Cavett's station there was a block house in which Alexander Cavett and family of thirteen people resided, only three of whom were gun men. The three made a brave resistance. Alexander Cavett, the father, died with bullets in his mouth, which he had placed there to facilitate loading. Five Indians fell dead or wounded before their rifles. This checked the assaults and brought on a parley. The Bench, Watts' nephew, who spoke English, agreed with the besieged that if they surrendered, their lives should be spared, and they should be exchanged for a like number of Indian prisoners. These terms were accepted and the little garrison surrendered.

As soon as they left the blockhouse, Doublehead and his party fell upon them and put them all to death in the most barbarous manner, except Alexander Cavett, Jr., who was saved by the interposition of Col. Watts, though he was afterwards killed in the Creek towns . . .

Gen. Sevier being reinforced until his army numbered about 700, he marched rapidly southward until Oct. 14, 1793, when he reached the beloved town of Estaunaula. The town was deserted, but since it contained abundant provisions, Sevier halted and rested his men. The Indians undertook to disperse his camp at night, but the attack was unsuccessful. From some Cherokee prisoners taken at Estaunaula it was learned that the main body of the enemy, composed of Cherokees and Creeks, had passed the place a few days previously, and were mak-



GEN. JOHN SEVIER, early governor of Tennessee, who in 1793 routed a band of Indians on Rome's site and slew Chief Kingfisher.

ing for a town at the mouth of the Etowah river. After refreshing his troops, Gen. Sevier followed the enemy, reaching the confluence of the Etowah and the Oostanaula rivers on the evening of the 17th.

The Creeks and a number of Cherokees had intrenched themselves on opposite banks of the Etowah, to obstruct its passage. A happy mistake on the part of the guides, Carey and Findleston*, saved the day for the whites. They carried Col. Kelly's force half a mile below the ford, where he and a few others immediately swam the river. The Indians, discovering this movement, abandoned their intrenchments and rushed down the river to oppose Col. Kelly. Capt. Evans, discovering the error, wheeled, and straining his horses back to the ford, dashed into the river. The Indians at the ford, under the command of King Fisher, a Cherokee chief of the first consequence, saw their mistake, and, returning, received Capt. Evans' company furiously at the crossing of the bank.

The engagement was hot and spirited. The King Fisher made a daring sally within a few yards of H. L. White, afterwards the distinguished jurist and statesman. He and some of his comrades discharged their rifles, the King Fisher fell and his warriors abandoned the field. The whites lost three men in the engagement. This campaign ended the war and closed the military careers of Col. Watts and Gen. Sevier.

Gen. Sevier's official report of the battle follows:**

Ish's Mills, Tenn., 25 Oct., 1793.

Sir:

In obedience to an order from Secretary Smith, I marched in pursuit of the large body of Indians who on the 25th of last month did the mischief in Knox County, Grassy Valley. . . .

We directed our march for Estanaula*** on the Coosa**** river, at which place we arrived on the 14th instant. . . . We there made some Cherokee prisoners, who informed us that John Watts headed the army lately out on our frontiers; that the same was composed of Indians more or less from every town in the Cherokee nation; that from the Turkey's Town, Sallyquoah, Coosawaytah and several other principal ones almost to a man was out, joined by a large number of the upper Creeks, who had passed that place on their return only a few days since, and had made for a town at the mouth of Hightower river.*****

We, after refreshing the troops, marched for that place, taking the path that leads to that town, along which the Creeks had marched, in five large trails.

On the 17th instant, in the afternoon, we arrived at the forks of Coosa and Hightower rivers. Col. Kelly was ordered with a part of the Knox regiment to endeavor to cross the Hightower. The Creeks and a number of Cherokees had intrenched themselves to obstruct the passage. Col. Kelly and his party passed down the river half a mile below the ford and began to cross at a private place, where there was no ford. Himself and a few others swam over the river. The Indians, discovering this movement, immediately left their intrenchments and ran down the river to oppose their passage, expecting, as I suppose, the whole intended crossing at the lower place.

Capt. Evans immediately with his company of mounted infantry strained their horses back to the upper ford and began to cross the river. Very few had got to the south bank before the Indians, who had discovered their mistake, returned and received them furiously at the rising of the bank. An engagement instantly took place and became very warm, and notwithstanding the enemy were at least four to one in numbers, besides the advantage of situation, Capt. Evans with his heroic company put them in a short time utterly to flight. They left several dead on the ground, and were seen to carry others off both on foot and on horse. Bark and trails of blood from the wounded were to be seen in every quarter.

The encampment fell into our hands, with a number of their guns, many of which were of the Spanish sort, with budgets, plankets and match coats, together with some horses. We lost three men in this engagement, which is all that have fell during the time of our route, although this last attack was the fourth the enemy had made upon us, but in the others repulsed without loss.

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*Richard Finnelson.

**Sevier's report was evidently made to Gov. Wm. Blount. It is here presented from Ramsey's Annals of Tennessee, ps. 587-8.

***Several miles east of Resaca.

****Now Oostanaula.

*****Site of Rome.

After the last engagement we crossed the main Coosa, then proceeded on our way down the main river near the Turnip Mountain,* destroying in our way several Creek and Cherokee towns, which they had settled together on each side of the river, and from which they have all fled with apparent precipitation, leaving almost everything behind them. Neither did they after the last engagement attempt to annoy or interrupt us on our march, in any manner whatever. I have got reason to believe their ardor and spirit was well checked.

The party flogged at Hightower were those which had been out with Watts. There are three or four men slightly wounded and two or three horses killed, but the Indians did not, as I heard of, get a single horse from us the time we were out. We took and destroyed nearly 300 beeves, many of which were of the best and largest kind. Of course their losing so much provision must distress them very much.

Many women and children might have been taken, but from motives of humanity I did not encourage it to be done, and several taken were suffered to make their escape. Your Excellency knows the disposition of many that were out on this expedition, and can readily account for this conduct.

The National Encyclopedia of American Biography, Vol. II, page 395, gives Hugh Lawson White credit for the death of the Indian chief mentioned above: "A war with the Cherokees breaking out, he volunteered under Gen. Sevier. . . and at Etowah shot and mortally wounded the Cherokee chief, King Fisher, thus ending the battle."

The next military event of importance to Cherokee Georgia was the invasion of Alabama by Gen. John Floyd in 1814. Gen. Floyd was a native of South Carolina and a descendant of noted fighting men. He owned Fairfield Plantation, Camden County, where he died June 24, 1839, after having served in the State Legislature and in Congress. He defeated the Creek Indians, allies of the British, at Autossee, Fort Defiance, and Chinibee, Ala., and so complete was the rout that the warlike Creeks as a nation never afterward became dangerous along the border, and the comparatively peaceful settlement of Northwest Georgia was made possible.

Another civilizing influence about this time was the invention of the Cherokee alphabet of 85 characters by Sequoyah (George Guess or Gist), an uneducated Indian who lived at Alpine, Chattooga County, and who was a frequent visitor to Major Ridge's at his home on the Oostanaula. Sequoyah wrote on bark with pokeberry juice, instructed his little daughter and any Indian who wished to learn. He went west to the Indian country in a few years, and presently his alphabet was adopted by the Cherokee Nation and was used along with English in copies of the Cherokee Phoenix,



GEN. JOHN FLOYD, Indian fighter and Congressman, after whom in 1832 Floyd County was named.

*Site of Coosa village.

the paper edited at New Echota by Elias Boudinot.

Several glimpses into Indian and frontier life are given in "The Laws of the Cherokees," published by the Cherokee Advocate at Tahlequah, Okla., in 1852. One of these is contained in an order from the chiefs and warriors in National Council at "Broom's Town," Sept. 11, 1808. (Broom's Town was probably Broom Town, Cherokee County, Ala., in Broom Town Valley, and about five miles from Cloudland, Chattooga County, Ga.). The order forms "regulating companies" of one captain, one lieutenant and four privates each, at annual salaries of $50, $40 and $30, respectively, for the purpose of arresting horse thieves and protecting property. The penalty for stealing a horse was 100 lashes on the bare back of the thief, be he man or woman, and fewer lashes for things of less value; and if a thief resisted the "regulators" with gun, axe, spear or knife, he could be killed on the spot.



SEQUOYAH (Geo. Guess), inventor of the Cherokee Alphabet, who was born in Chattooga County, near Alpine.

This law was signed by Black Fox, principal chief; Chas. Hicks, secretary to the Council; Path Killer and Toochalar. These officials and Turtle at Home, Speaker of the Council, drafted the following law Apr. 10, 1810, at "Oostanallah," a town supposed to have been located about three miles east of Resaca, Gordon County, on the east bank of the Connasauga (sometimes known at that point as Oostanaula) River, near the mouth of Polecat Creek:

Be it known that this day the various clans and tribes which compose the Cherokee Nation have agreed that should it happen that a brother, forgetting his natural affection, should use his hand in anger and kill his brother, he shall be accounted guilty of murder and suffer accordingly; and if a man has a horse stolen, and overtakes the thief, and should his anger be so great as to cause him to kill him, let his blood remain on his own conscience, but no satisfaction shall be demanded for his life from his relatives or the clan he may belong to.

"Echota" was the Cherokee term for "town." The first capital is said by some authorities to have been originally in Virginia, the second in North Carolina and the third in East Tennessee. Prior to 1825, it appears, John Ross, principal chief, lived at Ross' Landing, Tennessee River, now Chattanooga. The first mention in the Cherokee laws of New Town (or New Echota) was under date of Oct. 26, 1819. This place was situated on the south bank of the Oostanaula River, in Gordon County, Ga., just below the confluence of the Coosawattee and the Connasauga Rivers and presumably three miles south of Oostanaula village.

On Oct. 28, 1819, at Newtown the following order was passed:

This day decreed by the National Committee and Council, That all citizens of the Cherokee Nation establishing a store for the purpose of vending merchandise shall obtain license for that purpose from the clerk of the

National Council, for which each and every person so licensed shall pay a tax of $25 per annum, and that no other but citizens of the Cherokee Nation shall be allowed to establish a permanent store within the Nation. And it is also decreed that no peddlers not citizens of the Nation shall be permitted to vend merchandise in the Nation without first obtaining license from the Agent of the United States for the Cherokee Nation, agreeably to the laws of the United States, and each and everyone so licensed shall pay $80 to the treasurer of the Cherokee Nation annually.

This law was signed by John Ross, President of the National Committee; Path Killer, Chas. R. Hicks and Alex McCoy, clerk. Three years later George M. Lavender encountered its provisions by establishing the first trading post near Rome, at the old home of Major Ridge up the Oostanaula River.

The first reference to the present site of Rome appears in a law passed Oct. 30, 1819, at New Town, as follows:

Whereas, the Big Rattling Gourd*, Wm. Grimit, Betsey Brown, The Dark, Daniel Griffin and Mrs. Lesley having complained before the Chiefs of a certain company of persons having formed a combination and established a turnpike arbitrarily, in opposition to the interest of the above-named persons, proprietors of a privileged turnpike on the same road, be it now, therefore, known

That said complaint having been submitted by the Council to the National Committee for a decision, and after maturely investigating into the case, have decided that the said new company of the disputed turnpike shall be abolished, and that the above-named persons are the only legal proprietors to establish a turnpike on the road leading from Widow Fool's (ferry) at the forks of Hightower (Etowah) and Oostannallah Rivers to Will's Creek by way of Turkey Town;** and the said company shall be bound to keep in repair said road, to commence from the first creek east of John Fields, Sr's home, by the name where Vann was shot, and to continue westward to the extent of their limits; and that the Widow Fool shall also keep in repair for the benefit of her ferry at the fork, the road to commence from the creek above named to where Ridge's Road now intersects said road east of her ferry, and that the Ridges shall also keep in repair the road to commence at the Two Runs, east of his ferry, and to continue by way of his ferry as far as where his road intersects the old road, leading from the fork west of his ferry, and that also the Hightower Turnpike Co. shall keep in repair the road from the Two Runs to where it intersects the Federal Road, near Blackburn's.

This law was signed by Ross, Path Killer, Hicks and McCoy.

In 1820, also at New Town or New Echota, a law was passed dividing the Cherokee country of Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee into eight territorial and judicial districts: Amoah, Aquohee, Challoogee, Chickamaugee, Coosewatee, Etowah, Hickory Log and Tahquohee. In a description of the Coosewatee District the ferry of the Widow Fool is again mentioned.

It would appear that for about six years, from 1819 to 1825, the Cherokee National Committee and Council held their meetings at New Echota. On Nov. 12, 1825, it was resolved to establish a town with suitable buildings, wide streets and a park:

That 100 town lots of one acre square be laid off on the Oostannallah River, commencing below the mouth of the creek (Town), nearly opposite to the mouth of Caunasauga River, the public square to embrace two acres of ground, which town shall be known and called Echota. There shall be a main street of 60 feet, and the other streets shall be 50 feet.

That the lots when laid off be sold to the highest bidder, the second Monday in February next, the proceeds

*The Big Rattling Gourd was a sub-chief who lived at one time at Cave Spring. His wife proved unfaithful to him and in a moment of anger he bit off her nose and otherwise so maltreated her that she died. According to Mrs. Harriet Connor Stevens, of Cave Spring, she was buried on the spot where the Cave Spring postoffice now stands.

**General route of the present Alabama Road. Turkey Town was in Etowah County, Ala.

to be appropriated for the benefit of the public buildings in said town.

That three commissioners, Judge Martin, George Saunders and Walter S. Adair, superintend the laying off of the lots.

That all the ground lying within the following bounds, not embraced by the lots, shall remain as commons for the convenience of the town: beginning at the mouth of the creek, opposite the mouth of Caunasauga, and up said creek to the mouth of the dry branch on which Geo. Hicks lives, up said branch to the point of the ridges, and thence in a circle around along said ridges, by the place occupied by the Crying Wolf (lately occupied by War Club), thence to the river.

Signing this document were John Ross, President of the National Committee; Major Ridge,* Speaker of the Council; Path Killer, Chas. R. Hicks,** A. McCoy, clerk of the National Committee, and Elias Boudinot, clerk of the National Council.

Thus we see the Cherokees, driven from pillar to post by the encroaching pale-faces, marshaling their forces for a last ditch stand. Their first expedient was to establish "a nation within a nation," hence the concentration of power in a Principal Chief, a National Committee and a National Council, and a regular seat of government at New Echota; their second expedient was resort to such force as they could command—highway assassination, attacks on isolated families, tribal uprisings — and finally, when state and federal government pressure became too great, non-intercourse and passive resistance. Their newspaper proved a feeble weapon.

As far back as the presidency of George Washington (1794) we find pow-wows in Philadelphia (then the national capital) with the Cherokees and other tribes of the various states in the east and the southeast. In 1803 Thos. Jefferson, then President, suggested a general movement westward. In 1817 and in 1819, during the Presidency of James Monroe, important treaties were signed with the Cherokees, involving cessions of land. In 1802, during the administration of Mr. Jefferson, Georgia had ceded to the United States government all the land she owned westward to the Mississippi River, now the states of Alabama and Mississippi, in exchange for the government's promise to extinguish the Indian title to land within Georgia's present boundaries. Twenty years passed; nothing having been done, Gov. Geo. M. Troup pressed the matter upon the attention of President James Monroe, and the President called a meeting in 1825 for Indian Springs. Here the Lower Creeks, led by Gen. Wm. McIntosh, ignored the hostile Alabama Creeks, who did not attend, and signed away their Georgia lands. This act infuriated the Alabama Creeks, and 170 men volunteered to kill Gen. McIntosh, who lived at "McIntosh Reserve," on the Chattahoochee River, five miles southwest of Whitesburg, in what is now Carroll County. The band lay in the woods until 3 o'clock one morning, and proceeded to the McIntosh home with a quantity of pitch pine on the backs of three warriors. Presently the pine knots were ignited and thrown under the house, and the structure blazed up brightly. From the second story McIntosh fought off his enemies with four guns, but eventually the heat forced him to descend, and when he exposed himself he was shot, then dragged into the yard and killed with knives.

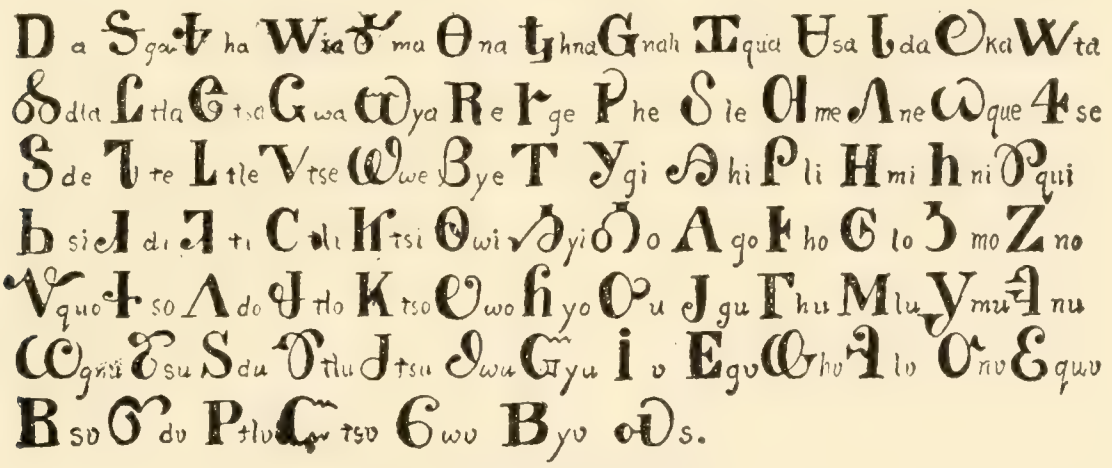
The Alabama Creeks having claimed the Indian Springs instrument was "no treaty," the incom-

*Major Ridge was a powerful orator, but it is said he was uneducated and could not write his name. The state papers of the Cherokees usually have after his name "his mark." Path Killer also signed by touching the pen.

**Chas. R. Hicks became the first principal chief after the Cherokees had set up their revised structure of government at New Echota. He was succeeded in 1828 by John Ross.

ing president, John Quincy Adams, took their side and ordered Gov. Troup not to survey the lands just ceded. The Georgia Governor defied Mr. Adams and told him if United States troops invaded Georgia soil, Georgia troops would put them off. Trouble was averted by a new agreement in which the Indians were given about $28,000.

The Creek settlement furnished a suggestion for the agents who ten years later negotiated with a minority faction of the Cherokees, as will be told more fully herein hereafter. Farther down, in South Georgia and Florida, were the



THE CHEROKEE ALPHABET

Seminoles, who gave considerable trouble, but were generally less of a bone of contention than the Creeks and the Cherokees.

The clan system among the Cherokees was abolished about 1800. The clans were Wolf, Deer, Paint, Longhair, Bird, Blind Savannah and Holly. Jno. Ross was a Bird, Major Ridge a Deer and David Vann a Wolf.

Prior to 1820 Congress appropriated $10,000 yearly toward the maintenance of missions and missionaries among the Indians of Cherokee Georgia and contiguous territory. The Brainerd Mission was located on Missionary Ridge, Tenn., and was probably the first such establishment. Samuel A. Worcester, a native of Worcester, Mass., had charge of a mission at New Echota. Missionary Station, at Coosa, Floyd County, was in the care of Rev. and Mrs. Elijah Butler, who were sent out from South Canaan, Conn., by the American Baptist Committee on Foreign Missions. In 1831 Dr. Worcester, Dr. Butler and nine others were sentenced to a term of four years in the Georgia penitentiary at Milledgeville, and served a year and four months. They were charged with pernicious activities among the Indians. Their release was brought about when they agreed to leave the State.

Pressure on the Indians may be said to have been exerted from two directions; it proceeded from the oldest section of the State, the neighborhood of Augusta, Savannah and Darien, in a generally northwesterly direction, and from South Carolina, in a westerly direction. Various land speculators, adventurers, criminals and good, substantial people began to overrun the Cherokee country. Under letter date of Aug. 6, 1832, from the Council Ground at Red Clay, Whitfield County, the following red-skins protested to Lewis Cass,

Secretary of War, against the pale-face encroachments:*

Richard Taylor, President of Committee; John Ridge.

Major Ridge, his x mark, Geo. M. Waters, Executive Council.

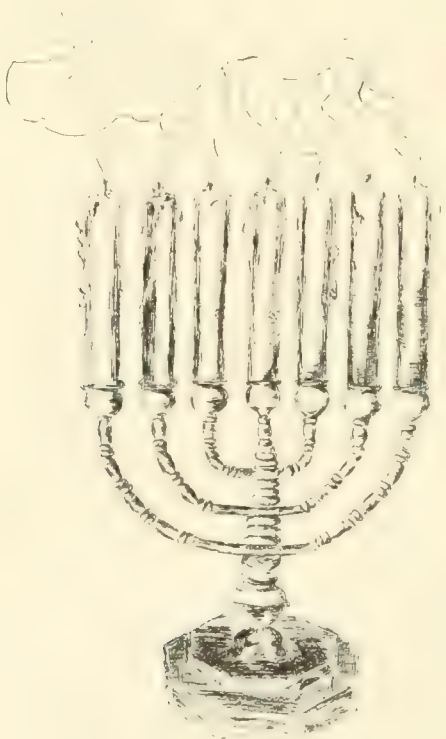
Wm. Roques, clerk of committee.

John Ross, Going Snake, speaker of committee; Joseph Vann, David Vann, James Daniel, Thos. Foreman, Alexander McDaniel, his x mark; Fox Baldridge, Samuel Gunter; Chincumkah, his x mark; Young Glass, hix x mark; John Foster, Te-sat-es-kee, his x mark; Ed. Duncan, John Watts, his x mark; John Wayne, his x mark; Sit-u-akee, his x mark; Bean Stick, his x mark; Walking Stick, his x mark; N. Connell, Richard Fielding, John Timson, Wm. Boling, George Still, his x mark; Hair Conrad, his x mark; Sleeping Rabbit,** his x mark; Archibald Campbell, his x mark; The Buck, his x mark; White Path, his x mark; John R. Daniel, Ruquah, his x mark; James Speaks, his x mark; Sweet Water, his x mark; Peter, his x mark; Soft Shell Turtle, his x mark; A. McCoy, George Lowry. U. S. Agent Elisha W. Chester, witness.

It was not until Oct. 23, 1832, however, that the situation became so acute as to call for the most delicate diplomacy from national and state governments. Then it was that the lottery drawings for the Cherokee lands were held, and the influx of settlers became general. Like a plague of locusts the new-comers alighted on the choice hunting grounds of the Cherokees. The territory was broken up into counties, and thus was also broken the friendship between the contending parties, which for so long had been hanging by a slender thread. John Ross directed a protest to his tribesmen which caused them to fast for several days. The Indians assumed an ugly attitude, but it availed little, as we shall presently see.

*American State Papers, Military Affairs, Vol. 5, ps. 28-9.

**It was at his one-room log cabin, in Tennessee, that Jno. Ross and Jno. Howard Payne were arrested Nov. 7, 1835.



PART II

"ANCIENT ROME"

1834-1861



CHAPTER I.

Rome's Establishment and Early Days

IN THE spring of 1834 two lawyers were traveling on horseback from Cassville, Cass County, to attend court at Livingston, the county seat of Floyd. They were Col. Daniel R. Mitchell, a lawyer of Canton, Cherokee County, and Col. Zachariah B. Hargrove, Cassville attorney, formerly of Covington, Newton County. The day was warm and the travelers hauled up at a small spring on the peninsula which separates the Etowah and the Oostanaula rivers at their junction. Here they slaked their thirst and sat down under a willow tree to rest before proceeding on their way.

Col. Hargrove gazed in admiration on the surrounding hills and remarked: "This would make a splendid site for a town."

"I was just thinking the same," returned his companion. "There seems to be plenty of water round about and extremely fertile soil and all the timber a man could want."

A stranger having come up to refresh himself at the spring, and having overheard the conversation, said: "Gentlemen, you will pardon me for intruding, but I have been convinced for some time that the location of this place offers exceptional opportunities for building a city that would become the largest and most prosperous in Cherokee Georgia. I live two miles south of here. My business takes me now and then to George M. Lavender's trading post up the Oostanaula there, and I never pass this spot but I think of what could be done."

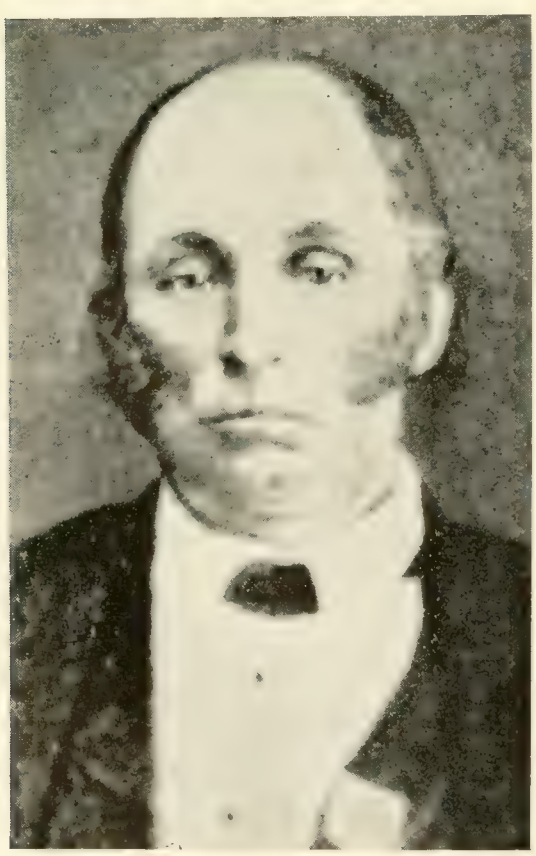
The last speaker introduced himself as Maj. Philip Walker Hemphill, planter. Learning the mission of the travelers, he added: "The court does not open until tomorrow afternoon. You gentlemen are no doubt fatigued by your journey, and it will give me great pleasure if you will accompany me home and spend the night. There we can discuss the matter of locating a town at this place."

Col. Mitchell and Col. Hargrove accepted with thanks. The three left the spring (which still runs under Broad street at the southeast corner of Third Avenue), crossed the Etowah River on John Ross' "Forks Ferry," and proceeded with Major Hemphill to his comfortable plantation home at what is now DeSoto Park. Here they went into the question more deeply. A cousin of Maj. Hemphill, Gen. James Hemphill, who lived about ten miles down Vann's Valley, had recently been elected to the Georgia legislature, and could no doubt bring about a removal of the county site from Livingston to Rome; he was also commanding officer of the Georgia Militia in the section.

After court was over, Col. Mitchell and Col. Hargrove spent another night with Maj. Hemphill, and the next morning Col. Wm. Smith was called in from Cave Spring, and became the fourth member of the company. It was there agreed that all available land would be acquired immediately, the ferry rights would be bought and the ground laid off in lots. Gen. Hemphill was requested to confer with his compatriots at Milledgeville and draw up a bill for removal. The projectors would give sufficient land for the public buildings and in time would make the ferries free and cause neces-

sary bridges to be built, as well as to lay out streets at once. A contract along these lines was signed with the Inferior Court of Floyd County. Since Col. Mitchell and Col. Hargrove were fairly well established elsewhere, and it would be some time before they could move, they agreed to leave the legal matters in the hands of John H. Lumpkin, of Oglethorpe County, who was ready to resign as secretary to his uncle, Governor Wilson Lumpkin, and to grow up with the new town.

These five pioneers put five names into a hat, it having been agreed that the name drawn out should be the name of the city they were to build. Col. Smith put in the name Hillsboro, typifying the hills, and this later became the name of the suburb he developed, South Rome; Col. Hargrove suggested Pittsburg, after the iron and steel metropolis of Pennsylvania; Col. Hemphill preferred Hamburg, after the great commercial city of Germany; Col. Mitchell, recalling the seven hills of ancient Rome on the Tiber, wanted Rome; and Mr. Lumpkin favored Warsaw, after the city of Poland. The name Rome was extracted and became the name of the town.



DANIEL R. MITCHELL, lawyer and one of four founders of Rome, who gave to the young city its name.

Among other early settlers of Rome or Floyd County were the following:

Col. Alfred Shorter, who came from Society Hill, Ala., to finance the operations of William Smith, on a half interest basis; Joseph Watters and John Rush, of the Watters District; John Ellis, Jos. Ford, Judge W. H. Underwood, Alford B. Reece, Thos. G. Watters, Thos. S. Price, Wesley Shropshire, Edward Ware, Thos. and Elijah Lumpkin, Micajah Mayo, Elkanah Everett, of Everett Springs; A. Tabor Hardin, Wm. C. Hardin, Nathan Bass, Thos. Selman, Rev. Genuluth Winn, Dr. Alvin Dean, Isaac and John P. Bouchillon, Wm. King, John Smith, Shade Green, Dr. Jesse Carr, Jno. W. Walker, Henry W. Dean, Jno. Townsend, Jeremiah L. McArver, Sam Smith, Wm. Mathis, G. T. Mitchell, Fletcher Carver, J. W. Carver, J. D. Alexander, Col. Jno. R. Hart, Gilbert Cone, Dr. H. V. M. Miller, Thos. W. Burton, A. D. Shackelford, Thos. C. Hackett, James McEntee, Wm. T. Price, R. S. Norton, C. M. Pennington, Rev. Shaler G. Hillyer, Wm. E. Alexander, W. S. Cothran, A. B. Ross, Jobe Rogers, Jno. and Wm. DeJournett, Judge Jno. W Hooper, Ewell Meredith, Col. Jas. Liddell (or Ladelle), Alfred Brown, James Wells, Jesse Lamberth, Terrence McGuire, Dennis Hills, Dr. Thos. Hamilton, Samuel Mobley, Wm. Montgomery, Fielding Hight, Green Cunningham and Samuel Stewart.

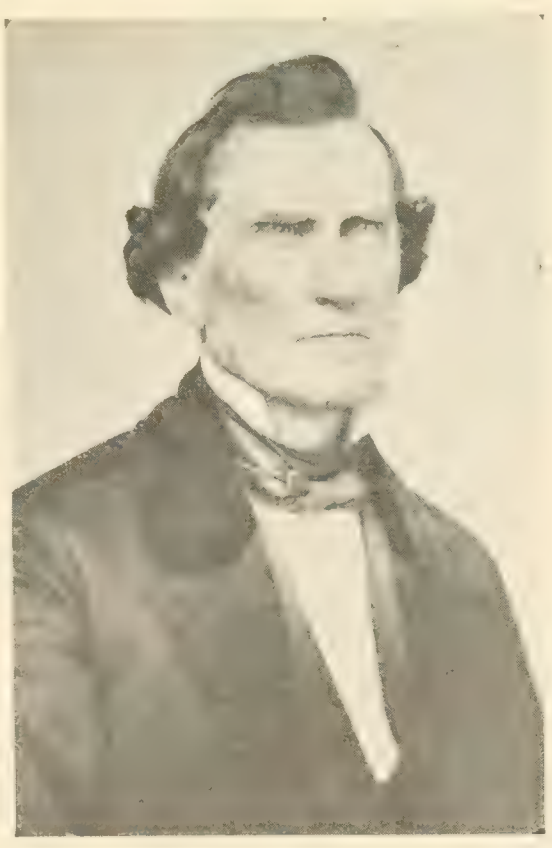
Jackson County appropriately bears the name "Mother of Floyd,"

because of the number and prominence of her citizens who settled in Cave Spring, Vann's Valley or Rome. Among these might be mentioned Mrs. Alfred Shorter, Major Philip W. Hemphill and his brother, Chas. Jonathan Hemphill; Col. and Mrs. Wm. Smith and her brother, Jno. Willis Mayo, and her kinsman, Micajah Mayo, after whom the Mayo Bar lock was named; Col. Smith's brothers, Chas., John and Elijah A. Smith; Gen. Jas. Hemphill, Walton H. Jones, Peyton Skipwith Randolph, Newton Green, Col. James Liddell (or Ladelle), and Wm. Montgomery. Most of these settled in Vann's Valley or Cave Spring and thus furnished the inspiration for Rome. Generally they hailed from Jefferson, home of Dr. Crawford W. Long.

In 1828 the Georgia Legislature had passed a law extending jurisdiction over the Cherokee country, thus ending the "nation within a nation" dream. On Dec. 3, 1832, less than two months after the lottery drawings, the Legislature passed an act providing for a division of Cherokee Georgia into ten large counties: Floyd, called after the Indian fighter, Gen. Jno. Floyd, of Camden County; Cherokee, Forsyth, Lumpkin, Cobb, Gilmer, Cass, Murray, Paulding and Union. Roughly speaking, this territory lay northwest of the Chattahoochee River, and was bounded on the north by the Tennessee line, and on the west by the Alabama line. Gradually more and more divisions were made, until today the territory is composed of the following additional counties: Dade, Walker, Catoosa, Chattooga, Bartow, Gordon, Polk, Haralson, Carroll, Douglas, Milton, Dawson, White, Fannin, Pickens, Rabun, Towns and Habersham, and parts of Hall, Heard and Troup.

Floyd was surveyed by Jacob M. Scudder, who in 1833 was employed by the United States government to appraise Indian lands and improvements near Cave Spring. Mr. Scudder's name appears on the early records at the Floyd County courthouse in a real estate transaction, but there is no evidence that he ever lived at Rome. Livingston, a hamlet located on the south side of the Coosa River at Foster's Bend, about 14 miles below Rome, was chosen by legislative act of Dec. 21, 1833* as the county seat, and a log cabin courthouse was erected at which one or more sessions of court, presided over by Judge Jno. W. Hooper, were held, and in which quite a number of Indians appeared as prosecutors and defendants.

The removal of the county seat from Livingston to Rome took place under authority of an act passed Dec. 20, 1834,** and was



PHILIP WALKER HEMPHILL, planter and one of Rome's projectors, who in 1846 moved to Mississippi.

*Acts, 1833, ps. 321-2.
**Acts, 1834, ps. 250-1.

consummated in 1835. However, a considerable settlement had sprung up prior to this in Vann's Valley. On the "pale-face side" of the Chattahoochee a large and restless element had been held back by the existing conditions, but when encouragement was given by the Georgia authorities to encroachments on the Indian lands, this tide overflowed into the Cherokee country.

The county site was removed to Land Lot 245, 23rd District, 3rd Section, Head of Coosa, Floyd County, the new place to be known as Rome.* The first Saturday in February, 1835, was set as the date for selecting five commissioners for one-year terms.** Parts of land lot 244, east of the Oostanaula and 276, north of the Hightower (Etowah), were also reserved for the growth of the town. The act further stated that nothing therein was to be considered in conflict with a contract made previously by Wm. Smith, et al., with the Inferior Court.

An amendment*** to the act of 1834, passed Dec. 29, 1838, provided for creation of the office of "intendant," which means "superintendent" by the dictionary, but probably meant "mayor" in those days; also included were commissioners, clerk, marshal, etc., and some salaries were fixed.

David Vann, a Cherokee subchief, had settled near Cave Spring in the valley which was given his name, and in this valley between the present Rome and Cave Spring people began to "squat" several years before there was a Rome. In 1828, Major Armistead Richardson, father-in-law of the late Judge Augustus R. Wright, of Rome, removed to Vann's Valley from Augusta and with the assistance of a number of enthusiastic associates began preparations for the establishment of Cave Spring in 1831.

Ridge Valley, seven miles north of Rome, had been settled simultaneously with the Vann's Valley settlement. This valley was named after another Indian leader, Major Ridge, who is supposed to have lived in it, at the present Rush place, at Hermitage, a number of years before moving to the Oostanaula near Rome.

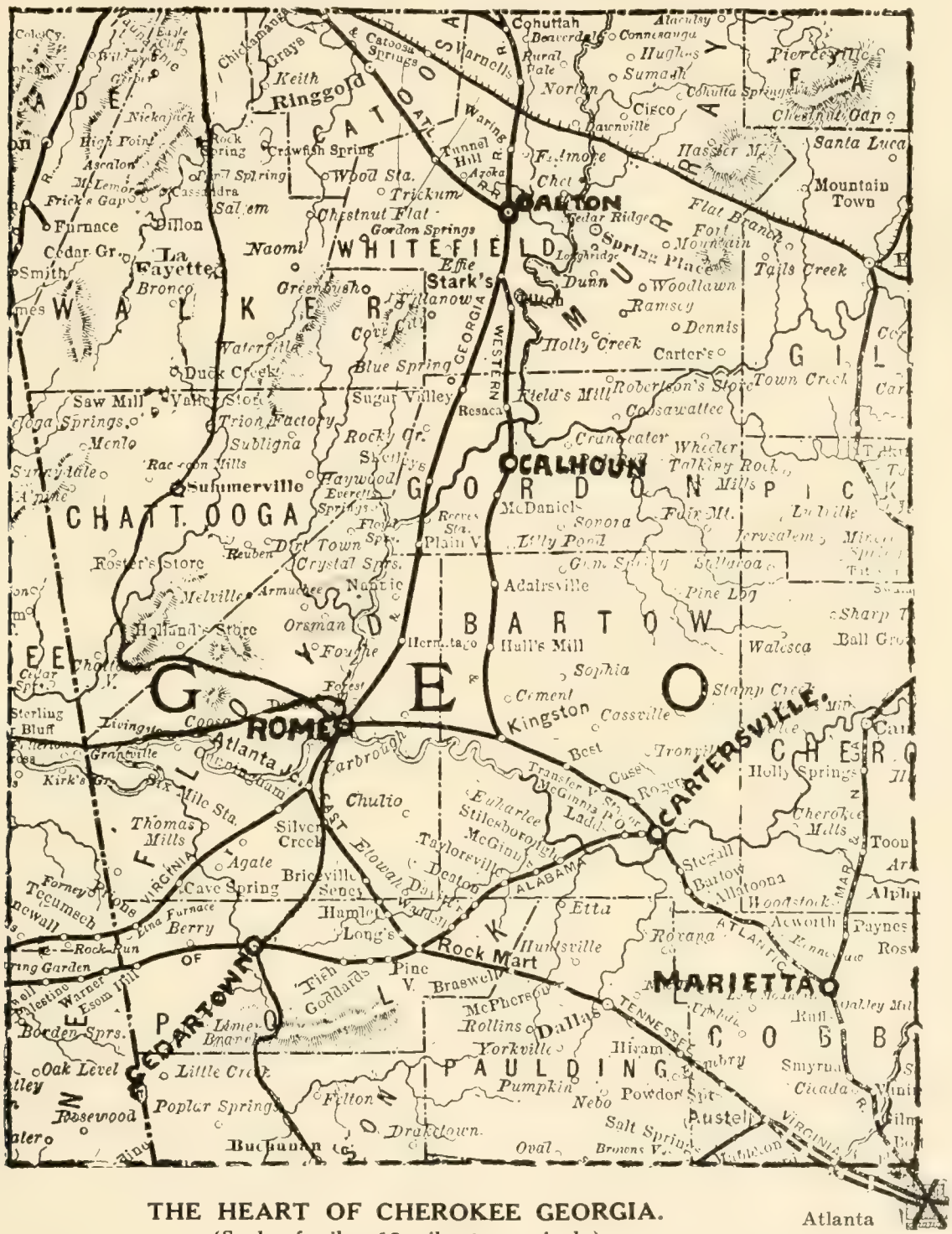
The period of John Ross' residence in DeSoto (Rome's present Fourth ward) has not been determined accurately. However, a satisfactory conclusion may be drawn from the fact that the Cherokee chiefs had been meeting at the New Echota Council ground since 1819, that New Echota had been the capital since 1825, and Mr. Ross found DeSoto ("Head of Coosa") a central point to reside.**** Undoubtedly Mr. Ross was influenced

*Acts, 1834, ps. 250-1.

**Jas. M. Cunningham's place, at or near the present DeSoto Park, had been designated in the act of Dec. 21, 1833, as the place to hold county elections.

***Acts of 1838.

****Persistent search has been made to reveal who it was that turned John Ross out of his home, but his identity has not been established to a certainty. However, it is on record in the Secretary of State's office, State Capitol, Atlanta, and an old book known as the Cherokee Land Lottery says the Ross home site land (Land Lot 237, 23rd district, 3rd section) was drawn by Hugh Brown, of Beavour's district, Habersham County. Floyd County Deed Record D, page 40, recites that Brown sold the 160 acres Nov. 23, 1835, to Samuel Headen, of Franklin County, for $500; and on page 45 it is set down that Samuel Headen sold it Feb. 21, 1844, for $3,000 to John B. Winfrey, of Hall. John B. Winfrey was the father of Jas. O. Winfrey, of Floyd. He sold 80 acres of it to Col. Alfred Shorter and 80 to Daniel R. Mitchell. The part on which the Ross house stood is now between Mrs. James M. Bradshaw's home and Hamilton park, and includes the home of County School Superintendent W. C. Rash. It is an eminence where a large sugar berry tree and a walnut are growing. Here, according to a memorial Ross and others sent to the United States Senate in 1836, was where one of his babies and his beloved father, Daniel Ross, were buried. Since Hugh Brown sold the land in November and Ross was dispossessed in April, 1835, it is likely that Brown was living there at the time the Indian leader and his family were turned adrift. Mr. Ross lived at Ross' Landing, Lookout Mountain, now Chattanooga, Tenn., and at Rossville, Walker County, Ga. He was born Oct. 3, 1790; some authorities say at Rossville, some Turkeytown, Etowah Co., Ala., and some Tah-nee-hoo-yah ("Logs in the Water"), Ala., which last place and Turkeytown were on the Coosa.



THE HEART OF CHEROKEE GEORGIA.
(Scale of miles, 18 miles to one inch.)

by the fact that Major Ridge was living about a mile away, and they could hold their conferences much more easily. John Ridge, son of the Major and also a leader, lived about three miles from Ross, at "Running Waters," later the John Hume place. New Echota was some 30 miles, and the Council Ground at Red Clay, Whitfield County, was 60 miles northward, as the crow flies. Sequoyah, the man of letters and knowledge, was 25 miles away. Elias Boudinot, Stand Watie and David Vann were readily available. Assuming that Ross moved to DeSoto in 1825, he resided there ten years, until finally dispossessed of his home. He used to start his letters "Head of Coosa."

It will be seen, therefore, that the site of Rome was probably of more importance between 1825 and

the final removal in 1838 than even the capital itself; but at best the Indians were a nomadic race, living here today and there tomorrow, and their leaders hopped with alacrity between Rome, New Echota, Red Clay and Washington.

But let us return to the pioneer pale-faces.

Col. Mitchell surveyed the section between the rivers and made a map, dated 1834, copies of which are in existence today. This work was done from Third Avenue northward, since the farm below was owned by Col. Smith and at that time was considered unsafe for building on account of the high waters; furthermore, it was reserved for race track and tournament purposes. Col. Smith was a lover of horseflesh and he built a half-mile cinder track around the banks of the rivers, and placed his grandstand near the spring alluded to in the foregoing. There were special races between the best riders of the surrounding counties; the Indians, who usually rode bareback, carried off many a prize. Tournaments were held now and then, in which the riders, going at full speed on their mounts, ran their lances through rings held lightly by a projecting wooden arm—the man who got the most rings in the fewest runs won the contest.

Another diversion, of a highly humorous nature, was the "gander pulling." The neck of a live gander was greased thoroughly and the bird hung up by the feet to a limb. The game was to pull the gander's neck off or bring him down "whole." This was a difficult feat because the gander dexterously dodged his head when the horseman was about to "pull." Still another was the "greased pole." Anybody who could climb 15 feet to the top could have the bag of money suspended therefrom. The pole was of skinned hickory or oak and would have been sleek enough without any grease. If the boys could not make it to the top in a reasonable time they were allowed to put sand on their clothing; then they went home to their "maws." "Catching the greased pig" was another sport.

In 1833 occurred an event which made Indians and many superstitious folk believe the world was coming to an end. One night the stars "fell." Such another display of pranks in the skies had never been seen; for quite a while the stars shot this way and that, in graceful curves, then in uncanny zig-zags, until it appeared that the feeble little people of earth would surely be covered in a shower of stars. Indian mothers rushed about, gathering up their offspring, and rum old negro mammies and uncles hid under beds and houses, shouting, "Oh, Lordy! Oh, Lordy! Dis nigger's soul am pure!"

The task of forming the Rome bar fell to Col. Mitchell, who proceeded with a nucleus composed of himself, Mr. Lumpkin and two or three others. Presently, in 1835, funds were raised and a brick courthouse erected at Court (East First) Street and Bridge Street (East Fifth Avenue). Removal of the courthouse did not exactly suit Jackson Trout, who had built the first wooden dwelling at Livingston. He kept up with the procession by skidding his house down to the Coosa River, putting it on a barge and polling it to Rome, where he set it up again as the first dwelling there. Others followed suit, and they had considerable trouble when they reached Horseleg Shoals, which required "mule-hauling" of a high order, to use a nautical expression.

Rome at this time was a "forest primeval." Everywhere were

woods except at the forks, and that was swampy and full of willows, with an occasional sturdy tree and hungry mosquito. The rivers were still alive with fish; wild turkeys and deer were often seen; snakes were numerous; quail were abundant and squirrels skipped in their native element where Broad Street now extends; the bushes were alive with wild birds of beautiful color; on Mt. Alto and Lavender Mountain, five miles away, bears could be found; and at night the fiery gleam from the eye of a wolf was a common sight. It was a wild country, with trails for roads, and few conveniences.

Squatters and Indians alike pitched their tents in suitable spots waiting for some new word to "move on" or "move off." Small squads of Georgia Guardsmen, established by act of 1834, or of United States soldiers, watching Guards and Indians alike, camped a while and then went on to other duty. Trappers and traders did a thriving business; so did the ferrymen who set people across at the forks or elsewhere. Everybody seemed to be going or coming, despite the efforts of the Town Company to halt them at Rome. The Indians were unusually restless.

Along would come a white family on horseback, carrying all their worldly goods. They had traveled from some neighboring county, or perchance as far as from North Carolina, hoping to better their material condition. The man would lead, the children would follow, and the mother bring up the rear, riding sidewise. Any old port in a storm looked good.

Many had definite objectives, many did not and would "squat" anywhere that looked like it held promise for the future. Others were definitely attracted by the prospect of pioneering in a live town. It is fair to say that Rome and Floyd County received, along with many "floaters," a highly substantial and even aristocratic citizenship. The founders were men of character and iron will—accustomed to blazing their way through one kind of forest or another. They started with little and made out of it much. There were no luxuries to be had, hence they worked with the things of nature, and fashioned out of them whatever they could.

The old Alabama Road forked where the Central Railroad trestle now crosses it. One fork led to Major Ridge's Ferry opposite the Linton A. Dean place, and the other bent southeast to the Ross ferry at the confluence of the rivers. At the Ross ferry a man from Alabama could gain the Hillsboro side or the Rome side, as he pleased. A little later the traffic became so heavy that Matt and Overton Hitchcock built for Col. Smith a covered wooden bridge at Fifth Avenue (over the Oostanaula), and from that point connected with the Alabama Road. Agricultural business gradually grew prosperous. George Lavender's trading post did a land office business. It used to be said that Lavender kept his money in a barrel or keg which was always fairly well filled with gold and silver coin; and that when his partnership with Major Ridge and Daniel R. Mitchell was dissolved, they cut a melon estimated at $250,000 in 1922 coin.

Perhaps 5,000 Indians patronized this establishment, and they paid any price for what they wanted. They were especially fond of calico garments, and would buy extravagantly for their women, and often include enough for an odd waist which the women would make for them. They wore outlandish clothes, never matching in any particular; buckskin or woolen trousers, well worn or patched; hats that suggested the hat of today on

a Chinaman, often with a squirrel tail tacked on it and hanging down the side or back; some hats made entirely of skin, and therefore very warm in cold weather; moccasins or discarded white man shoes covering their feet, but many barefoot; cheap jewelry and trinkets whenever they could get it, which was often; sometimes a queer turban in place of a hat; usually no coat or jacket, except in winter.

The Indian was fond of tobacco and liquor, but as soon as the leaders saw what terrible inroads were being made on Indian territory by pale-face profiteers of various kinds, a strong Indian organization was formed to stamp out the evils. Liquor was obtained from stores that had a provision shop in front and a barroom or "doggery" in the rear, the entire establishment being dignified by the name "grocery." Green wooden screens obscured the occupants of the barroom until a state law caused them to be abolished, and then everybody could peek in and see who was getting "lit up." Around these places loafed a gang of shiftless Indians and whites, bent on satisfying their abnormal appetites, and fit subjects for whatever mischief might be suggested by the Demon Rum. These gangs were extremely profane, and poisoned the atmosphere for such a distance that ladies and young ladies would never venture closer than across the street. Knife and pistol scrapes were frequent, especially late at night after the more peaceful inhabitants had retired to their beds. A calaboose soon became a crying necessity, and with it a town marshal who managed to keep it full, except when the inmates escaped and turned the thing over on its side. It was a log affair, near West Second Street and Sixth Avenue.



MAJOR RIDGE, Cherokee chief, who, with his son John, was murdered June 22, 1839, in Indian Territory by vengeful redskins.

There is no certainty as to just what the early city government was like. Doubtless in the beginning every man was a law unto himself. Gradually, however, local laws were passed and irresponsible persons made amenable to them. In the thirteen years that Rome remained unincorporated it is likely that the intendant or the marshal acted as the executive major domo, and certain that local or inferior court judges meted out justice.

Col. Mitchell, surveyor, evidently had in mind a future instrument like the automobile when he laid out the streets of the town. He made Broad Street and Oostanaula Street (Fourth Avenue) 132 feet wide, all other streets 66 feet wide and lanes 33 feet. Some modifications of that scale, notably with regard to Fourth Avenue, have since been made, and a lawsuit of some importance and interest has resulted.

A few more stores and shops sprang up which carried every article that could be obtained in such a limited market. The groceries would also offer a line of retail dry goods, small farming implements, plug and smoking tobacco, pipes, lanterns and lamps, wax tapers, matches, candles, novelties for the Indians, snuff for the women, suits,

hats and shoes, horse collars and harness, nails, hand tools, occasionally musical instruments. There were no soda water, ice, silver cigarette cases, bon-bons or chocolates, nail files, lip sticks, rouge, hair nets or beaver hats. Drug stores, banks newspapers, steamboats, crockeries and bakeries, schools and churches were to come along later.

Gentlemen blacked their own boots and cut out of the forest with great cross-cut saws the wood that went into their homes. They wore the uniforms of the frontier and assumed the manners of frontiersmen. Rome was to be built, and it could not be built with kid gloves.

The social life was very restricted at first. It consisted of calls from neighbor on neighbor, afoot, on horseback or by ox-cart; or maybe a country break-down on a rudely improvised platform. Since the Indians had no city to build—since they needed only to get a little something to eat every day and keep out of the way of land-grabbers and the "state police"—they had more time for frolics than the early whites. Around bonfires in their villages the red-skins made merry, rending the nights hideous with their war-whoops; and on these special occasions they put aside their semi-civilized garb and donned the buckskin, the flaming headdress of feathers and all the paint they could daub on.

Each year in summer came the Green Corn Dances at the various villages. The late Mrs. Robert Battey recalled one at Major Ridge's, held when she was about seven years of age. A large company of Indians gathered, and one thing that impressed her particularly was that some of the men had mussel shells tied around their ankles and filled with gravel that rattled when they danced. She remembered that several remained over night until Sunday, and kicked up their heels in George Lavender's store. Her impression of the Indian was the same as that obtained by anybody who knew his nature; he was a silent, taciturn individual, deeply religious in his own way, ever faithful to the pale-face who befriended him and ever the foe of one who played him false. He seldom, if ever, broke a promise.

From Montgomery M. Folsom, writing in The Rome Tribune Nov. 20, 1892, we have the following contribution on the pioneer days:

I drove with Mr. Wesley O. Connor out to see Mr. Wright Ellis, one of the last of the old settlers of the Cave Spring region, and Mr. Ellis told many interesting stories of the early days. Mr. Ellis came to Cave Spring with his father as a little boy. Near his house at the end of Vann's Valley stood an old fort which protected the settlement. He told me of a wolf found dead in the cave; it had lain there several years, and the mineral qualities of the cave had preserved it perfectly, until one day a band of Indian boys dragged forth the carcass and tore it to pieces.

David Vann lived on the hill above the spring and the Indians used to congregate near his place for their annual ball play, as they called it*. They came from miles away to enjoy the sport. They would also form in two

*From this description it is evident that the games were played on the low, level spot which now comprises the campuses of Hearn Academy and the Georgia School for the Deaf.



JOHN RIDGE, who was also active in opposition to John Ross's attempt to block removal of the Cherokees from Georgia soil.

lines (sides) and shoot arrows at rolling stones. The side which scored the most hits would win.

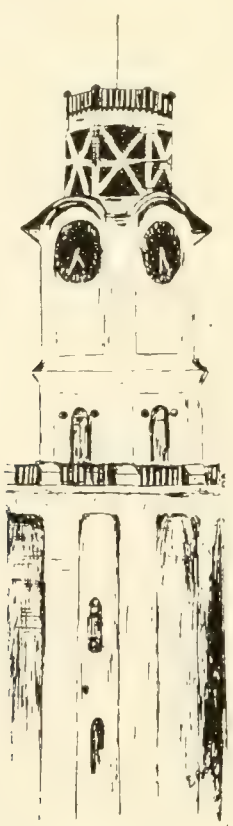
A short distance west of Cave Spring was where the Indians of that neighborhood held their Green Corn dances. Mr. Ellis said he had seen crowds estimated at 1,000 to 5,000. Out in the nearby mountains Capt. John Ellis, his father, went with a small party and captured two Cherokee chiefs who were giving trouble during the removal, and threatening a massacre. The chiefs were sent west. As the raiders approached, a sentinel cried, "Eastochatchee soolacogee!" meaning "much white man!"

These were the days of the "pony clubs," whose members blacked their faces and stole horses from whites and Indians alike. A party of the law and order element, known as the "slickers," once caught two thieves and gave them lashes on their backs with a whip.

Mr. Ellis also told how Col. Wm. Smith, known to the Indians as "Black Bill," because of his dark complexion, routed a crowd of drunken red-skins at Major Wm. Montgomery's spring in July, 1832. "Black Bill" lit into them with a hame, knocked them right and left and put them to flight.

Capt. John Townsend, Maj. Armistead Richardson, William Simmons, Jackson Trout, W. D. Cowdrey, W. K. Posey, Carter W. Sparks, Major Wm. Montgomery and Gen. Jas. Hemphill were among the pioneers who possessed the Cave Spring land ere the print of the moccasin had faded from the soil.

Life with the rugged settlers of Rome was just one murder, horse theft or incendiary fire after another. The country was overrun with vigilance committees, outlaws, land speculators, soldiers, unruly Indians and plain people of respectability who wanted to farm and conduct their shops in peace. Peace and the social order that thrives in it was not to be attained, however, until the Indians were sent west lock, stock and barrel.



CHAPTER II.

The Great Indian Meeting at Rome

THE following item from the Georgia Constitutionalist, of Augusta, July 24, 1835, (Guieu & Thompson, proprietors), announced the date and place of the important meeting of Ridge and Ross forces and Georgia Guardsmen and United States troopers near Rome. This meeting was vital because it paved the way for the Council pow-wow at Red Clay in October, which in turn brought about the New Echota meeting and treaty signed Dec. 29, 1835, the instrument by which the Cherokees were removed:*

The Cassville Pioneer says John Ridge and his friends will hold a Council in Floyd County six miles north of Rome 20th of July inst. It is expected this Council will be numerously attended. The cause of Ridge and his party is going ahead.

The meeting actually opened on the 19th, a day ahead of schedule.

The gathering was supposed, prior to discovery of the above item in an old newspaper file in the Library of the University of Georgia, to have been held at the home of Major Ridge on the Oostanaula, but since the item says it was to be held six miles north of Rome, and several authorities assert the place was "Running Waters," the conclusion is inevitable that it was held at the home of John Ridge, son of the Major, three miles north of Rome, at the plantation later owned by John Hume, and now the property of F. L. Forster. A bold spring at this domicile caused the name "Tantatanara," the Indian for "Running Waters," to be applied.

All authorities agree that the Running Waters pow-wow was the largest the Cherokees had held up to that time, and its importance could not be overestimated. Major Currey's special correspondence is here given.

**Cherokee Agency East,
Calhoun, Tenn.,
July 27, 1835.

Elbert Herring, Esq.,
Commissioner of Indian Affairs,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir: The people composing the council called for the purpose of obtaining the sense of the nation on the subject of the annuity convened on the day before the period appointed. There were between 2,500 and 2,600 Indian men present. This number could not by any previous measures or meetings have been anticipated. Mr. Schermerhorn was present and obtained their consent to address them on the next morning. The first day was consumed in discussions, explanations and voting on a proposition to divide the annuity among the people by ayes and nays.

When the next morning arrived, Mr. Schermerhorn had a stand erected, so that he might by his elevation be the more generally heard; aided by the Rev. Jesse Bushyhead, he went into a full explanation of the views of the Government, and the relation in which the different delegations stood to one another; their people, the States and the general Government; which was listened to with much attention for a period of three hours. In order to insure attention, this resolution had been so worded that it would not dispose of the question further than the single proposition was concerned; and by addressing them before the vote was finished, Mr. Schermerhorn had, perhaps, the largest red audience of adult males ever before assembled together in this nation at one time.

The Cherokees had, until a few days before, been advised not to attend, but when Ross found that the money would be paid to the order of the majority

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*Allowing for women and children, Georgia Guardsmen, United States troops, officials and onlookers, it is probable that 3,000 people attended this meeting. It was estimated that 600-800 attended the Red Clay Council in October, 1835, and 300-500 the New Echota meeting in December, 1835, when the treaty was accepted.

**Report of Secretary of War on Cherokee Treaty (1835), ps. 390-2.

attending, his head men were called together at Red Clay, when I am informed he told them the agents of Government, and the disorganized attached to Ridge, must be put down; and in order to do this, all the men of the nation must rally, and be there to sustain their nation and treasury.

They came, some starving, some half clad, some armed, and scarcely any with provisions for more than one or two days. Under these circumstances, having a desire to be heard, Mr. Schermerhorn promised them rations for one day, on condition they would hear him as commissioner. On examination, I found they might, under the 9th section of the regulations for paying annuities, be furnished at public expense, if circumstances rendered it necessary. Arrangements were accordingly made, and requisitions drawn on Lieut. Bateman to meet the same.

I took occasion to say to the Cherokees, as they came up by districts, that let them vote the money in what way they would, it could not save their country; that their party had been invited to express their views and wishes freely; instead of doing this they had withdrawn themselves from the ground, and been counselled in the bushes. Why was this so? Were their chiefs still disposed to delude their people, when ruin demanded entrance at the red man's door, and the heavy hand of oppression already rested upon his head?

To say the least of it, there was something suspicious in their withdrawal. The officers of Government were bound to report their speeches to the Secretary of War, and the chiefs had shown contempt to the United States by withdrawing themselves and their people into the woods beyond their hearing. If this was not the proper construction to be placed upon such a proceeding, the chiefs had certainly carried them off to feed their feelings on false hopes and false promises once more.

When the resolution presented by Smith* was disposed of, which stood 114 for and 2,238** against, Gunter's resolution to pay to the Treasury was next in order. The whole people were called up and the resolution read. Mr. Gunter made a few remarks in its support, when Major Ridge offered an amendment, directing that none of this money should be paid to lawyers. This was seconded by John Ridge, which gave both these latter gentlemen a full opportunity to be heard. They went into a most pathetic description of national distress and individual oppression; the necessity of seeking freedom in another clime; the importance of union and harmony, and the beauties of peace and of friendship; but said if there were any who preferred to endure misery and wed themselves to slavery, as for them and their friends, they craved not such company.

The Indians had, by districts, in files four deep, been drawn up to vote on Gunter's resolution, that they might hear it read, and be counted the more conveniently. But when the Ridges were speaking, all the previous prejudices so manifestly shown by looks appeared to die away, and the benighted foresters involuntarily broke the line and pressed forward as if attracted by the powers of magnetism to the stand, and when they could get no nearer, they reached their heads forward in anxiety to hear the truth. After the Ridges had procured the desired attention, they withdrew their amendment, and the vote was taken on Gunter's resolution, and carried by acclamation. Mr. Schermerhorn then requested each party to appoint committees to meet him and Governor Carroll*** at the agency on the 29th instant. Ridge's party complied. If the other party did, it has not been made known to the commissioner.

By the next mail we will be able to give information of a more satisfactory nature, having reference to the future.

I have no doubt, although the money went into the treasury of the nation, (as might have been expected from a general turnout), still, the information communicated in the discussions growing up on the occasion will be attended with the most happy conse-

*Archilla Smith, one of the leaders of the Ridge Treaty party. He is referred to in Gov. Wilson Lumpkin's book "Removal of the Cherokee Indians from Georgia" as Asahel R. Smith, of Lawrenceville, father of the well-known Roman, Maj. Chas. H. Smith ("Bill Arp"), but members of the "Bill Arp" family state this was an error. The Smith resolution sought to divide the annuity among the tribesmen.

**Report of Secretary of War on Cherokee Treaty (1835), ps. 399-447, lists the voters, with their numbers, to a total of 2,273, but a printer's note states there are only 2,200 names, suggesting that duplications may have crept in. This list gives all who supported the Smith resolution and 2,159 who voted against it, which would make a total of 2,270. The difference of three in two of the totals is the difference between the Currey estimate of 114 aye votes and the table's record of 111 votes.

***Wm. Carroll, of Tennessee, co-commissioner with Mr. Schermerhorn, whom illness and a political campaign kept from acting.



JOHN ROSS, Principal Chief of the Cherokee Nation of Indians from 1828 to his death in 1866, who fought with admirable courage more than 25 years to keep his people in the hunting grounds of their forefathers.

quences to the Cherokees, and greatly facilitate a final adjustment of their difficulties.

It is a matter worthy of remark that so great a number of persons of any color have seldom if ever met and preserved better order than was observed on this occasion.

Most respectfully, I have the honor to be, your very obedient servant,

BENJAMIN F. CURREY.

Supt. of Cherokee Removal and Acting Indian Agent.

P. S.—The report required by the regulations will follow this, so soon as it can be made out.

Yours,

B. F. C.

*Cherokee Agency East,
Calhoun, Tenn.,
July 29, 1835.

Elbert Herring, Esq.,
Commissioner of Indian Affairs,
Washington, D. C.

Sir: Enclosed I have the honor to transmit copies of a report made by Col. C. H. Nelson and Col. Nathaniel Smith, who were appointed in June last by me to take the census of the Cherokees east, in conformity with a verbal request from the Honorable Secretary of War, as well as to comply with the requirements contained in a "circular" dated War Department, Office Indian Affairs, May, 1835, addressed to me a short period before this duty was commenced. Runners were sent over the country, and some of Ross' messages were seen and read by the census-takers, directing the Cherokees not to allow their numbers to be taken.

In 1819 John Ross notified the Indian agent that he had determined to reside permanently on a tract of land reserved within the ceded territory for his use; and in contemplation of the treaty, took upon himself all the responsibilities of a citizen of the United States. Has he not, then, subjected himself to the penalties of the 13th, 14th and 15th sections of "An Act to regulate trade and intercourse with the Indian tribes," etc., approved June 30, 1834?

One thing is very certain, that by sending his messages and holding his talks in the Cherokee settlements, he more effectually disturbs the peace, and defeats or delays the measures of the Government of the United States, than he could if he were the citizen of a foreign Government, and much better than one of our own citizens possibly could do?**

Very respectfully, I have the honor to be, your very obedient servant,

BENJ. F. CURREY.

***Cherokee Agency East,
Calhoun, Tenn.,
July 30, 1835.

Elbert Herring, Esq.,
Commissioner Indian Affairs,
Washington, D. C.

Sir: Enclosed, I have the satisfaction to transmit to you a certified history of the proceedings of the Running Waters Council, held on the 19th, 20th and 21st instant, to determine how the annuity of the present year should be disposed of.

The names are recorded as the votes were presented on Smith's resolution. But all who were present did not vote on either side, and many of those who were in favor of dividing the money, finding that their wishes could not be carried, voted it to the treasurer. Some of the voters in favor of a treaty, having claims on the Cherokee nation, voted, and influenced many others to vote, in the same way; so that the vote on Smith's resolution can not, properly, be considered a fair test of the strength of the parties.

Ridge's party is increasing rapidly, and will, by raising the proper means, reach the majority of Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee, long before the adjournment of the next Congress.

Most respectfully, I have the honor to be, your very obedient servant,

BENJ. F. CURREY,
Superintendent, etc.

P. S.—Ross has failed to meet the commissioners, for jesuitical reasons assigned. The commissioners addressed him a communication which has produced a proposition in writing from him on the Ridges to bury the hatchet, and act in concert for the good of their country, and inviting them to a convention, to be composed of the intelligent of all parties, for the purpose of considering their natural condition. To this proposition Ridge's party have yielded their assent; but in the meantime they are determined to redouble

*Report of Secretary of War on Cherokee Treaty (1835), p. 392.
**Apparently the first open attempt to cause the arrest of Ross.
***Report of Secretary of War on Cherokee Treaty (1835), p. 395.

their zeal and diligence to accomplish the removal of their people.

BENJAMIN F. CURREY.

*Running Waters Council Ground,
Floyd County, Ga.,
Monday, July 19, 1835.

At an adjourned meeting, held pursuant to notice from the acting agent of the United States for the Cherokees east of the Mississippi river, for the purpose of ascertaining from the Cherokee people their wishes as to the manner and to whom their present year's annuity should be paid, by common consent it was agreed and resolved that the meeting be opened with prayer, and the Rev. Mr. Spirit and David Weatie** (Cherokees) officiated accordingly.

After the solemnities appropriate to the occasion were performed, Benj. F. Currey, United States Agent, aided by Lieut. Bateman, of the United States army, fully explained the object for which this meeting was called; all of which was again fully explained, in the Cherokee language, by Joseph A. Foreman, the interpreter.

John Ross made some remarks in reply; said he was sorry that the agent had taken occasion to be personal in his remarks, but that he was not disposed to take any notice of these personalities at this time; that he was aware that there was among us a description of persons who were called by party names; this he had not discouraged; that as for himself he was not disposed to quarrel with any man for an honest expression of opinion, for the good of the people (for the truth and sincerity of which he called Heaven to witness); and that if gentlemen were honest in their professions of benevolence, he was ready, at any time, to co-operate with them, when it would appear that they were right and he was wrong.

John Ridge, in reply, stated that so far as he was concerned he, too, discarded party views and sinister motives; that so far as he and those with him acted different from Mr. Ross and his chiefs, he had done so from an honest conviction that it was the only way in which the integrity and political salvation of the Cherokee people could be preserved and effected, and that he was at any moment ready to acknowledge Ross as his principal chief when he (Ross) could or would prove to him a better plan. But till then, as an honest man, sensible as he was of the difficulties and hazards of the crisis that surrounded them all, he must act on the suggestions arising out of the case, though it should cost him the last drop that heaved his breast; that he had not understood the agent to indulge in or intend personalities, but his explanations, directed by the law and instructions from the executive, necessarily involved the actors themselves; that he had and at all times would be open to conviction, when better and more conclusive arguments than his own were adduced on the points of difference. But he did not understand why it was, if Mr. Ross' declarations were sincere, that large bodies of Indians had been withdrawn by their chiefs from the ground, and were not permitted to hear. As for his part, he wanted the whole nation to learn, and be able to know their true situation; that he was ready to co-operate with Mr. Ross, or anybody else, for the salvation of his bleeding and oppressed countrymen.

The Rev. Mr. Schermerhorn, commissioner on behalf of the United States, took occasion, after being introduced as such, to rise; read his commission and expressed his satisfaction and gratification at the prospect of an amicable reconciliation of all party strife and animosity, and so far as he might be concerned in their affairs, he did not intend to know any party or distinction of parties; that he only meant to know the Cherokee people east of the Mississippi as one party in this case; and that he would avail himself of the present occasion to request that during this meeting they would select from among themselves a number of delegates, at least twelve or more, or any other number they might deem expedient, to meet him and Gov. Carroll at the Cherokee agency on Wednesday, the 30th instant, to arrange preliminaries necessary to a convention for the adjustment of their whole difficulties by treaty; the basis of which had already been fixed by Ridge, Ross and others, which he presumed they were all ap-

*Report of Secretary of War on Cherokee Treaty (1835), ps. 396-8.

**David Watie (or Oo-wat-ie), full-blood Cherokee and only brother of Major Ridge; father of Elias Boudinot, editor of The Cherokee Phoenix, and of Stand Watie, only Indian Brigadier General of the Confederate army, who did not surrender until June 23, 1865, nearly three months after the surrender of Gen. Jos. E. Johnston. Authority: "Life of Gen. Stand Watie," by Mabel Washbourne Anderson, Pryor, Okla., (1915).

prized of; and suggested the importance of naming Ross and Ridge first on said committee. The commissioner then apprized the conductors of the election that he would, with their consent, occupy their time on tomorrow morning, so far as to read over and fully explain the treaty to be offered the Cherokee people for their approval, which was consented to by the agents and the chiefs present; whereupon, Commissioner Schermerhorn retired.

The following resolution was then introduced by Archilla Smith and seconded by John Ridge:

"Resolved, by the council of the Cherokee nation, that in consideration of the poor condition of our people, the aged, the infirm of both sexes, men, women and children, that the present annuity of $6,666.67 be now divided equally to the people, and to the poor particularly, as it is their money, accruing from old treaties with the United States. It is now a great many years since they have received the same."

In support of this resolution, Major Ridge, John Ridge and Archilla Smith spoke at considerable length, to the following purport: The people make a nation; no nation ever existed without a people. The annuity is payable to the nation, and Congress has given to the people full power to dispose of it as they may think proper. Have the people been benefited by the use made of the money heretofore, by their chiefs? Have those chiefs saved the country? Have they restored to you your fields? Have they saved your people from the gallows? Have they driven back the white settlers? No; but on the other hand, have you not lost your laws and government? Have you not been impoverished and oppressed? And are you not bleeding and starving under these oppressions? If this be the fact, is it not time to take that which will give you some relief from want, rather than to vote it to those who can not, or, if they can, will not afford you relief?

All that we insist on is that you exercise your own choice in disposing of this money. It was in our power not long since, when but few attended at the call of the General Government, (last May council, held at Running Waters) to have done as we pleased with this money, but we would not condescend to take advantage of that absence which had been procured by the other chiefs. We preferred to have a full meeting of the people, if practicable, and leave the question to the majority. At that time our application was made to this effect, and agreed to by the agent for the General Government, which has been read to you by him, and interpreted by Mr. Foreman. It is the will of our people and not my will which it is now wished should control this money. While we make this declaration we wish the yeas and nays taken and registered, that all may have an opportunity of understanding the resolution; and that each and every one may vote as Cherokees should learn to vote, independently.

Edward Gunter then offered the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the present annuity now due to the Cherokee nation be paid to John Martin, treasurer of the Cherokee nation."

In support of this resolution he made the following remarks: That the nation was in debt; that their faith as a nation was pledged for money; that they had none wherewith to redeem that pledge; that they could not resort to taxation, for in that case the State laws would interfere. He hoped, therefore, they would vote the money to the national treasury.

At this time a general call for the vote from the crowd (consisting of upwards of 2,000 Cherokees) was made.

The Government agents then opened the election to take the vote on Smith's resolution; those in favor, in the affirmative, and those against, in the negative.

(Here is omitted list of Indians and how they voted.—Author).

The voting on Archilla Smith's resolution being gone through, and on counting the state of the polls, it appears that 114 voted in the affirmative, and 2,159* in the negative; and consequently, Smith's resolution was carried.**

Edward Gunter then called up his resolution. It was agreed by the agents of Government, as well as by the Cherokee people present, that the vote on this resolution be taken by acclamation. Before the vote was taken on Gunter's resolution, Major Ridge offered the following as an amend-

*John Ross and his associates said 2,225; the voting table, 2,273.

**"Lost" was evidently intended for "carried."

ment of Gunter's resolution: "And that the treasurer of the nation pay the same to such persons of our nation as we owe for money borrowed, and not to the lawyers, which the nation has employed, who can be paid at some other time." In the discussion on this amendment, Major Ridge and John Ridge displayed their usual strain of eloquence, making a deep impression on a large portion of the crowd, if we take for evidence the rivetted attention and the press forward to catch the words that dropped from them, and more particularly that in the course of that evening and next morning, the number who deserted from Ross's ranks and enrolled themselves with John Ridge and his friends for the western country.

During the course of their remarks they spoke of the false hopes excited and the delusive promises held out by their lawyers; the obligations they were under, first, to discharge debts contracted, for which a valuable consideration had been received by the people, and then afterwards and last, those which had been created without the hope of returning benefits. But discovering that the people had determined to vote down their proposition, it was withdrawn.

After these individuals had spoken generally of the causes which induced them to secede from Ross and his party, and the necessity of an early removal of the tribe, the vote on Gunter's resolution was taken, and decided by acclamation in the affirmative.

Cherokee Agency East,
July 30, 1835.

The foregoing is a correct statement, so far as my memory serves and my knowledge extends, founded upon a constant attention, conjointly with Benjamin F. Currey, Indian agent, to the proceedings of the meeting, as one of the managers.

M. W. BATEMAN,
1st Lieut., Inf., Disbursing Agent.

Cherokee Agency East,
July 30, 1835.

As Indian agent, under the directions of the War Department, I superintended the foregoing election and proceedings, and do hereby certify that the election was as fairly conducted as the situation and circumstances of the Cherokee tribe would admit of, and that the proceedings and speeches by the chiefs are substantially correct, as detailed by D. Henderson, secretary to the meeting.

BENJAMIN F. CURREY,
Indian Agent for the Eastern Cherokees.

Cherokee Agency East,
July 30, 1835.

I certify upon honor that in the foregoing transcript, detailing the proceedings at the council called and held at Running Waters council ground, Floyd County, Ga., on the 19th, 20th and 21st instant, the votes are correctly recorded and the speeches correctly detailed as to substance.

DANIEL HENDERSON,
Clerk for Managers of the Said Election.

The enclosures of Maj. Currey to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs end here. To Washington Mr. Schermerhorn wrote:

*Cherokee Agency,
Aug. 1, 1835.

Hon. Elbert Herring,
Commissioner Indian Affairs,
Washington, D. C.

Sir: I have the honor to inform you that I attended the meeting of the Cherokee council at Running Waters on the 20th ultimo, and my proceedings there I will transmit to you by the next mail. At the close of that council I requested a committee of the principal men from the Ross and Ridge parties to meet the commissioners at the Agency on the 29th ultimo, to see if they could, in conference with each other, agree upon some modification of the proposed treaty which would be satisfactory to all concerned. Ross and his friends did not attend, and the commissioners wrote him immediately to know whether he and his principal men refused to meet them at the place appointed, and also whether they were determined not to accept the award of the Senate, viz.: $5,000,000 in full for the settlement of all matters in dispute between them and the United States, and for the cession of their country. He evaded the last question (as will be seen by his letter, a copy of which will be forwarded to the department), and prevaricated in saying that no notice was given of the meeting at the agency, although it was done in open council. He may, how-

*Report of Secretary of War on Cherokee Treaty (1835), ps. 449-50.



WHERE THE GREEN CORN DANCES WERE HELD.

"The Chieftain's," on the Oostanaula river road, two miles north of the court house, was the home of Major Ridge, and his lawn was the gathering place of hundreds of red-skin braves and their squaws and sweethearts. His ferry connected with the Alabama road, then an Indian trail. Nearby was George M. Lavender's trading post. Early owners included A. N. Verdery, Ferdinan DeBray de Longchamp and Emil de Longchamp, Judge Augustus R. Wright and F. M. Jeffries.

ever, have meant he had no official notice of the meeting in writing. He sent a letter also to Major Ridge and John Ridge, inviting them and their friends to a conference with him and his friends to settle all the difficulties between them, and unite in promoting the common good of their people. This is an omen for good and I have been laboring while here to effect this object. No doubt Ross has been hard pushed on this subject by his friends, and he is convinced that unless a reconciliation takes place, and a treaty is soon made, he will be forsaken by them, and a third party arise, who will unite with Ridge and carry the proposed treaty. I can not now go into detail, but will simply state overtures have been made by several of Ross's friends to unite with Ridge's party if Ross refuses to come to terms on the award made by the Senate of the United States.

The best informed here entertain no doubt but that a treaty will be perfected in the fall, if not sooner.

It has been thought best by the commissioners not to call a meeting by the nation until November, unless both parties should be brought to agree to articles of the treaty to be submitted to the nation for their adoption. Ross's council meets in October, and many of his principal men have agreed, if he does not come to terms by that time, they will leave him and treat without him.

I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of several communications from the Secretary of War, forwarded to me at New Echota in May and July, and especially the last, containing the letter of Mr. William Rogers, with the answer to it. I respectfully suggest to the Department, should any similar letters be received, whether it would not be best to send them to the commissioners, with such instructions in reference to them as may be deemed necessary, and refer the writers to the commissioners for an answer. I make this suggestion merely to prevent being embarrassed by the crafty policy of the men we have to deal with. It is believed Rogers' letter was written at the suggestion and the knowledge of Ross.*

With respect, your obedient servant,

JOHN F. SCHERMERHORN,
Commissioner.

The following 92** Indians lined up with the Ridge party in support of Archilla Smith's resolution, which if passed would have distributed the $6,666.67 annuity among the common Indians instead of placing it in the national treasury:

Challoogee District—James Field, R. Raincrow, Beans Pouch, Na-too, Stay-all-night, Robin, Daniel Mills, Standing, Tac-ses-ka, Archy, Trailing, Hog Shooter, Tais-ta-eska, Milk, Dick Scott, Hair Tied, Uma-tois-ka, Dick, George, Se-nah-ne, Owl, Chicken, Buffalo, Parch Corn, Jim Bear Skin, Coo-los-kee, Bread Butter, Stephen Harris and Elijah Moore. Total, 29.

Coosewattie—Charley Moore, Hammer, Nathaniel Wolf, Baesling, Tarapin Striker, Te-ke-wa-tis-ka, John Ridge, Carnton Hicks, In Debt, Daylight, Matthew Moore, Standing Lightning, Wake Them, Morter, All-day, Bear Meat, Waitie, Mole Sign, Wat Liver, Huckleberry, Coon, Isaac, Ave Vann, Walter Ridge, Jac Nicholson, Six Killer, John, Collin McDaniel, Stand Watie, and Major Ridge. Total, 31.

Hightower (Etowah)—Ground Hog, Ezekiel West, Spirit, Hammer, Jac West, Catcher, Rib, Scou-tike, Road, Chwa-looka, Standing Wolf, Dave Scoute, John Wayne, Tookah, Frozen Foot, Fase, Nelson West, Red Bird, Wat Huskhe, and John Eliot. Total, 20.

Amoah—Jos. Foreman, Jac Bushyhead, Wm. Reed and Jay Hicks. Total, 4.

Aquohee, Chickamauga and Tahquohee—None.

Hickory Log—Charles and Buffalo Pouch. Total, 2.

Miscellaneous—D. J. Hook, Turkey Town; J. L. McKay, Will's Valley; Tesataesky, Springtown; Black Fox, Octhcalouga***; Henderson Harris, Forks of Coosa****; Jno. Fields, Sr., Turnip Mountain*****. Total, 6.

*Written June 28, 1835, from Chattahoochee, and suggested that "Mr. Ridge" was not the only man of his party who could arrange a treaty.

**With duplications omitted; 114 was the total. Report of Secretary of War on Cherokee Treaty (1835), ps. 390-447.

***Near Calhoun, Gordon County.

****Site of Rome.

*****Coosa.



THE CENTRAL CHURCHES OF ROME

The "Hill City" has long been noted for the influence of its religious institutions, and practically all denominations are represented. 1—The new First Christian edifice. 2—The First Methodist. 3—The First Baptist, in snow of January 27, 1921, minus steeple demolished by lightning stroke in 1920. 4—St. Peter's Episcopal. 5—First Presbyterian.

CHAPTER III.

John Howard Payne's Arrest by the Georgia Guard

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, author of the famous song, "Home, Sweet Home," and a number of plays, got into a peck of trouble when he came to Georgia in 1835. He was plainly unaccustomed to frontier life and the cruel ways of the world. In August, 1833, he had sent out from New York, N. Y., to the newspapers of the country (including Georgia) a prospectus of a new weekly magazine to be published at London and to be known by the old Persian title "Jam Jehan Nima," or "The World From the Inside of the Bowl." He had announced that he would visit every state in the Union to collect material on the wonders of nature, and also to collect such subscriptions as he could for this departure in journalism. His funds were ample and the newspapers in many instances carried his announcement on their front pages, and commented editorially upon it. He traveled in style, and his own story shows that he was not a partner to rough treatment.

His song having been written a decade before in Paris and sung in his play, "Clari, or the Maid of Milan," at the Covent Garden Theatre, London, he was given quite a reception on his return from the old country to New York; and in certain of the larger cities on his "experience jaunt" he was received with a rousing acclaim—notably at New Orleans. Into seven states he went before he reached Georgia; he came to Macon from the Creek Nation in Alabama, and on Aug. 9, 1835, wrote from that city to his sister a long letter, elegantly expressed and describing a green corn dance held by the Creeks, at which a strong fascination was flung upon him by the beautiful daughter of an Indian chief.*

At Macon he purchased a horse and traveled toward Augusta, there to confer with Judge Augustus B. Longstreet,** editor of the States' Rights Sentinel, with regard to furnishing stories of his travels. On the way he stopped at Sandersville, Washington County, and Dr. Tennille, a brother of Wm. A. Tennille, then secretary of state, advised him to study the Indian removal problem. First he went by horseback to see the wonders of North Georgia—the Toccoa Falls, in Stephens County, and the Amicalola Falls, in Dawson County; visited Tallulah Falls and gazed on Yonah Mountain (White County), from Clarkesville, in Habersham; inspected the gold fields of Dahlonega, Lumpkin County, and finally went to Cass (Bartow) County and explored the Salt Peter cave near Kingston.

It may be that Payne touched Floyd County on this trip. An old tradition has it that he and John Ross spent a night or so at Rome, and departing for New Echota, camped in a beech grove at Pope's Ferry, Oostanaula river; and that here Payne carved his name on a beech tree. Also that they were entertained in the home of Col. Wm. C. Hardin, across the river. It is known that Payne stayed with the Hardins and played on the piano for the little girls of the family while they were stationed at New Echota, but nothing yet establishes that he visited Rome and Pope's Ferry.

For a time it was believed he attended the July Indian meeting

*Mr. Payne was then a bachelor of 43, far from the age of insensibility to feminine charms.

**Also author of the Dickens-like book of side-splitting comedy called "Georgia Scenes."

at "Running Waters," near Rome, but since he did not enter the state until early August, this was impossible. He had a letter of introduction from an Athens merchant to a Floyd County lawyer,* but evidently never presented it.

Presently, in September, he shook the dust from his boots and clothes in Athens, Clarke County, having been taken there by a letter to Gen. Edward Harden, who as a resident of Savannah some time before had entertained Gen. LaFayette. Payne was received into the Harden home, and quickly fell in love with the General's beautiful brunette daughter, Mary Harden, to whom he gave some handsome Indian relics from his portmanteau, and later wrote a number of impassioned letters telling of his love. Strange to say, neither married, but that is another story. The University of Georgia was in session and Payne and Miss Harden mingled among the students on the campus.

In company with Gov. Lumpkin, Gen. Harden and Col. Samuel Rockwell, Payne set off for the Indian country in the general's two-horse carriage, and was ready for the opening of the Red Clay Council of Oct. 12 a day or two before it convened. John Ross pressed them to stay with him, and they did so. On Sept. 28 Payne rode into Tennessee, and spent some days at the cabin of Ross. Then he proceeded back to Red Clay, arriving Sunday, a day prior to the council opening.

Here it was that the well-intentioned "Tray" got into company of none too good standing, as the Georgia authorities viewed it, and with Ross was subjected to the humiliation of arrest.** He was taken in custody Saturday at 11 p. m., Nov. 7, 1835, and released Friday morning, Nov. 20, 12½ days later. Ross was freed Monday at 4 p. m., Nov. 16, hence had been detained 9 days. The Red Clay Council had adjourned Oct. 30, after a session lasting 19 days.

Immediately after he reached "civilization" (Calhoun, McMinn County, Tenn.), Mr. Payne issued the following statement to the press, under date of Nov. 23, 1835:

John Howard Payne to His Countrymen—The public is respectfully requested to withhold their opinion for the few days upon the subject of a recent arrest within the chartered limits of Tennessee, by the Georgia Guard, of Mr. Payne, in company with Mr. John Ross, principal chief of the Cherokee nation.

Mr. Payne can not of course identify the state of Georgia with this gross violation of the Constitution of the United States, of the rights of an American citizen, and of the known hospitality of the South to strangers. But as he is conscious that every act which can be devised will be resorted to for the purpose of endeavoring to cover such an act from public indignation, he thinks it due to justice to promise that a full and honest statement shall be submitted the moment it can be prepared.

Payne's own story of his trials and tribulations is best told by himself. So far as is known, this account has never been reproduced in any publication except the newspapers and journals that carried it at the time. It was found at the University of Georgia Library, Athens, in the Georgia Constitutionalist (Augusta) of Thursday, Dec. 24, 1835, having been reprinted from the Knoxville (Tenn.) Register of Dec. 2, same year. It sets at rest certain discussions bearing on historic fact, and here it is:

At the instance of Mr. Jno. Howard Payne, I hand for publication his address to his countrymen in the United

*Believed to have been Judge Jno. H. Lumpkin, nephew of Gov. Wilson Lumpkin, of Athens.

**At the one-room log cabin of Sleeping Rabbit, an Indian underling of Ross. The spot is located at Blue Spring (Station), Bradley Co., Tenn., five miles southwest of Cleveland and eight miles north of Red Clay.

States, giving an account of his abduction from the State of Tennessee and of his imprisonment and brutal treatment in this state by the Georgia Guard. To none of his countrymen is it so important as to those of Georgia to be acquainted with the facts of this outrage. Every man of patriotic feeling within its feel will regret that any power with the semblance of state authority should have acted in such a banditti-like manner toward the amiable and talented author of "Home, Sweet Home" and for the credit of the state will desire that the principal actors may be made to suffer the punishment of crimes so flagrant and disgraceful to the country.

ROBERT CAMPBELL.
Augusta, Ga., Dec. 18, 1835.

(From the Knoxville,* Tenn., Register, Dec. 2, 1835.)

John Howard Payne to His Countrymen.—A conspiracy has been formed against my reputation and my life. From the latter I have just escaped, and very narrowly. I would protect the former, and therefore hasten to acquaint the public with the truth regarding this extraordinary affair.

It has long been known that in August, 1833, I published proposals at New York for a literary periodical. The prospectus stated as a part of my plan that I would travel through the United States for the double purpose of gathering subscribers and material; and especially such information regarding my own republic as might vindicate our national character, manners and institutions, against the aspersions of unfriendly travelers from other countries. In the pursuit of these objects I have for upwards of a year been upon my journey. I have visited Ohio, Kentucky, Missouri, Illinois, Mississippi, Louisiana and Alabama. In each of these states I have been honored with the most flattering hospitality and support. Some time in August last I entered Georgia on my regular course northward through the Carolinas and Virginia. I was induced by the descriptions I had heard of the beauty of its mountain region to turn somewhat aside from my road in order to seek the upper parts of the State; for I was anxious in anything I might write hereafter to leave nothing which deserved admiration untouched. I went to Tellulah, Tuckoah, the cave in Cass County, the Gold Region and the Falls of Amacaloolah. A mere accident led me among the Cherokees. The accident was this:

In the course of my rambles I met Dr. Tennille, of Saundersville, a brother to the Georgia Secretary of State.** This gentleman spoke to me of the Cherokees. He suggested that their history for the last 50 years, could it be obtained, would be one of extreme interest and curiosity, and especially appropriate to a work like mine. I knew next to nothing then of the Cherokees. I had been in Europe when their cause was brought so eloquently before the public by Mr. Wirt, Mr. Everett and others. The hint I speak of led me to ask about them. The more I heard, the more I became excited. I obtained letters to their leading men and went into the nation. Circumstances, however, had induced me to relinquish my first purpose of proceeding so far as the residence of Mr. Ross, their Principal Chief. But I was told Mr. Ross possessed a series of letters which had been sent to him by his predecessor in office, Chas. R. Hicks, detailing memoranda for the



JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, author of world-famous song, "Home, Sweet Home," who was arrested by the Georgia Guard in 1835.

*Judge Hugh Lawson White and David A. Deaderick led a committee for a Payne mass meeting at Knoxville, but Payne declined appearing. He later attended a public dinner. He went to Knoxville via Calhoun and Athens, Tenn.

**Wm. A. Tennille, ancestor of the Savannah Tennilles.

earlier history of his country, and that he himself had taken up the narrative where it was discontinued by the extending of it to the year 1835. I was encouraged to believe that were I to call on Mr. Ross he would not only readily allow me the use of these manuscripts, but be gratified in an opportunity of seeing them made public. I therefore resumed my original intention and on the 28th of last September rode into Tennessee to the residence of Mr. Ross.

By Mr. Ross I was received with unlooked-for cordiality and unreserve. I felt the deeper sympathy for him because I found him driven by the hard policy against his nation from a splendid abode to a log hut of but one single room, and scarcely proof against the wind and rain. He had a part of the letters by Mr. Hicks, but of a continuation by himself I had been misinformed. He told me, however, that any or all of the documents he had were at my service. I thought if he were disposed to let me take these with me and transcribe them at my leisure, he would have proposed it; but as he did not, I began to make copies where I was—intending to confine myself to very few. My first calculation was to limit my visit to a day, but I thought I should now be warranted in prolonging it three or four; my task, however, detaining me longer than I expected, Mr. Ross urged me to remain until the meeting of the Council. He told me that he could then show me all their leading men. He thought besides that two gentlemen who have made valuable researches into the antiquities and the language of the Cherokees would be present. To the arrival of the Reverend Commissioner, Mr. Schermerhorn, I also looked with interest. I believed him to be the same Mr. Schermerhorn who was in an upper class when I entered college*; we had been intimate there; I had not met him in five and twenty years, and was solicitous to talk over things long past. In addition to these inducements, I felt a deep attraction in the opportunity of witnessing the last days on their native soil of the nations of the red men. I determined to see the opening of the Council.

My stay with Mr. Ross having been so unexpectedly protracted, of course the range of my collections was extended. In addition to the literature and the anecdotes of the nation I involuntarily became well acquainted with its politics, because I had transcribed nearly all the documents relative to the recent negotiations for a treaty. I thought these curious, not only as historic evidence, but as specimens of Indian diplomacy, more complete than any upon record in any age or country. I confess I was surprised at what these papers unfolded regarding the system used by the agents and pursued by our government, and I thought if the real position of the question were once understood by our own country and its rulers, their ends would be sought by different and unexceptional means. Though no politician, as a philanthropist I fancied good might be done by a series of papers upon the subject. I conceived as an American that it was one of the most precious and most undisputed of my rights to examine any subject entirely national, especially if I could render service to the country by such explanations as peculiar circumstances might enable me to offer. For this purpose I commenced such a series as I have spoken of, but having written one number, I thought I would lay it by for reconsideration, and forbear to make up my mind finally until I saw how matters were carried on at the Council then approaching. The number in question was subsequently put aside and no second number ever written. It was signed "WASHINGTON." The mention was brief and incidental. It was such a paper as we see hourly upon our public affairs, only somewhat more gentle and conciliatory. Among other things, it mentioned of necessity the Georgia Guard. It spoke of their outward appearance as more resembling banditti than soldiers, and alluded to the well-known fact of an Indian prisoner who had hanged himself while in their custody, through fear that they would murder him. I wish the reader to bear this paper in mind, for it will be specifically noticed more than once again; and at the same time let it be remembered that it was never printed** nor made known in any way, but kept among my private manuscripts until the proper season for publication had gone by. Indeed, the very plan of which it was meant for the beginning was ere long merged in an-

*Union, Schnectady, N. Y. Mr. Schermerhorn graduated in 1809. Payne entered in 1807, presumably in the Class of 1811, and left after two terms and without completing his course.

**Maj. Currey claimed it was printed by the Knoxville Register prior to the arrest.

other. It had been suggested that great service might be done by an address to the people of the United States from the Cherokees, explaining fully and distinctly all their views and feelings. I was told that no one had ever possessed such opportunities as mine had been for undertaking these. I took the hint, and felt gratified in the opportunity of enabling the nation to plead its own cause. I promised to prepare such an address, and if approved, it was to be sent around by runners, for the signature of every Cherokee in the country. I confess I felt proud of an advocacy in which some of the first talent of the land had heretofore exulted to engage. I only lamented that my powers were so unequal to my zeal.

The Council assembled. One of the first inquiries of the Reverend Commissioner was for his former friend; and I felt happy to recognize in the wilderness one whom I had known so early in my life. I accompanied him by his invitation to his cabin. I found him strongly prejudiced against Mr. Ross. He introduced me to Major Currey, the United States' agent. Major Currey, as well as Mr. Schermerhorn, proffered any documents or books or other facilities which might aid me in my search for information. They urged upon me to read some papers they were preparing against Mr. Ross and the Council. I did read them. I entered into no discussion, but then, as at all other times, briefly assured Mr. Schermerhorn with the freedom of an associate in boyhood that I conceived his course a mistaken one, and that I was convinced that it could not lead to a treaty. The same thing had been said to him by many. He replied in a tone of irritation that he "would have a treaty in a week."

"John Ross was unruly now, but he would soon be tame enough," and on one occasion he asked a gentleman connected with the then opposition party in the nation "if the wheels were well greased," and informed me that an address in Cherokee was coming before the people, which I inferred from his words and manner was expected to produce a sudden influence fatal to the cause of Mr. Ross. He also introduced me to Mr. Bishop, captain of the Georgia Guard, whose manner then was perfect meekness. A few half-jocose words passed between Mr. Bishop and myself. He asked me how long since I "arriv," named the Cherokee question, and I replied that I differed with him in opinion.

"That is the case of most of you gentlemen from the north," he replied.

"It is not that I am from the north that I think as I do," said I, "but because I am jealous of our national honor and prize the faith of treaties."

"You would feel differently if you had the same interest we have."

"I should hope I would forget my interest where it went against my principles," I observed.

Mr. Bishop laughed and so did I, and thus we parted. After this I abstained from visiting the quarters of Mr. Schermerhorn, not wishing as the guest of Mr. Ross to expose myself to the necessity of being drawn into irritating discussions. The proceedings took the very course I apprehended. Mr. Schermerhorn's plan defeated himself, and when I next saw him it was upon the council ground; Lieut. Bateman, of the United States army, was standing with me when he came up. The conversation necessarily turned upon the treaty. I repeated my doubts as to the policy of his course, and he again declared he would have a treaty—and forthwith. I asked him for some documents he had promised. He said he would gather them and send them to New York. I pressed him for them at once, because I had already everything from the other side and wished the entire evidence, for I meant to write a history of the Cherokees; and added I, laughing, "Don't complain if I use you rather roughly."

I saw that he was chafed, although he forced a smile. "No," replied he, "and don't complain if I return the compliment."

"Certainly not," said I; "if you can show that I deserve it;" and he departed in apparent good humor, and I saw nothing more of the Reverend Commissioner.

The negotiation was broken off. The Council adjourned. Mr. Ross pressed me to return to his house, which I did for the purpose of awaiting the journey of a messenger whom he had promised to send some 80 miles across the country* for a complete file of the Cherokee Phoenix newspaper, which, after long search, I had made the discovery and had obtained the offer. During the absence of the messenger I renewed the transcriptions of docu-

*New Echota, Gordon County, where The Phoenix was printed, was about 45 miles.

ments. I also completed the address for the Cherokee nation. It was approved, and measures were to be taken for obtaining the signatures of all the people. It was now Saturday evening, Nov. 7. I had determined on Monday morning to depart, taking in on my road back through Athens the Stone Mountain of Georgia, a view of which had been one of the leading objects of my journey. Some bustle had taken place that afternoon with a person from whom Mr. Ross had purchased his present place of refuge.* The man had returned to plant himself within the boundaries of the estate with which he had parted. Mr. Ross sent out all his negroes and other men to throw up a worm fence and mark his limits; and some dispute was apprehended. It was supposed that the measure was a preconcerted one, for the purpose of showing the Indians that the threat of harrassing the Indians more and more was real. All, however, seemed quiet enough. Mr. Ross and myself were engaged the whole evening in writing. My papers were piled upon the table, ready to be packed for my approaching journey. About 11 I was in the midst of a copy from a talk held by George Washington in 1794 with a delegation of Cherokee chiefs. Suddenly there was a loud barking of dogs, then the quick tramp of galloping horses, then the rush of many feet, and a hoarse voice just at my side shouted "Ross, Ross!" Before there was time for a reply, the voice was heard at the door opposite, which was burst open. Armed men appeared.

"Mr. Ross."

"Well, gentlemen?"

"We have business with you, sir."

Our first impression was that there had been a struggle for the boundary and that these men had come to make remonstrance; but instantly we saw the truth. The room was filled with Georgia Guards, their bayonets fixed, and some, if not all, with their pistols and dirks or dirk knives. An exceedingly long, lank man with a round-about jacket planted himself by my side, his pistol resting against my breast.

"You are to consider yourself a prisoner, sir!" said he to Ross.

"Well, gentlemen, I shall not resist. But what have I done? Why am I a prisoner? By whose order am I taken?"

"You'll know that soon enough. Give up your papers and prepare to go with us."

And then a scramble began for papers. I had not moved from my place when the long, lank man, whom I afterwards found was Sergeant Young,** leader of the gang, began to rummage among the things upon the table.

"These, sir, are my papers. I suppose you don't want them," I observed.

Young, his pistol still pointed, struck me across the mouth.

"Hold you damned tongue!" he vociferated. "You are here after no good. Yours are just what we do want. Have your horse caught and be off with us. We can't stay."

It was useless to reply. I asked for my saddlebags. They said I might take them if there were no arms in them. I said there WERE arms, and my pistols were required. The sergeant took them and was at a loss to manage the straps which confined them under my vest.

"How the devil are these put on? Come, put them on me!" he exclaimed.

This was too much. I turned upon my heel and this unfortunate creature seemed for a moment to feel the reproof, and blundred into the paraphernalia as best he could. A person, whom I afterward learned was merely an amateur in this lawless affair, Mr. Absalom Bishop, a brother of the captain of the Guard, the one commonly called Colonel, was exceedingly officious with Mr. Ross. He insisted on the correspondence, especially the recent letters of the Principal Chief, and was peculiarly pert and peremptory in handling the contents of Mr. Ross's portmanteau. There was another amateur in the affair, Mr. Joshua Holden, a big, sanctimonious-visaged, red-skinned man, whose voice I never heard, but who, from the evening of our capture I saw busy, moving to and fro on all occasions, apparently as a sort of factotum for the dirty work of the establishment.

We set away. The greater number of the horses had been left at a distance in the road. When we were all mounted, our cavalcade consisted, I believe, of six and twenty, Mr. Ross and myself included, and we two were permitted generally to ride together, the Guard being equally divided in

*Sleeping Rabbit?
**His first name was Wilson.



HOME OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE'S SWEETHEART

"Harden Home," Athens (reconstructed), where Payne visited Gen. Edward Harden in 1835 and fell in love with Miss Mary Eliza Greenhill Harden. In the oval are Indian moccasins, a beaded purse and a shark's tooth presented the young lady by her middle-aged lover. One of the moccasins has been donated to Rome by Miss Evelyn Harden Jackson, of Athens.

front and rear of us. The earlier part of the night was bright and beautiful, but presently a wild storm arose, and then rain poured in torrents. The movements of our escort were exceedingly capricious; sometimes whooping and galloping and singing obscene songs, and sometimes for a season walking in sullen silence. During one of these pauses in the blended tumult of the tempest and of the travellers I chanced for a while to find myself beside the smooth and silky Mr. Absalom Bishop. My mind was absorbed in recollections of the many moments when abroad I had dwelt upon my innocent and noble country. I remembered that in one of those moments I had composed a song which has since met my ear in every clime and in every part of every clime where I have roved. At that instant I was startled by the very air on which I was musing. It came from the lips of my companion. I could scarcely believe my senses. It almost seemed as if he had read my secret thoughts.

"What song was that I heard you humming?"

"That? Sweet Home, they call it, I believe. Why do you ask?"

"Merely because it is a song of my own writing, and the circumstances under which I now hear it strike me as rather singular."

My partner simply grumbled that he was not aware that I had written the song; but added knowingly that it was in the Western Songster, and the verses generally had the authors' names annexed.

We halted at Young's. It happened, curiously enough, that the Western Songster was the first object that caught my view upon the table, standing open at "Sweet Home," and fortunately for my character, with the "author's name annexed." I pointed it out to Mr. Ross, and we both smiled. This man Young, at whose house we halted, like others connected with the Guard, keeps a tavern. Excursions of this nature present favorable opportunities for taxing the state for expenses, and I am told they are seldom overlooked. Our band of six and twenty took supper at Young's. They had scarcely entered the room when someone struck up:

"We're crossing over Jordan,
Glory Hallelujah!"

And our sergeant landlord sprawled before the fire and began to talk literary. He reckoned I had heard tell of Marryboy. I assured him I did not remember any such author.

"What! Not his system of nater?"

I replied that perhaps he might mean Mirabeau.

"Ah, yes, that might be. He and Wolney and Tom Paine were great authors. Was Tom Paine any kin of yourn?"

Something was said of the Bible, but of that our friend disclaimed much knowledge. He didn't believe he had ever read fifteen chapters, but Marryboy he liked of all things.

It was announced that we had lingered long enough, and the horses were brought out. Young himself re-

mained at home, but most of the residue dashed recklessly onward. Our four and twenty miles through the forest was completed by daybreak. All were drenched in the heavy showers and covered with mud. As we entered the enclosure, the Guard were ordered into line; their musquets were discharged in triumph for their splendid crusade against one little goose-quill, and we were directed to dismount. We went to our prison; it was a small log hut, with no window and one door. At one end was what they called a bunk, a wide case of rough boards filled with straw. There were two others on one side of the room, and opposite to them a fireplace. Overhead were poles across, on which hung saddlebags, old coats and various other matters of the same description. In one corner sat an Indian chained to a table by the leg, his arms tightly pinioned. We found it was the son of the Speaker of the Council, Going Snake. They had charged him with refusing to give in his name and the number in his family to the United States Census Taker. He denied the accusation, but his denial went unheeded. He smiled and seemed patient; they removed him and left us the only prisoners, but never alone. The door was always open; the place was a rendezvous for the Guard and all their friends. Two sentinels with musquets loaded and bayonets fixed kept us always in view. The place of one was on the inside and the other on the outside. I was wet to the skin, fatigued and unconsciously sighted. At that moment I saw two of the young men exchange looks and laugh. Throughout the day I heard dark phrases which seemed to betoken some intended mischief. Several people came in to look at us and we were shown the largest bunk, which was set apart for our use, and there we tried to sleep. Presently my saddlebags were demanded, examined and after a while returned.

I heard a guard say that not a soul ought to leave the lines that day, that all were bound to remain as witnesses. Another asked a companion what he would be doing were it not Sunday. The companion made a motion of wielding a scourge and with a grin declared, "*That,* and glad of a chance, too!"

"Where's Tom?" asked one.

"Gone to preachin'," was the reply.

"Oh, hell!" rejoined a third, and a hoarse laugh followed. Then someone struck up

"Jenny, will your dog bite?
No, sir, no!"

Which was responded to by

"Jesus the Glorious
Reigns here victorious!"

And from another side came

"I'll not go home 'till morning, 'till morning,
"I'll not go home 'till morning!"

And then there would be a huddling off to fire pistols, and thus passed the Sabbath. I ought not to forget that in the course of the day I saw Mr. Absalom Bishop talking to some strangers. All stared frowningly towards me and I heard Mr. Absalom as I passed muttering low, "best leave the country."

Towards evening I asked who was the officer in command. I was told the quartermaster. I sent for him, and he answered that he was busy, but would come by and by. When he appeared I asked if he would send a letter for us to an officer of the United States troops at the agency, provided we would pay the cost of an express. He asked why we wanted to send. I said perhaps a message would be returned which might set our affairs right. The quartermaster muttered "That would be rather contrary to orders," gave a puff or two of his pipe and walked away, all the rest in the room following and leaving us for the first time a moment by ourselves.

The long night came. Some ten or twelve remained in our room, the floor being paved with sleepers. I heard an order spoken of that night that nobody was to be allowed to enter that room; but that when the drum was tapped at daybreak, every man was to fly to his gun. Long before morning several got up and sat around the fire, smoking and talking.

"Ah!" said one; "there must have been some beautiful slicking* done last night!"

"First one timber fell, and the family tumbled on their knees."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And one began to beg."

Here was another roar.

"And the little ones squalled 'Mammy! Mammy!' "

Now they all mimicked crying children.

*Refers to summary punishment administered by vigilance committees.

"And then the old woman fell to praying."

Here was a deafening shout of laughter, which was so long continued that they became exhausted, and we had some repose. Somewhere about this time a house in the town had been attacked, as far as we could gather by a mob, and violence committed; but all knowledge of the rioters was denied by the Guard among themselves, though the attack was a constant theme of conversation, and all the particulars connected with it detailed.

The time dragged on most drearily. In a day or two Young returned. He seemed in better humor. He brought me a couple of volumes of Gil Blas and the "Belgian Traveller." He also brought some clothes for Mr. Ross. He said, too, he had my pistols, and I could take them when I liked. He told me he wanted to subscribe for my periodical. He hoped if I ever mentioned him I would speak well of him. I assured him I would speak as well as I could, but I must tell the truth.

"Ah," said he, "you've abused us already. We've got a letter where you say the Guard look like banditti."

I replied that the letter was never published, and of course could form no part of the excuse for my arrest.

"No matter," added he, "you oughtn't to have abused the Guard."

I need not remark that this was the letter I have alluded to before. I pressed Young to let us know on what grounds we were arrested.

"Why," he said, "I can tell you one thing they've got agin you, only you needn't say that I told you. They say you're an Abolitionist."

I could not help laughing at the excessive absurdity of this, and considered it as a mere dream of the man, whose brain often seemed in the wrong place. At the same time, he told Mr. Ross that the charge upon him was that he had impeded taking the Census. Mr. Ross repelled the accusation vigorously, and required to be heard, and to know his accuser. Young said all he could tell was that Major Currey gave him the order for our arrest; that he had not only a written but a verbal order, and upon that we were taken. What the verbal order was he would not tell to anybody. We asked how long we were to be confined. He said till Col. Bishop returned from Milledgeville. We requested to know when that would be.

"About Christmas."

I then asked to write the President of the United States. It was refused. I asked to write to the Governor of Tennessee. It was refused. I asked to write to the Governor of Georgia. It was refused. I was also denied my request to communicate with my friends at home. I asked Young if he was an officer of the United States. He replied that he was not. Mr. Ross then asked him if he were not an officer of the United States, how he came to obey the order of Major Currey by passing over the boundaries of Tennessee. He replied that in Georgia it was not law, it was all power. I then observed that the rights of an American citizen were sacred. They were secured to him by the Constitution, and that to trample upon them thus wantonly would render his, or any man's situation, a very dangerous one with the people of a country like ours, who must look upon it as their common cause.

"Pooh!" replied he; "that might have done very well once, but Lord! don't you know that's all over now?"

This was of course unanswerable.

In the meantime, a suggestion was made to us in a very unexpected way of a plan of escape. We looked upon it with suspicion, and thought it best not even through curiosity to give it encouragement. It appeared to us that it might be a plan that, even should it succeed, would make us seem in the wrong; and we knew that attempts of that nature, which had not succeeded, had been fatal. We thought it safer to be patient.

I contrived, however, to elude the vigilance of our watchers. I found among my clothes a letter of introduction from one of the first merchants in Athens to a lawyer in Floyd County, Ga. There was blank room enough in it to allow me to turn the sheet and to write inside. I had a pencil in my pocket. While pretending to read a newspaper I scribbled by snatches an appeal to the Governor of Tennessee.* It was conveyed out of the lines to a friend who inked the superscription and made a copy from the inside, which he afterwards gave me, but I have mislaid it. An express with the most kind friendship flew across the country with this letter to the Cherokee Agency, and thence it was forwarded by another express

*Wm. Carroll.

to Nashville. I have not yet learned the result.

We now heard that a brother of Mr. Ross and another gentleman had in vain sought to see us. We next obtained information that a son and a friend of Mr. Ross had arrived. After much demur Mr. Ross was allowed to speak with his son, provided he only conversed on family affairs. The father and son met at the steps of one entrance to the enclosure. The steps were filled with curious listeners. When attempting to utter a syllable of domestic inquiry to his son in Cherokee, Mr. Joshua Holden suddenly interdicted Mr. Ross from proceeding.

One afternoon subsequently there was an arrival which gave great joy to Sergeant Young. Some guards returned from furlough with Governor Lumpkin's valedictory message, with news that Mr. Bishop had got the better of an old enemy in a street affray at Milledgeville, and that a sort of patron of Young, by the name of Kenan,* had been elected Judge of the Supreme Court of Georgia. At this last intelligence, Young frisked about like a lunatic. He drew my pistols and fired them off in triumph. He whooped, he laughed, he capered. He ran into our room.

"Aha!" exclaimed he. "He's the fellow that will bring down the constitution!"

I replied that I thought it would have been much better to have found a fellow that would bring it up—it was down low enough already. But Young seemed to look upon this election, especially when coupled with the appointment of two of his family connection to high places in the state, as a source of great hope for his own advancement, and was perfectly bewildered with exultation. In the evening, a newspaper was produced, containing Gov. Lumpkin's valedictory message. There were some envenomed passages in it against Mr. Ross. Young had already put it into the hands of Mr. Ross, and then desired me to read it aloud. I objected. I appealed to his own sense of decency, but he persisted and when Mr. Ross united with him, I read the passage and gave the hearers full benefit of this petty triumph over a prisoner in their power.

The next change which occurred was the determination of the Sergeant to post off to Milledgeville. When he communicated this to us, Mr. Ross asked to be conducted with him thither, that he might learn from the Governor of the State why he was detained, and answer his accusers. This was denied, but the sergeant promised he would take a letter. Soon afterwards the polished Mr. Absalom Bishop made his appearance. He had understood from Mr. Young that Mr. Ross wished to address the Governor. If on seeing the latter, Mr. Absalom Bishop should find it might facilitate the settlement of the Cherokee question, he would himself be the bearer. This seemed to me, especially in an unofficial position, a piece of the most arrant impertinence I had ever heard. I took occasion myself at the same time to repeat my request for leave not only to write to the Governor of Georgia, but to the Governor of Tennessee, to the President and to my friends. I received this extraordinary reply:

"Your fate will be decided and the result made public before you can reach either of the persons you have named."

I pressed to know on what charge I was imprisoned. Mr. Absalom Bishop remarked that I would learn ere long from the proper authority, and added with a simper, "You are not in so bad a fix as Arthur Tappan, for I see by the papers that they are parading him with a halter around his neck."

Mr. Ross, with some warmth, exclaimed, "I hope, sir, you do not compare our case with his!"

"Indeed, sir," smiled the gentle Mr. Absalom, "Mr. Payne has for some time been under suspicion as an Abolitionist." And still the charge seemed to me so ridiculous that I could not but join Mr. Absalom Bishop in his smile, and I answered:

"Oh, if that's all, it can soon be settled!"

"No," replied my comforter, "that's not the only charge, but you will know in time, and a fortnight can not make much difference."

Mr. Ross was now supplied with paper, and Mr. Absalom Bishop remained to watch him. When the letter was completed, the Guards were already crowding the doorway, their eyes and ears and mouths distended with curiosity. Mr. Ross folded the letter and handed it to Mr. Absalom, who very deliberately opened and read it, and replied he thought it might do; he then went out, followed by Sergt. Young. After a while, both

*Owen H. Kenan, of Newnan, judge of the Tallapoosa Circuit, Superior Court.

returned. Mr. Absalom Bishop observed that he wished a postscript, more distinctly assuring the Governor that he was desirous of making a Treaty speedily, and that he urged a release forthwith, merely in order to accompany the delegation to Washington and accelerate the treaty. Mr. Ross pointed out a part of his letter which already stated as much; but Mr. Absalom Bishop thought a postscript desirable, and so the postscript was added and pronounced satisfactory, and the letter and its bearer disappeared. I could almost fancy the genius of this country exclaiming after him, "Oh, Absalom, my son, my son!"

The departure was fixed for the next day, but in the meantime there arose trouble in the camp. Sergt. Young heard a guard complaining of him, and rushed at him with a club. The guard struggled and Young drew my pistol on him. The rest of the troop caught Young's arm and saved their comrade. Young afterwards was grumbling at his failure. "I have paid $1,500 already," said he, "for shooting and stabbing, and I think I can raise another $1,500." He next entertained us with a story of revenge upon a negro slave of his whom he had caught stealing. He had shaved the fellow's ear off close with a razor, "and the damned rascal," added he, "said he never could hear after that, and it was a damned of a while before the place healed up."

I confess it somewhat annoyed me to find my pistols in the constant wearing of this person. I had frequently given him hints after he had promised to return them, but he took no notice. One morning I remarked, "Those pistol straps will be worn out before I have a chance of putting them on." "I reckon not," said Young, "they'll last till spring, I take it."

But now that he was preparing for a long journey and an indefinite absence, I thought it expedient to request their return explicitly. He demurred; would take it as a great favor if I would lend them to him. He would be back long before I could get out; he would do as much at any time for me. Then suddenly recollecting himself, he said: "I know I've behaved like a damned mean man to you." "Yes, you have," replied I; "you struck me." "I know I did, and I've hated it ever since." "I never named it," I replied, "but I never forgot it." "But you'd better let me have the pistols. I'll buy them—what did they cost?" I named the cost and he cried, "I'll leave 'em. I'll give 'em to the quartermaster to keep."

The pistols were eventually sent out of the lines to a son of Mr. Ross, from whom I have since obtained them; but their withdrawal seemed to sink deep into the Sergeant's mind. In speaking of it to him I remarked: "My own things may as well be under my own command. I did not seek the pistols because I thought them of any great importance as a defense; whatever may chance, I suppose our lives are safe enough."

"Maybe not," observed the Sergeant.

Soon afterwards, another conversation arose. "Did I understand you rightly," observed I to the Sergeant, "or were you only joking when you said a while ago that our lives were in danger here? You surely could not mean that we are in danger."

"You see the sort of company you've got into," replied he; "I can't answer for anybody when I'm once away. However, there's one honest man here and I'll put you under his charge. Riley Wilson's an honest man. I've plenty of enemies in these lines, but I'll not be made an instrument of by any man. When I go away now, I'll wash my hands of the whole concern. No man shall make me an instrument. I'll not bear the whole brunt of this affair, I'll assure you."

I made a very serious appeal to him, but he took no heed of it, nor did he recall his words, but left us thus for Milledgeville. He had not long been gone when I chanced to fall into conversation with a young man of the party, and asked him if there was any prejudice afloat against us. If there was, I should be glad to know what it was and whence it arose. He inquired why I made the question. I told him Young's assertion of our being in danger. It flew like wildfire through the lines. The room was filled in an instant and I told the whole story, which was confirmed by Mr. Ross. Some proposed to pursue Young immediately, tie him to a tree and "give him the hickory." Others threatened to fling him over the lines whenever he should return. I assured them I did not believe he meant more than to annoy us; but they declared he was too fond of tormenting prisoners; that there was no person there at all inclined to impose on a prisoner but Young, and it was time he be taught better or withdraw. They asserted

there was not a man on the hill but respected both of us, and we might rely on their support. The burst of good feeling that appeared on this occasion convinced me that most of those persons, in conscientious hands, might be moulded into valuable characters. It is their misfortune to be governed by men whose fitness may be gathered from the facts I have detailed, and youths, as many of them are, of unformed principles and habits, can not but be endangered by such directors, especially as their captain, for electioneering purposes, cajoles them into a blind devotedness to him and to anything he may propose, no matter how outrageous.

They now seemed for a moment to feel how much their reputation had been darkened by their leaders. "Yes, this is the way that that Indian lost his life. He was told by a man that talked Cherokee that the Guard meant to come in during the night and cut his throat, so he hanged himself on the pole there that crosses at the foot of your bed."

In the afternoon of this day there came a great and unexpected revolution in the affairs of our little world. There was a sudden announcement of the arrival of the Captain-Colonel Bishop. An express was instantly sent off to recall Young and Absalom Bishop, with their letter, from Milledgeville. Next morning at breakfast time the mighty chieftain appeared. He is a dapper and well-dressed and well-made little man, with a gray head and blue coat, well brushed, and bright yellow buttons. I had already remarked that this Bucephalus seemed trained to curvet and plunge like circus horses, with a great show of mettle, but perfect safety to the rider. In manner his grandeur was somewhat melodramatic.

I have seen Napoleon Bonaparte, I have seen the Duke of Wellington, I have seen the Emperor Alexander, the Emperor Francis, the King of England, the King of Prussia; I have seen Ney, Rapp, Blucher, Swartzenburg—in short, I have seen most of the contemporary great men of Europe, as well as America, but I have never yet seen quite so great a man as the Tavern Keeper, Clerk of the Court, Postmaster, County Treasurer, Captain, Colonel W. N. Bishop. He was now no longer the meek Moses of the Council Ground. He was all emphasis and frown to the poor prisoners in his power, but with a peculiar affection to his men of *bonhommie*. He came into the mess room, exclaiming, "Ah, boys!" (for boys is the cant word by which they speak to and of each other in the lines). "Ah, boys, how are you?" and he walked around shaking hands with each of the boys, but to both of us he was especially cold and formal; to me he scarcely even deigned a specific nod.

Mr. Ross expressed a wish, through one of our sentries, for an interview, but no notice was taken of the request. On the evening of that day, as I was walking to and fro before my prison, reading, a voice bawled out, "Mr. Payne, that was a mistake of yours about what I said," and I saw Young bearing down upon me, flourishing a club. Someone called to the sentry, "Guard your prisoner!" and the sentry closed up towards me on one side, putting his gun in readiness for action, and about 30 of the Guard now drew nigh on the other. I did not conceive that there was any intention on the Sergeant's part to do mischief, although the Guard thought otherwise, and declared if he had struck, it would have been the unluckiest blow of his life. He attempted to deny a part of his words and then to explain them away, but he saw it was of no use, and so the matter ended.

The Sergeant's revenge, however, was rather amusing. He said Mr. Ross and I should turn out of the bunk of which he was part owner. The men laughed and gave us one of theirs. Here is another instance of their superiority to their officers. If we were state prisoners, however, we ought not, for our miserable straw, to have been dependent, either upon the men or upon the Sergeant.

Somewhere about this time a very extraordinary incident took place. A Dr. Farmer came into the room with one of the Guard. After sitting a while, he looked at me and said:

"Parlez vous Francais, Monsieur?"

"Oui, Monsieur," I replied.

The doctor and the Guard now exchanged looks, and both smiled.

"Je parle Francais," continued I, "mais Je suis Americain."

The doctor mused for a while and then departed with the Guard, leaving Mr. Ross and me alone. I observed, "This is a strange business. I think that man has something to communicate which may be important, and he wished to know if I could speak

French that he might tell me his errand more freely."

Mr. Ross asked me what he had said. I replied that he only asked if I understood French, and I answered that I did, but was an American. Mr. Ross observed that he knew nothing of the man, but had heard bad stories of his connections. It then occurred to me that the doctor had merely meant to try his French upon me, and had soon got to the end of his stock. Nor did the scene return to my memory until I heard, on my liberation, that he had become one of my most formidable accusers; that he had said I confessed to him that my parents were French, and that I myself was an Abolitionist! The doctor must be within reach of this narrative. If he is innocent of the falsehood, it is due to himself to seek and expose the inventor.

The next thing we heard, Mr. John Ridge was in the enclosure and closeted with Col. Bishop. It was said that he was at first denied an interview with Mr. Ross, but at length Mr. Ross was sent for to meet Ridge and Bishop. After a few words, Bishop suddenly arose and left them together. When Mr. Ross returned, he exclaimed, "It's all out now; we are both Abolitionists and here for a capital offense. We are the agents of some great men, Mr. Clay, Mr. Calhoun, Judge White, Mr. Poindexter, and the Lord knows who; and we have both plotted in concert with them to raise an insurrection among the negroes, who are to join the Indians against the whites!"

I could not even yet regard the charge as having been made seriously, but Mr. Ross was assured it had been, and he added:

"Bishop wishes to screen Currey and take the arrest upon himself, so we had better say nothing about that."

In the evening Mr. Ridge had another interview, and on Monday, Nov. 16th, all were closeted for some hours. About four, Mr. Ross entered the room with a bundle in his hand.

"I've got my papers!" exclaimed he, and dashing them into the bunk, we went to dinner. Bishop and his brother sat opposite. They were silent, and all the party appeared nettled. I will do the brace of Bishops the justice to own that they both, from first to last, seemed in their hearts ashamed to meet my glance, notwithstanding much outward swagger. When dinner was ended, Col. Bishop, giving a sort of menacing look at me, exclaimed to the sentinel with an emphatic gesture, "Mr. Ross is discharged."

I walked back to my prison. Mr. Ross, after some time, came for his things. He said he was under the necessity of getting home that night; told me to make myself easy—all would come out right.

"You have never published anything about Bishop or the Guard in Lumpkin County, have you?" was his only remark.

"Not a syllable," replied I, "either in Lumpkin County, or any other county in Georgia or elsewhere."

"So I said," added he, "and you may as well explain that when you see Col. Bishop."

Mr. Ross seemed in haste. I imagined he had been interdicted from communicating with me, and therefore asked no explanations, especially as the sentry was watching; nevertheless, I requested he would solicit an interview for me with Bishop, and ask a speedy examination of my papers. He went out and after some conversation with Bishop came back, and stated that Bishop had business that afternoon which would prevent his attending to me, but the next day (Tuesday) he would see me; and then my companion mounted his horse and left me alone and with feelings and under a suspense and doubt by no means to be envied. This event, I observed, produced an instantaneous effect upon the manner of the Guard towards me; but ere long some of them seemed to feel a deeper sympathy than ever, and were marked, though silent, in their civility. Others were unusually rude. One man in particular, who was to have been a sort of ruler during Young's intended stay at Milledgeville, became very coarse.

"Here!" he bawled one day across the yard to me, after I had been forgotten at the first table for dinner. "Here, you old prisoner you, come along and eat!"

At one time I apprehended an intention to increase the rigor of my treatment. I heard one of the officers calling for the Indian chain. "Where's the Indian chain?" This is a chain they keep expressly for the Indians, and the captive we found there, having been dismissed, as he was taken without law or reason assigned, the chain had been thrown under one of the bunks of our room and had been



INDIAN RELICS FOUND ON FLOYD COUNTY FARMS

The bludgeon, axes and short shaft spear at the top were used for war and other purposes. The pestles in the center were employed to grind corn in wooden mortars. The bowl was unearthed on the E. J. Moultrie farm in the Coosa Valley and the arrow heads picked up in bottom lands and on hillsides here and there.

a while without an occupant. But my impression was not realized. The chain was undisturbed.

Although friends and acquaintances were rigorously excluded from my prison, there seemed no exclusion of any one who came out of mere curiosity. A drunken countryman staggered in one day. I was reading.

"I've spent all my money," said he, "waiting in this town to see John Ross and that other fellow."

I told him John Ross was gone. After a while he gave me a knowing wink and touched my elbow. "Aye, aye, mighty good books—I like 'em, too. I'm all for the ablutions." I asked him what he meant. He then hinted that he had heard that John Ross was one of the ablutions, and so was he. I interrupted him; told him he was mistaken in John Ross; that I presumed I was "the other fellow," and that the story he had heard against us was all an invention, and if he wanted ablutions, as he called them, he must look for them elsewhere.

He begged a thousand pardons. The Guard then said it was against orders to talk to the prisoner, and my friend of the ablutions reeled out, bowing and hoping he "hadn't given no offense to nobody, only he *did* just want to have a look at the ablutions."

The time began to drag on more drearily than ever. I had read up all the books. I had no pen nor ink, nor paper to write with. My only amusement was parading before the door and mentally composing a doggerel description of my captivity, of which even the little that I remembered is not yet committed to paper. Scenes of extreme confusion were occurring hourly in my den. The evenings were almost insupportable. The room was thronged. A violin was tormented into shrieks and groans which were nicknamed music; there was dancing and singing until tattoo; and after that, conversation which exceeded in vulgarity, profanity and filth anything I ever could have fancied. Almost the only exceptions which in the least could amuse were these:

"Where's that St. Helena," said the Sergeant, "that Kill Blast belonged to?"

"St. Helena," replied I, "is the place where Bonaparte died. Gil Blas belonged to another part of the world; Santillane in—"

"Ah yes; well, you remember most everything. I wish you'd remember that I'm to take a dose of salts tomorrow morning at four, and tell me of it."

"Are you anything of a silversmith?" asked one of the young men. "I want to get some silver work fixed."

"Where's New York?" inquired another; "England, ain't it?"

"No, it's the largest city in our own country."

"But you must go to it over the ocean, mustn't you?"

"You may if you go the right way to work," I replied.

One day the sentry who was guarding me in a ramble round the grounds made a sudden halt, and dropping his musquet abruptly, stared me fiercely in the face.

"What do you follow when you're at home?"

I paused, returned the fierce stare, and replied, "Literature."

The man looked astounded. He stood a while motionless, then took up his gun. "Go on!" cried he, and we proceeded in silence, he no doubt imagining that I had made a full confession of my sins.

One evening the importance of knowing how to spell was discussed. "There's no use in it at all," said the oldest of the party, "because there's two ways to spell everything."

"Yes," I observed, "there's a right way and a wrong one."

"Come now," exclaimed one guard to another. "How would you spell *axe?* We'll leave it to the man (meaning me) to say which way's right."

"Oh, that's easy enough: A-X."

"No," was the reply, doubtingly, and with a glance at me. "There are three letters," observed I, "in the word."

"I know," said a third: "W-A-X."

"That spells *wax!*" exclaimed the first in triumph.

"E-A-X!" cried a fifth.

"That's *eax*," called out the third, with a laugh, and they all looked at me.

"There's the number of letters and the proper letters if they were only in the proper places. The E is at the wrong end," I observed.

"Ah, I know!" replied two or three, clapping their hands. "A-X-E." And so the contest ended.

The remainder of Monday, and then Tuesday, and then Wednesday passed off in the Colonel's paying arrearages

to the men and settling accounts; and the men themselves were engaged in trafficking and settling up their little bills among themselves, and swapping. From first to last they had been wishing to swap for everything I had—my knife, my pistols, my horse, my saddle, my watch; in short, everything seemed to tempt them, but above all, a buffalo hide which I used over my saddle. My watch was a perpetual torment to me. Every five minutes, sometimes for hours, I was teazed to tell what o'clock it was; and at night I was desired to hang up my watch that the two sentinels might regulate their movements by it. Some of the Guards borrowed money from me, but except for a trifle, which was only withheld, probably because my sortie was unforeseen, all was punctually repaid. During all the remainder of the time, Bishop and his brother avoided meeting me at table or elsewhere.

And now all pretense of business appeared at an end. Everything of that nature seemed to wind up with an auction, in which the Captain-Colonel performed as Auctioneer to his men. Some rifles belonging to Indians who had been shot in attempting to escape capture were bid off; then a coat; then the "boys" were asked if they had anything else which they desired to sell, and then the "gentlemen" were thanked for their attention, and dismissed. After this the Captain-Colonel seemed closeted upon secret business. I inferred from some circumstances that he was making copies from among the manuscript documents I had transcribed regarding Cherokee affairs. They were mostly the same with the papers returned to Mr. Ross, but fairly written and arranged in order and therefore most convenient for a transcription. During this employ, a fine of $20 was proclaimed against any guard who should approach the door of the sanctum sanctorum, and a sentinel was ordered to keep watch and prevent intrusion.

All that I heard from without during the week was that Mr. Ross had sent a messenger, who was prevented from seeing me; and a guard apprised me that he had been requested by this messenger to say "my friends had not forgotten me; in a few days all would come right."

I learned afterward that this informant had proffered to convey to me letters or papers, and a note was consequently given to him, but it never came to hand. I had been told that Mr. Schermerhorn was expected about this time, and I knew that if we met, decency would have rendered it imperative on him to bring about my release. I asked Young, and he pretended not to know when the Reverend Commissioner would appear, but observed "he knew all about it, for news was sent off to him at once."

On Friday morning, Nov. 20th, Sergeant Young told me he was going to his home. I had already understood that Col. Bishop was preparing for a trip to Milledgeville. Young had several times bantered me about "when I expected my furlough" and "why I didn't get on my horse and ride off." He repeated his jeers this morning. He asked me if I had not seen the Colonel yet. I replied no; expressed a wish to see him and desired Young to name my wish.

"The Colonel's got nothing agin you that I know of, except something you writ about us in Lumpkin." I replied I had written nothing in Lumpkin. "Well, then, in Habersham, when you was up there at Clarkesville."

I said that was equally a slander and asked as a point of common justice, at least, to be shown the articles I was accused of having written. But Young evaded the request by saying, "At any rate, you wrote a letter where you called the Guard banditti, for we found that among your papers; and you ought not to have wrote such a letter."

"Have I not a right to make what private notes I please? The paper you speak of was never published. Even though it had been, no one can be justified in complaining of me for only exercising a privilege guaranteed to me by the constitution of my native country. But it was not published and could form no part of the cause of my arrest, nor of the pretext for my detention."

"I mean to keep them letters," said Young, "in case you should ever print anything if you ever git out, so as to prove it agin you. I don't give them up. You oughtn't to have said the Guard looked like banditti."

It was not above half an hour after this when I perceived preparations for something unusual. The men were all summoned to be ready at the roll of the drum. My horse was ordered out, as I understood, to be taken to water. But I was convinced from many signs that I myself was the object of the mysterious movements. A son of the

Colonel kept staring around at me with intense curiosity, and many others looked on in silence, as persons look upon any one about to undergo some terrible ordeal. The Colonel's horse was saddled and put in readiness, and another horse was also prepared, and Mr. Joshua Holden appeared, equipped for a campaign. At length the drum beat. I heard the sergeant say, recommending some one to the Captain-Colonel, "He may be trusted."

And now one of the Guard ran to me: "Your saddlebags, your saddlebags." "Why?" "You're going out." I went to the bunk. "Is there not some mischief intended?" asked I. "I can't tell, but you'd better make me a present of that buffalo hide." "No," answered I; "it was given to me and has been too good a friend to me in trouble." The guard took the saddlebags and buffalo skin, and with it a very large and cumbersome cloak and some loose clothes. I found them heaped upon my horse. "The straps to fasten these are not here." "I can't help it," was the answer. "Get on, get on!" "I can not over this pile of things." "You must." "This is not my bridle; mine was a new one and double. Where are my martingales, my straps?" "Get on, get on!" I was compelled to mount, and the mass of unfastened things was piled up before me; the saddle was loosely girted, and the horse was startled, and, as if on purpose, covered with mud. I still claimed my bridle, but was conducted in front of the paraded Guard, he who led my horse muttering as he went, "That's the bridle they *said* was yours."

The Captain-Colonel stood in front of his men. "Halt your horse there, sir, and beware how you speak a word." I attempted to speak, but he shouted:

"Be silent, sir; look upon them men. Them's the men you in your writings have called banditti."

Whether the eloquent Captain-Colonel imagined I meant to reply, I can not say, but he repeated eagerly:

"Don't speak, sir!"

And I did not *speak*, but I did look upon the men, and if ever I compared them in appearance to banditti, the glance of that moment made me feel that I ought to ask of any banditti the most respectful pardon. Spirit of Shakespeare, forgive me too! For if thy Falstaff and his ragged regiment came into my mind at such a moment, it was my misfortune, not my fault. But I will proceed.

"You've come into this country to pry, ever since you arriv, into things you've no business with. You're a damned incendiary, sir! You've come into this country to rise up the Cherokees against the whites. You've wrote agin these worthy men (pointing to the Guards). You've wrote agin the State of Georgia. You've wrote agin the gineral Government of the United States. Above all, sir, you've wrote agin me! Now, sir—"

Then turning with an aside speech to some bystander, I think it was Mr. Joshua Holden, "Hand the things," said the Captain-Colonel, and a bundle with a loop, carefully prearranged so as to let the arm through, was given to me.

"Now, sir, take your papers; hang 'em on your arm, sir, and I order you to cut out of Georgia. If you ever dare agin show your face within the limits of Georgia, I'll make you curse the moment with your last breath. With your foul attacks on me you've filled the Georgia papers."

I could not well endure to hear assertions so utterly unfounded, and took advantage of the pause of the eloquent Captain-Colonel for breath, and exclaimed rather vehemently:

"Upon my honor, no, sir!"

"Hold your tongue, I say," resumed my jailor. "The minute you hear the tap of the drum, I tell you to cut out of this yard, and I order you never while you exist to be seen in this state of ours any more, for if you are, I'll make you rue it! Let this be a lesson to you, and thank my sympathy for a stranger that you've been treated with such extraordinary kindness; and now, sir, clear out of the state forever, and go to John Ross, God damn you!"

I looked on this pitiable exhibition with more of passion than resentment, and it seemed to me as if most of the Guard felt sorry for their leader. Never before did I so forcefully realize the truth of that beautiful passage—

> Frail man, frail man,
> Drest in a little brief authority
> Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven
> As make the angels weep!

I claimed my bridle again, but in vain, and I then moved of necessity

slowly from the place, because I had great difficulty in retaining the things that had been piled upon my horse. When I got outside the lines, some of the affairs dropped off, and I stopped to ask a person to hand them to me, and at the same time to inquire the route to Big Spring.* On turning a corner a stranger told me I had better stop and dismount and arrange my baggage; and just then a gentleman called to me that he wished a word with me, and approached. He said he had a letter for me. I asked him the direction towards the residence of Mr. Ross. I saw that the letter he handed me was from Mr. Ross, and related to my route. At that moment Col. Bishop and Mr. Josiah Holden dashed up like fiends. Bishop cursed me, threatened me, if I dared speak to any "damned Nullifier," and menaced to make an example out of me if I did not get out of the State. I paused to return the letter and to ask the road, but my pursuers continued to execrate and to roar. I went on and for the last time had the honor of again hearing the Colonel's eloquence, in a volley of oaths as he passed back towards the camp, threatening my life as a "damned old rascal" if he ever caught me daring to speak to another man in Georgia.

I turned abruptly, entirely ignorant of the way, into a little wood. Descending a slippery spot, my horse, which had been startled by the rushing of the pursuers, stumbled. The saddle, which had been scarcely girted on, turned, the large cloak caught around his legs and I found myself equally entangled in its folds with the horse, one of whose fore hoofs was planted on my breast. He snorted and stood in a sort of stupor of amazement, his mouth open and almost touching mine, his ears erect, his nostrils distended, and his eyes staring wildly into my eyes, for at least a minute. It is singular enough that I felt not the slightest sense of danger or even uneasiness; I only thought it best to remain quiet until I found what the horse meant to do; and then I took his hoof, lifted it aside, disengaged myself, arose and with some difficulty got my cloak from around his limbs. He did not even stiffen a joint when I lifted his foot from my breast, nor did I feel, while it was planted there, the slightest pressure, although the form of the hoof was by the red clay in which he had been tramping, so strongly defined upon my shirt bosom that it might in New England have answered for a sign to keep away the witches. But no sooner was the danger wholly past than I felt feeble and faint and perfectly unmanned. I had never, from the beginning to the end of my misadventure, experienced any sensation like that which now came over me.

I could scarcely move. Before me there was a muddy streamlet across which there arose a hill with a hut at its top. I determined to walk up to that hut and there seek assistance in adjusting my things for a journey, and purchase cords or straps of some sort. But I could scarcely drag my horse through the stream. He was ravenous for water and kept me standing in the middle of it while he drank. The woman of the house was much agitated by my appearance. She asked, trembling and in tears "if the Guard would not come to her and hurt her for speaking to me." She seemed exceedingly anxious for me to get out of sight. I answered that I could not think they would be so brutal. I now found that my buffalo hide was missing. I promised to pay another woman for going back to look for it, as it must have fallen close at hand. She returned presently and said it was not there.

I had by this time secured my things with ropes. In paying the one woman I gave silver to pay the other. I could not help being struck by the circumstance, under all this alarm at the hut, of my being called to by the one of these people who had failed to accomplish her errand, to know whether I had left any money for her too.

It so chanced that I got upon the direct road to McNair's, some 15 miles off and within the chartered limits of Tennessee. It is an Indian family. Nothing could be kinder or more cordial than my reception and treatment, notwithstanding the strong probability they fancied of my being still pursued thither for fresh torment by the Guard. They looked upon me as one risen from the dead. At McNair's I was for the first time fully apprised of the dangers which had beset me and which were still to be dreaded. I found that during my thirteen days' captivity the most industrious efforts had been made to excite the country against me as an Abolitionist and a Foreign

*Now in Meigs County, Tenn., 25 miles north of Blue Spring. He was trying to reach the latter after he was liberated, hoping to rejoin Ross.

Emissary. The most important step had been already taken. The minds of the country people had been familiarized to the expectation of my being hanged, and they only waited for notice to assemble and enjoy the execution. The wife of a tavern keeper at Spring Place was reported to me by a traveller as having been heard to say I was a "very bad man," I was "sure to be hung," and one man had been hung thereabouts before for much less than I had done. I deserved the gallows and she herself would see me swinging with much pleasure—*that* she would, "wicked thing that I was!"

This may be taken, I presume, as a fair specimen of the sort of excitement which had been got up. Those best acquainted with the neighborhood and with the spirit prevailing looked upon my situation from the first as the more perilous of the two; but when I was found to have been detained after Mr. Ross, it was considered as altogether desperate. That this was no idle belief may be inferred from a fact of which I was afterward advised. A paper, belonging, as I understand, to a friend of Bishop in Cassville—the only paper of the region through which it was my long avowed plan to return—had sent forth the following tissue of impudent falsehoods, during the earlier days of our captivity, and the poison had taken effect:

"Report," says the Cassville Pioneer of Nov. 13th, "has just reached us of the apprehension by the Georgia Guard of John Ross, together with a gentleman from the North. They were pursued by the soldiers stationed at Calhoun, Tenn., as far as the line of this state, where the chase was taken up by the Guard, who succeeded in overtaking them at an Indian's by the name of Sneaking Rabbit. The crime with which they are charged seems to be an effort, making by them, to arouse the Cherokees and negroes to the commission of hostilities on the white citizens of the Cherokee country. If information be true, the papers found in their possession go far to prove the hostility of their designs. Their communications had in a great measure been carried on in the French language. For want of a knowledge of that language, the Guard was unable to comprehend fully their designs. Time alone can develop the truth of the report, but we trust for the peace of the community at large that it may not prove as true as present appearances seem to indicate."

On discovering these reports, I felt some anxiety to examine the papers myself, wondering what could have created the French part of the charge. I looked among the manuscripts returned. The French papers which have puzzled the Captain, Colonel and the rest seem to have been these: A numeration table, in Cherokee, by George Gist, the native inventor of the Cherokee alphabet; a specimen of Gist's handwriting in Cherokee and in the characters he had invented; an account of his life, also in the same language and characters, and written by his relation, George Lowry, second principal chief; and a literary composition by Mr. Lowry, in Cherokee words, but English letters, which I preserved as a remarkable curiosity, because Mr. Lowry had never learned to read or write in any way, until after he had attained in age nearly half a century.

These were the French letters. This was the French plot. And I have reason to believe that in their eagerness to get some evidence against us the wiseacres by whom we had been kidnapped sent far across the country for some learned Theban to translate the aforesaid *French* out of the original Cherokee!

My other papers consisted of transcripts of public documents, a book of private memoranda, some specimen copy books from the Missionary School at Brainerd, appeals, the latter already mentioned and never printed, signed "Washington," and the address which I had drawn up for the Cherokee Nation to the people of the United States. The former of these was not returned to me. If stolen, I can not conjecture wherefor. If it had been returned, although the publication had not been intended, events would have induced me to have enabled the public to judge of it, as I now enable them to do of the other paper*, which was meant for circulation, and only restrained by its seizure and our detention from being sent round for signatures by all the people. My countrymen will find it annexed. It will show them how far my accusers have been justified in attempting my destruction as an exciter of the Cherokees to rise and murder the whites!

I must not omit here to mention that often and often since this affair have I blessed the chance which kept out of my reach any of these aboli-

*A long but harmless exhortation and appeal.

tion pamphlets which have been so much talked about. I have never seen any and have had some desire to see one for I am in the habit of gathering scraps of that sort as curiosities, and if one had come in my way I should certainly have preserved it, as valuable for a future illustration of our times; and that would have sealed my fate, for had the slightest document of such a nature been discovered in my possession, no explanation could have saved me. A pretext, and not the truth, was wanted; and such an accident, and by no means an unlikely one, could ere this have cost my life upon a scaffold.

Before I close my list of escapes, let me mention one more. Mr. Ross had told me during our ride when first captured how glad he was of the precautions which had been taken a long time before to prevent any resentment on the part of the Indians of any wrong whatever to their nation or its chiefs. Some indignity to him had long been expected and he felt satisfied that the Cherokees would be discreet. I learned afterwards, however, that the indignation of some of them at this enormity almost overpowered the efforts of their leaders to keep them patient. Had they attacked the camp for our rescue I am convinced that as a first step of the defenders, we should have been shot. A scheme was also on foot, I have been told, in the bordering counties of Tennessee, to raise a force and bring us and the Guard back over the line, and there punish the intruders. This attempt would equally have exposed our lives, and in either case we should have been branded as having caused a civil war, and the first bloodshed might have been made an excuse to exterminate the Indians. In more than one instance during our imprisonment I remarked some uneasiness in the camp, but have only since learned whence it probably arose.

But to resume my story. I sent a messenger across the forest to Red Clay, for the purpose of knowing what had become of Mr. Ross. With the messenger next day Mr. Ross and his Assistant Principal Chief* and Dr. Butler** came to congratulate me on my escape. Of Dr. Butler I ought to make some special mention. He was one of those who had been imprisoned in the Georgia penitentiary under the famous attack upon the Missionaries. He had deeply felt my danger, had written to my friends, though a stranger to them, in order that the result he secretly apprehended might not come upon their knowledge too suddenly, and had travelled a long road through a dreary night to seek influence in my favor. His little family had implored Heaven for me with their prayers, and when I met them again, welcomed me with a touching enthusiasm, which told the story of the peril I had escaped. It was when I went back with my visitors to the house of Mr. Ross that I saw them, and soon after, Mr. Ross and Mr. Lowry accompanied me as far as the agency. There the venerable Eena-tah-naah-eh, commonly called Going Snake, speaker of the Council, and one or two of its other members were in waiting to congratulate me. Old Eena-tah-naah-eh, though he could not speak a syllable of English, was eloquent with looks of joy. He had told Mr. Ross when he first called to see him after his emancipation, "It makes me happy to find you here. But I am only half happy. I do not see our friend. I look at the chair where he used to sit, and it is empty. I look at the door and he does not enter. I listen for his voice, but all is silent."

On hearing I was to be at the agency,*** the old man hastened thither. There, too, the officers of the United States army hailed me with the cordiality of compatriots and gentlemen, feeling that the republic had been insulted in the treatment I had received, a spirit which appeared to prevail wherever I happened to pass people in my lonely ride to Knoxville, where I have had ample proof that Tennessee disdains the baseness of which I have been the victim within her sway.

It may be asked whence this high-handed outrage of which Mr. Ross and myself have been the victims arose. There must have been some cause for it. The only cause I can guess for it is this: There was a wish to get possession of certain documents regarding the treaty discussions from Mr. Ross, which had been asked for by the government agents and not given. It was known that I had made copies of all the recent public documents of the Cherokee nation. The seizure of the papers of both Mr. Ross and myself would probably supply all that had been asked. There was no

*George Lowrey.

**Rev. Elijah Butler, who had charge of Missionary Station at Coosa, and who had spent a year and four months in the penitentiary at Milledgeville for "interfering" with the Indians.

***Calhoun, Tenn.

force sufficiently lawless to undertake this but the Georgia Guard. Having adventured on the step, it was requisite to invent a pretext, and to cover themselves from indignation by keeping us out of view until the country could be excited against us. The mad-dog cry of the day is Abolitionist. That was the most obvious mode of strangling complaint against the injury, for it was the most certain to get the injured themselves strangled, and "dead men tell no tales." Besides, if a mob could be raised, mischief could be done without responsibility. In order to make "assurance doubly sure"* the slander was heightened by the imputations of a French and Indian, connected with a negro plot, for universal massacre. The scheme, however, did not take the effect expected. Then was Mr. Ross set free, under the plea, probably, that he had more friends than I. He was even treated at the dismissal with a show of courtliness, that his story might discredit mine.

I was probably detained after him for two reasons. My papers contained fair copies of all such among his as might be wanted. Mine were fairly written and arranged and could more easily be made use of by the transcriber. It was convenient to keep me until copies could be made of whatever Cherokee documents the parties concerned might think useful.

The other reason appears very likely to have been this: Alone and a stranger in a strange place, I might be made the readier victim could a stir be raised against me, either within the camp or within the neighborhood. The frequent mention by the officers of my having "abused the guard" was intended to spirit them to do me an injury. I heard one of them intimate with some indignation one day that he himself so understood it. To them and to all, my continued imprisonment was doubtless meant to convey the idea of proven guilt. The mode of my dismissal was evidently intended to be understood as an encouragement to any violence that the "boys" within might choose to perpetrate, and the hostile pursuit by threats as an excitement to the "boys" without. By crushing me, my persecutors might crush a witness and prevent future inquiry. Perhaps I was only saved by taking a road which no one expected I would take, though, in truth, as I said before, I think the "boys" considerably better than their leaders.

But whatever the pretext for this enormity, there can be no excuse. If my visit to the house of Mr. Ross was objected to by the government agents, a hint would have been enough. If doubt were entertained of the nature of my memoranda, a request would have opened them to examination. Violence would have been early enough when a disposition had been shown to respect gentleness. But that I was really engaged in any plot of any sort, I am persuaded never was believed by those who have committed this outrage. What could I gain by the Cherokees? Every moment that I have passed in their country has been a loss to me and an inconvenience. Nothing which they can offer can render me services, and men do not contrive treason when they can gain no advantage. I have been swayed in the very little I have gathered regarding the Cherokees by a pure and distinterested wish to render my own country service, in leading it to be simply just to theirs, and I have wished to supply myself with such material that the fairness which it might be impossible for me to excite for them from present legislation, I might myself bestow on them in future history. In party questions I take no interest. I repeat again and again that I have looked into this matter as a philanthropist, not as a politician.

Mr. Ross will presently tell his own story.** His affairs have prevented him from joining me here in time to give it to the world with mine. I have wished to put my portion of the facts on record as speedily as possible, because I am aware that great falsehood must be resorted to by my oppressors in order to prevent public indignation against a great wrong. Indeed, with such foes and such modes as they adopt for gaining ends and such a long and lonely road to travel, who knows how soon the complainer may be yet silenced? It is but a week since I was a prisoner. But whatever may be the risk, I deem it a duty to my country not to shirk from speaking the entire truth.

People of Tennessee, to you I appeal! I was a peaceful visitor to your state. I had dwelt in it some weeks. A band of armed men, who, in overpassing the limits of their own region, surely rendered themselves felons and banditti,

*A favorite expression used by Woodrow Wilson.

**So far as is known, Ross remained silent.

burst into my retreat at midnight, dragged me four and twenty miles through a forest and during a drenching tempest. I was denied to communicate with friends, with your government, with our common protector, the President of the Union. I was denied a knowledge of the charge against me, or my accuser. After nearly two weeks of imprisonment I was insultingly and without examination ordered back into Tennessee by the Captain of the outlaws who had laughed at your power of protection, your own chartered boundaries to scorn. People of Tennessee, will you bear these things? Will you see your hospitality thus dishonored? Will you know that the stranger who comes to visit you can not be safe, even in his blamelessness, from injury and insult within your domain?

People of Georgia, I appeal to you! I came among you as a fellow countryman. I came to make myself acquainted with your history and your character and with the numberless natural beauties and with the countless riches of your domain. I came under the guarantee of the compact between the sister states of the Republic, which secures to the citizens of each unobstructed communication with all. I came relying upon the spirit of hospitality which has distinguished the South. I have told you how I have been treated. If any member of the Republic has been especially remarkable for her resistance to the intrusion of one state upon the rights of another, it is Georgia. How, then, can I believe that she will uphold her officers, who have in the most glaring and the coarsest manner been guilty of such an intrusion? I do not, therefore, identify the state with the wrongs. I can not again enter the state until the people do the justice to tell me that I have judged them fairly in believing they feel themselves insulted by the insults which have been heaped in their name upon a neighboring power and upon the constitution, our common protector—in the person of a stranger, a countryman, a friend.

My fellow citizens throughout my native land! To all of you alike I appeal, for there is not one in our Republic to whom this case is not of vital import. It is not a party, but a universal question, and I doubt not but that the Chief Magistrate of the Republic, whose government has been prophaned by being made by subalterns to seem the source of the wrong, will be foremost in declaring this enormity. Insulting inquisitions, domiciliary visits, midnight intrusions into the sanctuary of homes, seizure by armed men of private papers, the imprisonment and secreting of citizens, without the disclosure either of the charge or the accuser, contempt of the boundaries of the states, mockery of the hallowed privileges of the constitution—all these the worst deeds of the basest despotism have been perpetuated already in the instance now before you, and if you do not rise like men and declare such things shall not be suffered, not a citizen among you can say he sleeps in safety!

This is no idle declamation. It has happened to me and it may happen to any one of you. The Rubicon has been passed. But think of me, think of yourselves, think of those most dear to you, to whom you would bequeath the freedom you inherited. Not for personal chagrin, but for the honor of our country I will tell you, and oh! let not posterity echo the assertion as a prophecy, if tamely you look on and see these things, unmoved! I care not for proscriptions nor for bayonets; neither the Guards of Georgia nor the denunciations of reckless and wily and insidious hirelings shall frighten me into silence; for I will tell you and with my last breath, if tamely you behold these things you are only slaves —heartless, abject slaves, and unworthy of the immortal ancestors who bravely fought and nobly died to make their country free. But for this, I am satisfied, you will give no cause. The spirit of your fathers is not dead within you. My country will not see even the humblest of her sons oppressed.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

Saturday, November, 1835.*

*Evidently Nov. 28. Since he was released Friday, Nov. 20, he could not have reached Knoxville, 125 miles, in less than four days. Payne was born June 8, 1792, at 33 Pearl St., New York, N. Y., and died at 60 years of age Apr. 10, 1852, while serving as United States consul at Tunis, Morocco. He lay buried there until W. W. Corcoran, of Washington, D. C., brought his body back to his native land late in March, 1883, and reinterred it in Georgetown, a suburb of Washington. He corresponded with such literary lights as Washington Irving (who also died a bachelor), Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Chas. Lamb, and roomed with Irving in Paris for a while.

CHAPTER IV

Aftermath of the Payne-Ross Affair

THE arrest of Payne and Ross stirred up a "hornet's nest" in Georgia and Tennessee and to a less extent at Washington and throughout the country. Governor William Schley had just come into office at Milledgeville as the successor of Wilson Lumpkin, and he was bombarded with protests. President Jackson was bombarded at Washington. A volunteer force of soldiers was organized in Tennessee to patrol "the border" and keep the rambunctious Georgians on their "own side." Congress and the Georgia Legislature prepared to review the case. The Georgia Guard began to "spew out."

Major Currey explained to President Jackson through Elbert Herring, commissioner of Indian Affairs, and called Payne a prevaricator. He was supposed to have ordered the arrest, or at least to have inspired it. Some said the order came from Milledgeville. Schermerhorn contended that he was at Tuscaloosa, Ala., when he heard the news; had nothing to do with it, but would have had Payne arrested had he known of his designs.

Two Indians from near Rome figured in the affair. Payne's account mentions that one of them hung himself in the guard house at Spring Place, which became his own "home" for nearly a fortnight. Combatting Payne's statement that the Indian was driven to desperation by the Georgia Guard, Major Currey offered this explanation:

> The Howling Wolf, charged with stabbing an Indian for supporting the treaty, and Lowny, or Robbin, charged with killing and robbing a white man, were being held at Spring Place. An old man named Trigg was arrested and confined with the Indians; he told them their own people would shoot them through the cracks of the calaboose in the early morning. Lowny, or Robbin, tried to persuade the Howling Wolf that they should hang themselves. The latter refused, but the former committed suicide by hanging from a rafter with a small cord that had been tied loosely to his arms.*

The occurrence was well calculated to inflame public opinion. John Ross knew this, and he tactfully refrained from rushing into the discussion. Theodore Frelinghuysen, Edward Everett, Jas. K. Polk, Jno. C. Calhoun, Sam Houston, John Bell, Hugh Lawson White and other leading friends of the Indians took up the cudgels at Washington. Mr. Bell, who became the candidate of the Constitutional Union party for President in 1860 (with Mr. Everett in the minor position) undertook to bring about a Congressional investigation.

The Georgia Journal, of Milledgeville, a consistent opponent of Gov. Lumpkin and his "strong-arm gang," printed the following protest under date of Tuesday, Nov. 24, 1835:

> A rumor reached us sometime since of another outrage committed by the Georgia Guard. It was vague and uncertain, however, and as we did not wish to array in the catalogue of violations of law committed by this armed force a single outrage that was not stated on good authority, we hesitated to give it publicity. This rumor has proved true.
>
> It seems that this Guard, under the command of one of the subalterns, crossed the line of the State and kidnapped from the State of Tennessee John Ross, the principal chief of the

*The Howling Wolf was of the Chickamauga District, which included part of Rome. He was no doubt identical with Crying Wolf. Robbin was a member of Challoogee district, which included half of Floyd County. Both attended the Running Waters council in July, and Robbin voted with the faction led by Ridge.



A FEW THINGS THE INDIANS LEFT BEHIND.

Here is part of Wesley O. Connor's collection of relics at Cave Spring. These articles were mostly uncovered on the Moultrie farm, Foster's Bend, Coosa River, in the freshets of 1881 and 1886. Included among the more obvious articles are a bone necklace, Indian money, spear points and arrow heads, pipes, pestles and bits of pottery. The skulls are undoubtedly Indian.

Cherokees. They also arrested John Howard Payne, a gentleman of great celebrity in the literary world.

The pitiful reason urged to palliate this gross enormity seems to have been that Mr. Payne "was conspiring against the welfare of Georgia." Mr. Payne's real offense, in the eyes of these vandals, was his copying certain documents relative to the manners and customs of the Indian tribes, which their wiseacre of a leader construed to be high treason against the State.

It was indeed time that this scourge to the peaceful citizens of Murray County was removed; it is high time the military rule and despotism was made to give place to the authority of the laws. We should like to inquire of the Governor by what legal authority these arrests were made, and why on the receipt of information orders were not immediately given for the release of the prisoners?

The officious members of this armed force ought to be made to smart in damages; an action on the case for illegal arrest and false imprisonment will clearly be made against them.*

John H. Underwood, Rome grocer, who was a member of the Guard in the arrest, did not give any interviews to newspaper editors, so all he observed is lost save what little he told Bill Arp, which is to be found elsewhere herein. But a number of others "writ upon time's immortal scroll."

Thatcher T. Payne, a brother of John Howard, penned the following letter:

**New York, N. Y., Nov. 27, 1835.
Hon. Lewis Cass,
Secretary of War,
Washington, D. C.

Sir: I have just received information that my brother, John Howard Payne, on the night of the 10th of November,*** inst., while in company with John Ross, the Cherokee chief, at his dwelling in the Cherokee nation, was seized by a party of about 25 of the Georgia Guard, and conducted by them to their headquarters, at about 20**** miles distant from the place of seizure, where, as I am informed, he is now imprisoned.

Mr. Payne's general object, in a tour through the western and southern states, has been partly to obtain subscribers to a periodical work in which English and American writers may meet upon equal ground, and partly to collect such materials for his own contributions to the work as a personal acquaintance with the various peculiarities of our diversified country may supply. To one acquainted with his pacific disposition and exclusive literary habits, the supposition of his entertaining any views politically dangerous, either in reference to Georgia or the United States in their respective relations to the Cherokees if it were not accompanied with results painful and perhaps perilous to himself, would seem ludicrous. My informant, a stranger, states that "it is there reported that he is considered by the officers of Government to be a spy." Whether by officers of Government is meant those of Georgia or of the United States I am not informed. He likewise states that "Mr. Payne is supposed to have had some influence in producing the failure of a late treaty with the Cherokees."

In the present excited state of feeling in that section of the country, on subjects connected with the Indian removal, there may, perhaps, be serious danger to the personal safety of one coming under suspicions of the character above alluded to, however groundless.

I take the liberty, I hope not unwarrantable, to request and urge a speedy inquiry into the circumstances of the case, and the use of the means within the province of your department of the Government to procure his release, if, as will undoubtedly appear upon investigation, he shall be found to have been wrongfully detained.

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

THATCHER T. PAYNE.

Payne himself was making quill and ink fly, to such an extent that Col. Bishop resigned his commission in December. Soon thereafter the Standard of Union threw Bishop this bouquet:

*Payne's effort to have something definite done at Washington failed, and in a letter from New York to Gen. Harden at Athens in 1836, he said he would try to proceed against Col. Bishop, Major Currey and Sergt. Wilson Young.

**Report of Secretary of War on Cherokee Treaty (1835), ps. 488-9.

***John Howard's own statement says it was Saturday, Nov. 7, near midnight.

****The brother estimated 24 miles. Blue Spring, Bradley County, Tenn., where the arrest took place, is eight miles north of the Georgia line, and about 40 miles from Spring Place as one would travel by horseback in 1835.

Col. Bishop at Home.—After all the abuse that has been heaped upon Col. Bishop as a man and a public officer, the people of Murray have given an additional proof of their confidence in his capacity and integrity to serve them. From the returns of the election in that county on the first Monday in January last (1836), Col. Wm. N. Bishop received for the office of clerk of the superior court 158 votes, and his opponent 12. We are sincerely gratified at the support which Col. Bishop has received from his countrymen, and hold it as the highest evidence of his value as a private citizen and a public officer. Well done, Murray County; you know you are right —go ahead!

As for Georgia, "Never again!" exclaimed the outraged playwright and budding historian in a letter of Dec. 5 from Knoxville to Gen. Harden:*

My Dear Sir: You have no doubt ere this heard of my adventures. I sent you the statement by last post. Have you ever known of a more impudent enormity? There has been a public meeting here, spirited and dignified. The proceedings will, I hope, be printed at Athens. This example ought to be followed throughout the Union; I hope especially, for these measures offer the only opportunity he has of casting the blame upon the delinquents who deserve it.

I have no time to write now, but could not allow myself to depart on my way homeward without a card of remembrance. It will perhaps be as well for me not to make my line of march generally known, but I want to go to Hamburg** because my trunks are all in Augusta, Ga. I shall never enter again without a formal public invitation. I will go to the border and look in.***

It would give me sincere pleasure to find a line from you at the Augusta postoffice.

Mr. Ross and many of the delegation are here. Many have made formal protest against their mission from Currey, but of this they take no heed.

My way must be made alone and on horseback. I should not wonder if these scoundrels made my journey a longer one than I have intended. But no matter if the worst happens—I shall not be the first who has not lived out his time in a free country, and unless the nation awakens, shall not be the last!

Pray offer my best remembrances to Mrs. Harden, your daughter, son, to Col. Hamilton and family, to Judge Clayton, in short, to all.

From Knoxville, Dec. 2, Payne had written S. L. Fairchild, of Philadelphia, Pa.:****

(Private.)

Dear Fairchild:

I write to you in great haste, and enclose the statement of a great wrong I have suffered. I wish you to exert your talent on this affair, not because I have been personally insulted, but because it is only by a strong expression of feeling that any man's liberty can be secured. There is no freedom in America if these things can be tolerated.

If I reach Charleston, S. C. in safety, I shall be there just in time to have your answer, provided you wish further information. At any rate, it will afford me sincere pleasure to hear of you and your fortunes.

With regards to all at home, and believe me, most truly yours,

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

In a communication from Washington on Mar. 3, 1836, to Secretary of War Lewis Cass, Mr. Schermerhorn commented as follows on the Payne-Ross affair:*****

Permit me also to make a few observations in reference to the arrest of Messrs. John Howard Payne and John Ross by the Georgia Guard, which, I perceive from the public papers, they charge or insinuate was done by the direction of the commissioner and agent of the Government.

Although the statements of Mr. Payne in reference to myself were exceedingly unjust and incorrect, I could not condescend to a newspaper con-

*Courtesy of Miss Evelyn Harden Jackson, of Harden Home, Athens, a cousin of Miss Mary Harden and author of an interesting booklet on the love affair between the college beauty and Mr. Payne.

**Hamburg, Aiken County, S. C., across the Savannah river from Augusta.

***Miss Jackson is authority for the statement that Payne came back in 1842 to Athens to "re-press his suit," but that he had no better success than before.

****Courtesy of Mr. G. H. Buek, vice-president of the American Lithographic Co., New York, N. Y., and owner of the old Payne home (and collection) at Easthampton, Long Island.

*****Report of Secretary of War on Cherokee Treaty (1835), p. 538.

troversy with him; therefore, I have passed it by in silence; but lest my silence should be interpreted by some of the members of the Senate, as I find it has been by some others, as a tacit acknowledgement of the truth of his statement, I now say that I had no knowledge or agency, directly or indirectly, in this matter.

The first information I received on this subject was through the Georgia newspapers, while I was at Tuscaloosa, Ala.; and immediately on hearing it I left there, to use my best endeavors to obtain their release, and I arrived at the agency only a few days after Mr. Payne had been liberated. It was owing to my interference that Mr. Ross was not taken by the Georgia Guard last July,* for some violations of the laws of that State.

I must, however, say that it is evident from Mr. Payne's own statements, which he has given to the public, that he did interfere at Red Clay in a very improper and unwarrantable manner with the negotiations then pending between the Government and the Cherokee Indians, and I should have been perfectly justifiable to have had him arrested and removed from the treaty ground; and if I had known what he has since disclosed of the part he acted there, I should have done it.

A Legislative committee severely scored the Guard:**

The committee to whom were referred the several communications of His Excellency, the Governor, on the subject of the establishment of the Georgia Guard in the Cherokee Circuit, have had the same under consideration, and beg leave to make the following report:

. . . Your Committee beg to proceed now to the further discharge of their duty, by enquiring, first, as to the conduct of the Guard in the recent arrest and detention of John Howard Payne.

. . . Your Committee greatly regret that they have not all the facts in such a shape that implicit credit might be given to them. They are compelled then, in the investigation of this branch of the subject, to discard all the contradictory statements found in newspapers, and to decide only from such facts as have been legitimately brought before them, in the communications of the Governor.

It is, however, admitted on all hands that the recent arrest of Mr. Payne was made in the State of Tennessee. Your Committee conceives that the Guard transcended their power in crossing the line of the State of Georgia to arrest an individual out of the limits of this State. And your Committee believes that it was an act of which the sovereign State of Tennessee has just right of complaint against the authorities of Georgia. The only testimony before your Committee relative to the arrest of Mr. Payne will be found in the communication of His Excellency, William Schley, of the 10th instant. . . . It appears then to your Committee that the Georgia Guard, in the recent arrest of John Howard Payne, trampled under foot the Constitution of the United States. . . . How long he was kept under guard before the arrival of Col. Bishop at Spring Place your Committee are uninformed. . . . But the commander of the Guard says, after examining his papers, and finding him guilty of no offense for which he was answerable in our courts, I, the commander of the Guard, kept him in custody a few days and then discharged him.

Your Committee would ask with feelings of mortification, why he was kept in custody one minute beyond the time when it was ascertained he had committed no offense. Was it to punish him for his indiscreet statements in relation to the Georgia Guard? Perhaps so. But in so doing the Guard have violated every principle of the Constitution, which guarantees liberty and equal rights to the citizens of this country. They have jeopardized the character and reputation of the state of Georgia abroad, by this act of wanton and uncalled for vandalism, and will bring down upon the people of the State the inevitable and odious charge of inhospitality and cruelty to the stranger. . . .

Resolved, That the Legislature highly disapproves of the conduct of the Georgia Guard in the recent arrest and confinement of John Howard Payne in the Cherokee Nation.

The pro-administration press sounded a different note on the incident. A Nashville Banner view proved good enough for the Georgia Telegraph (Macon) of Thursday, Dec. 24, 1835, and The Telegraph reprinted it verbatim:

Mr. John Howard Payne, who, together with John Ross, the Cherokee

*Concurrently with the pow-wow near Rome.
**House Journal (1835), ps. 427-433.

chief, was lately seized at the house of the latter by the Georgia Guard, has availed himself of the occasion to inflict upon the public eight mortal columns of the dullest, most fatiguing narrative it was ever our fortune to encounter. A concise statement of the principal facts connected with the outrage, if given in about half a column of an ordinary newspaper, would have been read with interest; but to wade through this mass of verbiage merely to learn that Messrs. Ross and Payne were seized by a party of desperadoes, called the Georgia Guard, carried over the Georgia line, kept under duress for a day or two and then released, would be paying quite too much for the whistle.

If Mr. Payne succeeds in making his intended "literary periodical" as uninteresting as he has this account of his capture, it will certainly be a remarkable work!

Governor Lumpkin's explanation admitted the illegality of the seizure, but gave Payne very much of a left-handed vindication:*

It was while these efforts were making to induce the Cherokees to emigrate that the literary pursuits of the celebrated John Howard Payne led him to visit the Cherokee people and country. He was known to be strongly opposed to the views of the Government in regard to Indian emigration and this led to his arrest by Col. Bishop, the State's agent. The arrest was both premature and illegal, but the impertinent intermeddling of Payne was very unbecoming a stranger, a gentleman, or an author professedly collecting facts for history. He was the partisan, if not the agent, of Northern fanatics, whose avocation is to repent for the sins of everybody except themselves.



"BIG JOHN" UNDERWOOD, Rome grocer, who was one of the Georgia Guard detail which arrested Payne.

The charge made by Payne that President Jackson (through his agents) had offered Ross a bribe stirred Washington as much as the arrest itself.** This charge was carried in an anonymous communication printed by several newspapers in the "Payne Free-Service Syndicate," and is believed to have been played up especially by the Knoxville Register, with whose editor Payne's liaison was complete.*** The sum and substance was that Ross could have had $50,000 if he had stood out of the way of the Cherokee removal; a Creek chief is said to have offered it to him, and to have been ordered from the wrathy presence of Ross.

Here is the anonymous communication attributed to Payne. It was undoubtedly written from the Red Clay Council ground in Whitfield County, one day before the council convened with Payne prominently present:

****Cherokee Nation,
Tennessee Border,
Sunday, Oct. 11, 1835.

Sir: I am no politician. Of this you are aware. I generally avoid, if possible, even thinking upon what are called political questions. Their discussion is apt forthwith to become personal, and instead of eliciting truth, to produce brawls. But there are points of policy upon which we are sometimes forced to think; and when we are called upon to detest the Mussulman for his tyranny over the Greek, and to pity the exile from what once was Poland, we are at a loss to believe that there are scenes passing in our free country at this very moment,

*Removal of the Cherokee Indians from Georgia (Lumpkin), Vol. 2, p. 265.

**Authorities: Letter of Apr. 16, 1836, Major Currey to Elbert Herring, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and Exhibit 14 as inclosure of same, both included in Report of Secretary of War on Cherokee Treaty (1835), ps. 549-590.

***Payne asserted it was never published, but Maj. Currey's report to Jackson claimed The Register editor used it anonymously.

****Exhibit 14 of Currey inclosures.

to which both the Turk and the Russian might triumphantly appeal, for a sanction to the despotism at which all have shuddered. Shall I tell you what they are?

In travelling through Georgia I, of course, heard frequent mention of the Cherokees; but I took little heed of what I heard. I considered the Cherokees as they had been represented, as but the miserable remnant of a broken race, given up to all sorts of degradation; and I thought the sooner they could be transported beyond the bounds of civilization, the better for the world. Accident, however, brought me to some very different views of the question. I inquired more thoroughly. I determined to judge them with my own eyes. I purchased a horse, traversed the forests alone and went among them.

Still I was perplexed. I was desirous of seeing the head men of the nation; I was particularly desirous of seeing John Ross. Some Georgian told me I ought not to see him, that he was a selfish, and a sordid, and a silent man, in whom I should take no interest, from whom I should obtain no information. At one moment I had turned aside from my purpose, and was proceeding homeward. But I felt as if my errand would be a fruitless one if I went away. So, little instructed, I changed my course, and travelled the wilderness for three days to the abode of Mr. Ross.

I found Mr. Ross a different man in every respect from what I had heard him represented to be. His person is of the middle size, rather under than over; his age is about five and forty; he is mild, intelligent and entirely unaffected. I told him my object. He received me with cordiality. He said he regretted than he had only a log cabin of but one room to invite me to, but he would make no apologies. If I could put up with rough fare, he should be glad if I would stay with him.

From a visitor I afterwards learned how the principal chief happened to live in such discomfort. The story contains the story at this moment of the whole nation. Last winter he was delegated with others to Washington, in order to attempt a treaty upon available terms—such terms as his people would accept. He could not obtain such. It was evening when he had arrived, on his returning way, within twenty miles of the dwelling he had left, then a beautiful abode at the head of Coosa*, upon a rising ground, overlooking a luxuriant plain below, and rivers running through it, and in the distance a noble mountain.** A friend desired him to remain all night. No, he was approaching home after a long absence; he was impatient to see his family. He hurried on. In the dead of night*** he aroused the house; strange voices answered him. His family had just been turned from the spot where his children were cradled.**** and it was occupied by a Georgian. The land was drawn in the Georgia lottery,***** and though not claimable until the Indians should be removed by treaty, was seized in his absence to petition Congress for his country—seized under the delusion of that wayward and selfish policy which has led Georgia to defy the General Government and all its solemn pledges to protect the Indians and vindicate its honor, in not swerving from its treaties.

It was this hard conduct which had driven the principal chief to one of the humblest dwellings in his nation. But he made no complaint, even after I had grown familiar with him. I learned this wrong from other lips.

Some of your readers may have glanced, but lightly, as I did, at the real position of the Cherokee case. Though so often and so eloquently stated, I will recapitulate it in brief; disputes between the General Government and Georgia were a long time ago compromised by an arrangement for certain advantages for Georgia, in return for advantages given by her to the General Government; and as a part of the compensation from the Government, Georgia was to receive the Cherokee lands, as soon as the Indian title could be peaceably extinguished, and upon reasonable terms. But the Cherokees are proverbial, and have been so for ages, for a peculiar devotedness to their native soil.

"The Cherokees, in their disposition and manners, are grave and steady; dignified and circumspect in their de-

*Fourth Ward, site of Rome.
**Lavender or Alto.
***About 10 o'clock, according to Ross.
****Silas and Geo. W. Ross were undoubtedly born at Rome, and an infant died there and was buried on the lot, as was Daniel Ross, father of John.
*****Land Lot 237, Twenty-third, District Third Section (160 acres) was drawn by Hugh Brown, of Deavour's District, Habersham Co., Ga. The office of the Secretary of State, the Capitol, Atlanta, has the date Nov. 11, 1835. Most of the lottery drawings were held in October, 1832. Land lot 244 was drawn by Stephen Carter, of Robinson's District, Fayette County. (The Cherokee Land Lottery, p. 288).

portment; rather slow and reserved in their conversation, yet frank, cheerful and humane; "tenacious of the liberties and natural rights of man; secret, deliberate and determined in their councils; honest, just and liberal, and ready always to sacrifice every pleasure and gratification, even their blood and life itself, to defend their territory and maintain their rights."—Barham's* Travels, 1791, London Edition, Page 483.

"It may be remarked that the Cherokees differ in some respects from other Indian nations that have wandered from place to place and fixed their habitations in separate districts. From time immemorial they have had possession of the same territory, which at present they occupy. They affirm that their forefathers sprung from that ground, or descended from the clouds upon those hills. These lands of their ancestors they value above all things in the world; they venerate the places where their bones lie interred, and esteem it disgraceful in the highest degree to relinquish these sacred repositories. The man who would refuse to take the field in defense of these hereditary possessions is regarded by them as a coward and treated as an outcast from their nation."—Historical account of the rise and progress of South Carolina and Georgia, Vol. II, 201, London, 1777.

This was known to the Georgians. This has been felt by the General Government in the extreme difficulty which it has experienced in the attempt to persuade the Cherokees to part with their lands. Millions after millions of acres were reluctantly wrung from them, until at length they came to a pause: "We have not lands enough," exclaimed they, "for ourselves; we part with no more land!" A Creek chief endeavored to tamper with their councils and offered a bribe from the United States of many thousand dollars to their principal men, if they would countenance the sale of the country to our Government; but their principal men repelled the bribe, and drove the Creek from their territory with scorn.

Threats and gold and persecution and sufferings unprecedented have been equally incapable of overpowering their sacred love for the wild wood of their birth and the resting place of their ancestors. Other Indians have been lured away, but the Cherokee remains inflexible. And when the Georgian asks, "Shall savages infest our borders thus?" the Cherokee answers him, "Do we not read; have we not schools, churches, manufactures; have we not laws, letters, a constitution; and do you call us savages?"

The Georgian can only reply by pointing to a troop of border cavalry whose appearance reminds one of banditti more than of soldiers, and exclaiming "dare prate to us and these men's muskets shall be our spokesmen!"

And true enough it is that they are not savages. Never has a tribe of the aborigines made such advances in civilization. They have even produced among themselves an alphabet and letters of a fashion entirely original, and they have books among them printed with their own letters in their own language, and with this alphabet they daily communicate from one end of the nation to the other; they clothe themselves in stuffs of their own manufacture; they have made roads, bridges, established a seat of Government. But Georgia has hated them the more because of their civilization; she has made it treason for them to keep up their courts and councils and laws; she has broken down their turnpikes and bridges, and denies them the right of appearing to testify in her courts against any insult or injury they may receive. They have consequently removed their seat of internal government beyond her borders to the corner of another State,** and the decrees issued thence are obeyed with reverence even by the offender, who knows if he were to resist, he would be upheld by the stronger power, to which he never will appeal, because he regards it as the irreconcilable foe of his country.

This state of things has convinced all parties of the necessity for a settlement of the question, by the removal of the Cherokees from the neighborhood of those whose interests will not let them understand the Cherokee rights. The Cherokees themselves at length acknowledge that it is better for them to remove. "But let us not remove," say they, "till we can be assured of a kindlier dwelling place. The Government of America has given us no reason to confide in its power to protect us against Georgia, and therefore, we must remove, for if we do not, we must perish. If we do re-

*Bartram's.

**Reference is to Tennessee, but the capital after New Echota was wherever John Ross happened to be.

move, then let us remove not only from the country where we are wronged, but from the Government where we can not get our rights."

The United States, on the other hand, wish the Cherokees to go to a country of *their* selection; they wish the Cherokees to sell their own country (in which the United States are solemnly pledged to protect them, until they choose to select) upon such terms as the United States think fit to offer.

"Take our price for your land," says Gen. Jackson, "and I will not insist on governing you; buy another country with it." "We can not buy another country and be indemnified for our own by what you offer," says the Cherokee; "give us our price and you may have our land, if we must go; but we do not wish to go; no money can pay us for our homes." "You ask too much," answers Gen. Jackson; "you can not have your price." "Then let us remain," replies the Cherokee; "keep your money, and give us your protection; take all the rest of the land we have, and leave us such portions as are connected, and incorporate us in counties with the states on which these poor fragments, which we ask to retain for ourselves, border; and let us belong to your nation, and send our representatives, like other countries, to Congress; and satisfy Georgia as you may for her disappointment, from the impossibility you find of purchasing all our land from us, on such terms as we can sell it for. Georgia has no fathers, mothers, children buried in the land. She has never seen it. She has no nation to establish. She would rather have money than the land. You can not give her the land. Give her the money." To this Gen. Jackson answers with a peremptory "No!"

What is the next step taken? The agents of Government tamper separately with the Indians. They get together a few unauthorized Cherokees; make up a scheme of a treaty upon their own terms, and endeavor to inveigle the men who possess the entire confidence of the nation: First, they withhold the annuity to the nation on frivolous pretexts, thus taking away their only resource for defiance in the courts of law, and for remonstrance in the House of Congress. A party is attempted to be conjured up in the nation by the acts of the Government agents; and twice attempts have been made to parade that little and reluctantly gathering party, and on both occasions the people, the great body of the people, have looked them down; on the last, especially, not three months since, when they poured their thousands upon a plain, upon which the agents of Government, with all the magic of their promises and their patronage, could bring against them scarcely more than a miserable hundred.*

The immediate position of the nation is this: The Government treaty has been exhibited to the Cherokees, and rejected. It has been attempted to shake their confidence in their principal chief, but in vain. The council established a newspaper, and the Government agents have seized their press, avowedly for the purpose of changing it to a Government vehicle, for swaying the people to such a treaty as Gen. Jackson longs for. Here at once is an acknowledgment how base is the pretense that the Cherokees ought to be dealt with as a separate tribe! Were they truly looked upon as savages, would any importance be attached to their press? Were they not known to be much advanced in civilization, would the agents of the Administration have entered upon the perilous extravagance of seizing an instrument over which they had no legal power, for selfish and corruptive purposes? But the Jackson myrmidons *have* the press; and possession in law is like power in politics—it takes the place of reason and of right.

Then let us leave our Government the Cherokee national paper, however disreputably obtained, and proceed to the next point. Having juggled the written power into their hands, the agents are now seeking the oral power; they are wandering about with interpreters to talk up their cause. "You may speak, if you like," say the Indians, "but must we listen?" "Let us speak," is the reply; and the commissioner rises, and the people walk away and leave him to listen to himself.**

The next measure is force; arrests are made upon the most absurb pretexts; influential Indians are seized by the Georgia Guard and detained, and then set free, no reason being assigned either for the capture or for the release. Some laugh and defy their fate; some are driven to despair, for the arrest is so often made a punishment that an innocent Indian

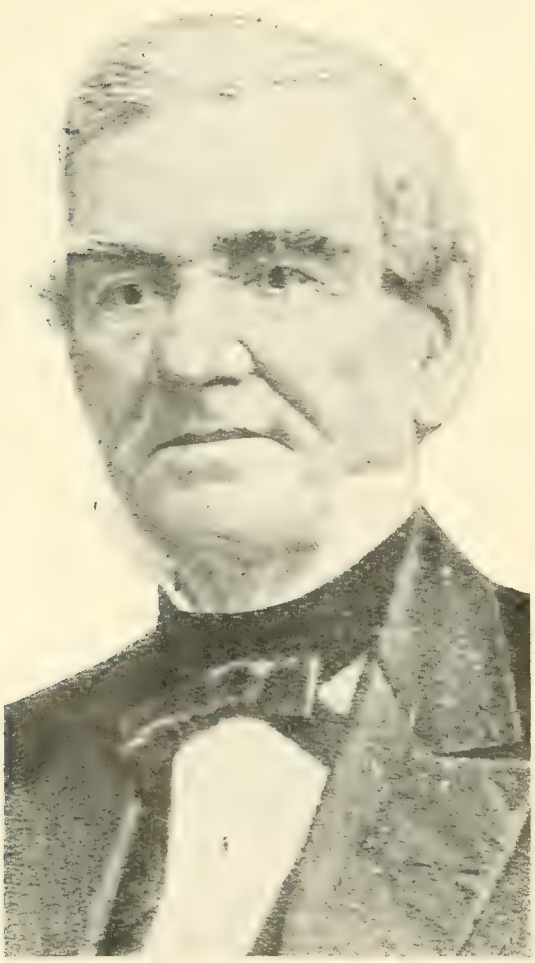
*At Running Waters, near Rome.

**Reference to Mr. Schermerhorn's harrangue at Running Waters.

a few days ago actually hung himself in the guard house* to escape the torture apprehended from the guard.

But all the Indian hater's hate is concentrated against the inflexible chief of the Cherokees, John Ross. Intimidation has been attempted against him to no purpose; so has seduction. He has resisted bribery in every instance, even in one amounting to $50,000; rather than enrich himself by his country's ruin, he will remain poor, but honest. The agents insult him; still he goes on. The Georgia guard watches for a pretext to make him prisoner, but the pretext is not to be found, and in some cases, where they would not be deterred by the fear of wrong, they are understood to have been held back through the fear of the people. It is rumored, however, that some attempt of the sort is, even at this moment, in contemplation.

Even the President himself has now and then lost his temper because he cannot shake Mr. Ross, and has called the impoverished and discreet patriot of the wilderness "wicked and selfish," and has sworn if he does not forego his policy and do as Andrew Jackson bids him, that Andrew Jackson will never listen to the Cherokees, but give them up to ruin. With internal dissensions attempted to be fomented by the agents of Government, and with incessant external attacks from Georgia, and not only undefended by their legitimate protector, the United States, but threatened by the Chief Magistrate of those states, the Cherokee nation now stand alone, moneyless, helpless, and almost hopeless, yet without a dream of yielding.



JOHN ROSS at age of 65, a few years before he died in Washington, D. C. (Picture loaned by S. W. Ross, Tahlequah, Okla.).

With these clouds around them, in their little corner of Tennessee,** to which they have been driven from Georgia for shelter, their national council holds its regular annual convention tomorrow. I can not imagine a spectacle of more moral grandeur than the assembly of such a people under such circumstances. This morning offered the first foretaste of what the next week is to present. The woods echoed with the trampling of many feet; a long and orderly procession emerged from among the trees, the gorgeous autumnal tints of whose departing foliage seemed in sad harmony with the noble spirit now beaming in this departing race. Most of the train was on foot; there were a few aged men, and some few women, on horseback. The train halted at the humble gate of the principal chief; he stood ready to receive them. Everything was noiseless. The party, entering, loosened the blankets which were loosely rolled and flung over their backs, and hung them with their tin cups and other paraphernalia attached, upon the fence.

The chief approached them. They formed diagonally in two lines, and each, in silence, drew near to give his hand. Their dress was neat and picturesque; all wore turbans, except four or five with hats; many of them tunics and sashes; many long robes, and nearly all some drapery; so that they had the oriental air of the old scripture pictures of patriarchal processions.

The salutation over, the old men remained near the chief, and the rest withdrew to various parts of the enclosure; some sitting Turk fashion against the trees, others upon logs

*At Spring Place, where Payne was imprisoned a month later.

**Red Clay was so near the line, and the line so poorly defined, that the impression was often given that it was in Tennessee. Ross had a hut there as well as at Blue Spring, eight miles to the north.

and others upon the fences, but with the eyes of all fixed upon their chief. They had walked sixty miles since yesterday, and had encamped last night in the woods. They sought their way to the council ground. It was explained to them. At one moment I observed a sensation among them, and all arose and circled around their chief. Presently an old man spoke above the rest; each one went for his pack, and all resumed their way. There was a something in the scene which would have subdued a sterner spirit than mine. All who gazed stood rooted to the spot with involuntary awe.

"Oh!" cried an old negro woman, wringing her hands and her eyes streaming with tears, "Oh! the poor Cherokees, the poor Cherokees; my heart breaks and will not let me look on them!"

Parties varying from 30 to 50 have been passing the main road, which is somewhat distant from the residence of Mr. Ross, all day. All seem to contemplate the approaching meeting as one of vital import. I myself, though a stranger, partake in the general excitement. The first movements, which will probably be the most important, I will communicate to you; perhaps I may find leisure to do more, for I wish our countrymen to understand this subject.* It becomes us as Americans, devoted to our country's glory, not to slumber over the wrongs of a nation within our power. This people does not approach us denouncing vengeance; they do not, like the ferocious spirits we would represent them, avoid lingering extermination as exiles in the desert, by springing up in a mass, and inscribing themselves with a terrible lesson of blood among the illustrious martyrs to insulted liberty; but in the patient and meek spirit of Christians they come again, and again, and again, and again, imploring humanity, imploring justice, imploring that we will be honest to ourselves.

Americans, turn not away from such a spectacle; be not deaf to such a prayer!

(No Signature).**

A true copy:
Dyer Castor.

The wilds of Cherokee Georgia were getting more and more dangerous as the whites squatted upon the Indian lands. Murders and robberies were things of almost every-day occurrence. Spencer Riley, a sort of constable, formerly of Bibb County, then of Cass, had an exciting experience in 1835 with Col. Wm. N. Bishop and the Georgia Guard. It seems that Riley had a lottery claim on the Vann house*** near Spring Place, and Bishop sought to dispossess him. The Georgia Journal (Milledgeville) of Tuesday, Apr. 7, 1835, printed Riley's side of the affair:

March 11, 1835.

To the Public: There being many erroneous reports concerning the transaction detailed in the following statement, I have deemed it necessary to present to the public a succinct account of the facts. I can not for a moment believe that this flagitious outrage upon the rights of the citizen under color of the law and under pretense of executive sanction can be viewed with indifference by my fellow citizens, or approbated by the Governor. The facts are these:

I became a boarder of Joseph Vann, a Cherokee residing near Spring Place, in Murray County, in October last, and continued to board with him up to the 2d March inst., when the outrage hereinafter stated took place.

On the 23d of February last, Mrs. Vann, in the absence of her husband, received a written notice to quit the possession of the lot, from Wm. N. Bishop, one of the agents of the State of Georgia, appointed by the Governor under the law of 1834. This was done without the request of the drawer or any person holding or claiming under him. It was known that one Kinchin W. Hargrove, brother to Z. B. Hargrove, had obtained a certificate from Wm. N. Bishop with the view of obtaining the grant from Milledgeville, in consequence of which the grant issued some time in February upon his application. This lot on which Joseph Vann lived is an Indian improvement

*Here is a hint that Payne made arrangements with certain editors to print his articles.

**Payne claimed this original article was signed "Washington."

***This is still standing in a good state of preservation. It was literally a "House of Tragedies." On Sunday, Nov. 8, 1835, John Howard Payne and John Ross arrived as prisoners of the Guard, and occupied an outhouse used to quarter troublesome Indians. On Dec. 16, 1836, Major Benj. F. Currey, who had been active against Payne and Ross, died in the house of Vann or at a nearby house.

and his right of occupancy is not forfeited by any provision of the laws of Georgia. It is known as Lot No. 224, 9th district and 3d section, and was drawn by a Mr. Turley of Warren; it contains a spacious two-story brick house and many outhouses and is very valuable, particularly as a public stand. It had been returned as a fraudulent draw by Major Bulloch, whose *scire facias* had obtained preference by being first filed. It was also returned by Z. B. Hargrove as informer in a second *scire facias*.

Such was the situation of the lot on the 2d of March, when W. N. Bishop, as agent and acting under the state's authority, summoned some 20 men and placed in their hands the muskets confided to him by the Governor for another purpose, and furnished them with ammunition, came over to Mr. Vann's at the head of his guard, resolved to clear the house and put his brother, Absalom Bishop, in possession, who afterwards opened a public house. Some articles of Mr. Vann were allowed to remain in the house and he was permitted to occupy at sufferance a small room. I occupied a room on the second floor at the head of the stairs. This armed force was accompanied by one Kinchin W. Hargrove, a sort of deputy to Bishop. When they approached the house, I inquired of W. N. Bishop what all of this meant, and stated to him that he had given Mrs. Vann until Saturday, the 7th, in which to move. He replied that Joshua Holden was the agent. This man Holden is notorious in the upper part of the state for his vices and subservience to Bishop. Upon receiving this reply from W. N. Bishop, I inquired of Holden if he was the agent for the drawer. He replied, "No, I am agent for Mr. Hargrove, and have a power of attorney from him." Mr. Hargrove did not claim to have any right or title to the lot as derived from or through the drawer. Convinced as I was that this was all a trick to get Vann out of the house, and to put him out unlawfully and fraudulently, in order to get possession for Absalom Bishop, I demanded of W. N. Bishop to see the plat and grant and his authority for thus acting. He stated that Holden was seeking possession, but exhibited no authority, and there was no agent of the drawer or person claiming under him seeking possession.

W. N. Bishop rushed into the house with his guard and commanded them to present arms. Having some things in the room I occupied, I went up to take care of them. I heard Bishop demand possession of Vann, who answered that he considered himself out of possession from the Monday previous. "Where is that damned rascal Riley?" inquired Bishop. The reply was, "He is in his room." By this time I had got to the head of the stairs* and called out to Bishop that there was no use for any violent measures or for bloodshed, for if he would acknowledge he had taken forcible possession from me, he could throw my things out of doors. His reply was, "Hear that damned rascal; present arms and march upstairs, and the first man that gets a glimpse of him, shoot him down." Upon hearing these orders given to his guard, I thought it high time to defend myself as best I could, and exclaimed, "The first man that advances to obey Bishop's orders I will kill!"

One man named Winters, an itinerant carpenter, advanced upstairs with a loaded musket, and his valiant commander behind him. As soon as they saw me they fired upon me and fell back; I then fired, too. Their shot slightly wounded me in my hand and arms, and immediately after, ten or twelve muskets were fired at me, but being protected by the stairs, the shots did not take effect. I being out of sight, they aimed at the spot where they supposed I was and shot the banisters to pieces. I then presented a gun in sight to deter their further approach, and prevent if possible the accomplishment of their murderous design. Then a rifle was fired by Absalom Bishop; the ball struck my gun and split, one part of it striking me glancingly on my forehead just above my right eye, and fragments of it wounding me on several other places on my face. I desired them to bear witness to who shot that rifle, for I had been severely wounded. Wm. N. Bishop called out tauntingly, "The State of Georgia shot the guns!" After I was thus wounded and bleeding freely, I opened the door of the room and called out to them that I was severely wounded, and they could come and take my arms. As soon as I showed myself, several more muskets were fired on me. One shot struck me on the left cheek, another wounded me severely on the head and one

*A curious, winding architectural contraption with no visible support.

went through the door over my head.

During this extraordinary outrage, W. N. Bishop was heard frequently exclaiming, "Kill the damned rascal; we've got no use for nullifiers in this country!" and K. W. Hargrove also often exclaimed I should come down dead or alive. W. N. Bishop procured a flaming firebrand and threw it upon the platform of the stairs, exclaiming that he would burn him out or burn him up. After the fire had made some progress, and probably recollecting that if the house was destroyed, Absalom Bishop would have no house to occupy, Vann was requested to go up and extinguish the fire.

Being much debilitated by the loss of blood, I laid down on the bed. They soon after entered my room and seized my desk and papers as if I had been a malefactor. I desired them to permit me to put up my papers in my secretary and to lock it. Hargrove replied, "Let him put what he pleases in the desk, but don't let him take anything out." I had $10 in money in the desk. After I had locked it, they took the keys from me and the desk also, under the pretext that they would secure the costs. The money I never saw afterwards.

Just before the close of the conflict, Hargrove called out to me and asked if I did not know that there was an officer who had a warrant against me. I answered, no, but if such were the case I would submit to the laws of my country and surrender to the sheriff. Bishop then abused the sheriff and cursed him. In a short time the sheriff, Col. Humphreys, came, and I was asked to show myself, which I no sooner did than several muskets were levelled and fired at me, but happily without much injury.

It afterward appeared that in order to give their conduct the semblance of law, they had procured this tool of Bishop, Holden, to make an affidavit to procure a warrant for forcible entry and detainer. Both affidavit and warrant, upon being produced, proved to be in the handwriting of Z. B. Hargrove, and dated first in February, but that month was stricken and 2nd March inserted. It is believed that this notable proceeding was planned in Cassville, 45 miles off, and given to Kinchin W. Hargrove when he went up to Spring Place.

After my surrender to the sheriff, I was taken out of his custody, conveyed before a magistrate, also under the control of Bishop, charged with an assault with intent to murder, and immediately ordered off in my wounded condition, 45 miles, in a severe snow storm under a strong guard, my wounds undressed, and filched of the little change I had in my pockets, and lodged in the Cassville jail in the dungeon. The guard received their orders from Bishop and Hargrove not to allow me to have any intercourse with my friends, and so rigidly were these orders observed that when I arrived at Major Howard's* in the neighborhood of my family and desired him to inform them of my situation, and not to be alarmed, the guard threatened to use their bayonets if I did not proceed. Bishop even designated the houses at which we were to stop on our way. I was placed in a dungeon until my friends at Cassville, hearing of my situation, relieved me on bail.

. . . . . .

The foregoing statement can be attested by many respectable witnesses, and is substantially correct. The transaction has created a great sensation in Murray County, and must have received the unqualified condemnation of every law-abiding citizen.

SPENCER RILEY.

In the same issue The Journal commented editorially:

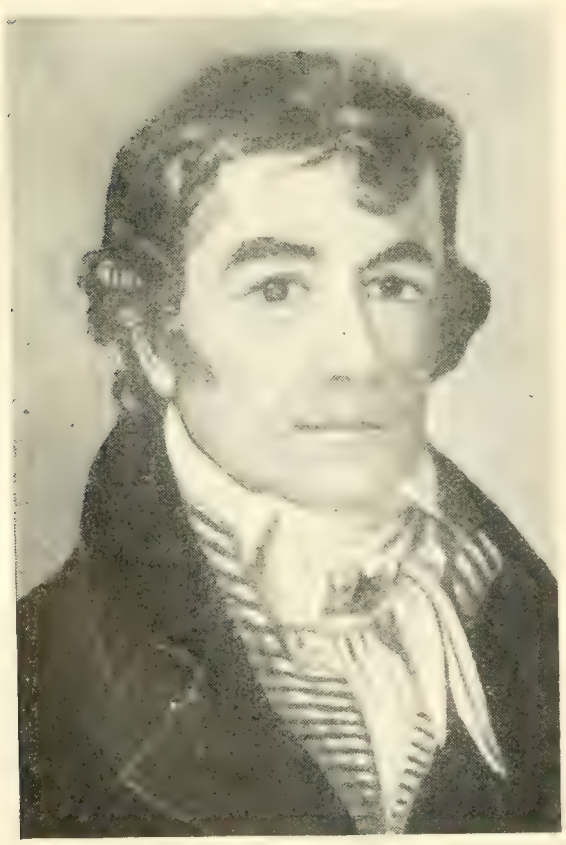
We had flattered ourselves that the State had drained the cup of humiliation to the dregs and had suffered all it could suffer from violence, fraud, proscription and misgovernment. But unhappily we were mistaken; low as we had sunken, we find that there is a point still lower. The letter of Spencer Riley, Esq., in this paper displays a state of things in a part of the country where the dominant faction has had full sway that is absolutely appalling.

We have personally known Mr. Riley twelve years as a freeholder and citizen, as deputy sheriff and high sheriff of Bibb County, where they have had no officer we know of whose public services were more generally approved. Since then, we understand, he has held a commission of the peace in Cass County, and his word, we think, will hardly be doubted by any to whom he is known. His statement presents a picture at which the most careless and the most thoughtless man must pause. It is one of the consequences of subverting the judicial authority throughout one whole circuit in a new country.

*Spring Bank, the country estate of Rev. Chas. Wallace Howard.

Finally the toe hold of the Indian began to give way. For a decade the Indians had been going west in small detachments, under the diplomatic urge of the Government. At the slow rate of moving, it was calculated that half a century would be required to be rid of them all. In 1829, the old records show, quite a number of Indians enrolled with the Government agents to go west, received their bounty and then failed to go, thinking, perhaps, that they might successfully pass around the hat again. Many of these Indians appeared in 1835 at the council at Running Waters and voted for the annuity measure proposed by John Ross.

But the patience of Federal and State authorities was threadbare. If the Indians would emigrate peaceably, all well and good; if they balked, bayonets would move them. The white man's necessity under the program of civic and commercial progress was the red man's misfortune. Gen. Winfield Scott, of the United States army, was selected to gather the Indians in stockades.



DANIEL ROSS, Scotch father of John Ross. He died in DeSoto (Rome) and was there buried.

Under the pressure from Gov. Lumpkin, Major Currey, Mr. Schermerhorn and others, 2,000 of the Indians prepared to depart by Jan. 1, 1837; but the death of Major Currey, Dec. 16, 1836, at Spring Place, set the movement back seriously. Hence the general round-up did not get under way until May 24, 1838.

Numerous Indians submitted without protest; many others secreted themselves in the mountains and in caves, and were vigorously hunted out. A few resisted and shot or were shot; some committed suicide rather than leave the lands they had learned to love and the sacred bones of their departed ancestors.

The Rev. George White tells as follows of the removal in his Historical Collections of Georgia (ps. 152-3) and incidentally, defends the troopers who had this unpleasant duty to perform:

> Gen. Scott called upon the Governor of Georgia for two regiments, to which call there was an immediate response. On Friday, the 18th of May, 1838, a sufficiency of troops had arrived at New Echota, the place of rendezvous, to organize a regiment and warrant the election of officers. On the morning of the 24th of May, the regiment took up the line of march for the purpose of collecting the Indians. Five companies, viz.—Capt. Stell's, Daniel's, Bowman's, Hamilton's, Ellis' were destined to Sixes Town, in Cherokee County; two companies, Capt. Story's and Capt. Campbell's to Rome; Capt. Vincent's to Cedartown; two companies, Capt. Horton's and Capt. Brewster's, to Fort Gilmer.
>
> The collecting of the Indians continued until the 3rd of June, 1838, when they started for Ross' Landing, on the Tennessee River, numbering about 1,560, under the immediate command of Capt. Stell. They arrived at Ross' Landing at 10 o'clock, the 10th of June. The Georgia troops re-

turned, and were afterwards regularly dismissed from the service of the United States. Both regiments were commanded by Gen. Chas. Floyd.*

In small detachments, the army began its operations, making prisoners of one family after another, and gathering them into camps. No one has ever complained of the manner in which the work was performed.** Through the good disposition of the army and the provident arrangements of its commander, less injury was done by accidents or mistakes than could reasonably have been expected. By the end of June, nearly the whole nation was gathered into camps, and some thousands commenced their march for the West, the heat of the season preventing any further emigration until September, when 14,000 were on their march. The journey of 600 or 700 miles was performed in four or five months. The best arrangements were made for their comfort, but from the time—May 24—when their removal commenced, to the time when the last company completed its journey, more than 4,000 persons sank under their sufferings and died.

A tragic sequel followed the removal and the stirring events preceding it. The anti-treaty or Ross party of Indians did not bury in the red hills of Georgia with the hallowed dust of their ancestors the resentment they felt toward the men who had signed away their lands. A band of several hundred Indians took a secret oath to kill Major Ridge and his clan brother (nephew by blood) Elias Boudinot,*** and John Ridge, his son. They bided their time, and June 22, 1839, killed all three.

Major Ridge was waylaid on the road 40 or 50 miles from home, and shot. His son was taken from his bed early in the morning and nearly cut to pieces with knives. Mr. Boudinot was decoyed away from a house he had been erecting a short distance from his residence, and then set upon with knives and hatchets. One version has it that Boudinot was a sort of doctor, and that several Indians came to him in a friendly way and asked him to get some medicine for a sick comrade. Thrown off his guard, he was an easy prey.

Mrs. Mabel Washbourne Anderson, of Pryor, Okla., daughter of John Rollin Ridge, grand-daughter of John Ridge and great-grand-daughter of Major Ridge, tells on ps. 11-12 of her Life of General Stand Watie**** of this shocking tragedy:

> A demon spell now enveloped the Cherokee country, as is ever the case when feuds and factions arise within a nation. The members of the former Treaty party, headed by Ridge and Boudinot, were called traitors by the Ross party, and this continued accusation became the platform of strife and bloodshed, turbulence and suffering for a newly-divided people in a new land. Had bitterness and disagreement been forgotten and a united effort made toward rebuilding the broken fortunes of a broken people, the cruel history from 1838 to 1846 might never have been written.
>
> If history had preserved for us a record of the "Secret Council" of the anti-Treaty party, said to have been held at Double Springs, near Tahlequah, in the spring of 1839, much that will forever be a question to the searcher for truth would be revealed.
>
> Passing hastily over this black page of Cherokee history, so closely allied with the life of Gen. Watie, it must be mentioned that secret police forces of 100 men each soon after this council were organized by the Ross party, with a commander for each company, whose purpose was to extinguish the leading men of the Ridge party. And the pages of Cherokee history will forever be shadowed by the atrocious tragedy that took place in the assassination in one night of Major Ridge, an aged man of 75;***** his son, John Ridge, and Elias Boudinot, three of the most powerful and influential men of the Treaty party. The murders of these three men, which took place within a few hours of each other, were most systematically carried out, though they were widely separated at the time. John Ridge was slain on

*The father of Gen. John Floyd, for whom Floyd county was named.

**Numerous complaints are of record today. The route has been called "The Trail of Tears."

***A native of Floyd county.

****Stand Watie lived at Coosawattie Town, and later near Rome.

*****Assuming that Ridge was born in 1771, as usually stated, he would have been 68.

Honey Creek, Cherokee Nation, near the Missouri line; Major Ridge was slain in the Cherokee Nation near Cincinnati, Ark.; and Elias Boudinot near Park Hill, Cherokee Nation.

This opened an international wound of sorrow and bloodshed for the Cherokee people, extending over a terrible, dark period of eight or ten years, and whose influence lasted for decades upon this nation. Stand Watie, Jack Bell and Walter Adair were slated to die at this same time, but were absent from home the night these foul murders were committed. Thereafter they were constantly on scout and guard against some hidden plot to take their lives. A short time after this horrible event, Stand Watie organized a military force, stationed at Beattie's Prairie, to oppose the Ross police force.

Despite opposition and oppression, Watie became after the assassination of his kinsmen the most influential man and the conceded leader of the Ridge party. Among the incidents current among his people today of the bravery of Stand Watie is one connected with this terrible tragedy. When his brother, Elias Boudinot, lay dead in the midst of his foes, Watie silently rode up unarmed. The crowd of his enemies suddenly drew back, making way for this grim horseman. Removing the sheet that covered the face of his murdered brother, he looked down long and earnestly upon the still features. Then turning to the crowd, he said in a voice that each could hear, "I will give $10,000 to know the name of the man who struck that blow!"

All who knew Stand Watie were aware of his ability to pay this reward, but not one in that guilty crowd answered him, and he rode away as fearlessly as he had come, though there were fully 100 men in that same company who had sworn to take his life the night before.

Thos. Watie and James Starr were killed by the Ross party in 1845, but the old tradition among the full-blooded Indians that "No weapon was ever made to kill Stand Watie," seemed verily to fulfil itself, and he successfully passed through the dangerous and trying years from 1838 to 1846.

A PAYNE MEMORIAL.—A patriotic service was performed Saturday morning, Oct. 7, 1922, by the Old Guard of Atlanta in the unveiling of a handsome marble tablet at Spring Place to John Howard Payne. The exercises had been planned for Friday, Oct. 6, but bad roads delayed the party, traveling in automobiles, and it was necessary to postpone the affair a day. The speaker of the occasion was Col. Geo. M. Napier, attorney general of Georgia and a member of the Guard. He was introduced by Jos. A. McCord, commandant of the Guard and Governor of the Federal Reserve Bank in Atlanta. Prof. Ernest Neal, school superintendent at Chatsworth, Murray County, recited his poem, "The Rivers of Cherokee Georgia;" the poem will be found in the poetry section herein.

The Payne tablet stands within 200 yards of the Vann house, at a conspicuous road crossing where it will be beheld by thousands of tourists yearly. It is of rough gray Elbert County granite, mined at a place near which Payne journeyed in 1835 on horseback from Augusta to inspect the natural wonders of Northeast Georgia. It is sunk deep in concrete, and a concrete platform six feet in radius surrounds it. The inscrption follows:

"John Howard Payne, author of 'Home, Sweet Home,' suspected as a spy of the Cherokee Indians, was imprisoned here in 1835, but released. Erected by Old Guard of Atlanta, Oct. 6, 1922; Jos. A. McCord, commandant."

The Old Guardsmen were the guests of Mr. McCord at his apple orchard twelve miles to the north. Prominent in their entertainment was the Governor John Milledge Chapter of the D. A. R., of Dalton, and Dr. T. W. Colvard, at whose estate they enjoyed a barbecue. Prior to the exercises they inspected the home of Jos. Vann, the Indian chief, near which, in a log hut, Payne was incarcerated. It is said this hut now stands in the park at Chatsworth, near the L. & N. railroad station, having been removed from Spring Place.

Other Old Guard members who attended were Robt. A. Broyles, Ossian D. Gorman, Jr., Sam Meyer, Jr., H. M. Lokey, G. A. Wight, W. E. Hancock, Dr. L. P. Baker, Henry C. Beerman, Fred J. Cooledge, E. H. Goodhart, W. M. Camp, Peter F. Clarke, W. S. Coleman, W. B. Cummings, Dr. Thos. H. Hancock, W. T. Kuhns, Edmund W. Martin, M. L. Thrower, Jas. T. Wright, A. McD. Wilson, G. G. Yancey, Jr., and Walter Bennett. Others included Jos. A. McCord, Jr., Walter Sparks, and J. A. Hall, of Decatur, formerly of Calhoun, an authority on Indian lore.

CHAPTER V.

Growth From Village to Town

ONCE the Indians were out of the way and their lands thrown open to the white settlers, Rome and Floyd County began to grow with a vim. As early as 1837, according to a report from Capt. J. P. Simonton, disbursing agent of the Cherokee Removal, sent from New Echota to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and dated Sept. 27, 1837, Col. Wm. C. Hardin was president of the Western Bank of Georgia, of Rome.* Col. Hardin and Andrew Miller, agent of the Bank of Georgia, of Augusta, loaned the Government $25,000, transmitted through the Rome bank, toward the removal of the Cherokees.

The Western was undoubtedly the first bank in Rome, and Col. Hardin its first president. It was located at the southwest corner of Fifth Avenue and East First Street. An old $10 bank note shows that William Smith was president on July 13, 1840, with R. A. Greene as cashier. Zachariah B. Hargrove had been connected with it prior to his death in 1839. The Bank of the Empire State, which also got into financial difficulties and was forced to suspend, was organized much later. In 1851 the Rome Weekly Courier expressed the hope that a bank would soon be formed at Rome.

The first inn was kept by William Quinn at "Cross Keys," as the local neighborhood at the present "Five Points," North Broad Street, was then known. A Mrs. Washington, descended from George, kept the Washington Hotel. The McEntee House was in operation in 1845 when Rev. and Mrs. J. M. M. Caldwell stopped over in Rome on their way to Selma, Ala., where Dr. Caldwell had been offered the pastorate of the First Presbyterian church. James McEntee, the proprietor, and others persuaded the newly-married couple to remain in Rome, and they taught one of the first schools of any pretensions in a part of their dwelling, the old John Ross House,** in which they had been temporarily settled by the owner, Col. Alfred Shorter. After assuming charge of the Rome Female College on Eighth Avenue in 1856, they taught on East Second Street.

Another early hotel was the Choice House, built by John Choice, probably prior to 1850. This was conducted from 1855 to 1857 by Wm. Melton Roberts, father of Frank Stovall Roberts, of Washington, D. C. It was located where the Hotel Forrest now stands. For several years around 1857 it had six colonial columns of white in front.

The Buena Vista, at the southeast corner of Broad Street and Sixth Avenue, was built in 1843 by an Irishman named Thos. Burke, who soon got into a serious difficulty and turned the property over to Daniel R. Mitchell as a fee for representing him.

About 1850 Wm. Ketcham was proprietor of the Etowah House, southeast corner of Broad Street and Second Avenue, and in 1863 the proprietor was Gen. Geo. S. Black.

The Tennessee House was started at the end of the Civil War by

*Report of Secretary of War on Cherokee Treaty (1835), p. 995.

**Destroyed in 1864 by soldiers of the Union Army, according to the late Mrs. Robt. Battey. No reason can be assigned for the destruction of this property except that Ross was in bad odor with the United States Government at the time.

Jas. A. Stansbury. It stood at the northeast corner of Broad Street and First Avenue, and later became the Rome Hotel.

The first newspaper, according to The Weekly Bulletin of Thursday, Jan. 8, 1876, was the Western Georgian, published by Gen. Jas. Hemphill and Samuel S. Jack.* It was started in 1837, and Mr. Jack was the first editor. The location was at 602 East First Street, where a hand press was installed. This was on the spot where Mrs. Naomi P. Bale now lives.

Pisgah Baptist church at Coosa is the oldest religious institution of its kind in the county. It was organized in the spring of 1833 by Rev. Hugh Quin and associates.

The First Presbyterian of Rome was founded at Livingston Oct. 29, 1833, and removed to Rome Apr. 17, 1845, by Rev. J. M. M. Caldwell.

The First Baptist is the oldest church in Rome, having been founded May 16, 1835.**



REV. J. M. M. CALDWELL, Presbyterian minister and for about 40 years teacher of young women at Rome.

The First Methodist was organized at Rome in 1840 by Mrs. Samuel S. Jack, Mrs. James Hammet, Mrs. Daniel R. Mitchell, Mrs. Jesse Lamberth, Mrs. Samuel Stewart and Miss Emily McDow. The location was the southwest corner of Sixth Avenue and E. Second Street. The circuit of which Rome was an appointment in 1836 extended from Knoxville, Tenn., to the Chattahoochee River, and Rev. J. B. McFerrin, of Tennessee, stood every four months on a stump at Fifth Avenue and West First Street (now the courthouse property) and preached to mixed crowds of Indians, negroes and whites.*** On one of these occasions Dr. McFerrin converted John Ross, who thereafter spread the doctrines of Methodism among his tribesmen.**** It is considered worthy of note in this connection that Sam P. Jones, the Methodist evangelist, went to preaching 40 years later four blocks from this spot and two blocks from the Fourth Ward home of Ross.

St. Peter's Episcopal church was first located at Fifth Avenue and E. First Street, and was established Mar. 31, 1854, by Rev. Thos. Fielding Scott, of Marietta, and associates.

The First Christian church was organized Feb. 13, 1896.

Sardis Presbyterian church at Livingston and churches in Ridge Valley and Vann's Valley (such as the Baptist, the Methodist and the Episcopal at Cave Spring) and at

*Mrs. Naomi P. Bale states that Mr. Jack's daughter, Amanda (the first white child born in Rome), said it was the Rome Enterprise. J. O. Winfrey calls it the Northwest Georgian, and says Miles Corbin was associated with Mr. Jack. Mr. Jack's father was a soldier in the American Revolution.

**According to Acts, 1837, p. 48, the trustees of the corporation on Dec. 25, 1837, were Wesley Shropshire, Elijah Lumpkin, Jobe Rogers, Thos. W. Burton and Alford B. Reece.

***Directory, First Methodist Church, Historical sketch by Mrs. Naomi P. Bale, 1918.

****Authority: Belle K. Abbott in The Atlanta Constitution, 1889.

Armuchee, Chulio, Everett Springs and the other pioneer districts of the county are also very old. Some folks say Sardis Presbyterian is older than Pisgah Baptist; others say it ain't.

The Episcopal church at Cave Spring, by the way, was built through the generosity of Francis S. Bartow and his parents, Dr. and Mrs. Theodosius Bartow, of Savannah, who maintained a summer home there a number of years before 1860. The land for this church was given by Maj. Armistead Richardson.

The Baptist church of Cave Spring stands on the Hearn Academy campus. The brick it contains, still in a fine state of preservation, were made of Floyd County clay by the slaves of Maj. Armistead Richardson, Alexander Thornton Harper and Carter W. Sparks.

The Prospect Baptist church, near Coosa, was founded in 1856.

Undoubtedly the oldest religious agency in the county (now only a memory) was the mission at Coosa (then known as Missionary Station). This was established in 1821 by Rev. Elijah Butler and his wife, Esther Butler, of the North, who were succeeded in the work by Rev. Hugh Quin, about 1827.

Such business establishments as might be expected in a growing town sprang up between 1834 and 1861. Col. Alfred Shorter began to trade in cotton, merchandise and real estate, and was recognized as Rome's leading financier and business man. Col. Cunningham M. Pennington, a civil engineer, appeared on the scene as Col. Shorter's agent, and also gave considerable attention to railroad enterprises. Chas. M. Harper, a nephew, likewise was early associated with Col. Shorter.

A postoffice was set up at a convenient spot in the center of town and all the folks came for their mail. The streets were bad for many years, and pigs and cattle roamed over them at will, and many a Roman of the period kept a pig-sty in his yard. The thoroughfares were lighted at night with oil lamps and the homes with lamps or candles, and early retiring was the rule, and early rising, too.

Stage coach lines were established, with thrice a week service, leading to Cassville through North Rome, to New Echota via Oostanaula River road, to Jacksonville, Ala., and Cave Spring via the Cave Spring road, to the towns of Chattooga County via the Summerville road, and to Livingston and points beyond through the Black's Bluff road.

Practically all these roads of the present were originally Indian trails, notably the Alabama road, which was the old Creek path from



MRS. J. M. M. CALDWELL, of the old Rome Female College, who taught Mrs. Woodrow Wilson and many others.

Alabama through northwest Georgia. These stages were joggling, rickety affairs, pulled by four horses. As we view it now, it was worth a man's life to undertake a long journey, but somehow they always reached their destination and the trouble of getting there was forgotten in a delightfully long stay. Mail was carried in pouches and the stage driver was responsible for its safe delivery. To facilitate this object, the driver usually went armed, and was seldom molested. Among the early drivers and proprietors might be mentioned John H. Wisdom, who in 1863 warned Romans of the approach of Col. Streight's raiders, and Esom Graves Logan, J. R. Powell, Jos. H. Sergeant and other old timers.

Connections were made by stage with more remote points, such as Athens, Covington, Milledgeville, Macon and Augusta. Atlanta did not appear until Dec. 23, 1843, when it was incorporated as Terminus.* Her name was changed to Marthasville, and then by an act approved Dec. 29, 1847, it became Atlanta.** Nine years before a village sprang up on the site of Atlanta, Romans had had a vision of a "terminus" on their own particular spot. Rome was the frontier outpost of Cherokee Georgia, as far as the rest of the state was concerned. It was the connecting link between "Old Georgia" and "Old Tennessee," the clearing house for the cotton, corn, wheat and produce of the rich Coosa Valley and the northeastern Alabama towns.

Rome's strategic position was perhaps best realized by William Smith, who in 1836 was elected to the State Senate with the idea that he might have a bill passed at Milledgeville which would cause the proposed State Railroad to stop at Rome instead of at some point in Tennessee, which later became Chattanooga. The people were not ready for such a radical step, however. The Steamboat Coosa had come all the way up from Greensport, Ala., had given the natives a good fright, and this was enough of transportation improvements for a long time. When Col. Smith offered for re-election, he was defeated by James Wells. Col. Smith bided his time, unloosed a new supply of political thunder and defeated Mr. Wells in 1838. Success still did not come, and in 1839 he was defeated by Jos. Watters, who served two years and then was defeated by Col. Smith in 1841. For three years, through 1843, Col. Smith pushed this project and others. He was given strong assurance that Rome would be made the terminus of the road, which would certainly have caused the place to boom like a mining town of the far West. Such a strong fight was made by Col. Smith during these years that an association of citizens at Chattanooga invited him to come there to live in a handsome home that would cost him nothing. He was too strongly committed to the place of his adoption, and continued the fight for Rome.

When success seemed certain, Col. Smith and another founder of the town, Maj. Philip W. Hemphill, built a steamboat in anticipation of the tremendous trade that would be created. The hull of the boat was made by William Adkins, father of Wm. H. Adkins, of Atlanta, formerly of Rome. It was eased into the Oostanaula with appropriate ceremonies and her flag raised, bearing the name of her projector, William Smith. The machinery was not installed for a time, possibly due to a delay in delivery, or the desire of the own-

*Acts, 1843, p. 83.

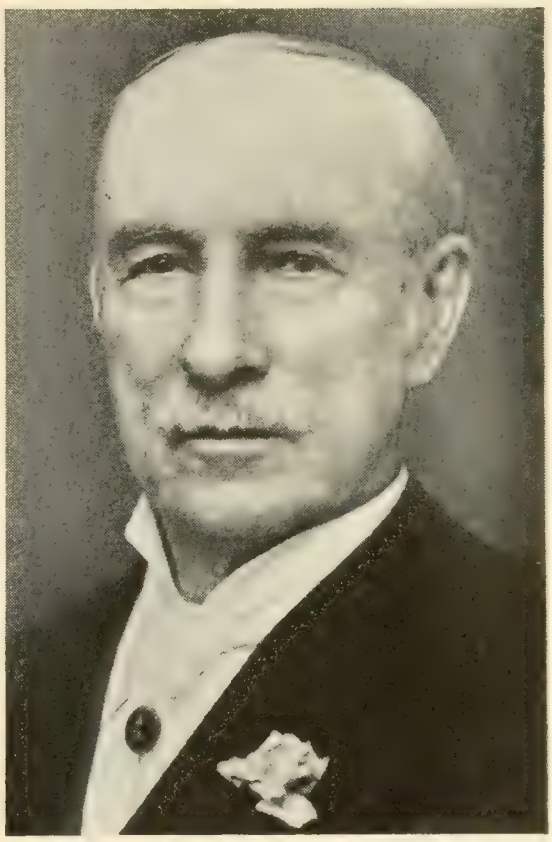
**Acts, 1847, p. 50. It was by this act that Rome advanced from the status of town to that of city, and the city limits were extended to include all territory in a radius of half a mile from the courthouse.

ers to see the bill pass before they should increase their investment.

Something went wrong at Milledgeville. The Whiteside interests at Chattanooga, augmented by a faction in Georgia who thought better of the Chattanooga terminus, proved too strong for the Cherokee Georgia contingent. The bill as passed included Chattanooga. Rome was to be isolated to some extent; the road was to pass 16 miles away, through Cass County, from Marthasville northwestward.

Col. Smith smiled his acquiescense, but there was no estimating his disappointment. One night the William Smith sank, at the point where the Central of Georgia trestle crosses the Oostanaula. Prattling tongues said Col. Smith bored holes in her bottom. He would never talk about it much, beyond saying that the action of the Legislature had greatly crippled Rome. He did not try to raise the boat, and up to 25 years ago her muddy hull could still be seen at "low tide."

In these days of slave labor, limited transportation facilities, heavy crops and lack of industrialism, the thoughts of the upper classes naturally turned to politics. The newspapers printed four pages of six columns each once or twice a week. The advertisements were usually small and the other space must be filled up. When people married, they remained married, and a divorce was a rarity and considered a disgrace. There were a good many fights with knives in grog shops, and an occasional duel, but news-gathering facilities had not been developed, and the papers were consequently filled with "views." Every editor was a savior of the country, and spread-eagle literary efforts readily found their way into the newspapers from politicians or statesmen. Presidential and Gubernatorial messages were



DR. ELIJAH L. CONNALLY, Atlantan, Floyd County native, who as a baby was nursed by Indian Chiefs Tahchansee and Turkey.

printed in full and were considered choice morsels for the head of the house. Greer's Almanac furnished weather predictions for everybody. Politics often consumed a page or two, and communications on topics that today are of much less consequence often ran into two or three columns. As for the women, they religiously read "Godey's Ladies' Book," an eastern publication which met needs like the Ladies' Home Journal of today.

It is not necessarily a reflection on Rome that in the first 26 years of her existence, from 1834 to 1860, she elected more men to Congress than has the Rome of the 57 years from 1865 to 1922. A new country always develops rugged leadership and the fearless expression of opinion that goes with a daily fight for existence. In this early period Rome sent four men to Congress. They were, in order, Judge John H. Lumpkin, who had previously served his uncle, Governor Wilson

Lumpkin, as secretary, and had gone to the legislature in 1835; Thos. C. Hackett, Judge Lumpkin's law partner, who succeeded him; Judge Augustus R. Wright, who had removed to Rome in 1855; and Judge Jno. W. H. Underwood who was a member of the Georgia delegation which walked out of Congress early in 1861 without taking the pains to resign. Only two men living in Rome at the time of their election have since been sent to Congress—Judson C. Clements and Judge Jno. W. Maddox.

Judge Lumpkin came near putting Rome on the map as the residence of the Governor of Georgia; that is, assuming he could have been elected over the eloquent and polished Benjamin H. Hill. Also, it is likely he would have been the War Governor. On June 24, 1857, the Democrats met at Milledgeville to nominate a candidate to oppose the new American or Know-Nothing party. Lumpkin led the balloting for some time, but he could not get the necessary two-thirds, and in a stampede, the nomination went to Jos. E. Brown. Alfred H. Colquitt, later Governor, also missed it narrowly. In the election held later, Brown defeated Hill, the American party nominee, by about 10,000 popular votes.

This convention attracted the leading men of the state, and Rome's representatives were Judge Augustus R. Wright, who on one ballot received five votes; Judge Jno. W. H. Underwood and Daniel S. Printup. At all such gatherings Rome was prominently put forward. Her leading men went to the national conventions on an equal footing with the large cities of the state; and on numerous occasions Governors, Senators and Congressmen came to Rome to seek the advice of these noble Romans. Among the Governors were Chas. J. McDonald, Herschel V. Johnson and Jos. E. Brown. When Judge Lumpkin died in the summer of 1860 at the Choice House, he was in company with a group of statesmen.

Quite often the Romans suited the convenience of their political friends; quite often also they wrote a note saying, "Come up and let us talk it over." The Choice House veranda was a capital place for these gatherings, but occasionally a dignitary accepted an invitation to a private fireside and was treated to social courtesies which had nothing to do with politics.

A contemporary writer said of Rome's "quartette" and Dr. H. V. M. Miller, United States Senator elected in 1868 while residing in Atlanta:

> John H. Lumpkin was the candidate of North Georgia, which section vigorously claimed the right to have the Governor. Lumpkin had been a congressman and a judge of the Superior Court and was a gentleman of excellent ability.
>
> Dr. Miller, though a physician, won the soubriquet of "The Demosthenes of the Mountains" in his innumerable political encounters, for which he had the same passion that the Irishman is popularly believed to have for a "free fight." Deeply versed in constitutional law and political lore, a reasoner of rare power and as fine an orator as we have ever had in Georgia, capable of burning declamation and closely-knit argument, he was the peer on the stump of any of the great political speakers of the last half-century in Georgia.
>
> Unfortunately for him, he had two perilous peculiarities—a biting sarcasm that delighted in exhibition of its crushing power, and that spared neither friend nor foe, and a contemptuous and incurable disregard of party affiliations. He never in his life worked in harmony with any party or swallowed whole any single party platform. And no man ever had more stubborn independence and self-assertion.*
>
> Judge Wright, of Rome, was one of the brightest thinkers and most sparkling orators we had, but an embodied independent.**
>
> Judge Underwood was a racy talker,

*History of Georgia, 1850-1881, by I. W. Avery, p. 40.
**Ibid, p. 33.



LITTLE TEXAS VALLEY—by Lillian Page Coulter

a fluent, effective speaker and a good lawyer, with a portly, fine presence and manner; he would have made a far more commanding figure in Georgia politics, even, than he has with the possession of a greater quota of stability.*

An evidence of the manner in which Romans kept pace with the political trend is furnished in the following letter, dated at Rome, Jan. 18, 1854, from Judge Lumpkin to Howell Cobb:**

Dear Cobb:—I was with McDonald*** a good deal while he was here, and he was in fine health and most excellent spirits. In fact, I have never seen him when he was on better terms with himself and the most of the world. He has not much fancy for our friend, Col. Underwood, and I think he has not a great deal of respect for Dr. Singleton. I had no conversation with him in regard to the position of United States Senator, nor did he give me any intimation that he expected to go into Mr. Pierce's cabinet. But William Fort, of this place, a nephew of Dr. Fort, and who is the intimate friend and supporter of Gov. McDonald, informs me that Jefferson Davis is in correspondence with McDonald, and that McDonald informed him confidentially that he would go to Milledgeville immediately this week, and if he could control some three or four of his friends and induce them to go into your support for United States Senator, that he would then tender back to the party the nomination and go in publicly for your election; and if this was successful, he had no doubt of your election to the United States Senate,**** and that he would be appointed Secretary of War in the place of Jefferson Davis, would would also go into the Senate from the State of Mississippi. He further informed me that Brown was an applicant for the Senate from Mississippi, and that this difficulty would have to be accommodated by providing for Brown in some other way. I feel confident that this arrangement will be carried out, and if so, the party in Georgia will be once more thoroughly united and cemented. . .

Locally, politics was active, but it was not confined to local offices or questions. The newspaper editors saw to it that their readers were well posted on national matters and characters. To inspire Georgians and Romans there stood the examples of Wm. H. Crawford, United States Senator and minister to France, who might have occupied the Presidential chair except for an unfortunate stroke of paralysis;***** Howell Cobb, Georgia Governor, speaker of the National House, and Secretary of the Treasury; John Forsyth, Governor of Georgia, United States Senator and Secretary of State; Wm. H. Stiles, minister to Austria; Benj. C. Yancey, minister to Argentine; John E. Ward, minister to China; Herschel V. Johnson, United States Senator and candidate for vice-president on the ticket of Stephen A. Douglas against Abraham Lincoln in 1860; and a number of others who bore Georgia's banner in the front of the procession. Georgia did not play "second fiddle" to any state or the village of Rome to any city.

Few of Rome's early records were kept, and apparently no newspaper files before 1850 are in existence. Several copies of the Rome Weekly Courier of 1850-51-52 were made available through the courtesy of H. H. Wimpee, of South Rome, and from these we get the best view of the political conditions up to that time, and looking ahead into the dark days of 1861-5.

By 1850 we find the old Whig party beginning to disintegrate, but its adherents fighting grimly. In that year its last President, Millard Fillmore, was inaugurated. Democrats were holding their own; after Fillmore they elected Franklin Pierce and James Buchanan. The Republican party was rising in power. The American Party

*Avery's History of Georgia, p. 52.

**Georgia Historical Quarterly, June, 1922, ps. 148-9.

***Chas. J. McDonald, Governor from 1839 to 1843.

****The election was held Jan. 23, 1854. Wm. C. Dawson, Whig incumbent, McDonald and Cobb were beaten by a Southern Rights Democrat, Alfred Iverson, of Columbus.

*****Georgia's Landmarks, Memorials and Legends, Vol. II, p. 15.



JOSEPH WATTERS, a member of the State Legislature in the forties, for whom the Watters District was named.

sprang up at the expense of the Whigs; they were the "middle of the road" host, or "Know Nothings." The States Rights Democrats, often called "Fire-Eaters," were a wing of the Democratic party, in the main. The Constitutional Unionists were formidable, North and South. Smaller factions likewise existed.

An idea of the intense heat issuing from the political pot may be gained from the statement that meetings at this time were attended by 10,000 to 20,000 people. The slavery and states' rights issues were fast coming to a head. Elections held in Georgia showed a large majority of people favorable to maintaining the Union. On Oct. 24, 1850, Jos. Watters and Edward Ware received 882 and 809 votes, respectively, and Dr. Alvin Dean 121 votes, in a Floyd County election for two delegates to the state convention Dec. 10, 1850, at Milledgeville. Dr. Dean represented the disunionist element, or "fire-eaters." The vote of the delegates on secession measures was heavily in favor of preserving the status quo. The eyes of the nation were focused on Georgia, and a different result, it is believed, would have hastened the Civil War by a decade.

The following political letters were published in A. M. Eddleman's Rome Weekly Courier on Thursday morning, Oct. 24, 1850:

Hermitage,
Floyd County, Ga.
Oct. 15, 1850.

To Messrs. H. V. M. Miller, Jno. H. Lumpkin and W. T. Price, Union Party Committee:

Gentlemen: Your letter of the 10th inst., notifying me that at a very large meeting of the citizens of Floyd County, held in Rome on the 10th, I was unanimously nominated as one of the candidates to represent the county in the convention which is to assemble in Milledgeville, Dec. 10, has been received. You enclose a copy of the resolutions adopted by the meet-



MOUNT ALTO—From A Watercolor Sketch by Lillian Page Coulter

ing, expressing its opinion on the pending issues, and calling my attention to them.

I have carefully examined the resolutions and do approve of them as adopted by the meeting. As such, I accept the nomination received, and should I be elected by the voters of the county, I will oppose any measure leading to a dissolution of the Union.

Should Congress at any time exhibit its purpose to war upon our property or withhold our just constitutional rights, I as a Southern man stand ready to vindicate those rights in the Union as long as possible and out of the Union when we are left no other alternative.

Respectfully yours,

JOSEPH WATTERS.

*Courtesy, Floyd Co., Ga., Oct. 16, 1850.

To Messrs. H. V. M. Miller, Jno. H. Lumpkin and W. T. Price, Union Party Committee:

Gentlemen: I received your polite note of the 10th inst. yesterday evening, informing me of my unanimous nomination by a large and respectable meeting of the citizens of Floyd County as one of the two candidates to represent them at Milledgeville Dec. 10. I consent to represent them if I should be elected.

I am requested by your honorable committee to give a pledge to support the resolutions submitted to me for my consideration. I pledge myself to support no measure leading to a violation of the Constitution of the United States or dissolution of the Union.

Gentlemen, I have the honor to be your most obedient servant,

EDWARD WARE.

Editor Eddleman was a staunch Union man himself, and his views were shared by many, as the following editorial item from the same issue of his paper will show:

Kingston Mass Meeting.—Let no one forget the gathering of the friends of the Union at Kingston on Nov. 8. Ample accommodation will be provided for 20,000 persons, and we hope to see at least that number in attendance. The noblest fabric of government ever purchased by the blood of patriotism or formed by the wisdom of man is threatened with destruction. Is there public virtue enough in the hearts of the people to save it? If the assault were made by a foreign foe, 100,000 bayonets in Georgia would bristle in its defense. Shall the enthusiasm be less warm, the determination less firm, to hazard all in its protection, because the enemy is in our midst?

Come out, then, to the meeting at Kingston, and let us mingle our voices in loud and long huzzas for the glorious old government of our ancestors, endeared to us as it is by the reminiscences of the past, the incalculable blessings of the present and the bright anticipations of the future—spreading before the imagination a career of prosperity, of greatness and grandeur, to which all history affords no parallel. Let us meet and firmly resolve at any cost to maintain it pure and inviolate, as we received it. Come, people of Cherokee Georgia, and partake of the hospitality of your fellow citizens of Cass and Floyd. Come and listen to the eloquence of Stephens, and Cobb, and Toombs, and Andrews, and Pettigrew, and a host of others who are to be there to address you. Come and enjoy a "feast of reason and a flow of soul." Let the wisdom of age be there to moderate and control the fire and impetuosity of youth. Let the presence and the smile of woman, as in every contest of patriotism the world over, be ready to cheer and encourage the hardier sex in the performance of its duty.

Let no one stay away because of the supposed weakness of our adversaries. They are more numerous than many suppose. They have talents, courage, cunning and money, and evince a determination to spend them freely in the desperate cause in which they have embarked. Come and show by your spirit and numbers your resolution to permit no sacrilegious hand to render asunder the Glorious Flag of your Country. It has formed the winding sheet of many of your patriot ancestors. It has been to Americans in every land and on every sea, as far as human foot has trod, the Aegis of Safety. Proudly has it waved over a thousand bloody but victorious battlefields, and it is for you to say whether it shall be transmitted unsullied to your posterity. Let there be for centuries no stain upon it, no erasure; but on its bright field let every STAR and every STRIPE forever shine resplendently in glorious equality!

Thus were the war clouds assuming shape. The next ten years was to be a period of preparation

*Supposed to have been located at Six Mile Station, Vann's Valley.

in thought and to a considerable extent at its close preparation in arms and munitions of war. Some years before this, statesmen and military leaders saw the prospect clearly. In 1844 Lieut. Wm. T. Sherman, just out of West Point, was ordered to go by horseback from Charleston to Marietta to assist in hearing claims of Georgia volunteers in the Seminole War for lost horses and equipment. After finishing at Marietta, he passed through Cass (now Bartow) County, and examined the Tumlin Indian mound near Cartersville with Col. Lewis Tumlin; then proceeded to Bellefonte, Jackson Co., Ala., to continue his duties. He made a thorough study of the country from the military standpoint, especially Kennesaw Mountain, Allatoona Pass and the Etowah river.* After spending two months at Bellefonte, he returned to Ft. Moultrie, Charleston Harbor, on horseback via Rome, Allatoona, Marietta (and Kennesaw), Atlanta, Macon and Augusta, following closely parts of the route he took 20 years later on his "March to the Sea."**



COL. ALFRED SHORTER, whom William Smith induced to come to Rome from Alabama, and who gave Dixie Shorter College.

Another distinguished guest of Rome who came on a different mission was Jefferson Davis;*** and still another, on Tuesday, Oct. 29, 1850, was Col. Albert J. Pickett, of Alabama, concerning whose mission the Rome Weekly Courier of Thursday, Oct. 31, 1850, printed the following notice:

Col. Pickett On DeSoto's Route.— Col. Albert J. Pickett, of Montgomery, Ala., author of the History of Alabama and incidentally of Georgia and Mississippi, entertained a large number of our citizens for two hours Tuesday evening at the courthouse, giving an interesting account of the invasion of Georgia by DeSoto, more than three centuries ago. Col. Pickett is in possession of a more minute account of this remarkable adventure than any man we have ever seen. Upon the site of our city, he asserted, DeSoto encamped with 1,000 men for 30 days, during which time a battle was fought between the Spaniards under his command and the Indian tribes then inhabiting this country. Evidences of this battle still exist in the shape of human bones dug out of a mound near the junction of the Etowah and the Oostanaula.

From 1840 to 1861 Rome grew fast. In this period Wm. R. Smith (called "Long Bill" because he wore his hair in a queue down his back), Col. Wade S. Cothran and Col. Daniel S. Printup appeared. All engaged in railroad enterprises, and in addition, Col. Printup attended to a large law business, and Col. Cothran acquired an interest in the steamboat lines, for which Capt. F. M. Coulter had built a number of handsome and serviceable boats.

*Sherman's Memoirs, 1875, Vol. II.

**U. S. Senate Documents, Vol. 40, "Sherman—a Memorial Sketch."

***According to Mrs. Hiram D. Hill, Mr. Davis visited her parents, Col. and Mrs. Danl. R. Mitchell. Mrs. Mitchell was a member of the Mann family, to whose members Mr. Davis was also related. Mr. Davis and Mrs. Mitchell were second cousins, according to Mrs. Hill.



LAVENDER MOUNTAIN—From a Watercolor Sketch by Lillian Page Coulter

The Rome Railroad (originally the Memphis Branch Railroad and Steamboat Company of Georgia) was chartered Dec. 21, 1839, and the whole town turned out several years later when the first train puffed in from Kingston, 16 miles and a good hour away.* In 1855 the Nobles came from Reading, Pa., to give Rome a decided boost in iron manufactures. The LeHardys arrived from Belgium to found their Belgian colony, an experiment which added much to the agricultural interest and the social, educational and cultural importance of Rome. Major Chas. H. Smith ("Bill Arp") moved over from Lawrenceville in 1851, and thus Rome acquired a literary expounder who could proclaim her glories abroad, a sweet-voiced singer who could put her wonders into type and an artist who could paint her rude characters in the colors of their native abode.

Rome soon acquired a case of "growing pains." The editors began to call for better things than what Rome had had. The flickering street lamps and the house lamps and candles were an abomination. An enterprising firm advertised "camphine" as better than any light except the sun; ten years later, in 1860, a local firm started selling machines to make gas out of pine logs.

In 1850 a volunteer fire company was formed, with a reel that would carry buckets of water. Robt. Battey was president and David G. Love secretary. "Water, water" was everywhere, but there were no pipes to carry it in, and there was no pump to send it into a gravity tank. Luckily, the early fires were usually small, except one in 1858, which took most of the block on the west side of Broad Street between Fourth and Fifth Avenues. The volunteers called for extra apparatus, but none was forthcoming for a while. Rome was not to be built in a day.

Soda water and ice cream appeared in 1850, and created a sensation. There was no great demand for them; the people needed such money as they had for more urgent necessities; most of all, perhaps, they were new and untried. In 1860 the druggists attempted to make soda water go again, and gave away quantities to introduce it. The name of it at that time was soda pop. The two drug stores were conducted by Dr. J. D. Dickerson and Battey & Brother. The senior member of the latter was Dr. Geo. M. Battey, and the junior member Robt. Battey. Dr. Dickerson not only ran his drug store, but found time to act as the first mayor, which position he filled two terms, until December, 1850, when he retired in favor of Jas. P. Perkins. Mr. Perkins was followed by Nathan Yarbrough in 1852. Other early mayors, of uncertain date, were Wm. Cook Gautier Johnstone and Jas. M. Sumter. In 1857 Judge

*Judge John W. H. Underwood used to say it was the only railroad in the country that a man could ride all day for a dollar.



MRS. ALFRED SHORTER, long prominent in the work of the 1st Baptist Church, and an able assistant to her remarkable husband.

Robt. D. Harvey was mayor, and in 1859-60 H. A. Gartrell, lawyer and uncle of Henry W. Grady.* Old newspapers state that Dr. Thos. Jefferson Word was elected mayor in 1861 and succeeded himself in 1862.

The proprietor of The Courier, an occasional traveler, informed his readers as follows, Jan. 30, 1851:

Mail Change.—We are informed by Thos. J. Perry, Esq., postmaster at this city, that he has received a communication from the Department at Washington giving assurance of a speedy and salutary change in the transportation of the mail and passengers between this place and Guntersville, Ala. A four-horse stage coach will soon take the place of the spring wagon. Very well.

And he piped this summarizing panegyric to the young city under date of Feb. 5, 1851:

Rome, Its Prospects.—It is gratifying to watch the gradual but certain growth of our young and vigorous city. Buildings of various kinds are rapidly going up and valuable accessions are being made to our population. Since the completion of the "Rome Railroad," business has steadily increased, and under a wise and liberal policy will be largely augmented during the next few years. If we are not greatly deceived, Rome will double its population of more than 3,000 in the next four years, provided its resources are properly directed and its interests prudently fostered. Its population with the exception of some 20 or 30 very clever doctors and lawyers, (who, we are happy to say, have but little to do), is made up mostly of substantial business men who are permanently identified with the place and deeply interested in its prosperity and reputation.

Surrounded by a country of unsurpassed beauty and fertility, occupied by an unusually dense and valuable agricultural population—at the terminus of railroad and steamboat transportation—Rome is and must ever continue to be a place of considerable commercial importance.

We hope before the commencement of another business season we shall be able to record the establishment of a bank in our City.** Such an institution under proper regulations will greatly promote the convenience and prosperity of every class of our citizens. Our business men should take this matter under immediate consideration, or a large and profitable interior trade may be forever diverted from their control.

———

"Ye call us a small town?" quoth Editor Melville Dwinell Mar. 3, 1860. "Harken ye!":

A person living in Middle or Lower Georgia, who has never visited the "Metropolis of Cherokee," has an idea that it is like all other up-country towns, composed of a courthouse in the center of a square, surrounded by two taverns, a variety store, a ten pin alley, a blacksmith shop and three groceries. He therefore expresses great surprise on coming to our *City* for the first time, to discover what an egregious mistake he has made. One eye is opened *slightly* when he arrives at the depot and beholds those city institutions, church steeples, and an omnibus, and by the time his baggage is seized and violently tugged at by zealous drummers, from our two large rival hotels, *that eye* is wide open. The lids of the other begin to part company, in order to give a better view of the long line of fine brick stores, stretching *away up* Broad Street, at the head of which, upon an eminence overlooking the city, is the handsome residence of our Ex-M. C.,*** and the imposing building of "Rome Female College."

At night, when our stores and street are illuminated with gas, the rays of enlightenment begin to shine in upon his benighted mind.

If he be here on the Sabbath, and is not a "heathen or a publican," he attends one of our four churches, and finds it filled with an intelligent and attentive congregation, and hears a sermon that would be listened to with interest and profit by any similar assembly in the State. On Monday morning, his curiosity being aroused, he strolls down one side of Broad Street, and up the other to observe the style and extent of our business. While he stands wondering at the number of cotton and produce wagons "coming to town," and our energetic business men hurrying to and fro, if it be a pleasant day, and he an unmarried man, his heart leaps as he hears *tiny*

*This list of before-the-war mayors is the completest and most accurate that it has been possible to obtain.

**Several small banks of a fly-by-night character had been established and had gone out of business prior to 1851.

***Judge John H. Lumpkin.



BARNSLEY GARDENS (Bartow County)—by Lillian Page Coulter

heels, (bless their little *soles*), pattering on the pavement behind him. He turns, and his gaze is fixed upon a sweet and intelligent face, just as far in advance of "a dear love of a bonnet" as the most enthusiastic admirer of "beauty when unadorned" could wish.

If not transfixed, he, like one of Dame Nature's loyal subjects, obeys her "supreme law," and immediately *steps off the sidewalk*, to make room for the widest circles of fashion that are "trundling" his way. Drawn irresistibly, he follows, and entering one of our many large dry goods houses, he sees several industrious and smiling clerks, energetically employed in pulling down and unrolling, and then rolling and putting up again, an extensive assortment of calicoes, bereges, silks, satins, muslins, delaines, etc., etc., to accommodate the fair customers, who throng the counters "only to *see* the latest spring styles." All doubts that may have been excited by the information that Rome has furnished the last three Congressmen from the Fifth District* are dispelled, and he is "convinced against his will" that we have reached the highest point of civilization.

But he has yet to learn the importance of Rome, in a business point of view; for although he has observed that we have a number of fashionable dry goods establishments, various clothing stores, large grocery houses, three livery stables, two extensive hardware and four drug stores, also one of jewelry, another of crockery and a third of "books and stationery," he is surprised to learn that besides the "college," we have a "Cherokee Institute" for boys and girls together, a high school for the former by themselves, and two or three others, where the younger ideas are just *taking aim;* that we have two "carriage repositories," where fine buggies and other vehicles are made, and that two cabinet shops, with steam motive power, giving employment to about 50 hands, are daily manufacturing on an extensive scale neat and durable furniture of the latest and best styles.**

Upon enquiring the cause of so much blowing and whistling of steam engines, some one of our obliging citizens takes his arm and conducts him down to the foundry*** and shows him a large number of mechanics busily engaged in the manufacture of machinery of all kinds.

He is informed that they built the first, and one of the best locomotives in the State, besides numerous engines for mines, mills, steamboats, etc. He is then taken to the "Nonpareil Mills," and sees meal and flour in large quantities, ground by machinery, set in motion by one of these same engines.

He is still unprepared for the most astounding discovery of all. When told that Rome, away up in the northwest corner of the State, surrounded by the mountains of Cherokee, is situated at the confluence of two streams, upon one of which, and upon the river which they form, *four steamboats* are constantly arriving and departing, he smiles and shakes his head incredulously. In order to convince him, it is only necessary to take him down to the wharves, and point with honest pride to the floating witnesses. Three of them, he is informed, make weekly trips down the Coosa river, to Greensport, Ala., and the fourth, three times a week, up the Oostanaula to Calhoun, Gordon County. Each leaves her wharf with a heavy cargo of merchandise, and returns laden with cotton, grain, lumber, etc., etc.

The "chief among us taking notes," walks thoughtfully away with the conviction that Rome is "no mean city," and if in the course of a year or two he returns and hears the "Iron Horse" snorting through Vann's Valley, bringing its living freight from Mobile and New Orleans, on their way to the Northern cities, he will find that it is making rapid strides to the position of influence and importance to which the hand of Nature points.

The Tri-Weekly Courier of Aug 8, 1860, stated that the population of Floyd County in 1840 was 4,441, and presented the following census table comparisons:****

Year.	Whites.	Slaves.	Free.	Total
1850	5,202	2,999	4	8,205
1860	9,200	5,927	16	15,233

James I. Teat, Floyd County tax receiver, presented the following county tax return figures for 1859 and 1860:*****

Number of polls in 1859, 1,651; in 1860, 1,738—gain, 87.

Legal voters over 60 years of age, 118.

Total number of voters, 1,856.

*Now the seventh.
**Mayor Sumter conducted one of these.
***Nobles'.
****In 1847 it was 3,000.
*****From the Southerner and Advertiser of about Aug. 26, 1860.

Lawyers and physicians in 1859, 57; in 1860, 56.

Free persons of color in 1859, 13; in 1860, 16.

Value of land in 1859, $2,652,003; in 1860, $2,807,435.

Town property in 1859, $446,680; in 1860, $537,951.

Value of slaves in 1859, $4,454,207; in 1860, $3,755,184.

Amount of money, etc., in 1859, $1,937,849; in 1860, $2,104,490.

Merchandise in 1859, $309,559; in 1860, $340,565.

Capital in steamboats in 1859, $6,400; in 1860, $14,910.

All other capital invested in 1859, $23,776; in 1860, $11,784.

Household, etc., in 1859, $35,283; in 1860, $36,805.

All other property in 1859, $496,365; in 1860, $524,667.

Total aggregate, 1859, $9,363,132; in 1860, $10,133,791—total gain, $770,669.

Average value of land per acre, $9.30.

Average value of slaves, $651.70.

Number of men over 60 years of age in proportion to polls, 14¾.



CHAPTER VI.

Views and Events Leading Up to War

ALTHOUGH Floyd had been overwhelmingly a "Union county," her citizens, almost to a man, were willing to go with the majority in any situation affecting the interests of the South. Thus we see the local sentiment gradually changing, until in 1860 the anti-secession forces had lost considerable ground. This was brought about in general by the drift of the times, in particular by the abductions of slaves, the propaganda of traveling emissaries, and the literary efforts of Northern leaders opposed to slavery. The writings of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, who edited an abolitionist paper, Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and Hinton Rowan Helper, author of "The Impending Crisis," greatly inflamed sentiment and tended to knit public opinion more closely.

The Rome Tri-Weekly Courier gives a good view of some of these influences and the incidents which were the outgrowth of them. Says Capt. Dwinell in The Courier of Jan. 10, 1860:

Look Out For Him.—The Knoxville Whig gives the following description of an abolition emissary who, it says, intends "spending the winter at the South." His ostensible business seems to be selling and putting up gas burners, and as Rome will very soon have need of such articles, he may honor us with a visit.

He is about 23 or 25 years of age, weighs about 135, has light hair, sort of gray or blue eyes; his height is about 5 feet, 6 inches; he is fond of music, is a scientific fiddler; goes about as an agent for gas burners; is an incessant talker; is well informed for a man of his age, talks up freely on all subjects. Has letters addressed to him at different points, sometimes John Jenkins, at other times to J. P. Jenkins, and again to J. W. P. Jenkins.

The Whig says he spent some time in Jacksboro, Tenn., and on his return to his home, Brooklyn, N. Y., he wrote a long letter on the subject of slavery to a citizen of the former place. We subjoin an extract, and hope a strict watch may be kept for him:

"Depend upon it, when Brown* dies, the ghost will haunt many that may gloat upon the sight, or imaginary one of Brown and his party, as they see them dangling on the scaffold paying their desire of revenge! And ere long there will be a howling in their ears with thunder tones the snappings and crackings of those long-forged chains, until they awake as from a dream at last, in which they shall see their folly in having executed men for their feelings of benevolence.

"I see that the institution is getting very sick. It has the ague in its worst form in Virginia. It has the consumption, and almost a galloping one, in Missouri. So it has in portions of Kentucky and many parts of the South. The seeds of discontent are being sowed broadcast, even to the most remote regions. Not through the influence of emissaries from the North particularly, but by the force of the power of emigration and civilization."

There are too many of these scoundrels prowling about through the Southern states. Their object is the same as is proclaimed in the "Impending Crisis," and attempted to be carried out by John Brown and his confederates—emancipation of our slaves—attended by murder, arson and all that is terrible and revolting in a servile war. We are no advocates of mob law, but we believe in the first law of nature, and in such instances as these, frequently our only safety is in summary proceedings.

We learn from the Atlanta papers that last week in that city one of these vile incendiaries, named Newcomb, a clerk in a dry goods house, drank a toast to the health of John Brown, and eulogized his character. He was allowed to escape without just punishment for his temerity. We are opposed to rashness and precipitancy in such cases, but when guilt is fully established, these fellows should be dealt

*John Brown; hanged Dec. 2, 1859, at Charlestown, Va., for raid on Harper's Ferry.

with in such manner as will cause them to remember the lesson the balance of their days, and enable them to recite it with earnestness and eloquence to such of their friends as may seem inclined to embark on similar enterprises.

The Impending Crisis.—We find the subjoined extract from this notorious book in one of our exchanges. Southerners can infer from it the purpose and character of the work:

"So it seems that the total number of actual slave owners, including their entire crew of cringing lick-spittles, against whom we have to contend, is but 347,525. Against the army for the defense and propagation of slavery, we think it will be an easy matter—independent of the negroes, who in nine cases out of ten would be delighted with an opportunity to cut their masters' throats, and without accepting a single recruit from the free states, England, France or Germany—to muster one at least three times as large and far more respectable, for its utter extinction. We are determined to abolish slavery at all hazards—in defiance of all opposition of whatever nature, which it is possible for the slaveocrats to muster against us. Of this they may take due notice, and then govern themselves accordingly."

It is nothing more nor less than a declaration of war against the South and her institutions, in which we are warned to "take due notice" that our slaves will be given the opportunity of cutting our throats. And this treasonable document is recommended by 68 Northern men, including Congressmen, Governors and clergymen. It is endorsed by leaders of the Black Republican party, among them John Sherman, of Ohio, their speaker of the House of Representatives; Wm. H. Seward,* Senator from New York, says of it:

"I have read 'The Impending Crisis' with deep attention. It seems to me a work of information and logical analysis."

And Mr. Seward will in all probability be the candidate of his party for the presidency. These facts will do for Southerners to ponder well.

The Courier of Jan. 19, 1860, reproduced the following from the Montgomery Mail as embodying its own sentiments:

Something, Something, Anything!—Now that the state convention of the dominant party has adjourned, the general hope is that the Legislature will do something—anything—by way of preparing to meet the requirements of the war that is almost upon us. Let no man accuse us of disunion purposes. The question is not, will not be, left to the South for decision. The forces of Abolition intend to leave us no option but to fight for our firesides, or do as cowards do. As they moved at Harper's Ferry, so they are preparing to move all over the South. Plots have already been detected and stifled in Missouri. "Irrepressible Conflict" means the knife at your throat and the torch at your house, reader, and both at the dead of night. Whenever you take up and drive off an Abolitionist from your neighborhood, he goes to the next county, and another takes his place. The dead ones cease to act.

The following of Jan. 24, 1860, illustrates a habit of traveling salesmen from the North:

The Latest Dodge.—The Yankees are never at a loss for expedients. During this "impending crisis" they have se-



CAPT. MELVILLE DWINELL, native of Vermont, bachelor and noted Rome newspaper editor, who gave Henry Grady his first "job."

*Mr. Seward became Lincoln's Secretary of War. As a young man he taught school a while at Milledgeville.



A PAGE DEDICATED TO THE HORSE.

Fearing the horse, like his ill-fated predecessor, the ox, might become practically extinct as a result of the onward rush of the automobile and the flying machine, we present these pictures herewith as our contribution to the perpetuation of his fame. No doubt men now living will in the dim future point out to their children some horse, with the remark, "I once rode one of those!"

cured a large amount of Southern custom by sending out their drummers dressed in homespun! The ruse pays, and as drummers are generally expected to be an accommodating set, perfectly free and perfectly persuasive, they never lose an opportunity to talk humorously conservative, as if the political hubbub now rampant was all a meaningless fudge, and the North and the South are as firmly linked as ever. But yet, when a serious discussion arises they are intensely Southern, and their homespun is proof positive!—Petersburg Express.

The Courier of Jan. 26, 1860, apprizes us of an attack on "The Impending Crisis" from the floor of the House by a Roman:*

The following is an extract from the speech of the Hon. John W. H. Underwood, of Rome, in the House of Representatives, Washington, on the 16th inst. It places John Sherman's relation to the Helper book in a new and strong light: "Mr. Clerk, when we assembled in this hall on the first Monday in December last, we found upon the floor of this House 40 members who had 'cordially endorsed' Helper's 'Impending Crisis of the South,' a book which proposes arson, murder, rapine, insurrection and servile war. Among the signers of that 'cordial endorsement' is the honorable gentleman from Ohio, Mr. Sherman, the candidate of the Black Republican party for speaker. . . . That man Helper, some months prior to this 'cordial endorsement,' was exposed by the honorable Senator from North Carolina in the Senate, and denounced as a thief, and this was put into the records of Congress; and not only that, this same Helper assaulted a member of this House (Mr. Craige, of North Carolina) in his seat, about this same work; and I respectfully submit, the honorable gentleman from Ohio was too careless, too unmindful of public events when he endorsed this author's work without knowing the contents of the book. Sir, if ever there was a clear case of criminal negligence, this is the one, if it were a crime to endorse cordially that Helper work!"

Judge Underwood shortly passed through Atlanta:

We find the following in the Atlanta Intelligencer and cheerfully transfer it to our columns as a merited compliment to our immediate representative and fellow townsman. We commend the concluding paragraph to the consideration of the Floyd Cavalry, "quorum ille magna pars," and also to those interested in the organization of the new foot company:

"Hon. John W. H. Underwood, the representative of the Fifth Congressional District, passed through our city yesterday morning. He was looking in fine plight, and so far as looks are concerned, is an ornament to the Georgia delegation in Congress. But he has mental ability as well as looks. Moreover, we find from his conversation that he is fired up with a just sense of the perils impending over the South. He is in favor of arming the South, and advocates on the part of Georgia a preparation to meet the 'irrepressible conflict' which he says must sooner or later come upon us. We cordially respond to his recommendation. Let the State of Georgia arm her military forces, encourage volunteer companies, provide arms and ammunition, and in times of peace prepare for war. This is what prudence demands. We are for peace as long as we can preserve our rights by adherence to it, but when forbearance ceases to be a virtue, we say let the fight come on. We have no fears of the final result of such a conflict."—COURIER, FEB. 9, 1860.

While the polemics of stump and printing press were raging, the boys were busy currying their mounts and polishing their old squirrel guns:

Floyd Cavalry—An Infantry Corps.—The Floyd Cavalry, under command of Capt. W. S. Cothran, paraded in our streets on Saturday. We are glad to see that notwithstanding the discouragements this company have met with, they have persevered in their determination to succeed. Their ranks were not very full, but we hope the election of Col. Cothran to the captaincy will excite additional zeal. We are rejoiced to learn that an infantry company is about being organized in this place.

We call the attention of all the citizens interested in the safety of the country to the fact. In the name of patriotism and in view of the exigencies of the times we entreat them to render all the aid they can. The spies sent out by the Abolition leaders of the North to pry into the conditions of our military system speak in the most

*Since this was launched a week before the Georgia delegation left Congress, quite likely it was Judge Underwood's parting shot.

contemptuous terms of them. They have doubtless thereby been emboldened in their attacks upon our rights. An ample preparation for the worst is the surest way to avert it. Let us not be behind the rest of the state in the work, but let us place these two companies in a position second to none.—COURIER, TUESDAY, FEB. 7, 1860.

Failure to recognize the South as the "white man's country" caused keen embarrassment to a sojourner in Rome, as told under date of Feb. 9, 1860:

An Excitement.—An individual who claimed to be a drummer for a New York house arrived here from Marietta Tuesday afternoon. He was understood by passengers on the car to utter heretical sentiments on the subject of negro equality; and upon information being given to this effect to some of our citizens, he was waited upon and none too politely requested to leave. He seemed to be very earnestly desirous of complying immediately, but was left by the evening train and compelled to wait over until yesterday. At one time he was in immediate danger of being roughly treated, and was so badly scared that he was heard to express a preference for a climate usually considered much warmer than the tropics. He evidently thought Rome too hot for him!

It is a most astonishing thing to us that a Northern man at this juncture will permit an anti-slavery opinion to escape his lips in the South. They must be most stupid folks if they cannot learn under the experience of such teachings as they have had.

This incident suggested to the citizens of Rome a mass meeting two days later to pass resolutions outlawing Northern-made goods. The Courier account and its editorial comment of Saturday, Feb. 11, 1860, are herewith presented:

Non-Intercourse Meeting.—In another column we publish the proceedings of this meeting held in the City Hall on last Thursday. It is an important step in the onward march of the South to independence and greatness. . . . Now the question arises, do we intend to abide by these resolutions? Or will the persons, comprising a large number of our wealthiest and most intelligent citizens, who adopted them with such unanimity, utterly disregard them, as was intimated in the meeting, whenever they can save a few dimes by giving the preference in the purchase of their goods to those merchants who may bring them from the North? If so, the whole affair will be a most absurd failure, a ridiculous farce. We have greater confidence in the sincerity and the self-sacrificing patriotism of the people of Floyd County than to entertain such a thought for a moment.

Citizens' Non-Intercourse Meeting.—Pursuant to a call from a committee made up of W. S. Cothran, J. H. Lumpkin, J. R. Freeman, J. M. Spullock, W. A. Fort, C. H. Smith, J. B. Underwood, F. C. Shropshire, Alfred Shorter, Dr. J. King, T. W. Alexander, Dr. T. J. Word, Thos. G. Watters and J. H. McClung, a portion of the citizens of Floyd County met at 11 o'clock at the City Hall, and on motion of Dr. Alvin Dean, his honor the mayor, Henry A. Gartrell, was called to the chair. The chairman then stated the object of the meeting to be to assert our Commercial Independence of the North. On motion of Hon. J. W. H. Underwood, Dr. Alvin Dean and Col. Jos. Watters were named vice-presidents, and J. W. Wofford and Geo. T. Stovall were re-



MAJOR AND MRS. CHAS. H. SMITH—"Bill Arp's" "open letter to Abe Linkhorn" in April, 1861, proved a sensation in the South.

quested to act as secretaries. The chairman appointed the following to act as a steering committee: Thos. E. Williamson, D. B. Hamilton, F. C. Shropshire, J. R. Freeman, Green T. Cunningham, J. F. Hoskinson, B. F. Hooper, J. P. Holt, Jos. Ford, C. P. Dean and B. F. Payne.

While the committee were out, Col. Underwood set forth in an able and eloquent speech the relations existing between the two sections of the country—the aggressive and unconstitutional policy of the North on the one hand and the degrading dependence of the South on the other, and earnestly urged upon those present the duty and importance of throwing off the financial shackles by which the South is bound.

The following resolutions were passed:

"Resolved, first, That the merchants and mechanics of this city and county be requested to patronize Southern manufacturers, Southern markets and direct importations to Southern ports, to the exclusion of all others.

"Resolved, second, That in the purchase of our dry goods, groceries, hardware and other merchandise we will support and sustain those who comply with the foregoing resolutions.

"Resolved, third, That while we have an abiding confidence in the patriotism and fidelity of some of our Northern friends, yet duty to the South requires that we should stand to and abide by the foregoing resolutions until the Northern states demonstrate at the ballot box their fidelity to the Constitution and the laws, by driving from our national councils the leaders of that demoniac crew known as the Black Republican party, and by repealing all their local laws which militate against the common Constitution of our country.

"Resolved, fourth, That the people of the whole country, irrespective of party affiliation, are requested to meet at the City Hall on the first Tuesday in March, next, for the purpose of ratifying the foregoing resolutions."

The resolutions were adopted with only one dissenting vote. Mr. C. H. Smith then offered the following resolution:

"Resolved, That all persons who voted for the foregoing resolutions sign the same."

Unanimously carried. Messrs. W. B. Terhune, R. D. Harvey, G. S. Black, H. Allen Smith, F. C. Shropshire, T. E. Williamson and J. W. H. Underwood had discussed certain features of the matter. Meeting then adjourned after thanking the officers.

On Thursday, May 10, 1860, Capt. Dwinell sounded this warning, which, by the way, was highly prophetic of 1922:

There has, perhaps, been no time since the organization of our government when the public mind has been so completely in confusion as it now is throughout this section of the country. The great party that has for years claimed to be the only *national* one in existence is disrupted and thousands of its members now stand aghast, in confused amazement and know not what to do. A fearful struggle between *love of party* and *patriotism* is going on in their breasts, and cowardly demagogues with timid haste and pale-faced alarm are clambering up on the *neutral fences* and getting ready at the first safe moment to jump to the stronger side. The people should mark these miscreant poltroons who now with cringing cowardice sneak behind; they will soon appear upon the side of the majority and ask to be made *leaders* of the victorious hosts.

A fearful responsibility now rests upon the shoulders of every citizen of the South. Political parties are to a great extent broken up and disorganized and every individual now has to advise himself without the aid of political leaders. Under these circumstances every man should be cautious and prudent, but unwaveringly determined to do right and perform his duty whatever that may be. Old party names and distinctions should be thrown to the dogs, and, actuated by pure patriotism, all men should buckle on their armour and volunteer to fight for our unmistakable constitutional rights and the permanent prosperity of our most sacred institutions.

In these times of political excitement there is danger that the people, being exasperated, may be carried to extremes; therefore be on your guard, and "let all the ends thou aimest at be thy country's, God's, and truth's." Bear in mind that you are *now* at least completely untrammelled, and it is your *most imperative duty*, with patriotic zeal, boldly to contend for justice and the *rights* of your section. Think not too much of "*choosing between evils*," but rather make a determined choice between *right* and *wrong*. "If the Lord be God, serve Him, if Baal, serve him."



A PICTURE TAKEN WHEN ROME'S WEALTH LAY IN HER COTTON.

Williamson & Co. had their "stand" where the Howel Cotton Co. is now located. The uncompleted state of the Shorter College buildings (at upper right) fixes the date of this picture as 1877. Joe P. Glover bought the photograph from a darkey on the street. The water tower, erected six years before, is conspicuous in the upper left, while near it and a little below is the S. G. Hardy (Thompson Hiles) home, still standing; and at the upper right hand corner is "Belvidere", the home of Hollis Cooley.

The election of President of the United States was to be held Tuesday, Nov. 6, 1860. The tickets in the field were Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, and Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, nominated by the Republicans, or "Black Republicans," as they were called at the South; Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois, and Herschel V. Johnson, of Georgia, put forward by the "Squatter Sovereignty"* hosts; Jno. C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, and Jos. Lane, of Indiana (a native of Buncombe County, N. C.), running on the American or "Know Nothing" platform; and John Bell,** of Tennessee, and Edward Everett, of Massachusetts, representing the Constitutional Union party.***

The Courier supported Bell and Everett and carried Floyd County for them; the rival newspaper, the Southern & Advertiser, backed Breckinridge and Lane and got them second place. Douglas and Johnson were a poor third; they split the Democratic vote of the United States with Breckinridge and Lane, else Lincoln might have been defeated.

On Monday, Apr. 23, 1860, the various factions held a national convention at Charleston, S. C. This proved to be a hot session for the delegates; the disunionists withdrew, and it was voted to adjourn the convention to Baltimore Md., for June 18, 1860. Editor Dwinell attended the Charleston meeting, and sent back to his readers some vivid accounts of the turmoil and strife.

The Romans, always ready with mass meetings and resolutions, met Tuesday, May 3, 1860, to adopt a policy. Here is an account of the proceedings, as presented in The Courier of two days later:

Democratic Meeting.—We publish in another column the resolutions adopted by the Democratic party of Floyd County on last Tuesday. They fully sustain the seceders from the Charleston Convention and deal a death blow to Squatter Sovereignty in this county.

F. C. Shropshire, Esq., offered a substitute, according honesty and patriotic motives to the seceders, but refusing to say whether they acted right or wrong. Hon. J. H. Lumpkin reviewed the history of the party for four years past; from the adoption of the Cincinnati platform to the desertion of Douglas; from the rise of Squatter Sovereignty to the adjournment of the Charleston Convention. He gave a succinct, clear and correct recital of the action of this body; the determination of Judge Douglas' friends, the enemies of the South, to force him upon us, and repudiate the Constitutional rights of the South so clearly defined by the Supreme Court, and presented in the majority platform by seventeen Democratic States—fifteen of which were slave states. He showed that no course was left for Southern men who respected the rights and equality of their section but to withdraw from the Squatters.

Mr. Shropshire followed in support of his resolutions. He exhorted Democrats to harmonize. He told them that the party had been pledged since 1847 to abide by the principles of non-intervention by Congress with slavery in any way, and they should be faithful to their pledge, and stand by their Northern friends who had stood by them. He wound up with a most affecting appeal. He assured them the party would be ruined unless there was a compromise; he begged his friends opposed to him to yield a little—just a little—and the great Democratic party would once more unfurl its proud banner, etc., etc.

W. B. Terhune, Esq., made a few pointed remarks in favor of the majority report; read the resolution adopted by the December convention; said the seceding delegates had acted in accordance with the principles therein laid down and they should be sustained by the party. He moved to lay Mr. Shropshire's substitute on the table, which was carried by an overwhelming vote.

*According to Avery's History of Georgia, p. 103, the "squatter sovereignty doctrine claimed the right of territorial legislatures to determine the question of slavery in the territories."

**As a member of Congress in 1835, Mr. Bell was requested by John Ross to call for an investigation of the arrest of Ross and John Howard Payne by the Georgia Guard.

***It appears from this line-up that a deliberate effort was made to split the vote of the South and throw the plum to Lincoln.

The report of the committee was then adopted with only four or five dissenting voices.

We observed the same distinction between the speeches of Messrs. Lumpkin and Terhune on one side and Mr. Shropshire on the other, which characterized the debate in the Charleston convention and the letters of distinguished Democrats in reply to the Macon committee.

The two former spoke for *principle*, for the *Constitution* and *Southern equality*, while the latter spoke for *party* and *nothing but party*.

Resolutions Adopted.—First. That the protection of all the rights, both of person and property of all citizens, is the sole legitimate purpose for which Governments are instituted.

Second. That the Federal Government of the States of the Union is bound, to the full extent of the powers delegated to it by them, to protect all citizens of all the states, in all their rights of person and property, everywhere, and more especially upon the public domain, their common property.

Third. That a large and increasing majority of the people, under the name of Black Republicans, of the Eastern, Middle and Northwestern States, are striving to get control of the Federal Government, with the avowed purpose of withholding this protection from more than *three thousand millions* of Southern property, and of thus putting this property in a state of outlawry, in a government which derives from it more than two-thirds of all its revenues.

Fourth. That, therefore, the demand made by the Southern delegates to the Charleston convention of a distinct recognition of the equal right of Southern citizens and property to protection by the Common Government, upon common soil, was highly expedient, reasonable and just.

Fifth. That the obstinate refusal of the delegations from the *sixteen States* now under the control of the Black Republicans, to make this recognition, demanded by the *seventeen Democratic States* of the Union, and recognized as just by many individual delegates from all the States, gives painful evidence that a majority of those delegations already sympathize with the Black Republicans in their unrelenting hostility to our Constitutional rights.

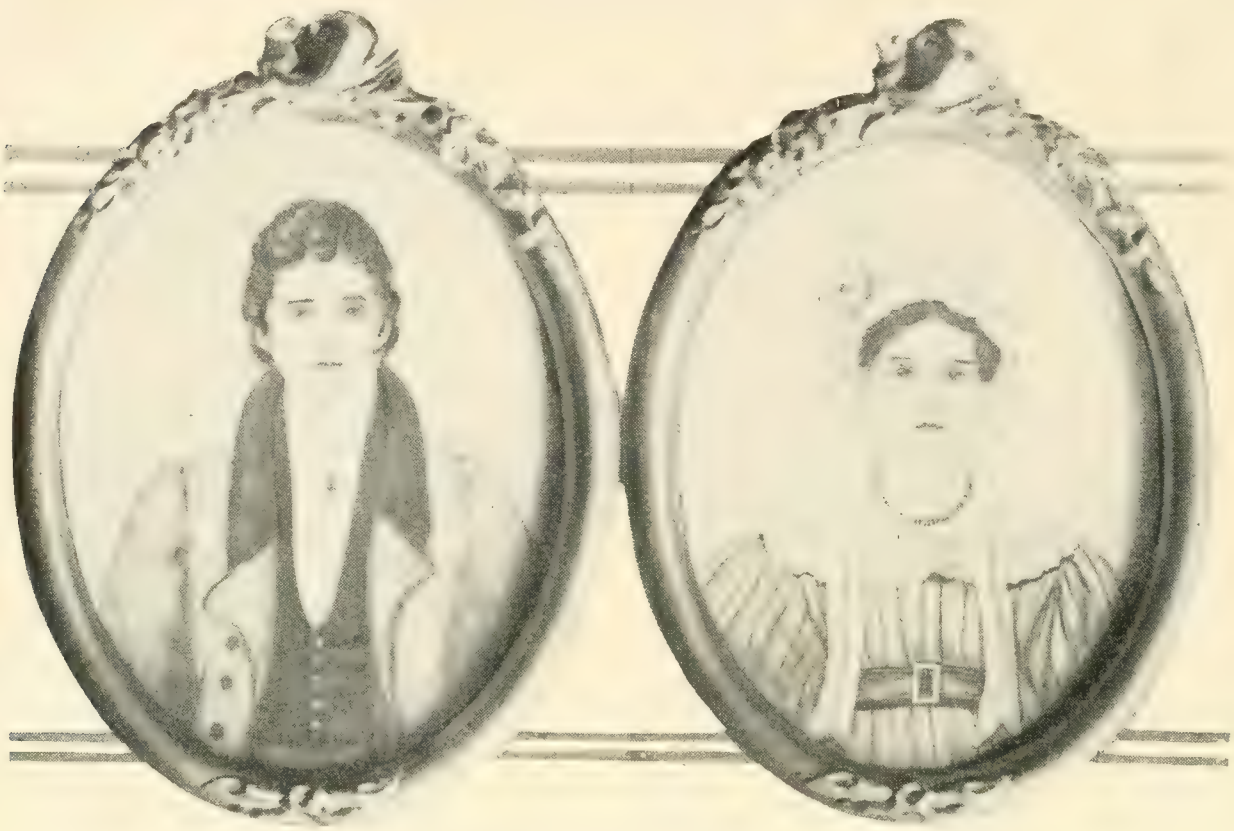
Sixth. That the withdrawal of a large portion of the Southern delegates from the convention upon this unequivocal manifestation of sectional hostility to our rights was *wise, manly and patriotic*, and entitles them to the thanks of the *whole Southern people.*

Seventh. That we will appear by our delegates in the convention, to be held at Milledgeville, on the 4th day of June next, to deliberate upon the course to be pursued by the Democratic party of Georgia, in the present condition of political affairs.

Eighth. That if a majority of that convention shall deem it expedient that Georgia should be represented at the adjourned meeting of the Charleston convention, to take place at Baltimore, on the 18th of June next, we will consent to it for the sake of harmony, but upon the express condition that we will not be bound by the action of that body unless it shall give its assent in sincerity of purpose and good faith to the principles contended for by the Democratic states at Charleston, and give us in addition a sound candidate.

The lightning-rod salesman was another "gentleman from the North" for whom Floyd County citizens kept peeled an eager eye. The Courier of Aug. 30, 1860, stated that a correspondent of The Savannah News, writing under date of Aug. 10 from the Steamship Montgomery, declared a man on board by the name of John Owens, of Erie County, N. Y., who had been putting up lightning rods in Georgia and West Florida, had asserted that John Brown died in a good cause, and he (Owens) would be willing to lay down his life for the same; also that he announced his intention of returning to the South.

"Last year a man by the name of Owens, selling patent lightning rods, passed through this county and met with considerable success," continued The Courier. "He had much to say against abolitionists, which was a suspicious circumstance. Let us be on the watch for him, and when he returns, have an investigation. Will not The Savannah News obtain from its correspondent a description of John Owens, in order that he may be identified on his return?"



MINIATURE PORTRAITS OF TWO "OLD TIMERS."

Dr. and Mrs. Jno. Wesley Connor, the parents of Prof. W. O. Connor, of Cave Spring. Mrs. Connor was Henrietta Mayson, of Ninety-Six, S. C. As a girl she met Gen. LaFayette, who pronounced her the prettiest young lady he had seen in America. She lies buried in the Cave Spring cemetery.

A "Lincoln defeat" was seen by The Courier of Thursday, Sept. 1, 1860:

Lincoln's Defeat Certain.—Heretofore we had little hope that the Black Republican candidate could be defeated. With the opponents of that party divided and belligerent we saw no possible chance to avoid the disgrace of a Black Republican Administration. But our fears have vanished, for the defeat of Lincoln is now fixed.

The Rome Light Guards received their caps by July 4, 1860, and by Sept. 22, 1860, one of the brilliant sample uniforms appeared. This uniform was of blue cloth, scarlet trimmings and gold buttons, and made the boys of the other companies extremely envious of the wearers.

The desire of the political leaders for the Cherokee Georgia vote was emphasized in the autumn of 1860 by the appearance in Rome of some of the "biggest guns" in the state and section. No such an array of orators has ever declaimed against Rome's mountain slopes.

On Thursday, Sept. 20, 1860, Wm. L. Yancey, of Alabama, whose speeches did as much as any other agency to stir the war spirit in the South, spoke at Kingston, and a large crowd of Romans went on a Rome Railroad excursion to hear him.

On Thursday, Sept. 27, 1860, Senator Alfred Iverson, of Columbus, addressed a crowd at the City Hall. Alexander H. Stephens sat on the platform at this meeting, but declined to make a speech. He spoke on the day following at a barbecue at Floyd Springs, after an introduction by Judge Augustus R. Wright.

On Saturday, Sept. 29, 1860, Benj. H. Hill spoke at Sloan, Berry & Company's warehouse. On Monday, Oct. 22, 1860, Mr. Hill spoke again. On this latter occasion he was proceeding to Cedartown to

assist in the defence of Col. J. J. Morrison, charged before the Polk Superior Court with killing Thos. W. Chisolm on the day of the last general election.

On Monday, Oct. 29, 1860, Stephen A. Douglas ("The Little General"), spoke for his presidential ticket at Kingston, and was heard by many from Rome.

The county was on the brink of the war precipice, ready for a headlong tumble in.

From the Tri-Weekly Courier of Tuesday morning, Dec. 4, 1860, we quote to illustrate the rising war sentiment:

"Georgia's Only Hope of Safety Is in Secession."—A large portion of this paper is devoted to an extract from a letter with the above heading. We publish this instead of the speech of Judge Benning, believing that it presents a clearer and stronger argument in favor of secession than the speech alluded to. In the statement of our grievances the writer makes out a very, very strong case and proves very conclusively—what we believe most people are ready to admit—that Georgia ought to *resist abolition encroachments.*

Our Legislature in calling the convention state that *fact* and we have heard no man deny it; and the appropriation of a million of dollars, which everybody favors, confirms the purpose of a *firm, determined resistance* on the part of Georgia. Now, if we admit what the writer's argument seems to imply, viz: that the entire North is *irredeemably demoralized* and *not at all worthy to be trusted,* then how is it that separate State action is to be more effectual against them than the united strength of all the parties aggrieved by their hostility? We are as much in favor of *resistance* as this letter writer or any one else, but for our life we can see no sense in each one of the fifteen States that have been aggrieved, setting up a *separate* and *independent mode* of retaliation; nor any propriety in separately running helter skelter from the common enemy.

As the matter now stands, the entire South is arraigned in solid columns against the North. There are fifteen independent brigades on our side and eighteen of the enemy. The enemy have been practicing a garilla warfare upon us until "forbearance has ceased to be a virtue," and now along our entire lines there is such a state of consternation and excitement as was never before witnessed in trying to determine "what shall be done." Two or three brigades seem determined, regardless of the action of the others, to break ranks and retreat immediately. Nearly every brigade has called a council of war, while all are arming themselves for a fight.

What say you, men of the Georgia brigade? Will you retreat at once, and without even consulting the other brigades of this great army—those that have protected your right and left wings, that have been your "front guard and rear ward" during a campaign of 84 years? Most surely you will not. The generous bravery that swells the bosoms of Georgia's noble sons would not allow them to be *treacherous* to an *enemy;* then how much less to true and long tried *friends.*

This vexed slavery question must and will be speedily settled, in some way or another. But whatever is done, let us not have a divided South. "A house divided against itself cannot stand."

Floyd County Meeting.—The following are the resolutions passed in the



BISHOP THOMAS FIELDING SCOTT, of Marietta, who was the leading light in the establishment of St. Peter's Episcopal church.

meeting of citizens at the City Hall, on Monday the 3rd instant:

Resolved, That the time has arrived when it becomes the duty of every friend of Georgia to discard partizan feelings and purposes, and unite in an earnest effort to maintain her rights, secure her liberties, and vindicate her honor.

Resolved, That this Union of Southern heads and hearts being an indispensable pre-requisite to efficient action, we pledge ourselves to do everything in our power to promote, establish and maintain it.

Resolved, That we recognize the clearly expressed will of a majority of the people of Floyd county as the rule of action, binding upon their representatives, in any convention of the people of Georgia.

Resolved, That we hereby request our Senator and Representatives in the General Assembly of this State to procure the following demands by said General Assembly to be made by joint resolutions or otherwise, upon the Northern States, viz:

First. To repeal all personal liberty bills and other Legislative enactments to defeat the rendition of fugitive slaves.

Second. The enactment in lieu thereof of "efficient laws to facilitate such recovery in accordance with their plain constitutional obligations."

Third. The prompt and faithful surrender of all fugitives from justice and violators of the laws of the slaveholding states.

Fourth. The immediate release of all Southern citizens unjustly imprisoned for seeking to recover their fugitive slaves.

Fifth. A distinct acknowledgement and faithful observance of the right of Southern citizens to settle with their negro property in any territory of the United States, and there hold it like all other property under the protection of just laws faithfully administered so long as the territorial condition shall last.

Sixth. The repeal of all laws giving to free negroes the privilege of voting for members of Congress or for Electors of President and Vice-President of the United States.

Seventh. The co-operation of the Senators and Representatives of said State in the Congress of the United States in procuring the repeal of a pretended law to prevent the slave trade in the District of Columbia.

Resolved, That in the event the states upon which these just and reasonable demands shall be made by the Legislative Assembly in the name, and on the behalf of the people of Georgia, shall give unmistakable evidence of a determination to accede to them, in good faith, by or before the 16th of January next, Georgia shall abide in the Union, otherwise secession is the only adequate remedy left her for the maintenance of her interests, rights, liberties and honor.

Resolved, That this Assembly will now proceed to select by general ballot three candidates to represent the people of Floyd County in a general convention of the people of Georgia to be convened at Milledgeville on Wednesday, the 16th of January next.*

The above resolutions, we are informed, were unanimously adopted. In accordance with the last, the following gentlemen were nominated, viz: Col. Simpson Fouche, Col. James Word and F. C. Shropshire, Esq.

*It was at this convention that Georgia seceded from the Union.



CHAPTER VII.

Lincoln's Election Foretells Hostilities

THE following accounts from The Courier set forth eloquently the final act preceding the war drama of 1861-5. They were written partly by Mr. Dwinell, who had just returned to the editorial sanctum after a vacation at East Poultney, Vt., and partly by his brilliant associate, George Trippe Stovall; and they are arranged chronologically as an aid to the reader. Mr. Lincoln was elected Tuesday, Nov. 6, 1860.

It has been suggested that the 11 o'clock service on Sunday, the 4th of November next be devoted to repentance, humiliation, and prayer to Almighty God, in all the churches of the land—that the country may be delivered from the terrible crisis which threatens us, and that peace and harmony may be restored to all sections.—Oct. 27, 1860.

A Final Appeal.—Before the next issue of The Weekly Courier will be printed, the die will be cast, and the fate of this Union, it may be, will be doomed forever. All our efforts for a fusion in Georgia have failed, and now there is no patriotic course left for Union men but to concentrate their strength, so far as they possibly can, upon the best Union candidate that is offered for their suffrages. Is there any doubt but that this man is John Bell of Tennessee?

Surely no candid and reasonable man will allow himself to be deceived by the numerous false and ridiculous charges as to Mr. Bell's soundness upon the slavery question. He is a Southern man, and a large slave holder, and a calm and impartial study of his true record, while it shows him to be a man of moderate and discreet counsel, it demonstrates that upon the question of slavery and Southern interests he is unquestionably *safe, sound, firm* and *reliable.*

We appeal to Democrats, why cannot you vote for John Bell? We ask you to support him not as a Whig, a Know Nothing, nor as a representative of any of the old defunct parties, but as a Constitutional man and a patriot. *"The Union, the Constitution and the Enforcement of the Laws,"* is the motto inscribed upon his banner. Apart from his record it is his only platform. And what more do you desire than this? We know that politicians try to ridicule and have sought to throw contempt upon this platform. But does it not contain all the South has ever asked or desired? Such were the principles on which the early Presidents of the Republic were elected. They had no long-winded platforms to gull and to deceive the people. Why should we want them? For 50 years the Government was administered without platforms, and all portions of the country were harmonious and happy. On the contrary, since the adoption of platforms by party conventions, sectional animosities have continually harrassed the people, thousands of demagogues have sprung up like mushrooms upon the body politic, the peace of the country is destroyed, and 30,000,000 of people stand today trembling in view of the impending crisis which hangs like a muttering storm cloud above them, threatening to pour out upon the country at any moment all the appalling horrors of civil war, bloodshed and ruin!

This is no false picture, but an alarming reality. Lincoln may, and probably will, be elected, and in *three weeks from today,* little as you now think it, we will probably witness the outburst of the smouldering flames of one of the most awful civil conflagrations which the world has ever seen!

Voters of Georgia, Look to Your Interest.—On next Tuesday, November 6th, by far the most important election since the organization of our government is to take place. In *former* strifes *party success* was the stake contended for; but *now* the *very existence of the government* is in jeopardy. The question as to how a man shall vote, always important, is now freighted with fearful responsibility. Every man should bring the question seriously home to himself and vote from his own conscientious convictions of duty, just as if he knew the fate of this Republic depended on his individual action.

The success or defeat of the Union ticket, will—if civil war should hinge

upon this fact, as it may—make a difference of at least 20 per cent in the value of all kinds of property throughout the country. A man then worth $1,000 has at stake a pecuniary interest of $200; if worth $10,000 he risks $2,000. If a man is largely in debt he will be utterly ruined; for, after the depression of property he cannot possibly pay out. A laboring man will find his wages reduced from a dollar and a half a day to one dollar, and the chances for getting work at all will be greatly reduced.

It may be said that pecuniary considerations are beneath the notice of patriots. This may be true or it may not. *Interest* should not be weighed against *principle*. But that is not the case now. We now have *principle, patriotism* and *interest* all on one side of the scales and on the other side, *partyism, sectional strifes and animosities*, and it may be *civil war itself*. No reasonable man in his senses has a shadow of a doubt but that John Bell, if elected, would restore peace and harmony to the country by giving their constitutional rights to all sections; and this is all the South wants, or has ever asked for. It is almost certain that three-fourths of the Southern States will cast their votes for this noble patriot and pure statesman. Georgia *can* be carried the same way. Union men of Cherokee Georgia, what say you? In other sections of the State our friends are striving earnestly and hopefully. Let us faithfully perform our duty and all may yet be well.

Judge Douglas at Kingston.—On last Monday a large crowd, probably 3,000 men, assembled to hear the celebrated "Little Giant" upon the political issues of the day. The very crowded state of our columns today prohibits any extended notice of his speech. We believe all parties were well pleased with the entertainment as an exhibition of popular oratory, were deeply impressed with the greatness of the man, and delighted at the beauty of his wife, who accompanies him in his Southern tour.

The distinction between *Squatter* and *Popular* Sovereignty, the latter of which only he advocates, he made very clear. His whole argument sustaining his peculiar doctrines was, to say the least, very ingenious and plausible, and in many respects unanswerable. Douglas' speeches are everywhere essentially the same, and those who would know his position should read them in full.—Thursday, Nov. 1, 1860.

Let Not Rash Councils Prevail.—If the election that takes place today results in the choice of Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, for President for the next four years, there will then rest upon the shoulders of every individual citizen duties of fearful magnitude and vital importance, both to himself and the commonwealth. There will, in that event, doubtless be a diversity of opinion as to what the South ought to do; and every good citizen should calmly and coolly investigate the whole subject and decide for himself the proper course of action. There will be no need for hairbrained demagogues to be attempting to "fire the Southern heart." The chivalrous and patriotic citizens of the South *are not stupid dolts* that have to be "fired" up to a realizing sense of their own rights, honor or interests. The people need the *truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth*, in order to arouse them to any reasonable course of conduct.

The people should beware of rash counsels, and not suffer themselves to be inveigled into the support of impractical and foolish movements, or "precipitated" into a revolution. If revolution must come, let us go into it *deliberately*, with clear heads and steady nerves, and because we know it to be our patriotic duty to do so. But if Lincoln should be elected, he will not have so much power as some people suppose, and it is reported that he is already tremendously frightened *lest he should be elected!*—Nov. 6, 1860.

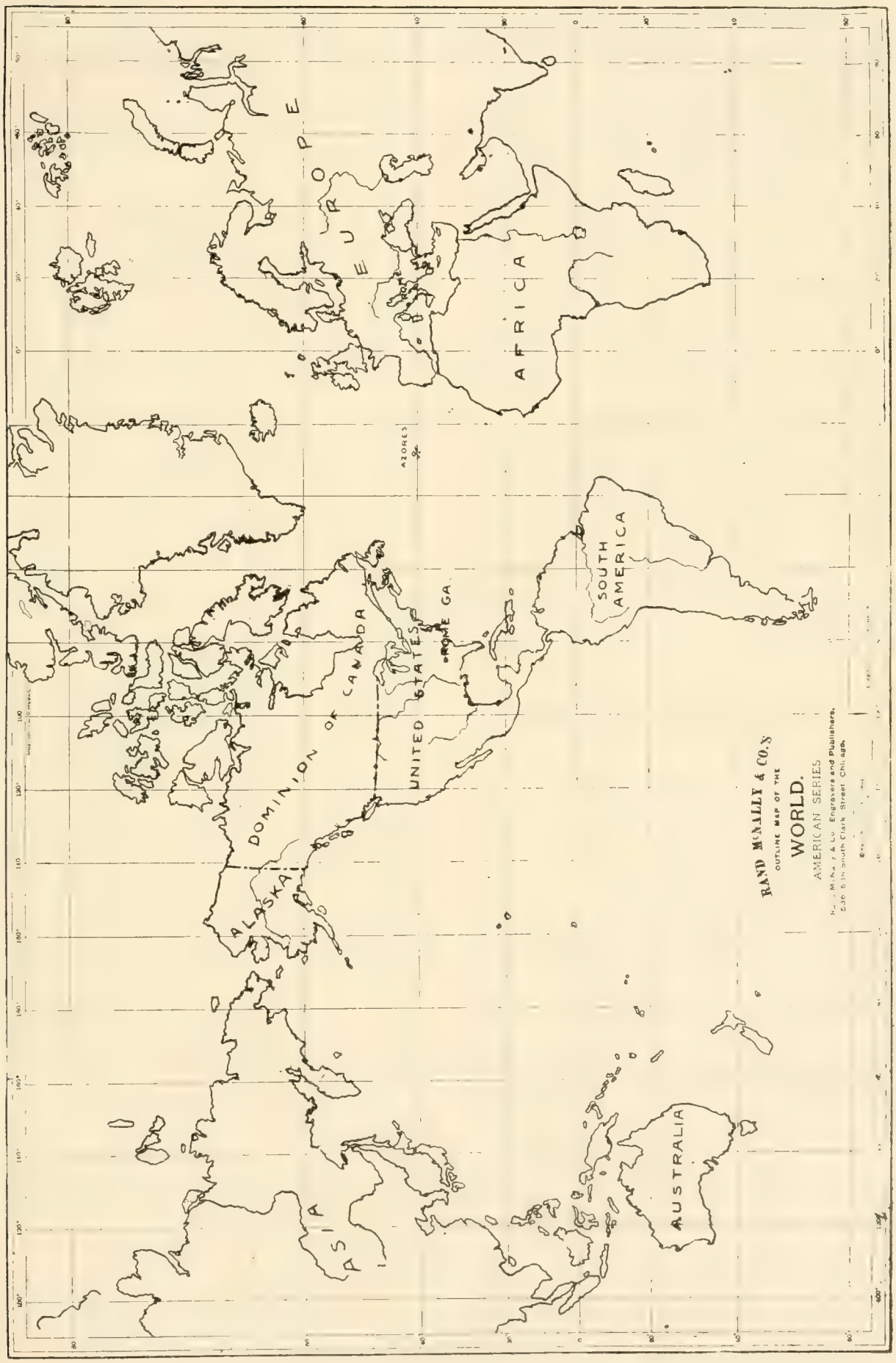
For Tax Receiver.—We are requested to announce the name of H. P. Lumpkin as candidate for Tax Receiver of Floyd County at the ensuing January election.

For Solicitor General.—We are authorized to announce the name of M. Kendrick, of Newnan, Coweta county, as a candidate for the office of Solicitor General of the Tallapoosa circuit. Election first Wednesday in January next.

H. A. Gartrell, Esq.—Mr. Editor: Please allow us to announce the above named gentleman as a candidate for Solicitor General of the Tallapoosa Circuit. MANY VOTERS.

Rome Market Nov. 7.—Cotton is a little dull—10½ cts. may now be considered the top of the market.

Unofficial Vote of Floyd Co.—The following statement, though not official, will probably not vary more than two or three votes from the exact result:


EUROPE
AFRICA
AZORES
SOUTH AMERICA
ROME GA
UNITED STATES
DOMINION OF CANADA
ALASKA
ASIA
AUSTRALIA
RAND M'NALLY & CO.'S
OUTLINE MAP OF THE
WORLD.
AMERICAN SERIES

Precincts.	Bell.	Breck.	Doug.
Rome	462	360	160
N. Carolina	55	66	21
Barker's	15	41	6
Livingston	26	50	0
Flat Woods	22	8	5
Cave Spring	64	60	34
Wolf Skin	63	60	34
Watters	70	39	6
Chulio	51	22	10
Dirt Town	4	35	13
Etowah	18	0	1
Total	848	756	286

We have compared the above with the official vote and find it accurate.

A Card.—Mr. Editor: I desire through the city papers to return my sincere thanks to the merchants for refusing to sell spirituous liquors on the day of the election, but more especially to those gentlemen engaged in the retail business. They closed their doors and did no business whatever. It was asking a great deal of all, it being a public day and a good one for that trade, but they made the promise and adhered to it with fidelity. To them we are mainly indebted for the peace, quiet and good order that prevailed throughout the entire day. Respectfully.

H. A. GARTRELL,
Mayor City of Rome.

Polk County.—A gentleman who left Polk County on Wednesday morning informs us that all the precincts but two had been heard from, and Bell was 66 votes ahead of Breckinridge. Douglas' vote would probably be 100.

Chattooga County.—Sufficient returns have been received to make it certain that Bell will carry this county by a large plurality, probably 100 or more.

Delegates.—F. C. Shropshire, Z. B. Hargrove and M. Dwinell have been appointed to represent the Rome "Light Guards" in the Military Convention to be held in Milledgeville on next Monday.

The End.—The contest is over and it may be that the destiny of this government is sealed. It now becomes us to hope for the best, but at the same time be making preparations for the worst. We do not wish to intimate that it is necessary to be organizing military companies, or enrolling minute men in case Lincoln is elected, with the expectation of immediately fighting our Northern enemies; but our preparations should be *constitutional* and *lawful* in their character with a deep and unswerving determination to *maintain our rights in the Union* if possible, out of it if we must. The course pursued by the South should be firm and determined, but so clearly right and unavoidable for the maintenance of her honor and essential interests that there shall be no division among her own people, but that all as one great harmonious whole shall in thunder tones demand not only of the North but of the entire civilized world a recognition of her clearly defined and unmistakable rights.

While no spirit of base submission should be encouraged or even tolerated, yet at the same time any course of rash or precipitating conduct would be equally reprehensible and injurious to the prospects of our section. There are many men in the South who have for a long time believed that our sacred rights and untarnished honor *cannot* be maintained in the Union; and that it is both the *interest* and *duty* of the South to effect a separation as soon as possible. Many of these men are among our most wealthy, talented and most highly respected citizens, and they are as conscientious in their convictions of duty as any class of men in the country.

This class of persons, however, we believe is comparatively small and that the great mass of the people still cling to the Union, firmly believing that the Constitution will be enforced and the rights of the South maintained. This being the case and it being well known to all that these differences exist, it becomes the representatives of each of these classes of opinions to be courteous and kind to the other and studiously avoid anything like crimination or the impugning of their motives. No class can rightfully arrogate to themselves all the patriotism or chivalry or that they are more ready to make personal sacrifice upon the altar of our section than others who do not agree with them as to the best plan of securing the greatest permanent good of us all.

We have said this much to be, perhaps, of service in case that Lincoln is elected, because, if that is the case, we desire above all things to see a united South, and that the deliberations of our section should be characterized by high-toned statesmanship that may result in cool deliberations and harmonious action.*

As it Should Be.—The election in this place passed off as quietly and peace-

*This editorial and others like it caused Geo. T. Stovall to resign as associate editor of The Courier and buy the Southerner and Advertiser.

ably and with as much good nature as possible. Every grocery was closed, and we did not hear of an angry quarrel or see a drunken man in Rome on that day. Many men were much excited but their deep interest was exhibited rather by their calm but firm determination than by noisy outbursts and senseless criminations of their opponents. The beautiful quiet that prevailed in our city was indeed a fact to be proud of, and we most sincerely hope that the same good sense and high appreciation of dignity and decorum will always prevail on similar occasions.

There were nine hundred and eighty-two votes polled at this precinct, which is nearly two hundred more than at any previous election.—Nov. 8, 1860.

To Whom it Concerns.—All indebted to us must pay immediately or be sued.

JONES & SCOTT.

The Vote in Ga.—Of the 44 counties heard from, the vote stands: For Bell, 20,483; for Breckinridge, 18,863, and for Douglas, 6,918.

The Presbyterian Sabbath School will hold its anniversary next Sabbath afternoon at 3 o'clock in the Presbyterian church. Exercises—short address and singing. All are respectfully invited to attend.

Gordon Co. Vote.—Bell, 481; Breck., 874; Doug., 97.

(Communicated.)

Notice.—All men, without distinction of party, who are opposed to Abolition domination, and in favor of resisting the same in such manner as the sovereignty of Georgia may order and direct, are requested to meet at the City Hall in Rome on Monday, the 12th inst., at 2 o'clock to consider what course interest, duty and patriotism require them to pursue as *good citizens* and *true Southerners.*

We are requested to publish the following ticket for Mayor and Councilmen:

FOR MAYOR

DR. T. J. WORD

FOR COUNCILMEN

First Ward

FRANK AYER

J. C. PEMBERTON

Second Ward

O. B. EVE

A. J. PITNER

Third Ward

WM. RAMEY

JOHN R. FREEMAN

The Die Is Cast.—The great struggle is over and our worst fears are realized. Abraham Lincoln, the sectional candidate, who was nominated and supported to a large extent because of his hostility to the institutions of the South, has been elected by a fair majority. The present indications are that he will surely get 158 votes, and possibly 169, whereas 152 would elect him.

And now this state of circumstances, for which the great mass of the people are almost entirely unprepared, suddenly bursts upon them, and demands at their hands an immediate solution of a most difficult political problem and one that will probably forever fix the destiny of all this fair land of ours. The idea of Lincoln's election has been frequently talked about, it is true, but it has always seemed to be at vague distance with its hideous deformities, and has rather existed as a creature of the imagination than as one that could possibly have a realization in the practical working of our Government.

But hard as it may be to appreciate the hateful truth, yet it is a fact, and with unmistakable sternness it stares us in the face. The issue is upon us and we have got to meet it. Every man in Georgia has got a solemn duty to perform and it is one that by its immense magnitude makes small all the other acts of his life. *What shall be done?* is now the question of awful import that hangs upon the mind of every thoughtful man. Various plans for relief have already been proposed and they each have their advocates who apply themselves with zeal and earnestness. Discussion is altogether right and proper, and is probably the most effectual method of bringing out the truth and correct principles. But there is one thing that should always actuate men in the discussion of any subject if they would be profited—that they should be as willing to receive truth as to impart it. Our relations to the general government are very complicated and few men can at a glance take in all its various bearings and dependencies and it may be that a course of conduct supposed to be admirably adapted to our present exigencies would be proved to be entirely impractical because of the want of some necessary element that had been overlooked. Let us then not be rash or inconsiderate, but calm, cool and deliberate and in a free and friendly manner counsel with one another in regard to these momentous questions.

The recommendation that has already been made, that a State Convention should be called immediately, we most fully approve and hope the Legislature will at once issue a call for delegates from every county. We would suggest the number of delegates be the same as the number of Senators and Representatives in the Legislature. Let such men as Joseph Henry Lumpkin, Chas. J. McDonald, Alex H. Stephens, Wm. Law, Robt. Toombs, Herschel V. Johnson, Hines Holt, Hiram Warner and others of experience and wisdom compose this Convention and the people will be almost sure to ratify their action, whatever it may be.

Things He Can't Do.—Bad as he may be to our institutions, there are many important things Lincoln cannot do. As the Congress now stands, there is a majority of eight against him in the Senate, and, if the recent telegraph reports are correct, 23 in the House. It will be remembered that all the appointments of Cabinet officers, Ministers to foreign courts, Consuls, Custom House officers, and all other offices of any considerable trust or profit in the United States have to be filled "*by and with the advice of the Senate.*" The President recommends men for all these various places, but their appointment is not complete until confirmed by the Senate.

The Black Republicans will not be able, of their own strength, to carry a single bill through either House of the next Congress and it is thought by some that in less than a year, even if Lincoln should be allowed to go on with his administration, that his party would be torn to pieces by its own inherent fanaticism and corruptions. But yet it may be better to secede than to suffer the disgrace of a Black Republican rule. If Georgia so decides in her sovereign capacity we shall go with her, heart and soul.—Nov. 10, 1860.

Mr. Dwinell:—Please announce the following as the People's Ticket for Mayor and Aldermen for the ensuing year, and oblige,

MANY VOTERS.

FOR MAYOR

Z. B. HARGROVE

FOR COUNCILMEN

First Ward

N. J. OMBERG

J. W. WOFFORD

Second Ward

O. B. EVE

JOHN NOBLE

Third Ward

A. W. CALDWELL*

A. R. HARPER

FOR MAYOR**

DR. T. J. WORD

FOR COUNCILMEN

First Ward

W. F. AYER

N. J. OMBERG

Second Ward

J. H. M'CLUNG

C. H. SMITH

Third Ward

A. W. CALDWELL

J. G. YEISER

—Nov. 13, 1860.

(From the Rome Southerner.)

Meeting of the Citizens of Floyd County.—Below we publish resolutions and preamble passed at the citizens' meeting held in Rome on Monday, the 12th inst.

The attendance was large and very general from all parts of the county. We believe every district in the county was represented. We never saw resolutions pass more unanimously or more enthusiastically. To some of the resolutions there was one or two dissenting voices. Most of them, however, passed unanimously. We were sorry to see even a single person in that large assembly who withheld his assent. If there ever was a time when the people of the South should be united, now is the time. If the Southern States, as one man, or even one or two of them, will show unanimity of sentiment in opposition to Black Republican rule, and even if they withdraw from the Union as the last alternative, no gun of coercion will ever be fired by any power upon the face of the earth. Horace Greeley has already said in his paper, the N. Y. Tribune, that if *any* of the Southern States leave the Union by a vote of her people, he is in favor of letting her alone!

Every man in the land, old and young, great and small, rich and poor, is interested in this question. Think of it. And if you can't go with your section, for Heaven's sake, and for the sake of your country, don't go against it!

The resolutions:

Whereas, the abolition sentiment of the *Northern States*, first openly manifested in 1820, has, for the last 40 years, steadily and rapidly increased

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*Jno. M. Quinn was later substituted.

**Dr. Word was elected.

in volume and in intensity of hostility to the form of society existing in the *Southern States*, and to the rights of these States as equal, independent and sovereign members of the Union; has led to long-continued and ever-increasing abuse and hatred of the Southern people; to ceaseless war upon their plainest Constitutional rights; to an open and shameless nullification of that provision of the Constitution intended to secure the rendition of fugitive slaves; and of the laws of Congress to give it effect; has led many of our people who sought to avail themselves of their rights under these provisions of the laws and the Constitution, to encounter fines, imprisonment and death; has prompted the armed invasion of Southern soil, by stealth, amidst the sacred repose of a Sabbath night, for the diabolical purpose of inaugurating a ruthless war of the blacks against the whites throughout the Southern States; has prompted large masses of Northern people openly to sympathize with the treacherous and traitorous invaders of our country, and elevate the leaders of a band of mid-night assassins and robbers, himself an assassin and a robber, to the rank of a hero and a martyr; has sent far and wide over our section of the Union its vile emissaries to instigate the slaves to destroy our property, burn our towns, devastate our country, and spread distrust, dismay and *death by poison*, among our people; has disrupted the churches, and destroyed all national parties, and has now fully organized a party confined to a *hostile section*, and composed even there of those only who have encouraged, sympathized with, instigated or perpetrated this long series of insults, outrages and wrongs, for the avowed purpose of making a common government, armed by us with power only for our protection, an instrument in the hands of enemies for our destruction.

Therefore, we, a portion of the people of Floyd County, regardless of all past differences, and looking above and beyond all mere party ends to the good of our native South, do hereby publish and declare:

First. That Georgia is, and of right ought to be, a free, sovereign and independent State.

Second. That she came into the Union with the other states as a sovereignty, and by virtue of that sovereignty, has the right *to secede* whenever, in her sovereign capacity, she shall judge such a step necessary.

Third. That in our opinion, she ought not to submit to the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin, as her President and Vice-President, but should leave them to rule over those by whom alone they were elected.

Fourth. That we request the Legislature to announce this opinion by resolution, at the earliest practicable moment, and to communicate it to our Senators and Representatives in Congress, and to co-operate with the Governor in calling a Convention of the people to determine on the mode and measure of redress.

Fifth. That we respectfully recommend to the Legislature to take into their immediate consideration the passage of such laws as will be likely to alleviate any unusual embarrassment of the commercial interests of the State consequent upon the present political emergency.

Sixth. That we respectfully suggest to the Legislature to take immediate steps to organize and arm forces of the State.

Seventh. That copies of the foregoing resolutions be sent without delay to our Senators and Representatives in the General Assembly of the State, who are hereby requested to lay them before the House of which they are respectively members.

Obstructions in the Streets.—If it is not the duty of the City Marshall, it *ought* to be, to see that the rubbish about new buildings, old boxes about the stores, and wood piles everywhere in the streets, should not be left to discommode the public, but should be removed in a reasonable time. There are a lot of old casks in front of Morrison & Logan's stable that ought to have been removed long ago, and there seems to be unnecessary delay in removing fragments and other obstructions on the sidewalks about several new buildings on Broad Street.

Good Guns.—The arms for the "Rome Light Guards" were received on last Saturday. The guns are the Minie Rifle, that has, we believe, the highest reputation as an efficient weapon in actual service of any gun that has been tried. Only fifty guns are received, and if there are men in this community who desire to join the company they will do well to make early application. The company now numbers 45, and is, in every way, in a prosperous condition.—Nov. 24, 1860.

On Jan. 16, 1861, the Georgia counties sent delegates to the famous secession convention at Milledgeville. On Jan. 18, Judge Eugenius A. Nisbet, of Macon, introduced a resolution calling for the appointment of a committee to report an ordinance of secession. This brought on a fight and a test of strength between the union and disunion factions. The resolution passed by a vote of 166 to 130.* At 2 p. m., Jan. 19, 1861, the secession ordinance was passed by a vote of 208 to 89, 44 anti-secessionists voting for the measure to give it force, and realizing that further resistance was useless. On this ballot Benj. H. Hill voted for secession, but Alexander H. Stephens and his brother, Judge Linton Stephens, Herschel V. Johnson, Gen. W. T. Wofford, Hiram Warner and other leaders opposed it.

South Carolina had seceded Dec. 20, 1860; Mississippi Jan. 9, 1861; Alabama and Florida Jan. 11, 1861. Consequently, it was felt that Georgia's action would either split or cement the South. The forensic giants were there—a galaxy never seen before or since. Col. Isaac W. Avery gives us in his History of Georgia (ps. 149-50) a correct picture of the scene, and incidentally, emphasizes the opposition to secession among the more conservative type of citizens:

> The eyes of the whole Union were upon this most august body. There was an interest in its deliberations that was both profound and widespread. It was felt to be the turning point of the real commencement of the revolution. If staid, self-poised, deliberate, powerful Georgia held back from the work of disintegration, it would have been such a substantial check to the destructive movement as would have done much to stop it. Georgia's co-operation rendered the revolution sure. The Federal administration looked anxiously to our State as the crucial agency of the agitation. The people of the North focalized their attention upon this arbiter of an impending and incalculable convulsion.
>
> It was known that a majority of the people favored secession, but the minority in favor of co-operation and delay was a very large and powerful body of public sentiment, ably and patriotically headed. The vote taken in the election for members of the convention showed an aggregate of 50,243 for secession and 37,123 against, giving a majority of only 13,120 for immediate disunion, out of 87,366. This was a much smaller majority than Gov. Brown had obtained in his last election.
>
> In many counties the anti-secessionists had heavy majorities. Such strong counties as Baldwin, Floyd, DeKalb, Cass, Franklin, Gordon, Gwinnett, Lumpkin, Murray, Walker, Walton and others went some of them overwhelmingly against disunion. In many counties it was the closest sort of a shave, giving either way only a vote or two. The most one-sided secession county in the whole state was Cobb, which gave 1,035 votes for and only 7 against disunion. Chatham was also nearly unanimous for secession. In a very few counties no opposition candidate to secession was run. In Tal-



JUDGE JAMES M. SPULLOCK, once superintendent of the W. & A. railroad and a power in North Georgia politics.

*Avery's History of Georgia, p. 153.

iaferro and Tatnall no secession candidate was put up.

These figures will show how much the people were divided on this issue, and yet, in the crazy fever of the war excitement and the more noisy demonstrations of the secession champions, the opposition was almost unheard and absolutely impotent. A few brave spirits spoke out fearlessly, and courageously endeavored to stem the rushing and turbulent tide of disunion. But the generality of conservative men, feeling powerless to do anything, and unwilling to incur a certain odium that clung to men alleged to be lukewarm or opposed to Southern interests, went quietly along simply voting in the opposition.

The secession convention was the ablest body ever convened in Georgia. Its membership included nearly every leading public man in the State, the leaders of all parties and shades of political opinion.

As for Georgia's contribution in men to the Confederate cause, Col. Avery's history (p. 267) states:

The Second Auditor at Richmond published the following statement of soldiers' deaths to Dec. 31, 1863: Georgia, 9,504; Alabama, 8,987; North Carolina, 8,261; Texas, 6,377; Virginia, 5,943; Mississippi, 5,367; South Carolina, 4,511; Louisiana, 3,039; Tennessee, 2,849; Arkansas, 1,948; Florida, 1,119.

It was an old custom in Georgia to illuminate houses brightly at night on the receipt of good news of a national or sectional nature. Consequently, the houses of Rome were lit up, guns discharged and the church bells rung merrily. A few Northern families compromised by lighting their candles, and Mrs. Robt. Battey was said to have been the only Southerner whose house was dark. Gen. Braxton Bragg soon passed through Rome on a tour of inspection, and meeting Mrs. Battey on Broad Street, said: "I understand Mrs. Battey is a Union woman."

"So I am, General," she replied promptly. "I believe in fighting this war under the United States flag. Southerners were largely instrumental in founding our Government, and if anybody must get out of it, I say let not the first occupants be the ones to go!"

"You are not far from right, Mrs. Battey," observed Gen. Bragg as he hurried on about his business.

There were many such incidents, and they showed the inherent independence of thought and action of Georgians and the State of Georgia—an independence that has always enabled Georgia to assume the initiative among her sister states, and to occupy a conspicuous and respectable position in the forum of the nation. Georgians can always be depended upon to fight among themselves (like Bill Arp's Romans—old man Laub and his wife and family), and to get together at a moment's notice to repel any foreign foe, such as Indians, Yankees, Spaniards, Germans or what not.

During three terms, covering the Civil War, Gov. Jos. E. Brown, one



MRS. JAMES M. SPULLOCK, who assisted her husband in the entertainment of some of the most noted men in Georgia.

of the most peppery "Rebels" on earth, occupied the gubernatorial throne.

"Cherokee" or Northwest Georgia had not long before staged a miniature war with the Indians, and it is significant that the delegates from the 21 counties in the Cherokee nation voted 35 against secession to 14 in favor, or 2½ votes to one:*

County.	Yes.	No.
Cass		3
Catoosa	1	1
Chattooga		2
Cherokee	3	
Dade		2
Dawson		2
Fannin	1	1
Floyd	3	
Forsyth	1	1
Gilmer		2
Gordon	2	1
Hall		3
Lumpkin		2
Milton		2
Murray		2
Pickens		2
Polk	1	1
Union		2
Walker		3
White	1	1
Whitfield	1	2
	14	35

It will be noticed by the above table that Floyd and her neighboring counties of Cass, Chattooga, Gordon, Polk and Walker voted six for and ten against. The delegates and the way they voted are given below:

Cass—W. T. Wofford, No; H. F. Price, No; Turner H. Trippe, No.

Chattooga—Wesley Shropshire, No; L. Williams, No.

Floyd—Col. James Word, Yes; Col. Simpson Fouche, Yes; Frank C. Shropshire, Yes.

Gordon—Wm. H. Dabney, Yes; Jas. Freeman, No; R. M. Young, Yes.

Polk—W. E. West, Yes; T. W. Dupree, No.

Walker—G. G. Gordon, No; R. B. Dickerson, No; T. A. Sharpe, No.

A lively glimpse of the inauguration of Jefferson Davis as president and Alexander H. Stephens as vice-president of the Confederacy was given by Judge Augustus R. Wright, one of the organizers of the Government, in a letter of Feb. 21, 1861 from Montgomery, Ala., to his daughter, Mrs. Mary Wright Shropshire, of Rome:

My Dear Daughter:—We had a gay time at the President's inauguration. The President and Vice-President rode in a most superb carriage, glittering all over with silver and drawn by six iron gray horses driven by two coachmen on the same seat. They** were fiery and impatient and beautifully caparisoned. The military companies with full bands preceded the several committees in fine carriages, and then followed the crowd.

The Zouaves performed most wonderfully their new military exercise of vaulting, lying down and firing, falling on their backs and loading, and divers other most wonderful gymnastics.

The oath taken by the President in the presence of that vast concourse was most solemn. When Mr. Cobb, who administered the oath, said, "So help me God," the President lifted his face to Heaven in the most solemn and energetic manner and said, "So help me God!" The band then played the Marseillaise hymn, after which the vast crowd gave three cheers for "Jeff Davis and Alexander Stephens," and began to disperse.

"Sic transit gloria mundi!" How the mind turns from those pageants and panoplies of war to that peaceful reign of our King "when the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

Affectionately your father,

AUGUSTUS R. WRIGHT.

*Georgia's Landmarks, Memorials and Legends, Vol. II, ps. 567-570.

**The horses.

PART III

THE CIVIL WAR PERIOD

1861-1865



CHAPTER I.

Opening of the Civil War—First Manassas

IT IS manifestly impossible in a work of this size to present more than a glimpse here and there of the wartime activities of Floyd's military companies and life of the people at home. All that can be done is to hit the "high spots" and trust that a historian will come along some day who will devote to the period an entire book.

The principal events of the 1861-65 period herein treated are the First Battle of Manassas (Va.), July 21, 1861; the chase Apr. 12, 1862, after the Confederate engine General, in which a Rome locomotive was used at Kingston; the capture of Streight's Federal raiders Sunday, May 3, 1863, by an inferior force under command of Gen. Forrest; and the defense and occupation of Rome May 18, 1864, by Gen. Sherman.

Rome itself was a concentration point for recruits from Northwest Georgia. Broad Street was a drill and parade ground. The newspapers and the churches were used to inflame the war spirit, and we have it on the authority of Hilliard Horry Wimpee,* who was then a boy of ten, that stump speakers sought to dissipate the impression of small numbers in the South by the flamboyant declaration that one "Reb" could whip ten "Yanks." In some of these speeches the "Reb" could even suffer his left hand to be tied behind him.

More than 2,000 men of Floyd County (including an occasional contingent from an adjoining county) went out to protect their homes during the period of 1861-65. Including the home guard of ten companies (five of which were from Floyd) there was a total of 20 companies of an average of more than 100 men, including recruits and replacements. The companies went to the front in approximately the following order:

Floyd Infantry, commanded by Capt. Jno. Frederick Cooper, who died at Culpepper Courthouse, Va., several weeks after he had received a serious wound at First Manassas; Rome Light Guards, Capt. Edward Jones Magruder; Miller Rifles, named after Dr. H. V. M. Miller, Capt. Jno. R. Towers; Floyd Sharpshooters, Capt. A. S. Hamilton; Floyd Springs Guards, Capt. M. R. Ballenger; Co. D, 65th Ga. Infantry, Capt. W. G. Foster; Berry Infantry, named after Capt. Thos. Berry, Capt. Thos. W. Alexander; Sardis Volunteers, 6th Ga. Cavalry, Capt. Jno. R. Hart; Fireside Defenders, Capt. Robt. H. Jones; Mitchell Guards, named after Danl. R. Mitchell, Capt. Zachariah B. Hargrove; Co. G, 1st Confederate regiment, Ga. Volunteers, Capt. Jno. B. Bray; Co. A, 8th Georgia Battalion, Capt. W. H. H. Lumpkin; Floyd Cavalry, Capt. Wade S. Cothran; Gartrell's Cavalry (in 1863 a part of Forrest's command), Capt. Henry A. Gartrell; Cherokee Artillery (later Corput's battery), Capt. Marcellus A. Stovall, Lieuts. Jno. H. Lawrence, Max Van Den Corput, J. G. Yeiser and Thos. W. Hooper, surgeon, Dr. Robt. Battey, orderly sergeant, T. D. Attaway; Highland Rangers (Cave Spring), Capt. M. H. Haynie; Highland Rangers**

*Mr. Wimpee relates how he saw blood-dripping freight cars come into Rome with hundreds of wounded soldiers after the fall of Ft. Donelson.

**Co. G, First Ga. Cavalry. The name was undoubtedly taken from a company which operated under Gen. Jas. Hemphill and Maj. Chas. H. Nelson in 1835 and captured Chief Fosach Fixico.

(Rome), Capt. J. L. Kerr; Booten and Harkins' Cavalry Company, Capt. Daniel F. Booten, Lieut. Jno. Harkins. The Rome Volunteers was a company in existence before the war.

When the fighting at Chattanooga in 1863 threatened Rome, five home-guard companies were formed, and they were commanded by Capt. J. H. Lawrence, Jackson Trout, S. D. Wragg, Marcellus L. Troutman and C. Oliver Stillwell.

Few survivors came back from any of the front line companies, and the valor in no war of history exceeded that of the Boys in Gray, who fought with extreme desperation against overwhelming odds in men and resources. The Floyd Sharpshooters surrendered ten men at Appomattox, whereas 110 had gone out. Of 24 Cherokee Artillery members imprisoned at Indianapolis, only eight answered the roll call at Rome just after the war, and most of the others are supposed to have died in prison. Jas. E. Mullen, late cemetery sexton, was one of this command.

The Rome Light Guard organizations kept going many years, and the Hill City Cadets sprang into existence and was active during the Spanish-American war disturbance.

The Floyd Cavalry was probably the first to offer its services to Gov. Jos. E. Brown. This was done Friday, Nov. 9, 1860, as soon as the members could hold a meeting after the election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency. Three days before the First Battle of Manassas, the offer having gone by the board, the company met and passed resolutions as follows:

Whereas, the Floyd Cavalry tendered its services to His Excellency, Jos. E. Brown, Commander-in-Chief of the State of Georgia, on Nov. 9, 1860, and

Whereas, the services of the company have not yet been called for, be it

Resolved, That in view of active hostilities that the company renew their tender with the assurance that it holds itself in readiness to meet any emergencies whenever and wherever they may arise.

The officers at this time were Jno. R. Towers, captain; E. W. Hull, first lieutenant; Dunlap Scott, second lieutenant, and J. H. Walker, third lieutenant. Continued inactivity caused the three first named to transfer to the Miller Rifles in the same offices. Armistead R. Harper took the place of Lieut. Walker.

The Floyd Infantry left Rome first; it went away May 10, 1861.

The Light Guards left Rome Monday morning, May 27, 1861, after having heard on the day before an inspiring speech at the First Presbyterian church by the pastor, the Rev. John Jones. They marched to North Rome and caught their train, and half the town marched with them, scattering flowers in their way and bidding them God-speed with fervent prayers from the women and lusty huzzas from the "home guard." Capt. Magruder, of this company, was the first man in Rome to don the blue cockade of secession. He was among the first to marry, choosing as his bride several days before the departure the beautiful Miss Florence Fouche, daughter of Col. Simpson Fouche. When the Guards left Rome, Mrs. Magruder marched with her husband at the head of the column, appropriately rigged out for the occasion—pistol and dagger in her belt, and a stride full of belligerency. Let Miss Bessie Moore (Mrs. Lawrence S Churchill) describe the wedding:

It was a novel and inspiring ceremony, from all descriptions. The handsome groom was in full dress military coat, and his trousers were of



PROMINENT IN REMOVAL OF THE INDIANS.

At left is Brig. Gen. Jno. E. Wool, U. S. A., of Troy, N. Y., who had charge of carrying out government policies prior to the exodus. In the center is Lewis Cass, Secretary of War in Andrew Jackson's cabinet, who was the storm center of the diplomatic negotiations. Next is Gen. Winfield Scott, hero of the Mexican War and later adviser of the Union War Department, who gathered up the red-skins in stockades at New Echota and Sixes Town to facilitate removal.

white silk, brought from the Orient by his friend, Col. Chas. I. Graves, in a naval cruise. The blushing bride was dressed in snow white, including her veil. They rode up to the First Baptist church (which was located at the same site as today) in a carriage pulled by two spirited white horses.

Descending from their conveyance, they passed through an arch of uplifted sabres of 80 members of the Guards. As the couple reached the church door, they stood aside a moment; the Guards came in and formed a second column, through which the two again passed to the altar. Rev. Chas. H. Stillwell, pastor of the church, then made them man and wife.

Mrs. Magruder accompanied Capt. Magruder to Orange County, Va., the place of his birth, and took up her residence with his people at "Frescati" (the Italian for "Green Fields"), the ancestral home. This mansion was converted into a hospital for sick and wounded Light Guards and other Confederate soldiers.

Orderly Sergeant Jim Tom Moore, member of the Light Guards and grand-father of Mrs Churchill, was married shortly before the command left to Miss Letitia Hutchings. The ceremony was performed at the old Buena Vista, which for a time was Rome's leading hotel. There were numerous other military marriages, and some of the husbands came back to their wives, and some did not.

The Rome Weekly Courier of Friday, April 26, 1861, announced the opening of the Civil War as follows:

Glorious News—Virginia Seceded.—Gen. Scott resigns, and fighting at Harper's Ferry and Norfolk!

The news of the secession of Virginia was received in Rome at 11:30 o'clock on yesterday, together with the announcement that Gen. Scott had resigned and was in Richmond and that the Virginians had attacked the army at Harper's Ferry and the United States fort and navy yard at Norfolk.

This news caused the greatest excitement we have ever seen in our city. Cannons were fired and small arms without number, and all the church bells were rung, and all possible demonstrations of extreme joy were everywhere to be seen. Not a few eyes were moistened by the joyous overflow of grateful feelings. The eighth star was put upon it and the flag raised.

On Tuesday morning, May 28, 1861, the Tri-Weekly Courier bade farewell to the Light Guards as follows:

This company left our city yesterday evening at 6 o'clock. The muster roll may be found in another column. Our heart fails us as we attempt to write upon the subject. The company is made up almost entirely of young men —only five married, and, with two exceptions, these quite recently. Most of the members have lived in the city or in the immediate vicinity; they are connected with the best families and of course are greatly beloved.

We are sure there will not be in the army a more gallant company of brave men than compose this corps. They are armed with the Windsor rifle. They have no accoutrements, but in all else they are fully provided. The provisions for health and comfort in camp are quite complete. That they may all safely return is the fervent and earnest prayer of the entire community.

The Courier Thursday morning, May 30, 1861, gave the Miller Rifles this send-off:

This company left yesterday at 11 o'clock on a special train for Richmond. It consists of a larger number than either of the other companies that have left.* It is made up of the best kind of fighting men, mostly from the country, and though but little used to drill at present, they are inured to many hardships that will enable them to drop into camp routine with comparative ease; and Capt. Towers is just the man to make this company one of the most efficient in the service.

And now the author again steps aside and bows to pens that are more trenchant than his own. The quotations are from The Courier, with the dates as indicated:

Northern Men's Sacrifice.—Those citizens of Northern birth who enlist in our army and who demonstrate on the battlefield their fidelity to our cause are entitled to the lasting gratitude and remembrance of our people. To the foreman and others in charge of The Courier, it is a source of gratification to hear on frequent occasions the name of Mr. Melville Dwinell, now in the army, who participated in the recent glorious achievement at Manassas, spoken of in terms of the warmest respect and regard. He was in the hottest of the column led by the lamented Bartow. We hope that he escaped death.

We grieve to learn that Frank Lathrop, our young friend and fellow citizen, from the house of Sloan, Harper & Co., is no more. He, too, was a Northern man, and fell at Manassas, battling for our rights.

Floyd Companies' Loss.—As there has been no official report published of the killed and wounded of the Eighth Georgia Regiment in the First Battle of Manassas, we are only enabled to give the following report from a list sent by Rev. John Jones, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Rome, who has been visiting the companies and is now at Richmond:

Rome Light Guards—Killed: Chas. B. Norton, Geo. T. Stovall, D. Clinton Hargrove, Jas. B. Clark and Dr. J. T. Duane; badly wounded, M. D. McOsker, J. H. Anderson (Ringgold), J. A. Stevenson (Jacksonville); slightly wounded, Capt. E. J. Magruder, G. L. Aycock, A. J. Bearden, J. Dunwoody Jones, J. F. Shelton, —— Shackleford and Jett Howard; missing, John J. Black, Wm. A. Barron, M. A. Ross and John R. Payne.

Miller Rifles—Killed, Thos. Mobley, Frank Lathrop and Lewis Yarbrough; badly wounded, O. B. Eve, Thos. J. Hills and Wm. A. King; slightly wounded, John M. Berry, B. F. Cornut, W. D. Corput, S. H. Chambers, M. D. Funderburk, N. S. Fain, Maj. John Minton, Jourdan Reese, T. C. Sparks, J. H. Silvey, W. P. Trout, W. W. Ware, the two Easons and D. C. Harper; sick, W. J. Barrett, G. Carroll, R. F. Carroll, B. F. Price and T. R. Glenn.

Floyd Infantry — Killed, George Martin, W. J. Chastain, A. W. Harshaw and J. H. Dunn; badly wounded, Capt. Jno. F. Cooper. Full list not reported.

Manassas Battleground Camp, Tuesday, July 23, 1861, 8 p. m.

Dear Courier: Since writing this morning I have gathered some particulars of the glorious victory of July 21. As the facts are made known, the complete rout of the enemy and the utter confusion into which they were thrown becomes more and more evident. Instead of getting 42 of their cannon, 64 have already been brought in, and there is reason to believe still more

*The Floyd Infantry, under command of Capt. Jno. Frederick Cooper, is referred to here with the Light Guards. It is supposed to have left several days ahead of any other company.

will be found, provided this number does not include all they had. Our troops detailed for that purpose have been finding them all day, run off in concealed places by the roadside. In addition to the cannon, it is reported that the road leading to Alexandria is literally lined with muskets, rifles, etc., etc. This morning 27 of Lincoln's commissioned officers, including several of the staff, were sent to Richmond as prisoners of war.

The sneaking cunning and perfidious meanness of our enemies was exhibited on the day of battle by their use of a flag, one side of which represented the colors of the Confederate States and the other those of the United States. It was by the use of this that our regiments were so badly cut up. The column that flanked us showed the Confederate flag until they got to the position where they could do us the greatest possible injury, then turned to us the Federal side of the flag. For doing this when they sent a flag of truce to Gen. Beauregard, asking for the privilege of gathering up and burying their dead, it was denied them. How can they expect any courtesy when they thus set at defiance all the rules of civilized warfare? The low spirit that governs them and their miscreancy was also exhibited on the 18th, when they made use of the truce in throwing up barricades and breastworks.

A. J. Bearden was taken prisoner and carried some four miles from the battleground. This was after our regiment had fallen back. He was carried to the headquarters of the enemy, and there saw a large number of gentlemen from Washington City, New York and other places, drinking and carousing over "their" victory. Not long after, news came that their army was retreating, with our cavalry in hot pursuit. Then ensued a scene of indescribable confusion among this white kid gentry in their efforts to secure their personal safety by flight. When our cavalry came up, Bearden claimed his own freedom, and took captive the captain who had been guarding him. Chas. M. Harper, of the Miller Rifles, was taken prisoner, and with two or three others was guarded by six of the Hessians. After a while, more prisoners were put in care of the same guard, so that their number exceeded that of the hirelings holding them. Our boys watched their opportunity, snatched their guardians' guns and took them all prisoners. Another instance in which the tables were turned occurred with a member of our company, Robt. DeJournett. He was on the retreat when a mounted officer, supposed to have been a colonel, rode up to within 15 or 20 paces and cried out, "Your life! Your life, you young rebel!" DeJournett turned, raised his gun and shot him through while the officer was attempting to draw his pistol. DeJournett made a hasty retreat in safety, though a volley of muskets was fired at him.

It is now certain that John J. Black, Marcus A. Ross and John Payne were taken prisoners and carried off. McGrath came in today, unharmed. This accounts for all the Light Guards. No prisoners were carried off from the Miller Rifles. Seven of the Federal prisoners have told us they expected to be hung as soon as the battle was over. They have been taught to believe that the Southerners are a set of complete barbarians. Geo. Martin, of the Floyd Infantry, died last night. Howard McOsker and Anderson, of our company, have been sent to Gordonsville. They were doing well.

Our regiment has not yet reorganized, and we did not move today, as was anticipated. We were all very glad to see Rev. John Jones when he came into camp today. It is said that the



GEORGE TRIPPE STOVALL, editor and Methodist Sunday School superintendent who was killed at First Manassas.

Lincolnites have taken Washington City. They certainly hold no place this side of Alexandria.—Courier, Aug. 1, 1861.

Thos. J. Hills.—History will delight to honor the heroes of Manassas and the bravery of our boys; "in the deadly thicket" long will be a fireside theme!

In our exultation over the great victory at Manassas it is well to pay a passing tribute to the memory of those who freely gave their lives to gain it. He whose name heads this article was not among those whose life sped ere victory was won; lingering until Friday night, he died peacefully in the full realization of the promises so sweet to the Christian heart.

Of modest, unassuming manner, he was well known only to his intimate friends, who knew him but to love him. As superintendent of the Sabbath School at Running Waters (the Hume place north of Rome), he had recently entered upon a life of Christian usefulness, where he was becoming better known and more widely appreciated. In him we mourn a devoted son, an affectionate brother and faithful friend. Truly, death loves a shining mark, and in the loss of our promising young men we see God's ways are past finding out.—M., Aug. 9, 1861.

Returned.—Gen. Geo. S. Black, Col. W. A. Fort, H. A. Gartrell, N. J. Omberg, R. S. Norton and G. R. Sandefer returned home a few days ago from Manassas, where they had gone to visit their sons and friends.

Wm. Higginbotham, a well-known free man of color, also returned on Saturday morning. He reached Manassas on the morning of the battle, but was denied the privilege of taking a gun and falling into the ranks. He then assisted in removing the dead and wounded, amid the shower of balls that fell around. Such deeds are highly meritorious and deserve much credit.

Accident on Rome Railroad.—On Tuesday evening last, as the down train reached a point about two miles this side of Kingston, it struck a cow on the track, which threw the engine and part of the train off. The engineer saw the cow, but too late to stop the train, and fearing the result, jumped off and broke his leg. This is the only serious accident that has occurred on this road for several years.

A number of the Cherokee Artillery, who were home on furlough, were forced to walk from the spot to Kingston, as their train from Rome could not pass. They were going to Camp McDonald, and thence will go to Virginia.—Aug. 9, 1861.

Soldiers Returned.—John M. Berry, of the Miller Rifles, who had two of his fingers shot off at Manassas, and who received an honorable discharge, returned a few days ago. M. A. Ross, of the Light Guards, who received a wound in his arm and hand, was taken prisoner and escaped, arrived Thursday on a two months' furlough. L. G. Bradbury belonged to no company, though fought with the rest of the boys. He went out for the purpose of joining the Light Guards, but was not received on account of being a cripple. it.—Aug. 16, 1861.
He went to see the elephant and saw

A survivor's account of the First Battle of Manassas has been gleaned from the records of the United Daughters of the Confederacy:*

It was on a bright, beautiful Sunday morning that one of the world's most remarkable battles was fought. Gens. Gustave T. Beauregard and Jos. E. Johnston were the Confederate leaders, and Gen. Winfield Scott commander of the Northern army. Jefferson Davis was on the field, cheering the hosts in gray. It was here that Gen. Thos. J. Jackson got his nickname "Stonewall." Francis S. Bartow, colonel of the Eighth Georgia Regiment, had our command, and Gen. Bernard E. Bee was also there, with his South Carolina battalions.

Predictions had been made by the Washington contingent that the flag that carried in its folds the love of these hotly patriotic Southerners would be furled forever. A large crowd of spectators came out from Washington in their fine carriages, with nice lunches and plenty to drink in celebration of the expected Union victory, and the festivities were to be continued that night in the capital.

The tides of battle surged back and forth. Units of the Southern army were cut to pieces, and the remnants retreated. Seeing some men turning to the rear, the gallant Bee shouted, "Look at Jackson there; he is standing like a stone wall!" The men rallied. Reinforcements for us came up,

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*Related by Virgil A. Stewart. He and B. J. Franks, of Armuchee, are the only survivors of the Rome Light Guards.



FOUR INTREPID CONFEDERATE LEADERS.

At top, left to right, are Jefferson Davis, president of the Southern Confederacy, who was captured near Irwinville, Ga., in 1865, after a flight from Richmond with Colonel and Mrs. C. I. Graves, of Rome; and Gen. Jos. Eccleston Johnston, famed for his well-ordered retreat from Chattanooga through Rome. At the bottom are Gen. Jno. B. Gordon, who attended Hearn Academy, Cave Spring, and Gen. Jno. B. Hood, commander in the Atlanta campaign, who crossed the Coosa River at Veal's ferry, Coosa Village.

and by 3 o'clock in the afternoon the rout of the Union army was complete. Beauregard and Johnston wanted to push on to Washington in the hope of ending the war, but Davis said no.

Practically half of the Eighth's 1,000 Georgians fell dead or wounded, or were captured or lost. The Fourth Alabama was also well decimated. Bartow led his men to an exposed eminence which was too hot to hold.

When the command to retire was given, I did not hear it, and soon found myself with none but dead and wounded around me. I fell back to a thicket and met Jim Tom Moore, who said he did not know where were the rest of the men. Ike Donkle sang out, "Rally, Rome Light Guards!" About a dozen came out of the thicket and were immediately fired upon by a regiment in a protected position. The Romans returned the fire, then fell back to cover. My hat and coat were well riddled, but my skin was untouched.

Among our dead were Jas. B. Clark, Dr. J. T. Duane, a native of Ireland, who had come to Rome only a few

years before and opened a dental office; Geo. T. Stovall, a bachelor, superintendent of the First Methodist Church Sunday School, and perhaps the most beloved young man in the town; Charles B. Norton, a clothing merchant, and D. Clinton Hargrove, a lawyer, my uncle and a brother of Z. B. Hargrove. Charlie Norton was the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Norton and a brother of Mrs. Wm. M. Towers. Among our wounded were M. D. McOsker and L. T. ("Coon") Mitchell,* son of Dan'l. R. Mitchell, one of the four founders of Rome.

When Charlie Norton was shot, he pitched forward and fell across me, for I was on my knees firing. He was the first Light Guard member to be killed. It was a horrible sight; men falling all around, some dying quickly and the others making the day hideous with their groans. Considering that so many were our boyhood friends, it was all the harder to bear.

Bartow fell mortally wounded, and was attended by Dr. H. V. M. Miller. A short time previously he was attempting to rally his men. Frenzied at his heavy loss, he seized a flag from the hands of a color bearer. It happened that these were the colors of a South Carolina unit under Bee. The incident was noticed by Bee, who rushed up and snatched the colors from Bartow. Bee also lost his life in this fight. Had he and Bartow been spared, it is quite likely they would have fought a duel.

As the Eighth Georgia marched off the field at the conclusion of the battle, Gen. Beauregard saluted and cried: "I salute the Eighth Georgia with my hat off. History shall never forget you!"

Capt. Magruder received two wounds at First Manassas. Later, at Garnett's farm, near Richmond, he was wounded twice on the same day. Part of his nose and right jaw were torn away, and his shoulder was badly shot. Having had his face bandaged, he was rushing back to the front when a middle-aged man in homespun suit and broad-brimmed hat stopped him and said:

"Major, you are more seriously wounded than you realize. You must take my carriage and go to the hospital."

Capt. Magruder pushed on abruptly, telling the man to mind his own business. A soldier who saw the meeting asked Capt. Magruder a moment later if he knew it was Jefferson Davis he was talking to. Capt. Magruder turned quickly and apologized, explaining that nearly all the officers had been incapacitated or captured, and that he must take command. He went through the thickest of the fight, fainted and was borne from the field. After a while he was promoted to lieutenant colonel. At Petersburg he was wounded twice; once slightly and suffered a broken arm. Surgeons insisted on amputation but he refused and his elbow was always stiff thereafter. He was sent to "Frescati," the Magruder homestead in Virginia, which he had helped put in order to receive his wounded comrades.

Judge Augustus R. Wright, Federal and Confederate Congressman, contributed the following to the discussion of intrigue at Richmond:

Richmond, Va., Feb. 26, 1862.

Francis C. Shropshire,
Rome, Ga.

My Dear Frank: On Saturday last we had the ceremonies of the inauguration. Imposing, very. A gloomier day never settled upon the capital of Virginia. The rain fell in torrents. Notwithstanding, the crowd was immense. President Davis made his speech and took the oath at the equestrian statue of Washington. The commending of himself and his country into the hands of God at the conclusion of the ceremony was a sublime scene. Emaciated and careworn, with a deep feeling of sadness pervading his pale, intellectual features, there was anearnestness and solemnity in his mannr that satisfied the beholder. His spirit was even then in deep communion with his God. There were no Christian doubts that he had prayed before in the deep humility of a trusting and faithful heart.

Mr. Davis, in my opinion, is a Christian President, and if he is, God will take care of him and the young suffering country which he rules for the next six years.

The vileness of our race is being exhibited here every day in the efforts of some of those who were first to overthrow the old Government,** to shake the confidence of the people in

*Mitchell told later how Stovall had mentioned to him the night before the battle a premonition of death. Stovall was humming at the time his favorite song, "Jesus Lover of My Soul." His last words were, "Tell my mother I have gone to Heaven."

**Presumably at Montgomery.

their rulers in the hour of misfortune and public calamity, the time when of all others we should stand by the Government with the most heroic fortitude, and strengthen by every means in our power the confidence of our people in our rulers.

Some already declare Congress is bound by no Constitution in time of war, others that we must change the organic law again; the best way to get clear of incompetent rulers is for the people to rise in their might and overthrow them.

It is fearful to hear the talk in Congress and out of it. If we are not careful, and meet with a few more reverses, we shall have the revolution all over again.

I shall stick to the President because it is right, because he is worthy, and because it is the only course to secure law and order and any Government at all.

There are a great many currents and undercurrents here—demagogues working like maggots on the body politic; the body of the people are like a seething caldron—traitors in great evidence that glory in the news of our defeat. Upon requiring the office-holders to take the oath of allegiance, I understand there were 40 who refused.

The situation at this time: The Federal army numbers 500,000, the Confederate army about 350,000. Mill Spring surrendered Feb. 6; Gen. Jollicoffer, a favorite Southern general, killed. Fort Donelson, on line of Mississippi River, surrendered Feb. 16, with about 15,000 men.

"God is my refuge and my strength;" out of the darkness He will bring light, and upon these shadows His spirit will move in strength, and we shall have a new Government to shed its blessings, I hope, upon a free, intelligent and Christian people.

Yours truly,

AUGUSTUS R. WRIGHT.

The Civil War, like every other war, was not free of profiteering. Occasionally the boys at the front would write back their opinions of money grubbing and hoarding, and as early as a year after the opening the home folks were sniping at its pudgy form. The Tri-Weekly Courier of Tuesday, Apr. 8, 1862, printed the proceedings of a county mass meeting at the City Hall, in which strong resolutions were passed against extortionate prices which were crippling the men on the firing line and working a hardship on non-combatants. Col. James Word was chairman of the meeting and R. D. Harvey secretary. The resolutions were drawn by a committee composed of Daniel R. Mitchell, H. Aycock, B. F. Hawkins, Kinchin Rambo and J. W. Dunnahoo, and they were passed unanimously.





FINE DWELLINGS OF HILL AND COUNTRYSIDE.

The elegant simplicity of Rome homes has often been remarked. Here we see a few of the finer structures in their artistic settings. At top, the Second Avenue home of C. Wm. King; next, "Beverly Hall," the country estate of J. Nephew King, near DeSoto Park; center, the Fourth ward dwelling of the late J. A. Glover. The two bottom pictures are of "Hillcrest," East Rome dwelling of Jno. M. Graham.

CHAPTER II.

A Rome Engine Chases The "General

ALTHOUGH the story of "Andrews' Wild Raid" of Apr. 12, 1862, is well known to followers of Civil War history, the part played by a Rome engine in the chase and capture of this band of desperate men has remained buried in oblivion. This engine was the "Wm. R. Smith,"* a small, "wood-burning" affair named after Col. Wm. R. ("Long Bill") Smith, first president of the Rome Railroad. Her engineer was Oliver Wiley Harbin,** and the conductor of the Rome Railroad train to which she was attached and which awaited the arrival of the Atlanta train at Kingston was Cicero A. Smith, also of Rome, son of Jacob Smith, an uncle of "Bill Arp."***

The following account is taken partly from an illustrated folder issued in 1903 under direction of W. L. Danley, of Nashville, Tenn., general passenger agent of the N. C. & St. L. railway, lessees of the Western & Atlantic (state) railroad, and partly from "Georgia's Landmarks, Memorials & Legends," Vol. II, ps. 230-234.****

James J. Andrews, a Union spy and contraband merchant of Flemingsburg, Ky., was commissioned by Gen. O. M. Mitchel to lead a raid into Georgia and burn the railroad bridges between Big Shanty (Kennesaw, Cobb County), and Chattanooga, Tenn. Gen. Mitchel's division of Buell's Union army was in camp near Shelbyville, Tenn., and it was from this point that Andrews took 21 men in civilian clothes and made his way through the Confederate lines to Marietta, seven miles south of Big Shanty. Mitchel was to capture Huntsville, Ala., on the same day that Andrews' raiders were tearing up the road, and supplies being cut off from the South for the Confederate garrison at Chattanooga, Mitchel was to march from Huntsville on receiving word from Andrews, and overwhelm the Tennessee town. Reinforcements sufficient to hold Chattanooga were to be rushed to Mitchel's aid.

Andrews was familiar with the road, but heavy rains delayed him a day and he decided to make his dash Apr. 12 instead of the 11th, reasoning that the rains would hold up Mitchel's force a day as well. Consequently, he did not reach Marietta until the night of Apr. 11. At Marietta the presence of this group of strangers attracted some attention, but they explained that they were Southerners who had made their way through the Northern lines and wanted to join the Confederate army.

At 6 o'clock on the morning of Apr. 12 Capt. Wm. A. Fuller, conductor of the northbound passenger train, pulled the bell cord that sent the engine puffing out of the Union Station in Atlanta. This was the engine "General," built by the Rogers Locomotive Works at Paterson, N. J., in 1855, a trim wood-burner with a sharp cowcatcher and bellows stack, which for some years has been on exhibition at the Union depot, Chattanooga. The engineer was Jeff Cain, and Capt. Anthony Murphy, well-known Atlantan and superintendent of the W. & A. shops, went along. Three empty box cars were carried next to the engine to bring commissary stores from Chattanooga to Atlanta.

When the train reached Marietta, 20 miles northwest of Atlanta, two of Andrews' party for some reason failed to get aboard, but the other twenty clambered on, having bought tickets for various points beyond Big Shanty. It was customary for this train to stop 20 minutes at Big Shanty so the train crew and passengers could get breakfast at Lacey's Hotel. This was done on this occasion, and Capt. Fuller sat with his face toward his engine, where he could see through an open window, 40 feet from the train.

In Andrews' party were four engineers and firemen, some couplers and

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*Georgia's Landmarks, Memorials & Legends, Vol. II, p. 233.

**Authorities: Judge Jno. C. Printup, Mrs. Susan Cothran Smith, of Birmingham, daughter of Col. Wade S. Cothran, superintendent of the road; H. H. Wimpee, of Rome.

***Authority: Mrs. Smith. Cicero A. Smith was a brother of Miss Mollie Smith, Henry A. Smith and James Smith, of Rome.

****Contributed by Wilber G. Kurtz, of Chicago, who married a daughter of Capt. Wm. A. Fuller, one of the principals in the escapade.

others familiar with railroad work, and practically all of them were armed with pistols, and several carried pliers for cutting telegraph wires. Although Big Shanty had 3,000 Confederate soldiers in training (at Camp McDonald), it did not boast a telegraph station. The commanding officer had requested Capt. Fuller to take in tow several deserters who might board his train, hence when the conductor saw the strangers uncouple the engine and the three empty box cars from his train and start off, he thought they were Confederate undesirables.

"Some one who has no right to do so has gone off with our train!" shouted Capt. Fuller. The sixteen men in the last box car waved defiantly as they turned a curve and were lost to view. The alarm was sounded through village and camp.

A bugler called together the Highland Rangers, a horse troop commanded by Capt. J. L. Kerr, a Rome tailor, which was Co. G, of the First Georgia Cavalry, commanded by Col. J. J. Morrison, of Polk County. The horsemen dashed away in hot pursuit. Among them were four Roman brothers, M. A. J. (Matt), Wm., George and Dave Wimpee.*

Capt. Fuller used the tools at hand. He pitted leg power against steam. Mr. Cain and Capt. Murphy followed closely. At Moon's Station, two miles away, they got a hand car off a sidetrack. The men at the station had had their tools taken forcibly by the raiders. They reported that the strangers had cut 100 yards of wire from the telegraph poles, and carried it with them. Capt. Fuller then comprehended the design, and put new determination into his efforts. He had arrived here ahead of his companions, so pushed the hand car back and picked them up. Two of them shoved the rude conveyance while the third rested and kept a sharp lookout ahead. Rain was falling in a gloomy drizzle.

Capt. Fuller figured that the downgrade to Etowah Station, at the Etowah river, would probably enable him to get to that point (fifteen miles from Moon's) by the time "The General" had climbed the grade thence to Kingston, and that at Kingston freight trains were due to hold up the raiders a while. A pile of crossties was removed from the track a mile north of Moon's. At Acworth they got pistols and were joined by Steve Stokely, of Cobb County, and a Mr. Smith, of Jonesboro, Two rails had been removed just before reaching Etowah, so the handcar had to be lifted along some 75 feet.

After a heroic effort, Etowah was reached, and there, justifying the hopes of Capt. Fuller, stood the old engine "Yonah," the property of the Cooper Iron Works. The engine was standing on a sidetrack near the Etowah trestle, and the tender, detached, was on the turn-table. The tender was turned around and attached to the engine, and off they went. No further impediments were encountered up to Kingston, fifteen miles from Etowah.

By this time the countryside was in a fever of excitement. Andrews was telling curious station masters and trainmen that he was running an ammunition train to the relief of Gen. G. T. Beauregard, at Corinth, Miss. He also stated that Capt. Fuller's passenger train was coming along behind; but when the people saw Capt. Fuller's bedraggled crew, they knew the truth.

The "Yonah" pawed up sparks as her wheels slipped in starting; then she made record speed to Kingston. Andrews had just left. He had persuaded the freight engineers to give him right of way, and was off with a mocking laugh. The "Texas" found the freights so arranged that she was hopelessly pocketed, but on the left-hand prong of the "Y," pointed toward Rome, was the "Wm. R. Smith," steam up and waiting for the Atlanta transfer passengers. Capt. Fuller pressed this engine into service, and her engineer, O. Wiley Harbin, ran her a distance of five miles, faster than the "stringers" and flat rails of the Rome railroad would have stood. In the cab of the Rome engine were also seated the Rome train conductor, Cicero A. Smith, Capt. Fuller, Mr. Cain, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Stokely and Mr. Smith. Four miles south of Adairsville (Cass County), 60 yards of track was found to have been torn up. The "Smith" was stopped with a jerk and Capt. Fuller and his four companions ran ahead after thanking the crew from Rome. The Romans remained behind to look after their engine, and slowly steamed back to Kingston and took up their previous position.

Capt. Fuller pressed on two miles as fast as his legs would carry him, again leading his crowd by several furlongs. After half a mile Murphy was the only one he could see. Presently an express freight train came puffing along with 20 cars. Capt. Fuller stood

*Authority: H. H. Wimpee.

on the track, brandished his pistol and brought the train to a stop. The engineer, Peter Bracken, recognized him and heard his hastily-told story. They waited for Capt. Murphy to arrive, then backed up the road as fast as possible, Capt. Fuller standing on the last box car, 20 lengths away, and giving signals so the engineer could tell how to run. Others now on the train were Fleming Cox and Henry Haney, fireman of the freight, and Alonzo Martin, wood passer. Smith and Stokely had been left behind. The train was now being pushed by the Danforth and Cook engine "Texas."

When within 200 yards of the switch at Adairsville, Capt. Fuller jumped down, ran ahead and changed the switch so as to throw the 20 cars on the sidetrack. He then reversed the switch and hopped on the "Texas," which sped on her way. So quickly had this change been effected that engine and cars ran side by side for nearly 1,000 feet. The "Texas," it should be borne in mind, was still running backward, whereas the "General" was pointed ahead. This gave the "General" quite an advantage because the instability of a tender running fast ahead tends to throw it off the track. Calhoun, Gordon County, ten miles from Adairsville, was reached in twelve minutes. Here Edward Henderson, 17, telegraph operator at Dalton, had arrived on the morning passenger train, to see what was the matter with the telegraph wires. Running at 15 miles an hour, Capt. Fuller stretched out a hand to him and pulled him aboard the engine.

While they sped along as fast as an engine with 5 feet, 10-inch driving wheels could run, Capt. Fuller wrote the following telegram to Gen. Ledbetter at Chattanooga, handed it to young Henderson and told him to hop off quick at Dalton and put it through:

"My train was captured this morning at Big Shanty, evidently by Federal soldiers in disguise. They are making rapidly for Chattanooga, possibly with an idea of burning the railroad bridges in their rear. If I do not capture them in the meantime, see that they do not pass Chattanooga."

Two miles north of Calhoun the flying raiders were sighted by the pursuers for the first time. They detached the rear freight car at a point where they had made a fruitless effort to tear up a rail with a crow-bar. This car was coupled in front of the "Texas" without stopping, and Capt. Fuller mounted it and signalled to the engineer, who could not see ahead. The end of this car had been punched out so crossties could be strewn along the track, ties having been taken from the roadbed at various points. Two and a half miles farther, Capt. Fuller encountered another loose freight car. This was taken on in front, and the gallant captain moved up a car length. The bridge over the Oostanaula River was crossed safely and at Resaca Capt. Fuller left the two cumbersome freight cars on a siding, and sped onward with the "Texas" only. At a short curve two miles north of Resaca a T-rail diagonally across the track was seen too late to stop. Capt. Fuller was standing on the tender, and he clung to the side and closed his eyes a moment in anticipation of a crash. The right fore wheel swept the rail off the track like it had been a straw, and they were safe again. They were said to have been making 55 miles an hour. This was undoubtedly one of the rails whose removal halted the engine from Rome. It was probably dropped off the third and last box car, hence there was no time to place it straight across. Only two or three times were obstructions met with between Resaca and Dalton, a distance of fifteen miles; these were quickly removed. At Dal-



COL. WADE S. COTHRAN, banker and promoter, who, with John Hume, caused the Nobles to move to Rome.

ton the telegraph operator was dropped, and he managed to get his message on the line a few seconds before the wires were snipped up the road. The customary acknowledgment at the end of the message was not received from Chattanooga because the pliers had been used so quickly.

Two miles north of Dalton the desperate fugitives were seen frantically attempting to tear up a rail. Col. Jesse A. Glenn's regiment was camping nearby, and its members also noticed the work of Andrews' men. Before the soldiers could come up, the Andrews band had made off again. The fifteen miles from Dalton to Ringgold (Catoosa County) was made in faster time than Capt. Fuller had ever made it in his 22 years as a conductor. At middle distance between these two points stood the long tunnel at Tunnel Hill, Whitfield County. Here was a fine opportunity for the pursued to wreck the determined pursuers. Had they stopped a short distance beyond the tunnel and sent their last box car into the dark passageway, a shocking tragedy might have been enacted. However, they were too hotly pursued to try such an experiment.

The intervening distance had been eaten up by the "Texas" until, half way between Ringgold and Graysville (a mile and a half north of Ringgold), the "General" was only a quarter of a mile in the lead. The "General" was weakening perceptibly, due to complete exhaustion of her wood and water supply. The last splinter had been shoved into the firebox and the last drop of water squeezed from her tank. The once white smoke belching from her clumsy but business-like stack had been transformed into a hot breath. The 20 reckless mutineers who had commandeered her would have chucked in their hats, shirts and shoes except for the job of tearing through brambles and streams. Several pine knots had been passed back to the box cars to set them on fire and send to the rear a flaming messenger of death. Had this sortie been successful, the chance of escape might have been greatly heightened, for the flames would have closed around the chugging "Texas" like a snare. A small fire was started in the car, but the dampness made the attempt a failure. It was probable that the plan was to fire the car and leave it on the next bridge, but the "General" could not pull the grade, and the car was cut loose. Capt. Fuller picked it up, and put out the fire. The fugitives now abandoned the "General" and ran through the woods to the west. "Every man take care of himself!" shouted Andrews, and they scattered in squads of three or four.

At Ringgold Capt. Fuller had sighted 50 or 75 soldiers and had shouted word for them to mount their horses and come forward in the chase. At a fork in the Chickamauga near Graysville four of the raiders were captured, and one of them was forced to tell who they were. The neighborhood was thoroughly awakened, and within a fortnight all of the 22 had been rounded up, including the two who had failed to take the train at Marietta. Although badly tuckered out, Capt. Fuller, Capt. Murphy, Fleming Cox and Alonzo Martin took to the woods in pursuit of the raiders, but soon left the chase to the men on horseback. Some of the pursued hid out in mountains and canebrakes, but were turned up when they applied at farm houses for food.

The following Kentucky and Ohio men participated in the raid:*

Jas. J. Andrews, leader, citizen, Flemingsburg, Ky.; Wm. H. Campbell, citizen, of Kentucky.

Marion A. Ross, sergeant major; Wm. Pittinger, sergeant, Company G; Geo. D. Wilson, private, Company B; Chas. P. Shadrach, private, Company K, all of Second Ohio Infantry.

Elihu H. Mason, sergeant, Company K; Jno. M. Scott, sergeant, Company F; Wilson M. Brown, corporal, Company F; Mark Wood, private, Company C; Jno. A. Wilson, private, Company C; Wm. Knight, private, Company E; Jno. R. Porter, private, Company G; Wm. Bensinger, private, Company G; Robt. Buffum, private, Company H, all of 21st Ohio Infantry.

Martin J. Hawkins, corporal, Company A; Wm. H. Reddick, corporal, Company B; Daniel A. Dorsey, corporal, Company H; John Wollam, private, Company C; Samuel Slavens, private, Company E; Samuel Robertson, private, Company G; Jacob Parrott, private, Company K, all of 33rd Ohio Infantry.

Eight of these men, whose names appear below, were executed by the Confederate authorities at Atlanta, Ga., in June, 1862; Andrews on June 7, and Campbell, Ross, Geo. D. Wilson, Shadrach, Scott, Slavens and Robertson on June 18. On Oct. 16, 1862, the eight following named made their escape from prison at Atlanta: Brown, Wood,

*Letter, Feb. 18, 1903, from F. C. Ainsworth, chief of Record and Pension office, Washington, D. C., to W. L. Danley, Nashville, Tenn.

John A. Wilson, Knight, Porter, Hawkins, Dorsey and Wollam. The remaining six members of the raiding party were paroled at City Point, Va., March 17, 1863. Their names follow: Pittinger, Mason, Bensinger, Buffum, Reddick and Parrott. Congress gave medals to all the survivors, who erected a monument to their comrades in the National cemetery at Chickamauga, Ga. The N., C. & St. L. railway erected tablet stones at the points where the "General" was captured and was abandoned. The "Texas" stands in the southeastern part of Grant Park, Atlanta, defying the wind and the weather. The "Yonah" and the "Wm. R. Smith" are supposed to have been scrapped.*

Sergt. Pittinger testified at his trial that when the "General" "broke down," they were burning oil cans, tool boxes and planks ripped off the freight car. As they abandoned her they reversed her in order to bring on a collision with the "Texas," but in their haste and excitement they left the brake on the tender, and there was not sufficient steam to back the engine. In his book, "Capturing a Locomotive," he says:

We obstructed the track as well as we could by laying on crossties at different places. We also cut the wires between every station. Finally, when we were nearly to the station where we expected to meet the last train, we stopped to take up a rail. We had no instruments but a crowbar, and instead of pulling out the spikes, as we could have done with the pinch bars used for that purpose by railroad men, we had to batter them out. Just as we were going to relinquish the effort, the whistle of an engine in pursuit sounded in our ears.** With one convulsive effort we broke the rail in two, took up our precious half rail and left.

We were scarcely out of sight of the place where we had taken up the half rail before the other train met us. This was safely passed. When our pursuers came to the place where the broken rail was taken up, they abandoned their engine and ran on foot till they met the freight train, and turned it back after us.

We adopted every expedient we could think of to delay pursuit, but as we were cutting the wire near Calhoun, they came in sight of us. We instantly put our engine to full speed, and in a moment the wheels were striking fire from the rails in their rapid revolutions. The car in which we rode rocked furiously and threw us from one side to the other like peas rattled in a gourd.

I then proposed to Andrews to let our engineer take the engine out of sight, while we hid in a curve, after putting a crosstie on the track; when they checked to remove the obstructions, we could rush on them, shoot every person on the engine, reverse it and let it drive backward at will.

The Southern Confederacy, a paper published in Atlanta at the time, wrote:***

The fugitives, not expecting pursuit, quietly took in wood and water at Cass Station, and borrowed a schedule from the bank tender on the plausible pretext that they were running a pressed train loaded with powder for Beauregard.

They had on the engine a red handkerchief, indicating that the regular passenger train would be along presently. They stopped at Adairsville and said that Fuller, with the regular passenger train, was behind, and would wait at Kingston for the freight train, and told the conductor to push ahead and meet him at that point. This was done to produce a collision with Capt. Fuller's train.

When the morning freight reached Big Shanty, Lieut. Cols. R. F. Maddox**** and C. D. Phillips took the engine, and with 50 picked men, followed on as rapidly as possible. Capt. Fuller on his return met them at Tunnel Hill and turned them back. Peter Bracken, the engineer on the "Texas," ran his engine 50½ miles—two miles backing the whole freight train up to Adairsville; made twelve stops, coupled the two cars dropped by the fugitives, and switched them off on sid-

*Georgia's Landmarks, Memorials & Legends, Vol. II, p. 234, says Andrews was hanged at Ponce DeLeon Avenue and Peachtree Street, following his conviction at Chattanooga as a spy; that the seven others hanged were tried at Knoxville, and were taken from the old jail at Fair and Fraser Streets, Atlanta, and hanged near Oakland cemetery, on land now owned by the street railway company; and that the eight escaped the Atlanta jail in broad daylight and made their way to the Union lines.

**The whistle they heard was on the Rome engine, the "Wm. R. Smith." According to the N., C. & St. L. booklet, p. 9, 60 yards of track was torn up at that point.

***N., C. & St. L. booklet, ps. 21-23.

****Father of Robt. F. Maddox, former mayor of Atlanta.

ings—all in one hour and five minutes.*

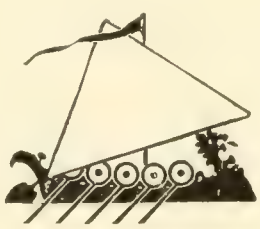
The part played by the Rome engine and her crew was warmly praised by the citizens and the military authorities. Indeed, not only was an important link supplied, but the appearance of the engine at the point of broken track no doubt prevented a wreck of the southbound freight piloted by Engineer Bracken. Had a wreck occurred, Capt. Fuller would have pushed on to Adairsville afoot, and the raiders would probably have been able to carry out at least a part of their design.

Out on his farm in North Rome Col. Wade S. Cothran, superintendent of the Rome Railroad, always took note of the time when the train passed the Rome brick yard, not far to the southeast. On this occasion no train came, and Col. Cothran remarked to his family that something must have happened. Next morning a messenger arrived with news of the capture and Col. Cothran announced with a great deal of pride at the breakfast table that Wiley Harbin and "Little Cis" Smith had written their names on history's everlasting scroll.

As for the Highland Rangers and the Wimpee brothers, of Rome, they made a praiseworthy dash through the hills by horse but could not keep up with the flying Fuller and his daredevil pacemakers.

Frustation of this daring sally and plot postponed until August 1863, the capture of Chattanooga by the Federal general, Wm. S. Rosecrans.

*It appears that the total distance traveled by Capt. Fuller was about 85½ miles; afoot two miles to Moon's, 12 miles by handcar to Etowah, 14 miles by the "Yonah" to Kingston, 5 miles beyond Kingston on the "Wm. R. Smith," two more afoot, and then 50½ miles on the "Texas." Although practically all the participants were armed, there is no evidence that any shots were exchanged. The Tri-Weekly Courier recorded the fall of Huntsville Apr. 11, but did not mention the Andrews Raid.



CHAPTER III.

Activities of the Folks at Home

WHILE there was such a feverish activity at the front, what were the "Home Guard" and the women doing far from the sound of musket and drum?

Mrs. Mary Turnley Reynolds, historian of the Rome Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, contributed the following to the archives of that institution in 1900:

The work accomplished by the ladies of Rome for the gallant men who sacrificed the comforts of home and fireside, donned the suit of gray to fight for native land and Southern rights, is a part of the history of our Southland that is too noble to be forgotten; and the names of the heroines who figured behind the lines must be recorded along with the names of the heroes who sacrificed their all for Southern rights.

Of those who were prominent in the work for their country during those troublous times, your historian finds many who have passed into the beautiful and far-away land. Some have removed their homes to other states. Some are living at a ripe and happy old age among the families and friends of their youth. Included in these might be mentioned Mrs. J. G. Yeiser, widow of Col. Yeiser, who also served in the Mexican war; Mrs. J. M. Gregory, widow of Dr. Gregory, once mayor of Rome and a surgeon in Company A, Eighth Georgia Regiment; Mrs. Martha Battey, widow of Dr. Robt. Battey, a surgeon in the 19th Georgia Regiment; and Mrs. P. L. Turnley, wife of Dr. Turnley, the druggist. From the above-named ladies and Mrs. Eben Hillyer, wife of Dr. Eben Hillyer, your historian has gathered valuable data which gives us a vivid picture of the times.

The first thing to cheer the soldier to duty was an illumination of the town at night. This was very general in Rome. An exception was made by Mrs. Battey, who, with her native decision of character, refused to "light up," saying, "We should fight under the Stars and Stripes." But loving her country and her people, she soon joined in the serious part of the drama.

Our first charity organization for war purposes was the Ladies' Benevolent Association. Mrs. Nicholas J. Bayard, mother of Mrs. John J. Seay, was made president, and Mrs. Wm. A. Fort secretary. Unfortunately, the minutes kept by Mrs. Fort have been destroyed.

The vice-president was Mrs. Wade S. Cothran.

Among the members were Mesdames J. M. Gregory, Jno. W. H. Underwood, Robt. T. Hargrove, J. J. Cohen, Wm. Ketcham, Hollis Cooley, Eben Hillyer, Dan'l S. Printup, D. Mack Hood, H. V. M. Miller, Jas. Noble, M. A. Pearson, A. G. Pitner, O. B. Eve, Thos. W. Alexander, Thos. Hawkins, Chas. H. Smith, Reuben S. Norton, Nicholas J. Omberg, J. M. M. Caldwell, Mary Sullivan, Wm. Moore, Jas. W. Hinton, W. I. Brookes, M. H. Graves, Mrs. Booten, Mrs. Lawrence and Mrs. Johnson.

The society was founded in January, 1861, at the suggestion of Rev. Jas. W. Hinton, then pastor of the First Methodist church. Its main purpose at first was to make garments and attend to other physical needs of the soldiers. Edward C. Hough, a native of the north, who had volunteered for field service, was exempted in order that he might direct the making of these garments at home; Nicholas J. Omberg, another tailor, who was killed by a scout band in 1864, assisted him.

The city hall, southwest corner of Broad Street and Fifth Avenue, was occupied for garment making. How valiantly the ladies went at their task is thus told by Editor Dwinell in The Courier of May 17, 1861:

"*The Ladies at Work.*—The ladies of Rome are now engaged at the city hall in making uniforms and articles of clothing for the volunteer companies. Some 20 or 30 are there all the time; they work as their circumstances will admit; some in the afternoon, some one day, others next, while still others are there early and late every day. Such zealous patriotism is worthy of the highest commendation, and men who would not fight for the defense and protection of such la-

dies ought to be forever banished from the pleasures of their society."

Another little notice reads thus:

"*The Work Goes Beautifully On.*—There is quite a large number of ladies still daily engaged at the city hall in the manufacture of clothing for the volunteers. They have a number of patent sewing machines, yet it is patent ('how Mr. Dwinell loved to pun!') to every susceptible gentleman that those with black or blues eyes, whose almost continuous chatter is like the soft, silvery tones of sweetest bells, are incomparably more interesting. We are requested to state that any lady wishing to assist in this patriotic work is expected to report at the city hall at once."

Mrs. Underwood and Mrs. Fort were the first to remove their sewing machines to the city hall, and others followed. The association did fine work among the poor, and furnished work for many women who would have suffered when winter came.

On Aug. 19, 1861, a call was sounded for an organization of broader objects and service, since it was seen that the war would be long and bloody. Four days later a meeting was held at the city hall and the Ladies' Aid Society formed. Rev. Chas. H. Stillwell, pastor of the First Baptist church, was made president; Mrs. Geo. P. Burnett, Mrs. M. H. Graves, Mrs. N. J. Bayard, and Mrs. Booten, vice-presidents; and Rev. James W. Hinton, pastor of the First Methodist church, secretary and treasurer. Among the members were the following:

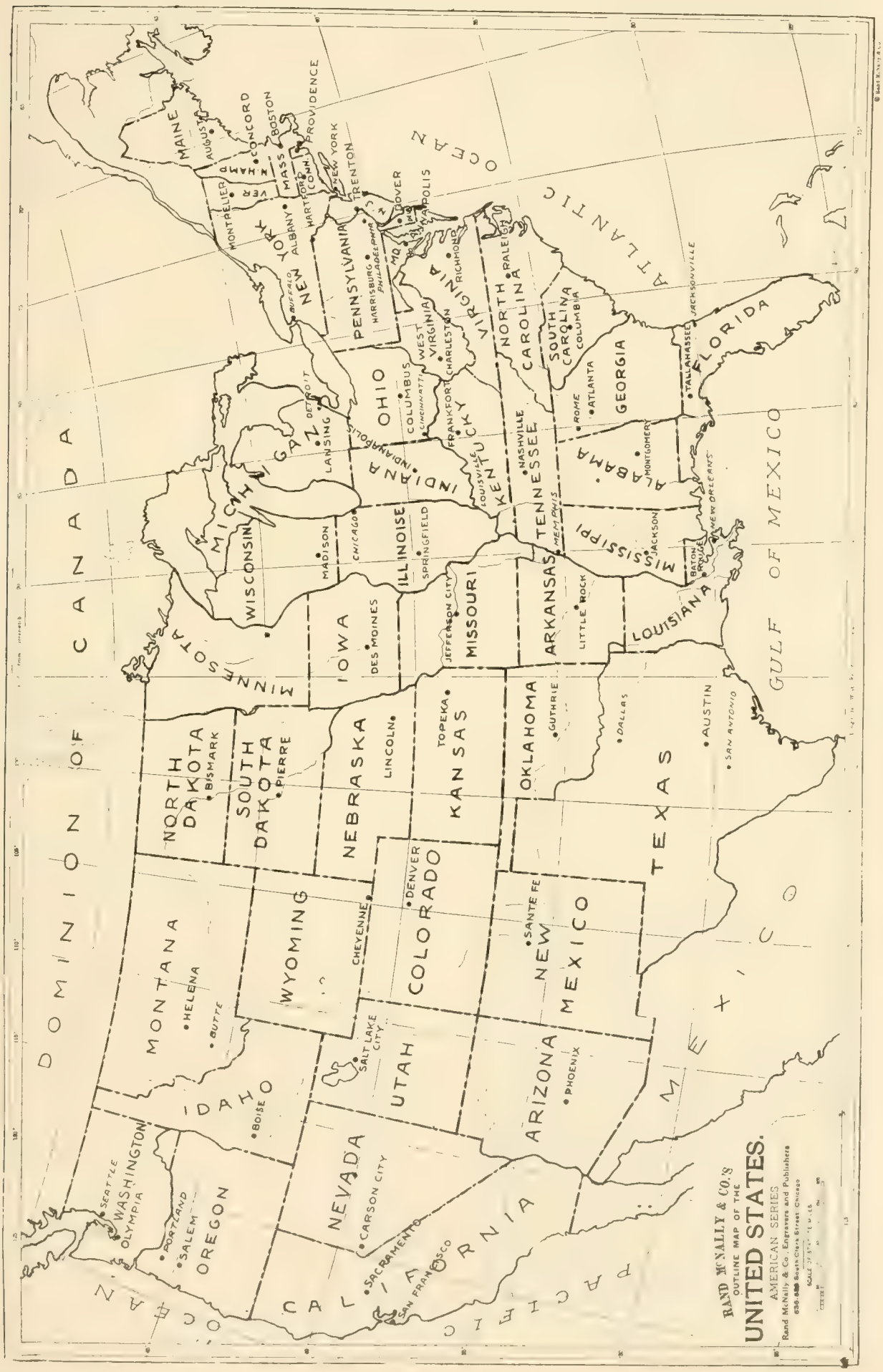
Mrs. Dr. Anderson, Mrs. Attaway, Mrs. J. W. M. Berrien, Mrs. Robt. Battey, Miss Florida Bayard, Mrs N. J. Bayard, Mrs. Billups, Miss Mollie Billups, Miss Mary Billups, Mrs. A. W. Caldwell, Mrs. J. J. Cohen, Mrs. Hollis Cooley, Mrs. Wade S. Cothran, Mrs. Wm. A. Fort, Mrs. Jno. R. Freeman, Mrs. Simpson Fouche, Mrs. A. E. Graves, Miss E. W. Graves, Mrs. M. H. Graves, Mrs. Dennis Hills, Mrs. Jno. W. Hooper, Miss Malinda Hargrove, Mrs. Robt. T. Hargrove, Mrs. Hale, Mrs. A. R. Harper, Mrs. Jno. Harkins, Mrs. John Hume, Mrs. D. M. Hood, Mrs. Jesse Lamberth, Mrs. C. H. Lee, Mrs. Lilienthal, Mrs. Morris Marks, Mrs. C. W. Mills, Mrs. L. Magnus, Mrs. Morrison, Miss M. E. Murphy, Miss V. A. Murphy, Mrs. J. H. McClung, Mrs. Wm. Moore, Mrs. Wm. T. Newman, Mrs. Jas. Noble, Mrs. Reuben S. Norton, Miss Mary W. Noble, Miss Parks, Mrs. M. A. Pearson, Mrs. C. M. Pennington, Mrs. A. G. Pitner, Mrs. Pepper, Mrs. Wm. Quinn, Mrs. Dr. Chas. Todd Quintard, Mrs. Wm. Ramey, Mrs. Jane Russell, Mrs. Rawls, Jr., Mrs. Rawls, Sr., Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Sanders, Mrs. A. M. Sloan, Miss Martha B. Spullock, Mrs. Samuel Stewart, Mrs. Samuel J. Stevens, Mrs. Chas. H. Stillwell, Miss Savannah E. Stillwell, Mrs. Mary Sullivan, Mrs. Chas. H. Smith, Mrs. Jno. R. Towers, Miss Lizzie Underwood, Mrs. Jno. W. H. Underwood, Mrs. Jas. Banks Underwood, Mrs. Jos. E. Veal, Mrs. James Ware, Mrs. C. Watters, Mrs. Whittesey, Mrs. Thos. J. Word, Mrs. Augustus R. Wright, Mrs. J. G. Yeiser.

This society adopted a constitution and by-laws, and the members paid $1 a year membership dues. Three women in each county district solicited contributions. Mrs. Jas. Ware made some blankets that were very fine. Among things sent in were wool, socks, vegetables, red peppers, pepper sauce, tomato catsup, blackberry wine and cordial; in fact, everything of a useful nature poured into headquarters, and was despatched as fast as limited transportation facilities would allow. Five carloads were sent to the front and training camps before the first year closed.

Auxiliaries were formed in each district, and a Children's Aid Society came into being in September, 1861. Mrs. Easter, wife of the Episcopal rector, had charge. The children were a great help in running errands, and some of them could knit and sew. They sent many sheets, pillow cases and bandages to the Savannah hospital.

Quite a number of beautiful tableaux were presented at the city hall under the management of Mrs. Daniel S. Printup and Mrs. D. Mack Hood, and the sum raised was $137.70. One of the scenes showed Kentucky in chains held by Lincoln, and another Maryland prostrate, and Lincoln bending over her with a sword. Twenty-four girls in homespun from Rev. Chas. W. Howard's school at Spring Bank, Bartow County, attended this tableau.

The Soldiers' Aid Association decided in August, 1861, that a relief room was needed for the wounded soldiers who were coming back from the front as the excess from the crowded army hospitals. Mrs. Robt. Battey was elected president of this new organization, and on Aug. 23 the "Wayside Home" was opened at the southeast


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MONTGOMERY
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NEW ORLEANS
MISSISSIPPI
JACKSON
BATON ROUGE
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DETROIT
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MONTANA
HELENA
BUTTE
WYOMING
SALT LAKE CITY
UTAH
IDAHO
BOISE
PHOENIX
ARIZONA
NEVADA
CARSON CITY
SACRAMENTO
SAN FRANCISCO
CALIFORNIA
OREGON
PORTLAND
SALEM
SEATTLE
WASHINGTON
OLYMPIA
PACIFIC OCEAN

corner of Broad Street and First Avenue, opposite the Hamilton-Shorter block, and quite convenient to the Rome railroad station, just across the street. Drs. T. J. Word and J. M. Gregory had charge as managers, and the committee on arrangements was made up of Col. Wade S. Cothran, J. M. Elliott, Robt. T. Hargrove, C. W. Mills and Daniel R. Mitchell. The women's committees follow: Mrs. Fort, Mrs. Rawls and Mrs. Bayard for Monday; Mrs. Battey, Mrs. Sloan and Mrs. Yeiser, Tuesday; Mrs. Noble, Mrs. Marks, and Mrs. Hargrove, Wednesday; Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Hills and Mrs. Stillwell, Thursday; Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Hooper and Mrs. McClung, Friday; Mrs. Towers, Mrs. Freeman and Mrs. Russell, Saturday; Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Morrison, Mrs. Rawls, Sr., Mrs. Ramey, Mrs. Lilienthal and Mrs. Cohen, Sunday.

A great deal of medicine, bandages and everything needed in a first-aid station, including considerable clothing, was put at the Wayside Home for the use of doctors and committees, and quite a number of sick and wounded soldiers were served satisfactorily. Presently came a sick soldier who was little more than a boy, named William Lynch, of Louisiana. During the days before a complete diagnosis could be made by Dr. Word, the lad was attended by Mesdames Smith, Harper, Stewart, Underwood, Spullock, Cooley, Harkins, Stillwell, Hale, Rawls, Sr., Lilienthal, Cothran, A. E. Graves, Attaway, Norton, Sanders, Moore and Quinn. After a week, Dr. Word said it was smallpox. That was Tuesday. Necessarily there was a great deal of alarm. The women were isolated at once; everybody was afraid to go near them.



MARTHA BALDWIN SMITH, 18, just after her marriage in 1849 to Dr. Robt. Battey. She died Sunday, Feb. 5, 1922, aged 91.

On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Battey went to the room, having heard the news. She was warned by Dr. Gregory that a smallpox patient was on the inside, but she insisted on going in, and there she found the lad crying. She told him not to be troubled, that he would be cared for. Having encountered the advanced stages, Mrs. Battey was requested to keep company with herself. Three or four days later she took sick, and she says the only person in town who was brave enough to come to her relief was Col. W. A. Fort. Col. Fort treated her for a severe cold and she was up again presently.

When Mrs. Battey fell ill, William Howe volunteered to take charge of William Lynch. Here is an extract from a letter written by Mr. Howe from the sick room:

"Thinking that the public would like to hear what is going on in this dreaded chamber of disease, I feel a desire to gratify it. My friends may think that time rolls heavily with me, but such is not the case. However, the room is under martial law and I am monarch of all I survey. His Honor the Mayor (Dr. Thos. J. Word) has created me military dictator.

"I have two patients to nurse, two of the most patient, gentle sufferers that were ever afflicted. I really love them. The boy who has smallpox is Wm. Lynch, who is only 17 years old and has been in six battles. He had been discharged on account of feebleness caused from a long spell of typhoid fever, and was on the way to his home in Louisiana when he took smallpox here. The boy soldier will yet be a man if careful nursing on my part and the skill of the doctor can save him.

"God bless our women! Here their true worth is felt. Every comfort, every appliance to the wants of the sick is within my reach; and when I have occasion for a clean pillow slip, sheet

or towel, the closet is crammed full of them, and I involuntarily exclaim, 'God bless them!'

"I can not close this letter without furnishing a grateful acknowledgment to Col. Pennington, His Honor the Mayor, Dr. Gregory, Mrs. Wm. A. Fort, Mrs. Dr. Battey, Mrs. Dr. Underwood and Mrs. Omberg."

The plight of the women and their sense of duty is expressed in the following card to The Courier:

While we all lament the existence of this horrible war, shall we leave our brave defenders to suffer alone? Shall we not bravely endure our portion of the toil and danger? Oh, yes; let us not shrink from the duty that lies before us; and while we make use of every precaution for the safety of our families, go steadily forward trusting in God, thankful that we have only disease to contend with and have been spared the barbarous treatment which our bloody and deceitful enemies have inflicted on other parts of our country. It sometimes happens that those who flee are the first to perish, while God protects the faithful.

As the Mayor of the City has taken charge of the Soldiers' Relief room, no more appointments will be made by the committee of ladies, who will now withdraw until again called upon by the gentlemen to perform their duties.

The boy recovered; two negroes contracted the disease from him, and one of them died. He soon left for his home, his heart grateful to the kindly Romans. As if echoing the prophetic words of Mr. Howe he used to lie on his cot and repeat, "Once a man, twice a child!"

Mrs. Reynolds continues:

The doors of the Wayside Home were never opened again, and the contents were burned to prevent a spread of the disease. What the destruction of all this meant to those whose fingers had worked so ceaselessly to make it can scarcely be imagined. For several months the women contributed as individuals. An earlier donation by Mrs. Thos. J. Perry will give an idea of the extent: 1 quilt, 10 pairs of woolen socks, 10 of cotton drawers, 1 of suspenders, 2 of gloves, 3 towels, 2 pillow cases, 3 nubias, 1 bundle of bandages, 6 cakes of salve, 8 of soap, 1 bottle of black pepper, 1 bunch of red pepper, 1 bundle of sage, and 6 candles. In addition to the societies mentioned the St. Peter's Hospital Association (of the Episcopal church) had been organized by Dr. Easter, and it sent forward a vast amount of hospital supplies. Prominent in the organization were Mrs. Jos. E. Veal, Mrs. Geo. R. Ward, Mrs. Jno. W. Noble, Miss Mary W. Noble and Miss Palmer.

On February 16, 1862, Fort Donelson, Mississippi River, fell after a terrible battle, and hospitals in the South, already well filled, were taxed beyond their capacities. This fact suggested that Rome open hospitals. The first was on Broad Street between Fourth Avenue and the old city hall, at Fifth; Dr. Fox had charge, and the matrons were Mrs. Reeves and Mrs. Merck. Several hundred injured were taken into Rome residences, but these were removed when the churches were converted into places of operation, treatment and convalescence.

A hospital association was formed at the court house with Mrs. Nicholas J. Bayard president and Mrs. Wm. A. Fort secretary and treasurer. As usual, the entire county was canvassed for members and supplies. Mrs. J. G. Yeiser received much praise for her tireless efforts with the sick and the wounded. Part of the time of the women was spent cutting ban-



MRS. ALFRED SHORTER, from an old miniature in the possession of Mrs. Waller T. Turnbull.

dages out of old sheets and the like, and in combing old table cloths for lint. Dr. Robt. Battey was in charge of the hospitals at this time.* Gradually the Northern army came closer to Rome, and the hospitals were moved to Macon and elsewhere farther south.**

Again, in 1867, we see our noble women rally with grateful and loving hearts in a tribute to their dead. The "Ladies' Memorial Association" was organized with Mrs. N. J. Bayard as its first president; Mrs. D. Mack Hood was the second president, Mrs. Thos. W. Alexander the third, until her death; and then Mrs. Henry A. Smith—all kept bright like burning incense the deeds of our beloved brothers, scattered posies and twined the evergreen where our heroes lie. The Daughters of the Confederacy must not let such efforts go unsung. As long as time lasts we will weave garlands of myrtle and ivy for their headstones, and moisten their graves with our tears.

The struggle for food further exemplified the splendid fortitude and spirit of self-sacrifice among the women. It must be remembered that the blockade of Southern ports was almost "water tight," and that the absence from farm and shop of nearly all the younger men curtailed production enormously.



MR. AND MRS. I. D. FORD, a beloved couple of Rome, the parents of the first Mrs. Joseph L. Bass.

Spinning wheel and loom were recalled to make thread so that socks might be sent the soldiers, and worn at home.

Many of the articles of food that had been abundant were obtainable no more, and various substitutes were employed. For coffee they used rye, wheat, okra seed, dried apples, sweet potatoees and persimmon seed; the rye and okra seed were simply parched and ground, and sweet potatoes were cut into small pieces, dried and parched.

Salt was so scarce that it was priced the same as sugar in Confederate money in 1862—$10 a bushel. The salt from meats in smoke houses was used. This was obtained by wetting smoke house earth, and boiling down the drippings until nothing but salt remained. Presently this gave out.

Sorghum syrup made a poor substitute for sugar.

People dipped tallow and made candles, or poured hog fat into tin moulds. Wicks were put in first, and when cold, the candles were drawn out.

Dyes for clothing were copperas, bark stain and pokeberry extract.

All the leather went into shoes, saddles and pistol holsters for the soldiers. Women's shoe tops were made of coarse duck and dyed black with oil and soot. Shoe strings were made of hard twisted

*In 1863 Dr. Battey had charge of the Bell hospital, and it is presumed this was on Broad between Fourth and Fifth Avenues. He also had charge of the Polk hospital, on the west side of Broad Street between Second and Third Avenues. Polk hospital was moved to Macon.

**According to the war diary of the late Reuben S. Norton, the last hospital was moved from Rome Dec. 8, 1863.



A GROUP WHICH SUGGESTS THE LONG AGO.

At the top is Mrs. T. J. Simmons, for a number of years, with her husband, the head of Shorter College; beside her are Dr. and Mrs. Robt. T. Hoyt; on the left at the bottom is Mrs. W. I. Brookes, then come John Locke Martin, journalist and poet, and Mrs. Mary Eve, of Eve Station.

thread. Squirrel skins made good shoe tops and caps.

Good toilet and laundry soap were "manufactured" from lye extracted from ashes.

For soda, corn cobs were burned into ashes and lye made therefrom, and this was mixed with sour milk. Butter bean hulls were used in the same way.

During the autumn, when the sorghum was being ground, peaches, apples, wild grapes and wild cherries furnished the "base" for jams and jellies. The sorghum was used as sweetening, and the product after cooking was called preserves.

If the invaders shot down sheep in the pasture, the good woman

went to the spot with her shears and got enough wool for socks and stockings.

Serviceable women's hats were fashioned out of corn shucks, and in fact, every product of nature was utilized in some way, and the people learned indelibly just what is necessary to sustain life, and just what contributes to "high life."

The situation was helped with some families when the Northern troops captured the country. "We have the shelter," invited certain householders. "We have the food," responded many of the boys in blue; so those who could not be accommodated in tents moved into homes, and shared their food with the occupants. Cooking was done in common.

When the corn was gathered in the fall of 1864, it constituted the principal article of food. Families lived through the winter on lye hominy, grits and sorghum and what little bread they could find.

Eventually the soldiers left and all semblance of authority collapsed. Little food was to be had, and blood-thirsty, plundering vandals stalked through the prostrated communities, robbing and murdering the defenseless inhabitants.

The final surrender in the spring of 1865 brought the men home, and they agreed that the front was little worse; so all set to work to make something out of little or nothing. How heroically and well they repaired their broken fortunes is a story that furnishes one of the most helpful chapters in the history of Dixieland.

Many cases of extreme danger and acute suffering were reported from the country districts, where women often stepped into the places of the men in the fields.

"The most novel thing I have seen in some time was a woman plowing yesterday, with a pistol buckled around her," wrote "R.," a Courier correspondent, May 5, 1863, from Bridgeport, Ala.; and he continued:

> She is an intelligent woman, and her husband is in the army at Shelbyville. I asked her why she carried a pistol and she said she knew the thieving disposition of the Federals, and had been dispossessed of everything but one horse and corn barely sufficient to make a crop, and she was determined to defend what was left to the last. One of our men, a noble-hearted farmer from Floyd County, was on picket, but being off post at the time, took hold of the plow and assisted her in laying off her corn rows.
>
> Sir, with such women, starvation is out of the question, and subjugation impossible. This woman, with her child sitting in the field, toils away, knowing that justice is God's empire. Let the faint-hearted and effeminate take courage at such examples.
>
> News of Forrest's great victory near Rome has just reached us and disappointment is seen in the countenance of every man of this battalion, because we were not permitted to go on and participate in the brilliant affair so near our homes.



CHAPTER IV.

Streight's Raiders Captured by Forrest

AN INCIDENT of the war which vied in spectacularity with the Andrews' raid was the Hathaway-Streight incursion into Alabama and Georgia from Tennessee, in April and May, 1863, and the capture of the command by Forrest's force, less than one-third as large. Indeed, this incident was not surpassed by any similar occurrence during the conflict, yet we find the historians (especially outside of the South) complacently sleeping on their pens with regard to it.

There were two circumstances which called for proper exploitation from the native historians and for a degree of silence elsewhere; 410 men captured 1,466, and the event developed a hero whose ride in certain respects outstripped the well-sung Paul Revere—soldier, silversmith, electro-engraver and manufacturer of cannon.

John H. Wisdom, stage coach driver and rural mail carrier, warned Rome of the enemy's approach, and Gen. Forrest captured them almost at the city's gates. That was Sunday, May 3, 1863—the first Union troops Romans had seen. Gen. Sherman later complimented Forrest with the statement that "his cavalry will travel 100 miles while ours travels ten." It had been left to the intrepid Confederate general to demonstrate how a small band could pursue such a superior force through the mountains and over the streams of two states and make them lay down their arms. The feat was accomplished through strategy as well as force. After Forrest had sent in a flag of truce, demanding surrender, Col. Abel D. Streight, of the 51st Indiana Volunteers, asked the terms. "Unconditional surrender, your officers to retain their side arms and personal effects," was the reply. "I have reinforcements and it is useless for you to sacrifice your men."

Forrest met Streight at the meeting place. Streight wanted to argue, and Forrest wanted an answer. Capt. Henry Poynter dashed up, and Forrest gave him orders for the disposition of certain imaginary units of men; the order had previously been given to march the artillery around a hill, then out of sight, and to keep them circling the brow. Streight was so impressed that he capitulated. The place was in Alabama near the Georgia line, about 20 miles below Rome.

From the Tri-Weekly Courier, with dates as indicated, we get other details:

Great Victory—Great Joy!—The Yankees in Rome at last! Sunday morning last opened at half past two o'clock a. m. with an alarm. Mr. John H. Wisdom, of Gadsden, Ala., and a former resident of this city, reached here after riding with hot haste for eleven hours, and gave information that the enemy were at Gadsden when he left, and were bound for Rome.

Preparations were begun with despatch, and by 9 o'clock in the morning our soldiery and citizens were prepared to give them a warm reception. Two pieces of artillery were placed in position, commanding the road and the bridge, cotton barricades erected at all the defiles of the city, videttes sent out to watch the enemy's approach. Everything was got in readiness for determined resistance. During the morning several couriers with despatches from Gen. Forrest arrived, urging our commander here to hold them at bay for a few hours if possible, at all hazards. About 2 o'clock another despatch from Gen. Forrest, saying he was fighting them at Gaylesville, Ala., with an inferior force.

About 9 o'clock a. m. a small body of the enemy's advance (about 200) reached the environs of the city, and were actually bold enough to dismount and feed their horses almost in sight of the city. They picked up all the horses and mules in the neighborhood, took some citizens prisoners and reconnoitered the defenses of the city. Learning that we were prepared with artillery, they bivouacked, and seemed to await the arrival of the main body. For some cause they retreated about 3 o'clock down the Alabama road. They were pursued by a small but resolute band of citizens, who were determined that the affair should not end thus.

In the meantime, Gen. Forrest had overtaken the main body near Gaylesville, and not far this side of Cedar Bluff. After some slight skirmishing, Gen. Forrest demanded a surrender. An interview was held under flag of truce and the terms of surrender agreed upon. The entire Yankee force, consisting of 1,800 men, were made prisoners of war, and as this included the bold adventurers who had looked with insulting eyes upon the church spires of the city, they, too, were turned into disarmed infantry. They were met by Gen. Forrest's advance, about the same time that our citizen cavalry overtook them in the pursuit.

Gen. Forrest arrived in the city with all the Yankee officers and the small body of troops alluded to on Sunday evening about 6 o'clock p. m. The rest of both forces reached here yesterday morning. But mark what remains to be told.

Gen. Forrest accomplished this bold feat with less than 700 men, though the rest of his command were in supporting distance. Thus terminated the last Sabbath. Such a jubilee Rome has never experienced! Such raptures over Gen. Forrest and his brave men!

When it is considered what a daring raid the enemy aspired to—what an extensive circuit they contemplated —what irreparable damage they had deliberately planned (being the burning of the bridges on the State road, and the destruction of government property at Round Mountain, Dalton and Rome) it is wonderful how Gen. Forrest has managed to prevent the consummation of their designs. With more than 100 miles the start of him, he nevertheless has pressed them so hard with hot pursuit as to prevent material damage being done; except the destruction of the Round Mountain Iron Works in Cherokee County, Ala., they have done but little damage. Gen. Forrest has lost not exceeding 20 men in this glorious work. He killed and wounded about 300 of the enemy, among them Col. Hathaway, of Indiana. Col. Streight, of Indiana, was commanding the Federal forces.

Heavy reinforcements arrived here yesterday at noon from Atlanta, but owing to the peculiar nature of existing circumstances, they will have nothing to do but guard duty.—Tuesday morning, May 5, 1863.

———

The Greatest Cavalry Achievement of the War—We had hoped to have been able to furnish our readers with the full particulars of the brilliant and successful achievement of Gen. Forrest in this issue of our paper, but our own business engagements and the constant occupation of the General with his official duties have rendered it impossible for us to obtain all the facts necessary for the preparation of such an article. Our readers may expect a full history in our next issue, and until we can give a full and succinct account of this brilliant campaign and glorious victory, we will refrain from further comment.—May 7, 1863.

Picnic to Gen. Forrest and His Brave Men on Saturday Next—Contributions expected from all the citizens of the county who feel able and willing to give honor to whom honor is due. Bring sufficient supplies, ready cooked and prepared; bring for 20 men if you can, or for 10 men, or for 5, besides a sufficient supply for your own family who attend. Report your name, with the number you will provide for, to one of the undersigned: A. G. Pitner, T. G. Watters, C. H. Smith, A. M. Sloan, T. McGuire; Rome, Ga., May 4, 1863.

We learn that the number of Yankees paroled (by Gen. Forrest in the capture of Streight) was 1,466—officers and men. They were all sent off on Tuesday last.

Rumor, with her thousand tongues, has got every one of them going, and there is no end to the wild reports that are in circulation. Report is having it that all North Georgia and Alabama are swarming with Yankees.

A large number of horses were in the streets on Tuesday, many of which were identified as having been stolen by the Yankees in their recent raid through the country.

The Yankees captured by Gen. Forrest are said to have been the pick

of Rosencrantz's army, and were really mounted infantry, having been drilled in both services. It is reported that Rosencrantz had offered them a bounty of $300 apiece and a discharge from the service to accomplish their object, which was to destroy Rome and the State road bridges. And better subjects for such infernal designs could scarcely have been selected, for a more villainous-looking set of scoundrels it has never been our misfortune to have seen before, and that, too, with scarcely an exception. What an escape a merciful Providence has vouchsafed to Rome!

We noticed a telegram stating that the citizens of Rome met and fought the Yankees here on Sunday last. The only fighting was done by a few independent scouts and videttes, who tried a round or two at them. But we learn that they were much surprised, as they expected to march in without any opposition.

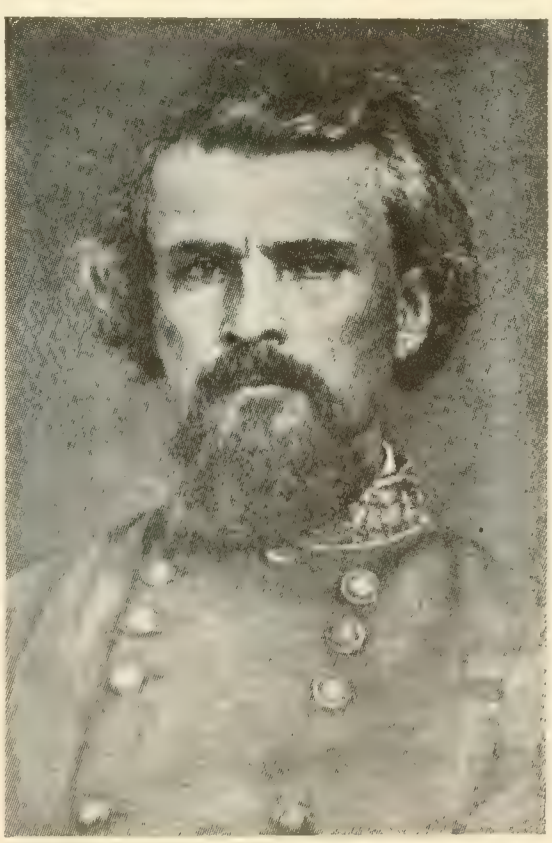
Tory Band—A citizen of Jackson County tells us that a number of Tories have banded themselves together in Sand Mountain (Ala.) to resist conscription and the arrest of deserters—that they worsted a company, more or less, of Confederate cavalry who went there to arrest deserters and conscripts, some eight or ten days ago; that the facts have been reported to Tullahoma headquarters, and a force has been detailed sufficient to overcome the Tories. (Huntsville Confederate.)—Thursday, May 7, 1863.

The Most Brilliant Feat of the War—Soon after the fight between the Federals and Col. Roddy near Tuscumbia, Ala., a column of 2,000 Federal cavalry, all under command of Col. Hathaway, of the 73rd Indiana Cavalry, consisting of the 73rd and 51st Indiana, 80th Illinois, and 3rd Ohio, diverged south, with two mountain Howitzers, with a view to cross the Sand Mountain and strike the Coosa River at Gadsden, Ala.; thence pass the Round Mountain and Chattooga River Iron Works, to Rome; thence to Dalton, Ga.; thence through East Tennessee and join Rosencrantz with a view to destroying the towns, bridges, iron foundries, railroads, commissary supplies on this entire route, making a raid of some 1,500 miles.

This was a daring, well-planned, well-executed expedition, as far as it went. The troops and commanders were regarded as select, and the inducements to success were strong and overwhelming with the well-known Yankee character. The plunder and stealage belonged to the capturers. In the event of success, each member of the raid was to receive a gold medal, $300 in gold, and a discharge from the service during the war. To accelerate their movements they seized every valuable horse and mule that they could find, taking them from wagons, buggies, stables or plows, and as their surplus increased, dropping out their own weak and broken-down stock, and by this means always keeping mounted on fresh stock.

On Wednesday, the 29th, Gen. Forrest, with 500 mounted men and two brass cannon, started in pursuit, the Federals having taken a lead of about 80 miles. On Thursday night he overtook them, fought and repulsed them on Sand Mountain; in this fight Gen. Forrest had his horse killed under him. From that time onward, until Sunday, the 3rd of May, the time of the final surrender of the Federals, he fought and drove them back, or rather, forward, about three times every 24 hours.

As they passed through Gadsden they destroyed part of the town and the depot, always destroying every



GEN. NATHAN BEDFORD FORREST, whose locks were cut by admiring women when he saved Rome from Streight's raiders in '63.

bridge behind them and otherwise obstructing the road as best they could. Forrest fought them near Major Blount's plantation Friday evening or Saturday morning. Here their commander-in-chief, Hathaway, was killed. The command then devolved on Col. Streight, of the 51st Indiana. As they passed onward they destroyed the Round Mountain Iron Works. Crossing Chattooga River, they destroyed the bridge. Some time during Saturday night, Gen. Forrest succeeded in crossing the river, and fell on them Sunday afternoon at Mrs. Lawrence's, about five miles east of Gaylesville, and here after a short fight, terms of capitulation for the entire Federal forces was agreed upon, and the Federals stacked their arms.

During Saturday evening a detachment of 200 had been sent ahead to reconnoiter and attack Rome, as circumstances might indicate.

The first intimation the people of Rome had of the raid was the arrival of Mr. John H. Wisdom, from Gadsden, giving information of the rapid approach of the Federals. Tremendous excitement, and be it said to the discredit of some, much liquor was wasted, doubtless to screw up their courage to the fighting point. By 8 p. m. two cannon, with barricades of cotton bags, were mounted and placed in position on the river bank. The citizens from the country flocked in with their rifles and squirrel guns, and there soon were enough to make a pretty formidable fight, if they had been under any sort of organization. But the organization amounted to as near none as possible. About half past 8 some pickets and videttes went out and a short distance from the city encountered the enemy's advance pickets. Here some skirmishing for several hours took place between the enemy and these pickets and some citizens who had advanced on the enemy. About 2 p. m. the enemy very suddenly and apparently in a great hurry mounted and retreated down the road, followed by our skirmishers. They met Gen. Forrest and his party about 8 or 9 miles below Rome, Col. Streight and all the Federal officers being their prisoners. It is said the reason of the sudden departure of the Federals from Shorter's was a courier from Col. Streight, their commander, informing them that they were prisoners of war, and had been for eight hours.

About 6 p. m. Gen. Forrest, with 120 Federal officers and this detachment reached the city, under such booming of cannon and rejoicing as has never been seen in Rome, and may never again. Indeed, it was right and just to him and his brave men. But for the noble and gallant Forrest and his equally noble and gallant men, who had pursued and fought this band of outlaws, robbers and murderers for five consecutive days and nights, almost without eating or sleeping, our beautiful little Mountain City would at this hour be in ashes, and many of our best citizens robbed and murdered. A thousand blessings upon them, and a thousand prayers for them!

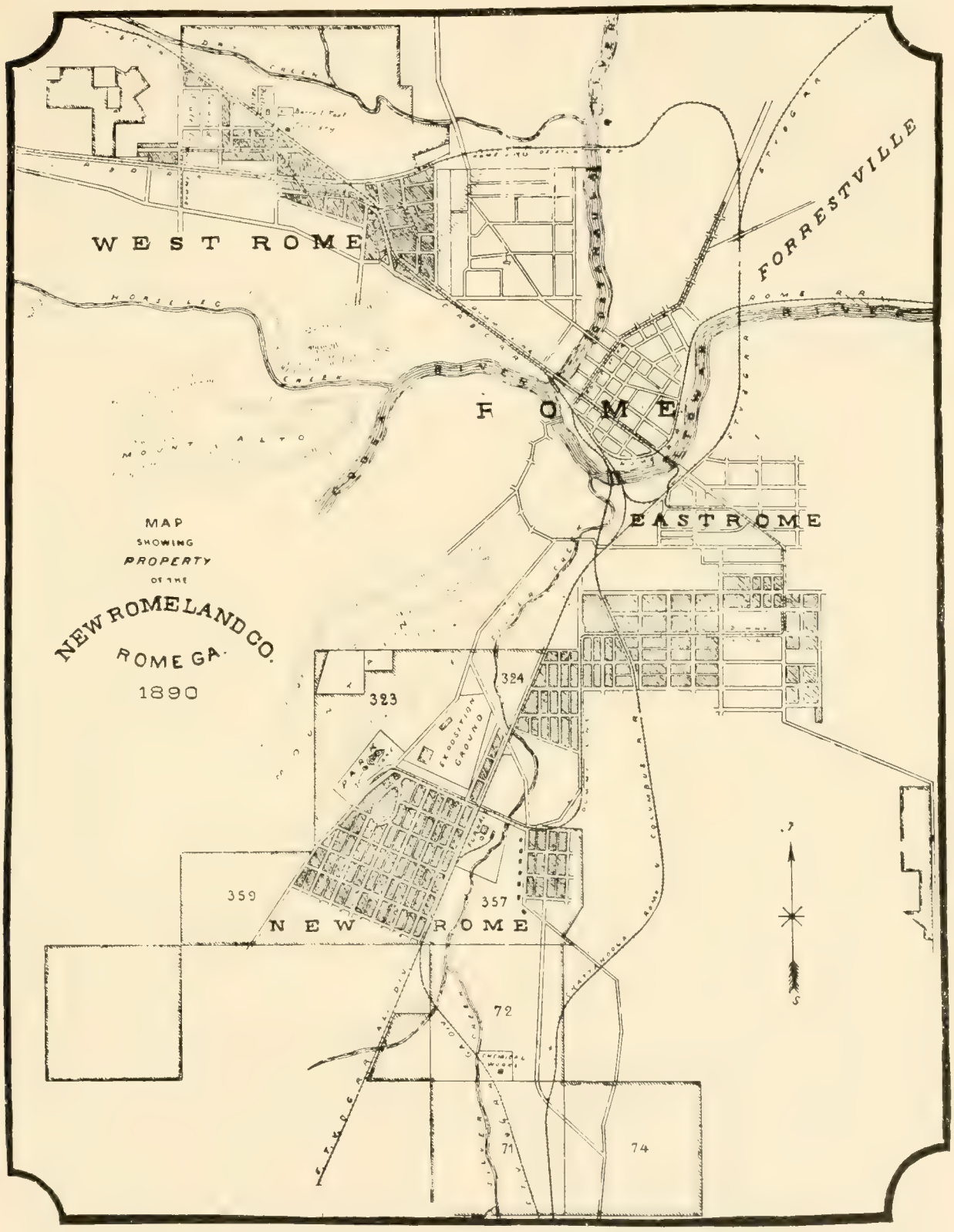
In their vanity and folly some of our vain and swaggering people are trying to claim credit to themselves for this glorious success of the truly indomitable and noble Forrest. If we did anything, it was clumsily done. Forrest has justly won for himself by this almost superhuman effort a title to a major generalship, and if he is not promoted, he will not have justice done him, especially when it is remembered that with a picked force of Federals, four to his one, he dashed on them by day and by night, and in chasing them a little over 200 miles, he killed or captured the last one of them, with all their cannon, arms, horses, stores, etc., killing outright their leader and 300 men, with a loss of only 10 killed and 40 wounded. And he thereby saved millions of dollars worth of property from destruction by the hands of the cowardly scoundrels and vandals.

We of North Alabama and Northwestern Georgia will cheer him and reiterate our cheers for him, and never cease until he shall receive a major general's commission. We have but one complaint to make. We thought he was a little too lenient to the impudent, boasting, threatening, cowardly Federal officers.

A CITIZEN OF ROME.

To Arms! To Arms!—The citizens of Floyd and surrounding counties are requested to meet in Rome on Thursday next at 11 o'clock a. m., May 14, to form a military organization for repelling the thieving, house-burning and vandal foe that may venture on our soil. Let everybody come and go to work in earnest.

Defend Your Homes and Your Property.—It will be seen from a notice in this issue of our paper that the citizens of Floyd and the surrounding counties are called on to meet at the court house in this city on Thursday



A MAP OF ROME IN 1890. (Scale, one mile to the inch).

night, the 14th inst., for the purpose of forming a military organization for the protection of their homes and their property. This is a highly important movement and we give it our most cordial and hearty endorsement. Let every boy and man from 15 to 60 years old fall into line and stand up for the protection of their mothers, wives and sisters. If the love of country does not move you, these sacred claims will surely spur you to action.

It is plain now that the enemy, being foiled and routed upon every field of general engagement, has determined to turn loose his army in marauding bands, to dash through our country with torch and sword, to burn and

plunder our citizens and homes, murder our men and dishonor our women.

We are advised that good arms will be furnished to all who are not able to supply themselves.

Let all the people in this and the surrounding counties meet in this city on next Thursday; and the ladies will do well to encourage this movement by their presence—they are all wanted. Come, ladies, and bring your sons and your husbands.—May 9, 1863.

The Yankee Prisoners at Rome.—Among this batch of thieves and murderers was found two companies of North Alabama Tories; and amongst them a man by the name of Funderburk, who was born and raised within three miles of Rome. This villainous whelp had a gallant brother in the Eighth Georgia who fell covered with honor and glory at the First Battle of Manassas, July 21st, 1861. This scoundrel, with his widowed mother, moved to the Sand Mountain in 1852, and since the death of his brother has been here trying to get a share of his honored brother's estate. He admits he piloted the Yankees to this place. He is safely under lock in jail. There was also found among them a man by the name of Phillips, who was raised in Forsyth County, Georgia. He is alleged to be a Confederate deserter. He is with Funderburk, together with a Methodist preacher, who says his name is Brown, who the Yankees say also piloted them, and many years ago was a circuit rider in Floyd. But no such a man ever rode the circuit in this county.

The prisoners generally were remarkably impudent and insulting, especially the officers. One of their officers, a major, publicly cursed Gen. Forrest on the streets for a scoundrel and a rascal, stating that when Forrest demanded a surrender the Yankee negotiators were trying to get the best terms possible, and Forrest suddenly appeared to get very mad. Swore he would wait no longer, that he would rather kill the whole of them than not; ordered his couriers immediately to direct the commanders of four separate batteries to place them on separate points of hills; and ordered the commanders of four separate regiments to be formed immediately at particular points in line of battle, and that the couriers absolutely dashed off, as though they were going to have these orders executed. And as they dashed off, Forrest told them his signal gun would be fired in ten minutes, when in fact (he said) the rascal had but two little cannon, and not more than a half regiment all told. Finally, that Forrest was nothing but a damned swindler.

The impudent whelps, openly on the streets, avowed their intention to be back here in less than three months, burn up the town and hang every man in it because, they say, they were bushwhacked. This, of course, is an idle boast of the poor cowardly devils, to cover up their shame and disgrace. They said they did not come into Rome just as they expected; that they could stand all that; but such a number of them to be gobbled up by a little squad of "dirty, snotty-nosed butternuts" was past endurance.

We regret to learn that Capt. Forrest, a brother of the General's, commanding a company in his old regiment, was severely and it is feared mortally wounded in the recent running fight with the Yankees from Courtland to Rome.

Gen. Forrest has received a dispatch from Col. Roddy, announcing that the Yankees have evacuated Tuscumbia.

The Steamer Laura Moore blew her whistle off yesterday morning as she was about signalling her departure. Her steam escaping prevented her departure.—Saturday, May 9, 1863.

"BILL ARP" ON ROME "BATTLE"

(Southern Confederacy, Atlanta).

Rome, Gorgy.

Mr. Adeer & Smith:

So many onreliable persuns will be sirkulatin spewrius akkounts of the "Grand Rounds" tuk by the infernal Yankees in these Roman-tik rejuns, that I think it highly proper you should git the streight of it from one who seed it with his eyes, and hearn it with his years, and a piece of it fell on his big toe.

More than 200 years ago Genrul D. Soto had a big fight with the Injuns on or about these consekrated grounds. Since that time an oninterrupted peece hav rained around these classic hills and hollers. Flowers hav bloomed sweetly, lambs hav skipd about, dog fennel hav yallered the ground, and the Coosa river, which were then a little spring branch, hav grown both wide and deep, until now the majestik steamboat can float upon its bosom, and the big mud cat gobble up the yearthworms what chance to fall into its watters.

But rollen years will change a program. Anno domini will tell! Jest

afore the broke of day, on Sunday, the third of May, 1863, eighteen hundred and 63, the cityzens of the eternal city were arowsed from their slumbers with the chorus of the Marsales hymn, "To arms, to arms, ye brave! Abe Linkhorn are pegging away, and the Yankees are ridin to Rome on a raid!" Ah! then were the time to try men's soles! But there were no panik, no skedadlin, to shakin of nees—but one universal determynation to *do sumthin.* The burial squad organized fust and foremost and begun to inter ther money, and spoons and 4 pronged forks, and sich like about the premises. Babies were sent to the rear. Hosses hid in the cane brake. Cows milked oncommon dry. Cashiers and bank agents carried off their phunds in a pair of saddle bags, which very much exposed ther facilities and the small compass of ther resources. It were, however, a satisfactory solushun of ther refusin to discount for the last 3 months. Skouts were sent out on every road to snuff the tainted breeze. Kotton bags were piled up across every high way and low way. Shot guns and cannon and powder and ball were brought to the front. The yeomanry and the melishy jined a squad of Confederate troops and formed in line of battle. They were marched across the Oustanawly River, and then the plank of the bridge torn up so that they couldn't retreat. This were done, however, at ther own valyunt request, because of the natural weakness of the flesh. They determined jintly and sevrally, firmly by these presents, to *do sumthin.*

Two cracked cannon, what had holes in the ends, and two or three on the side, were propped up between the kotten bags, and pinted dead straight down the road to Alabam. They were fust loaded with buckshot and tacks, and then a round ball rammed on top. The ball were to take the raid in front, and the bullets and tacks to rake 'em in the phlanks. These latter it was supposed would go through the cracks in the sides and shoot around generally. Everybody and everything determined to die in their tracks, or *do sumthin.*

The steamboats dropped quietly down the river to get out of the thick of the fight. The sharp shooters got on top of semmetery hill with ther repeaters and pokit pistols. The videttes dashed with spy glasses to the top of the court house to see a fur off. Dashin Comanchy couriers rode onruly steeds to and fro, like a fiddler's elbow. Sum went forward to rekenoyter as skouts. Everybody resolved to *do sumthin.*

At this critical junkture, and previous and afterwards, reports were brought into these Head Quarters, and all other quarters, to the effeck that 10,000 Yankees were kummin, and 5,000 and 2,000, and any other number; that they were ten miles from town, and 6 miles, and 2 miles, and any other number of miles; that they were on the Alabam road, and the Cave Spring road, and the River road, and any other road; that they were crossin the river at Quin's Ferry, and Williamson's Ferry, and Bell's Ferry, and any other ferry; that they had tuck the Steembote Laura Moore, and Chirokee and Alfaratta, and any other steembote; that they had shot at a Comanchy rider, and hit him in the coat tail, or his hosses tail, or any other tale; that they had seezed Sis Morris, or Bill Morris, or Jep Morris, or any other Morris. In fak, a man could hear anything by gwine about, and more too.

Shore enuf, however, the important crisis which were to have arriven did actually arriv, about 10 o'klock in the mornin, a. m., on May 3rd, 1863. I am thus portikler, Mr. Editurs, bekaus



JUDGE JNO. W. MADDOX, who entered the Confederate Army at 15, and served several terms in Congress from the Seventh District.

it are to be entered on next year's almynak as a remarkabul event. The head of the raid did aktully arriv at the suburbin villa of Mr. Myers, and thar it stoped to rekonnoiter. Thar they learned as how we had 600 head of artillery, and 6,000 kotton bags, and a permiskous number infantry taktix, and we were only waitin to see the whites of their eyes. Also that the history of Gen. Jackson at New Orleans wer red in publik, and that everything were inspired to *do sumthin;* whereupon the head of the raid turned pale, and sent forward a picket. At this onspishus moment a foot skout on our side let fly a whistlen bullit, which tuk effek somewhat in those rejuns. It were reasonably suposed that one Yankee were killed, and perhaps two, for even to this time sumthing dead can be smelt in those parts, tho' the buryal squad had not been able to find it up to yestiddy. After right smart skirmishin, the head of the raid fell back down the road to the Alabam, and were persued by our mounted yeomanry at a respectabul distance.

Now Mr. Adeer & Smith, while all these vaylunt feets were going on hereabouts, Gen. Forrest had been fighting the body and tail of the raid away down at the Alabam line. Finally he proposed to the raid to stop fightin and play a game or two of poker, under a cedar tree, which they aksepted. But the Ginerul were not in luck and he had a pore hand, and had staiked his last dollar. The Yankees had a Streight, which would hav tuk Forrest and raked down the pile, but he looked on rite in the eye and sed he would see 'm, and "4,000 better." The raid looked at him, and he looked at the raid, and never blinked. The raid trembled all over it boots, and gin it up. The Generul bluffed 'em, and ever since that game was played, the little town hard by has bin called Cedar Bluff. It were flush times in the Alabam, that day, shore!

Well, Mr Edituns, you know the sequil. The Generul bagged 'em and broght 'em on. The planks were put back on the bridge. The river bank infantry countermarched and fired a permiscous volley in token of jewbilee. One of the side-swipin cannon went off on its own hook, and the ball went ded through a house and tore a buro all to flinders. Sum sed it were a Niter Buro, but a potash man who examined sed he reckin not, for ther weren't no ashes in the drawers, nor naro ash hopper on the premises.

By and by the Comanchy Skouts and pickets all kum in, and shuk ther ambrosial locks and received the congratulations of ther friends. Then begun the ovashun of fair women and brave men to Gen. Forrest and his gallant boys Bokays and tears were all mixed up promiskous. Big chunks of cake and gratitude were distributed generally and frequent. Strawberries and cream, eggs and inyuns, pies and pancakes—all flew aroun amazin, for everybody was determined to *do sumthin.* Gen. Forrest subsided, and General Jewbilee tuk command, and Rome herself again. The 4 pronged forks and silver spoons ros from the dead and even the old hen what one of our city aldemen had burried with her head out, was disinterred and sacrificed immediately for the good of the kountry.

Thus hav ended the raid, and no loss on our side. Howsumever, I suppose that Mr. Linkhorn will keep "peggin' away."

Yours truly and immensely,

THE ORTHOR,

Adjective Generul of Yeomanry.

The Yankee cavalry roamed a little too far from home when they ventured a journey to Rome. The citizens thereof were Romans enough to meet them in battle array, and Forrest, at Rome, was the "noblest Roman of them all." —Rebel.

Proclamation.—To the Citizens of Rome: A little more than a week ago our city was beleaguered by the most lawless band of incendiaries that ever disgraced humanity. This enemy came with "lust in his eye, poverty in his purse and hell in his heart. He came a robber and a murderer." But at our very threshold he was arrested by the Lord God of Hosts. Thus we were delivered, and thus our city was saved from destruction. Under such circumstances it is right, proper and our bounden duty as a people to bow down in adoring thankfulness to that kind Father whose everlasting arms have been around, about and underneath us, to protect us from harm, and it is our duty and privilege to ascribe to him all the honor of our deliverance.

Now, therefore, I, John M. Gregory, mayor of the City of Rome, do issue this, my proclamation, setting apart Wednesday, the 13th inst., as a day of thanksgiving and prayer to Almighty God for the great mercies vouchsafed to us, and I do therefore earnestly invite the people of the city to assemble at their respective places of worship

on that day, and to unite in rendering thanks and praise to God. Given under my hand and seal of office, this May 11, 1863. J. M. Gregory, Mayor of the City of Rome.—Tuesday, May 12, 1863.

Gen. Forrest and the Citizens of Rome—As a slight appreciation of the services of the gallant Forrest in saving our beautiful city from sack and flames, at the hands of the ruthless vandals, who lately came to lay our homes in desolation, a suggestion was made that it would be expressive of our gratitude to present the General with a fine horse, and in the course of an hour or two over $1,000 was contributed for this purpose. But. Col. A. M. Sloan, anticipating the movement, on his own private account presented Gen. Forrest with his splendid saddle horse, for which he would not on any other account have taken the best negro fellow in the State. This was an appropriate and magnificent offering on the part of Col. Sloan.*

We are advised that the money which had been contributed by the citizens for this purpose was turned over to Gen. Forrest to be used for the benefit of the sick and wounded of his command.

The Alabama Traitors.—We have had the pleasure of reading a letter from Gov. Shorter, of Alabama, to Surgeon P. C. Winn, in regard to the Alabama traitors captured by Gen. Forrest in North Alabama, in which the Governor says he has demanded "under the order of President Davis, all the officers taken in Alabama, found serving with armed slaves," etc.

We greatly admire the spirit of Gov. Shorter in this matter and hope to see his example emulated in every state.

Perhaps no event of the war has caused more profound regret throughout the Confederacy or more real satisfaction to the Yankees than the death of glorious old Stonewall Jackson. After having made such hairbreadth escapes from Yankee bullets he has died at last at the hands of his own men. His memory is embalmed in the hearts of the people, and his name will live through all times.

Some of our contemporaries are determined that the royal ape of Washington shall have his proper cognomen of "Hanks," and "Hanks" let it be, and thereby free the respectable name of Lincoln from the odium attached to it from his bearing it. It is said that old Hanks has started the old pegging system of tactics. If so, we suppose the recent raid to Rome was one of the pegs driven in and broken off.—Thursday, May 14, 1863.

The Meeting on Thursday—A large number of the citizens of Floyd and the surrounding counties met in this city on Thursday last to consult together on the best means of defending our city and the approaches to the State road, against raiding parties of the public enemy. Major John Rush was chosen president and Mr. John M. Berry secretary. Col. Fouche explained the object of the meeting, and moved the appointment of a committee of five, who were himself, Col. D. R. Mitchell, Maj. J. G. Yeiser, Rev. J. W. Glenn and Col. Alfred Shorter. During the absence of the committee, Hon. John W. H. Underwood was invited to address the meeting, but declining to do so, called on Dr. P. C. Winn, of Alabama, who entertained the audience with a spirited plea for home defense. The committee reported stirring resolutions, which were unanimously adopted.

We would appeal to every boy and man who has the pluck to defend his home, to join some military company. We know of but three excuses which any man could offer for not joining: utter physical inability, innate, incurable cowardice and old age. But the man should be so old that he would not think of marrying again if his wife should die. If any man will come out and establish his right to plead any of those three excuses, let him be perpetually exempt from all military service; but let all others shoulder arms and fall into ranks for the defense of their native soil.—Saturday, May 16, 1863.

To Arms, Ye Romans!—We find the following astounding telegram to the Associated Press, which, if true, it is time Romans were looking to their laurels:

Atlanta, May 16.—Quartermaster Polk's Corps arrived and passed through this morning. We have reports that 7,000 or 8,000 of the enemy are approaching Rome. All the available force here is ordered to be held in readiness.

There is a grape-vine telegram afloat that Jackson, Miss., has been taken by the enemy, and that our forces have them surrounded and cut off.—Tuesday, May 19, 1863.

*A. M. Sloan, banker and warehouseman, formerly of Columbus.



NINETEEN DWELLINGS OF MANY TYPES.

1—Wilson M. Hardy; 2—old A. R. Sullivan home; 3—old Goetchius home; 4—Dr. J. C. Watts (C. N. Featherston); 5—part of old Battey infirmary; 6—J. W. Rounsaville; 7—Eliza Frances Andrews; 8—A. B. S. Moseley; 9—T. J. Simpson (J. L. Sulzbacher); 10—Ed. L. Bosworth; 11—O. L. Stamps (C. Rowell); 12—S. F. Magruder; 13—old Harper home; 14—Hughes T. Reynolds (R. D. VanDyke); 15—Hood-Cumming-Featherston (Rixie); 16—Dr. T. R. Garlington (J. D. Hanks); 17—Unknown; 18—VanDyke-Maddox; 19—Henry Stoffregen.

To All People Who Are Able to Bear Arms!—The question can no longer be blinked. You must either fight, run or take the oath of allegiance to Lincoln. This call is made to the fighting men, young and old. If there be any of the other classes, we don't want them; the sooner they take care of themselves, the better. Daily developments convince all thinking men of the immediate necessity of a strong military organization for self-defense. The people are invited, perhaps for the last time, to meet at the court house in Rome on Tuesday morning next, May 26 at 10 o'clock a. m., to learn what has been done, and to determine, under a proper organization, what they will do in defense of their property, their wives and their children. We beseech you to come and to come ready to make all needed sacrifices for your country!—J. M. Gregory, mayor; S. Fouche, D. R. Mitchell, J. G. Yeiser, A. Shorter, J. W. Glenn, Committee.—Tuesday, May 26, 1863.

Rev. George Pierce, son of the bishop of that name who served the Rome district after the war, had intended to preach at one of the Methodist churches on the Sunday Forrest appeared, but he quickly caught the war fever and shouldered a gun.*

According to William Hardin and Jas. O. Winfrey, the well-known Confederate veterans, Col. Streight cried over his plight, and it was said on good authority at the time that he tried to get a pistol to shoot himself. He was described by all who knew him as an intrepid soldier.

Reminiscences by the late Dr. P. L. Turnley, presented to the U. D. C., add this information:

Col. Hathaway, original commander of the raiders, was shot through the neck and killed at the foot of Owl Mountain, near Turkeytown, Etowah County, Ala., while eating breakfast. Two young sharpshooters, brothers named Hall, had climbed to the top of the spur above the invaders and cracked down on the officer. Streight was then placed in command.

The news that Streight was approaching spread like prairie fire, and more activity was shown in Rome than for a long time. By noon the town was fairly well garrisoned by men and boys of all ages. The bridges were blocked with cotton bales, and the floors covered with straw saturated with oil. Every cellar and garret had been ransacked for arms and weapons of any kind. Col. J. G. Yeiser obtained two old honey-combed cannon, and placed the dangerous ends toward the enemy. These, with old rusty flintlock rifles and a few pistols, were all the defenders had, but they were sufficient to turn back Streight's advance guard.

Rome was so hilarious that Gen. Forrest could hardly attend to his duties; and it has been said by one who was present that the brave general would have been bald had he given locks of his hair to all the ladies who made the request.**

Forrest's losses were said to have been ten killed and 40 wounded. Streight's losses from Apr. 27 through May 3, 1863, from Tuscumbia to Rome (including Day's Gap, Apr. 30, Black Warrior Creek, May 1, and Blount's Farm, May 2) were twelve killed, 69 wounded, 1,466 captured. The captives were the 51st and 73rd Indiana Volunteers, the 3rd Ohio, the 80th Illinois Mounted Infantry and two companies of the First Alabama Cavalry who were mostly deserters from the Confederate army.***

Streight's men were worn out from their forced marches and loss of sleep, and when Forrest came up, many were sleeping on their arms, and their commander could make them fight no longer.

In order to get the facts of Wisdom's ride, Capt. W. P. Lay, of Gadsden, visited Mr. Wisdom at Hoke's Bluff, Ala. Capt. Lay related the story to Walter Harper, who presented it July 29, 1909, in the Gadsden Daily Times-News, a day after Mr. Wisdom died:

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*Authority: 20th Century Rome, Tribune Industrial Edition, Oct., 1902.

**According to Mrs. Robt. Battey, several young women snipped off long raven locks.

***Authority: Edward C. Peters, of Rome. Since the total casualties are 1,547 by this estimate, there is a discrepancy of 453 men, the number at the start having been 2,000.

John H. Wisdom, long a citizen of Etowah County, Alabama, and formerly of Rome, Ga., died at his home at Hoke's Bluff, ten miles east of Gadsden, on July 28, 1909. He was 89 years of age and one of the substantial citizens of the county. He was extremely modest and for that reason but little has ever been said or known about the crowning exploit of his life, which saved a city, resulted in the capture of a host of Federal soldiers and placed him in the class of heroes of the Civil War.

John H. Wisdom and Emma Sanson were jointly responsible for the saving of Rome, Ga., and the capture of Col. Abel D. Streight's raiders by Gen. Nathan B. Forrest, yet neither of these heroes was aware of the part the other was playing at the time.

Shortly after Emma Sanson had directed Gen. Forrest over Black Warrior Creek, Mr. Wisdom, then a mail carrier and 43 years old, left his home at Gadsden on a mail trip, and after crossing the Coosa river went several miles beyond. In the afternoon of the same day he returned to Gadsden, to find that the Federals under Col. Streight had been in the town and were proceeding toward Rome. The enemy had cut a hole in the bottom of the ferry boat of which he was the proprietor and had set it loose to drift down the Coosa. Consequently, Mr. Wisdom did not recross the river, but called to a neighbor to tell his family that he had gone to warn Rome of its danger. Still in his trusty buggy, he dashed toward Rome. This was at 3:30 p. m. By changing steeds he made the 67 miles a few minutes before midnight, or a little less than eight hours and a half. Deducting an hour and a half for changes of horses and other delays, he negotiated the hilly, river-crossing journey in about seven hours, or at the rate of 9.6 miles per hour.*

In the early Revolutionary days Paul Revere rode from Boston to Concord, Mass., a distance of 18 miles, to warn the citizens of the approach of the British soldiers.** His act has been the subject of song and story for more than 100 years, while the much more difficult and daring feat of John H. Wisdom is known to but a comparative few in Alabama and Georgia.

Following is the story in Mr. Wisdom's own words, beginning when he returned to the Coosa River at Gadsden on the afternoon of Saturday, May 2, 1863:***

"It occurred to me at once that I could beat them to Rome and sound the alarm. I called across the river that I was going, and whipped my horse toward Rome. This was about 3:30 p. m. I dashed by Hoke's Bluff, Gnatville, Goshen and Spring Garden, and at the last-named place turned into the Rome and Jacksonville stage road, which I had traveled often as driver of a stage from Rome to the Alabama town.

"The first 'lap' of the ride was from the east bank of the river at Gadsden to Gnatville, 22 miles, which I drove in my buggy in a little more than two hours. Here my horse became exhausted and I left him and the buggy with the Widow Hanks,**** who offered me a lame pony on my promise to ride it only five miles, to Goshen, where I thought I could get another horse. On account of the pony's condition, I was obliged to leave him at Goshen, where I found Simpson Johnson coming in from his farm. He saddled two horses and let me ride one, and sent his son with me on the other horse to bring both back. I was delayed at Goshen only a short while, but it was not dark and I realized I must lose more time changing steeds.

"We rode the Johnson horses in a swift gallop eleven miles to the home of Rev. Joel Weems, above Spring Garden, Ala., where I was delayed some time, but finally managed to get a fresh horse.

"On the next 'lap' I stopped several times, trying to get a new animal. At one place I woke up a farmer and told him what I wanted. He replied gruffly that I couldn't get any of his horses, so I rode eleven miles farther to John Baker's, one mile south of Cave Spring, and after a short delay mounted another horse and asked him to keep for the owner the one I had discarded. I was now in Georgia, and Cave Spring loomed ahead, then I raced through Vann's Valley. While going down a long hill in a sweeping gallop, Mr. Baker's horse stumbled and fell, throwing me in an ungraceful sprawl ahead of him. I got up quickly, remounted and made off. After proceeding twelve miles, to within six miles of

*The Courier account stated that Wisdom arrived at 2:30 a. m., after a ride of eleven hours.

**Revere was bound for Concord, but was held up about half way, at Lexington, by British soldiers.

***Mr. Wisdom lived prior to the war in a cottage with his mother at Second Avenue and East Third Street, where B. T. Haynes' home now stands.

****Her first name was Nancy, it is said.

Rome, I changed horses for the last time. A gentleman whose name I do not remember loaned me a horse and I lost little time entering on the last 'lap.' This horse carried me safely into Rome, where I arrived at four minutes before midnight, May 2, 1863. I thus made the ride of about 67 miles in slightly less than eight and a half hours, including delays. Lost time amounted to about an hour and a half.

"On arriving in the city I galloped to the leading hotel, the Etowah House, then kept by Mr. G. S. Black, and told him the Yankees were coming. At his request, I rode through the streets, sounding the alarm and waking the people. Everybody jumped out of bed, and the excitement was great. The people ran in all directions, but under the command of their leader got down to the business of piling cotton bales in breastwork style on the Rome ends of the bridges.

"There were few men in Rome at the time, most of them having gone away to war, but those who were left soon hauled out all the old squirrel rifles, shot guns and muzzle-loading muskets that could be found, and divided them among those able to bear arms.

"The little railroad from Rome to Kingston fired up the engines and ran them every 30 minutes in and out of the city, carrying the news into the country districts and bringing to town the farmers with their old battle pieces.

"The handful of convalescent Confederate soldiers in Rome took charge of the home guard and lined them up behind the breastworks of cotton. The Bridge Street (Fifth Avenue) bridge across the Oostanaula River, a wooden structure, was filled with hay which was saturated with turpentine so it could be fired in case of defeat and a retreat.

"About sunrise next morning, May 3, (Sunday) six hours after my arrival, Streight's advance guard appeared on Shorter's Hill, one mile west of Rome. Through their field glasses they saw the 'fortifications' and the bustling activity in the town. An old negro woman, asked if there were any Confederates around, replied, 'Yassir, boss, de town am full of sojers!'

"So impressive was the scene that the advance guard retreated without any attempt to take the bridge. A few shots were fired between the sharpshooters.

"About 3 or 4 o'clock that afternoon Forrest marched into Rome with Streight's command as prisoners. When the Yankees found out there had been no real soldiers in Rome, and that they had been captured by Forrest's inferior force, they became very angry, and it was feared that they would revolt, but Gen. Forrest's foresight in separating officers and men, imprisoning the officers in the court house and putting the privates under guard at the forks of the rivers, averted trouble.

"It has been erroneously stated that I was sent to Rome by Gen. Forrest. I knew nothing of Gen. Forrest's pursuit of the raiders until he marched into Rome with them.

"The people of Rome made me a present of a silver service valued at $400, which I now have and prize very highly. They also gave me $400 in money and sent the Widow Hanks $400 for giving me the use of her lame pony."

According to the official reports of Col. Abel D. Streight, made after his escape from Libby prison to Union headquarters, Aug. 22, 1864, John H. Wisdom was directly responsible for his surrender to Gen. Forrest. The following from Col. Streight's report is significant:

"After some maneuvering, Forrest sent in a flag of truce, demanding surrender, so I called a council of war. I had previously learned in the meantime, however, that Capt. Milton Russell had been unable to take the bridge at Rome. Our condition was canvassed, and although personally opposed to surrender, and so expressing myself at the time, yet I yielded to the unanimous voice of my regimental commanders, and at about noon of May 3 we surrendered as prisoners of war."

Col. Streight continued with the statement that he had dispatched Capt. Russell with 200 picked men to take the Rome bridge, and this officer had reported that it was held by a formidable force of Confederates, and in his opinion could not be captured by the forces available.

In one part of an original account in his own hand-writing, Col. Wisdom stated that in addition to five horses, he used one mule. He recited that Miss Emma Sanson, daughter of the Widow Sanson, who lived near Black Warrior

Creek bridge, two miles west of Gadsden, got up behind Gen. Forrest on his horse and directed him to ford the creek after Streight had burned the bridge. Streight's rear guard sent a fusillade of bullets toward the double-mounted horse, and Forrest and Miss Sanson were forced to dismount and hide behind a bank. The general finally rode back to the farm house with the brave girl, then crossed the ford with his men.

During the delay, Streight's men had entered Gadsden and begun burning and plundering. They discovered Col. Wisdom's smoke house, in which had been stored a quantity of bacon by a crowd of refugees from Tennessee. While Streight's men tried to find the key to the smoke house and made preparations to batter down the door, Forrest's men arrived, chased them and devoured the bacon.

According to Col. Wisdom, Streight surrendered at Lawrence's Spring, four miles east of Cedar Bluff, Cherokee County, Ala., and 24 miles west of Rome. He confirms the statement that spirituous liquor flowed pretty freely in Rome that Sunday: "I thought a lieutenant would ride his black mare to death. He kept riding up and down the Oostanaula from Battey's Shoals to town and back, to keep the Yankees from crossing. They said he was 'tight.'"

Gen. Forrest hurried down into Alabama to engage in a new chase, without waiting to attend the picnic Romans had planned for him. While awaiting orders in Rome for about four days, Forrest maintained headquarters at the Choice House, where the Hotel Forrest now stands, and the hospitality of the Temple of Justice a block to the east was enjoyed by the officers he had corralled.

TWO FAMOUS RIDES COMPARED.

John H. Wisdom's famous ride, mentioned in the foregoing, is here compared with Paul Revere's:

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.	JNO. H. WISDOM'S RIDE.
Date—Apr. 19, 1775.	Date—May 2, 1863.
War—Revolutionary.	War—Civil.
Starting Point—Charlestown, Mass.	Starting Point—Gadsden, Ala.
Destination—Concord, Mass.	Destination—Rome, Ga.
Place Reached—Lexington, Mass.	Place Reached—Rome, Ga.
Distance—Nine miles.	Distance—Sixty-seven miles.
Time—Two hours, 15 minutes.	Time—Eleven hours (8½ riding).
Miles per Hour—Four.	Miles per Hour—Eight.
How Traveled—Horseback.	How Traveled—Buggy, horseback.
Object to Save—Lex. and Concord.	Object to Save—Rome, Ga.
Start of Ride—About 11:45 p. m.	Start of Ride—About 3:30 p. m.
End of Ride—Two a. m.	End of Ride—Two-thirty a. m.
Horses Used—One.	Horses Used—Five (one mule).
Road Condition—Fair.	Road Condition—Rough.
Riding by Dark—Two hours, 15 min.	Riding by Dark—Seven hours.
Riding by Light—None.	Riding by Light—Four hours.
Country—Undulating.	Country—Hilly.

CHAPTER V.

Sherman's Army Captures Rome

THE climax to Rome's military successes and failures was Gen. Wm. Tecumseh Sherman, United States army, of Ohio. In a chase after Gen. Jos. E. Johnston from Dalton and Resaca, the right wing of his army (14th and 16th corps), under command of Gen. Jas. Birdseye McPherson,* also of Ohio, sent its scouts into Rome May 17, 1864, after an artillery duel for a day with Gen. Stuart's defenders.**

Virgil A. Stewart, a sharpshooter who helped defend Rome, states that a spirited resistance was maintained for a day through the artillery· but the superiority of the Federal force was so great that the Confederates were forced to retire, burning the Fifth Avenue and Broad Street bridges as they went. From him, Horry Wimpee, Wm. M. Hardin and others we get the following general description of activities:

Gen. Sherman had sent Garrard's Cavalry*** down the Oostanaula River from Resaca, and Gen. Jefferson C. Davis' division of McPherson's Army of the Tennessee in support of it. The Federals were advised that only a small garrison defended Rome, so they chose to go against the point of greatest resistance rather than lose the time involved in circumvention. They proceeded down the right or north bank of the river to Armuchee creek, where they found the Confederate skirmishers. Shots were exchanged and one man was killed, probably a Confederate.

Cannon had been placed on Fort Jackson, the city pumping station site, on the top of a high hill in North Rome, then known as Fort Norton; on the ridge crossing the Summerville road one mile northwest of the courthouse, at the rock quarry, then known as Fort Attaway, overlooking Little Dry creek; and on the crest of Myrtle Hill cemetery, then known as Fort Stovall. At the foot of Fort Norton a redoubt was built to impede the progress of the enemy in any attempt to scale the heights for a hand-to-hand encounter. In front of the present Second (or Fifth Avenue) Baptist church, on a slight ridge where John Ross used to live, was a trench to which the Confederate infantrymen fell back after their outposts had been driven in and Ft. Attaway silenced.****

The second fort to withdraw its fire was Fort Norton, and its garrison unit withdrew to points in the city and assisted the remaining unit on Fort Stovall (cemetery hill) to hold out.

Gen. Davis had planted his artillery on the ridge above and southwest of Shorter's Spring, being the site of the new Shorter College, and particularly the location of the Selkirk home, now known as "Maplehurst," the residence of the president of the institution.

The cannonading had started about daybreak. A column of Confederate cavalry had skirmished with the Federals around Little Dry creek, but these retired before the hosts of Garrard. All but 42 of the non-combatant population had taken bag and baggage and selves away from Rome. The others preferred to remain and embrace whatever fate awaited them, for it might be worse farther down, and home was home. One of those who remained was as staunch and militant a "Rebel" as ever lived—Mrs. Lizzie Roach Hughes, dressmaker and milliner and resident of the Fourth Ward. "Miss Lizzie," as she was called all over Rome, used to do a lot of sewing for the soldiers, and the day was never too wet or cold or the night too dark for her to go foraging for "sumpin' t'eat." Her activities caused many a gray-jacketed heart to throb gratefully. However, there were always people of low enough conscience and purpose to tell the invaders what Romans were the most unflagging in support of the Southern cause, and

*Killed while reconnoitering near Atlanta some three months later by a Confederate sharpshooter named McPherson.

**Authority: Virgil A. Stewart. This Stuart was undoubtedly not Gen. J. E. B. Stuart. The Weekly Courier of Thursday, Aug. 31, 1865, says May 17 was the day of investment. The diary of Reuben S. Norton says May 18. It is likely that the main body of the troops entered on the latter date.

***The famous Black Horse Troop.

****A trench two or three feet deep can still be found on the southeastern slope of the waterworks hill; picture of it is shown herein.

those who were informed upon were forced to suffer. The Union troops cultivated "Miss Lizzie," and made life unbearable for her. Their first meeting came when the soldiers entered West Rome. Gen. Davis and several officers "requested" "Miss Lizzie" to go with them to the top of the hill to see if any more Confederates were on cemetery hill. The Confederates recognized "Miss Lizzie" through their field glasses, and waved a flag at her.

"Thank you, 'Miss Lizzie,' " said Gen. Davis.

In a minute there came a cannon ball screeching overhead, too close for comfort. "Miss Lizzie," mad as a wet hen, shouted, "So THAT was why you invited me up here! Evidently, Gen. Davis, some of our men ARE left, and they have the nerve to express themselves!"

Grabbing up her skirts, "Miss Lizzie" ran home, there to find that the invaders had ransacked everything had stolen her fowls and her eggs, and made her brother-in-law a prisoner. The man was placed in the custody of "Miss Lizzie" on her assurance that his wife was very ill, and on her promise to make him behave. After the occupation of Rome, "Miss Lizzie" got even with the "Yankees" by charging them top prices for fancy hats and flowers to send home to their wives. From an astute old woman of Rome "Miss Lizzie" had learned to make feathers into artificial flowers. Hidden out at Coosa were a few white ganders and at Floyd Springs some guineas and a peafowl or two, so "Miss Lizzie" went to these places after material. If she could get a horse, all right, and if not, she would walk, five miles, ten miles—it made no difference. Once she indignantly refused to let a Northern soldier help her mount a steed. This exhibition of *lese majeste* caused the soldier to call the corporal of the guard, who escorted her with an armed squad to Gen. Davis' headquarters on Fourth Avenue. Some more of her privileges were taken away, including her liberty for a day, but this only served to make her increase the price of her wares.

"Miss Lizzie" was also suspected of furnishing "underground telephone" information to the Confederates; she was undoubtedly guilty, as were most of the other women, and proud of it, but the "Yankees" couldn't get a thing on her, so she remained a privileged character and added greatly to the drab camp life of the uninvited guests of Rome.

The cannon of the enemy were trained almost exclusively on the defending forts, and practically all the buildings and houses escaped destruction at that time. No doubt many a shell could be found buried in the various hills.* The figures as to losses are not available, but it is believed that the casualties were few. While the bombardment was at its height, B. G. Salvage, foreman of The Courier composing room, who had succeeded Capt. Dwinell as editor while the latter laid aside editorial pellets for the real kind, was busy grinding out the last issue of the paper that Romans were to receive before Aug. 31, 1865. The makeshift editor pied his type and took to swamps and hills. The May 16, 1864, issue is not available, hence much that took place on that stirring occasion is forever lost.

However, we are told by the survivors mentioned above that the Confederates withdrew from the last fort (Stovall) under cover of the darkness of May 16, and took up sniping positions on Cantrell's Ridge, South Rome; on Tubbs' Mountain and other vantage points; also that the invading skirmishers cautiously entered on May 17 after having crossed the Oostanaula at or near Battey's Shoals, and by noon had advanced their line to Maiden Lane (now Third Avenue). On the following day, May 18, after awaiting orders and packing up, Gen. Davis' hosts, said to have been parts of the 14th and 16th Army corps, numbering perhaps 30,000 men, crossed the Oostanaula at Printup's wharf, midway between the Second Avenue and Fifth Avenue bridges, six abreast and on pontoon bridges made partly of church pews. Their heavy wagons and artillery went over safely. Gen. Wm. Vandever tarried a short time, but soon pushed on to Kingston, and left Gen. John M. Corse in charge of the garrison of 1,054 men.

The most serious infantry and cavalry engagement took place at Fort Attaway, lasting from 3 to 5 p. m. of May 16. As the Confederates withdrew, they took with them everything that could possibly be used, and destroyed all that might benefit the enemy. A Texas regiment is said to have removed $150,000 in provisions and clothing from Broad Street stores.

*C. L. King, cemetery sexton, has several which were dug out of graves in Myrtle Hill.



A PAIR OF GENERALS WHO "DROPPED IN" ON ROME.
At the left is Gen. Jefferson C. Davis, commander of the Garrison, and at right is Gen. Wm. T. Sherman, who spent several days on Fourth Avenue.

The new "tenants" finished the job. The few pigs, chickens and cows that were left were eagerly seized and killed, and it was "every Roman for himself." Things of no military value were smashed or burned. "Bulls" got into the "china shop" of the Buena Vista Hotel and had a lively time.

Dr. J. M. Gregory had been mayor the year before. He had refugeed, but his good wife and her mother, Mrs. Hutchings, the kindly proprietress, wrung her hands vainly in protest.

Mrs. John Choice remained behind, cheering the retreating Confederates as they passed. For the offense of keeping two buckets of water sitting at the front of her place to slake the thirst of the boys in gray, Mrs. Gregory's home was set on fire. The flames spread over the lower floor, and her aged mother had to be carried down a ladder from the second story. The colored maid, later a resident of Chicago, followed her just as the fire was entering the room.

Mrs. Samuel Stewart's home on Eighth Avenue could be seen from afar, and clothing hung up in a certain way on the back porch gave signals to the Confederates. Union soldiers went to this home and carried away everything of value, and poured ink on Mrs. Stewart's wearing apparel.

A lot of munitions of war and a cannon or two were thrown into the Oostanaula above Fifth Avenue by the Federals, who had more than they could carry. A little gunpowder and a few shells found in the arsenal at Myrtle Hill were destroyed. Zach Mooney, who had been employed to help make cannon at the Noble Foundry, took two old pieces and did away with them; one went "kerchug!" into the Etowah nearby, and another splashed into an old well.

The Lumpkin-Holmes-Morris home on Eighth Avenue was used as a hospital for the wounded Union men. The Spullock home was made the headquarters of Gen. Corse, and Gen. Vandever occupied first the Hood-Cumming - Featherston - Rixie home on Broad, and then the Chas. H. Smith ("Bill Arp") home on Fourth Avenue, which was used successively by Gens. Jefferson C. Davis and Wm. T. Sherman. A Gen. Cox is also mentioned as having had charge for a short time at Rome.

Horry Wimpee and many others unite in praising Gens. Vandever and Davis as kind-hearted gentlemen whose treatment of Romans was all that could have been expected. Gen. Sherman appears not to have engaged in any atrocities at Rome. As for Gen. Corse, he was not possessed of the amenities bestowed upon the others; early in his career at Rome he

caused the handsome Hawkins home on the Lindale road to be burned because a crowd of his foragers were ambushed at that spot. He was a stubborn fighter, however; when nearly overwhelmed by Gen. S. G. French at Allatoona, he signalled Gen. Sherman: "I am short a cheek bone and part of an ear, but am able to whip all hell yet!"

Gen. Sherman entered Rome from Kingston Oct. 12, 1864, on a chase after Gen. Hood, who, after the fall of Atlanta Sept. 2, rambled all over the old Cherokee nation in Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee, and proved as elusive as a Jack-o-Lantern. Hood had marched down the south bank of the Etowah, passing through or close to Cave Spring, and crossing the Coosa at Veal's Ferry, near the village of Coosa. He flitted through Texas Valley on the northwestern side of Lavender Mountain, with the purpose of destroying the W. & A. railroad and cutting off Sherman's supplies from Chattanooga. Part of Hardee's corps went to Mt. Pleasant Methodist church (now Oreburg), turned to the left at Farmer's bridge, Armuchee Creek, and then went through Floyd Springs to Chattooga County, and hauled up near Dalton; Gen. Stuart's* corps penetrated Robinson's gap, Lavender Mountain, then went through Texas Valley and crossed Little Armuchee Creek at Echols' Mill. A junction of some of the units was effected near Resaca and Hood demanded the surrender of the garrison there, but was refused.

Hood had crossed the Coosa Oct. 10 and left a part of Harrison's Brigade (being the 8th and 11th Texas Regiments, the 3rd Arkansas and the 4th Tennessee) strung from Lavender Mt. to Veal's Ferry; also Stuart's corps of four regiments at Sardis church, Coosa. A feint on Rome Nov. 12 from 1,200 to 1,500 of these troops so alarmed Gen. Sherman that he wired Atlanta that Hood was turning back on the Hill City, and ordered 50,000 men from Atlanta rushed to his aid!** This order was countermanded later when Sherman learned that Hood's main force was bearing down on Resaca. Sherman went on to Resaca the night of Oct. 12 and left Corse in charge at Rome; and Corse scouted into the Coosa Valley and brought back some prisoners and guns.

Gen. Sherman returned to Rome the night of Oct. 28 with his staff, and again perched himself on Fourth Avenue; and for four days and a half, until the morning of Nov. 2, directed operations from that point. On this occasion he was returning after a chase with Hood which had taken him down the Chattooga Valley to Gaylesville, Ala. The grizzled West Pointer exhibited considerable chagrin that he had been unable to corner the Southern army and wipe it out with his superior force. On the retreat from Dalton, Gen. Johnston had scarcely lost a prisoner or a gun, nor had he left behind many loaves or fishes for the Federals to feed upon. As for Hood, his baggage was so light that he moved like the wind. Finally Sherman gave up the chase, and set his course for the sea. The evacuation of Rome started Nov. 10, 1864, and was completed by 9 a. m. of Nov. 11. Acting on orders from Sherman, then at Kingston, Gen. Corse burned all the mills and factories and some other establishments that might be of use to the Confederates.

The burning took place on the night of November 10. Never had a scene of such wantonness and misery been presented to Rome. Dry goods boxes and trash were piled high in stores and set off, and the crackling of the timbers furnished a melancholy echo to the wails of women and children. Soldiers ran from place to place with firebrands in their hands, setting the places designated here, and perfectly harmless places there. Necessarily the stores and shops next to the condemned improvements went up in smoke. With hundreds of bayonets bristling, the 40 steadfast male Romans could do nothing but watch and allow their souls to fill with regret.

Here are some of the Broad Street or central establishments which were destroyed; both depots, Cunningham's cotton warehouse, the bank, David J. Meyerhardt's store house, Daniel R. Mitchell's houses, the Etowah Hotel (then at Howard Street, or Second Avenue). Cohen's grist mill on Silver Creek, between East Rome and South Rome burnt merrily. The great brick smoke stacks of the Noble Foundry were blown up with powder blasts, and the buildings then fired. Only isolated structures escaped, until there was no place much to do business, and less business to do than places. A livery stable caught, and the odor of burning horseflesh could be detected for several blocks. The whinnies of the horses told of their awful plight.

*Not J. E. B. Stuart.
**Authority: Wm. M. Hardin.

With this kind of a gesture, Gen. Corse bade farewell to Rome. Had he fiddled as well, the picture could have been little less complete. There was more work for him to do. As Sherman left Kingston, he said: "Corse, the torch." It was not always Corse who happened to be convenient. Gen. Davis was hard by when Gen. Sherman on Nov. 21 found himself on the Howell Cobb plantation in middle Georgia. Hardly a scrap of that place was spared, because Cobb had just left a cabinet position at Washington.

Although it is popularly accepted that Sherman's March to the Sea started at 7 a. m., Nov. 15, from Atlanta, the preliminaries were staged at Rome, Kingston, Cartersville and other points north of the capital.

The stern injunction, "Leave not a blade of grass that a grasshopper could subsist upon!" was likewise applicable to the conduct of the army in the upper section of the state.

It was a devastating scourge, this march; it left many a wrecked fortune, bleeding heart and broken spirit, but it was also the forerunner of a new era of development and progress for the entire Southland.

*Gen. Sherman no doubt traversed after the war a considerable part of his course through Georgia, to verify data for his book. He was interested in the Tecumseh Iron Works at Tecumseh, Cherokee Co., Ala., two miles north of Borden-Wheeler Springs, and the manager of that concern, Gen. Willard Warner, a member of Gen. Sherman's staff, used to buy large quantities of goods through the wholesale grocery house of Berrys & Co. (later Montgomery, McLaurin & Co.), of Rome. On one occasion, about 1880, Gen. Sherman came unannounced to Rome, and spent some little time waiting to change trains at the Rome Railroad depot, going to or coming from Tecumseh. Several Romans recognized him by his stubby chin decorations and shook hands with him. It was too soon after the war, however, and most of the little crowd contented themselves with a look and grunt from a distance, and voted him the ugliest mortal they had ever seen.



A VIEW OF ROME AFTER SHERMAN'S APPEARANCE IN 1864.

This picture was located in the Carnegie Library, and is one of the oldest in existence. If you will look carefully on the extreme left you will see that the covered wooden bridge which spans the Oostanaula has been brcken in half, probably by the retreating Confederates. Its sides have been partially stripped of timbers. On the right is a rudely-improvised bridgehead from which extends a pontoon bridge placed by Sherman's forces. Practically all the civilians were gone.

CHAPTER VI.

Sherman's Movements as Told by Himself

IN DEFERENCE to the feelings and preferences of a large majority of readers, an effort was made to obtain a complete and accurate account of the troop movements around Rome, written from the Southern viewpoint. Gen. Jos. E. Johnston's story was consulted, but it contained such a scanty reference to Rome that it was considered unavailable for the purpose. Other works that have fallen under the notice of the author have likewise failed to satisfy the curiosity for details, hence the account by Gen. Sherman is presented herewith, in the belief that the fairness and accuracy of it will commend it to all. The extracts are from the "Memoirs of Gen. Wm. T. Sherman, Vol. II (D. Appleton & Co., New York, N. Y., 1875).

On the 18th day of March, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., I relieved Lt. Gen. Ulysses S. Grant in command of the Military Division of the Mississippi, embracing the Departments of the Ohio, Cumberland, Tennessee and Arkansas, commanded respectively by Maj. Gens. Schofield, Thomas, McPherson and Steele. General Grant was in the act of starting east to assume command of all the Armies of the United States, but more particularly to give direction in person to the Armies of the Potomac and James operating against Richmond.

In the early part of April I was much disturbed by a bold raid made by the rebel General Forrest between the Mississippi and Tennessee rivers. He reached the Ohio River at Paducah, but was handsomely repulsed by Colonel Hicks. He then swung down toward Memphis, massacring a part of its garrison, composed wholly of negro troops. No doubt Forrest's men acted like a set of barbarians, shooting down the helpless negro garrison, but I am told that Forrest personally disclaims any active participation in the assault and that he stopped the firing as soon as he could. I was told by hundreds of our men, who were at various times prisoners in Forrest's possession, that he was usually very kind to them.

Writing from Nashville headquarters Apr. 10, 1864, Gen. Sherman outlined to Gen. Grant at Washington some of the plans for his campaign against Atlanta, via Ringgold, Dalton, Resaca, Rome, Cartersville, Kingston, Allatoona and Marietta:

McPherson will have nine divisions of the Army of the Tennessee; if A. J. Smith gets here he will have full 30,000 of the best men in America. He will cross the Tennessee at Decatur and Whitesburg, march toward Rome and feel for Thomas. If Johnston falls behind the Coosa, then McPherson will push for Rome, and if Johnston falls behind the Chattahoochee, as I believe he will, then McPherson will cross over and join Thomas.

On Apr. 28, Gen. Sherman removed his headquarters to Chattanooga, and on May 5 he took the field personally and marched with about 100,000 men into Georgia against Gen. Johnston, who retreated from Dalton after a brief skirmish stand.

On May 11 the Federal commander, then at Tunnel Hill, Whitfield County, ordered Gen. McPherson, in Sugar Valley, to anticipate Gen. Johnston's evacuation of Dalton by sending Gen. Garrard by Summerville to threaten Rome and that flank. Instead of taking the small Confederate garrison at Resaca, Gordon County, Gen. McPherson fell back into a defensive position in Sugar Valley, on the Resaca side of Snake Creek Gap. Sherman continues:

Johnston, as I anticipated, had abandoned all his well-prepared defenses at Dalton and was found inside of Resaca with the bulk of his army, holding his divisions well in hand, acting purely on the defensive, and

fighting well at all points of conflict. A complete line of entrenchments was found covering the place, and this was strongly manned at all points. On the 14th we closed in, enveloping the town on its north and west, and during the 15th we had a continual day of battle and skirmish. At the same time I caused two pontoon bridges to be laid across the Oostanaula river at Lay's Ferry, about three miles below the town, by which we could threaten Calhoun, a station on the railroad seven miles below Resaca. I also dispatched Gen. Garrard with his cavalry division down the Oostanaula by the Rome road, with orders to cross over, if possible, and to attack or threaten the railroad at any point below Calhoun and above Kingston.

During the 15th, without attempting to assault the fortified works, we pressed at all points, and the sound of cannon and musketry rose all day to the dignity of a battle. Toward evening McPherson moved his whole line of battle forward, till he had gained a ridge overlooking the town, from which his field artillery could reach the railroad bridge across the Oostanaula. The enemy made several attempts to drive him away, but in every instance he was repulsed with bloody loss.

Hooker's Corps had also had some heavy and handsome fighting that afternoon and night on the left, where the Dalton road entered the entrenchments, capturing a 4-gun entrenched battery, with its men and guns; and generally all our men showed the finest fighting qualities. Howard's Corps had followed Johnston down from Dalton and was in line; Stoneman's Division of Cavalry had also got up, and was on the extreme left, beyond the Oostanaula. On the night of May 15 Johnston got his army across the bridges, set them on fire and we entered Resaca at daylight. Our loss up to that time was about 600 dead and 3,375 wounded.

That Johnston had deliberately designed in advance to give up such strong positions as Dalton and Resaca, for the purpose of drawing us farther South, is simply absurd. Had he remained in Dalton another hour it would have been his total defeat, and he only evacuated Resaca because his safety demanded it. The movement by us through Snake Creek Gap was a total surprise to him. My army about doubled his in size, but he had all the advantage of natural positions, of artificial forts and roads, and of concentrated action. We were compelled to grope our way through forests, across mountains with a large army, necessarily more or less dispersed.

Johnston having retreated, immediate pursuit was begun. A division of infantry (Jefferson C. Davis') was at once dispatched down the valley toward Rome, to support Garrard's Cavalry, and the whole army was ordered to pursue—McPherson by Lay's Ferry, on the right, Thomas directly by the railroad, and Schofield by the left, by the old road that crossed the Oostanaula above Echota or Newtown. We hastily repaired the railroad bridge at Resaca, which had been partially burned, and built a temporary floating bridge out of timber and materials found on the spot, so that Thomas got his advance corps over during the 16th, and marched as far as Calhoun, where he came into communication with McPherson's troops, which had crossed the Oostanaula at Lay's Ferry by our pontoon bridges previously laid. Inasmuch as the bridge at Resaca was overtaxed, Hooker's Twentieth Corps was also diverted to cross by the fords and ferries above Resaca, in the neighborhood of Echota.

On the 17th, toward evening, the head of Thomas' column, Newton's Division, encountered the rear guard of Johnston's Army near Adairsville. I was near the head of the column at the time, trying to get a view of the position of the enemy from an elevation in an open field. My party attracted the fire of a battery; a shell passed through the group of staff officers and burst just beyond, which scattered us promptly. The next morning the enemy had disappeared, and our pursuit was continued to Kingston, which we reached during Sunday afternoon, the 19th.

From Resaca the railroad runs nearly due south, but at Kingston it makes junction with another railroad from Rome, and changes direction due east (west). At that time McPherson's head of column was about four miles to the west of Kingston, at a country place called "Woodlawn;" Schofield and Hooker were on the direct roads leading from Newtown to Cassville, diagonal to the route followed by Thomas. Thomas' head of column, which had followed the country roads alongside of the railroad, was about four miles east of Kingston, toward Cassville. About noon I got a message from him that he had found

the enemy drawn up in line of battle on some extensive, open ground, about half-way between Kingston and Cassville, and that appearances indicated a willingness and preparation for battle.

Hurriedly sending orders to McPherson to resume the march, to hasten forward by roads leading to the south of Kingston, so as to leave for Thomas' troops and trains the use of the main road, and to come up on his right, I rode forward rapidly over some rough gravel hills, and about six miles from Kingston found Gen. Thomas with his troops deployed; but he reported that the enemy had fallen back in echelon of divisions, steadily and in superb order, into Cassville.

I knew that the roads by which Gens. Hooker and Schofield were approaching would lead them to a seminary near Cassville, and that it was all-important to secure the point of junction of these roads with the main road along which we were marching. Therefore, I ordered Gen. Thomas to push forward his deployed lines as rapidly as possible, and as night was approaching, I ordered two field batteries to close up at a gallop on some woods which lay between us and the town of Cassville. We could not see the town by reason of these woods, but a high range of hills just back of the town was visible over the tree tops. On these hills could be seen fresh-made parapets and the movement of men, against whom I directed the artillery to fire at long range.

The stout resistance made by the enemy along our whole front of a couple of miles indicated a purpose to fight at Cassville, and as the night was closing in, Gen. Thomas and I were together, along with our skirmish lines near the seminary, on the edge of the town, where musket bullets from the enemy were cutting the leaves of the trees pretty thickly about us. We went back to the battery, where we passed the night on the ground.

During the night I had reports from McPherson, Hooker and Schofield. The former was about five miles to my right rear, near the "nitre caves;"* Schofield was about six miles north and Hooker between us, within two miles. All were ordered to close down on Cassville at daylight, and to attack the enemy wherever found. Skirmishing was kept up all night, but when day broke the next morning, May 20th, the enemy was gone, and our cavalry was sent in pursuit. These reported him beyond the Etowah River. We were then well in advance of our railroad trains, so I determined to pause a few days to repair the railroad.

Nearly all the people of the country seemed to have fled with Johnston's Army, yet some few families remained, and from one of them I procured a copy of an order which Johnston had made at Adairsville in which he recited that he had retreated as far as strategy required, and that his army must be prepared for battle at Cassville. The newspapers of the South, many of which we found, were loud in denunciation of Johnston's falling back before us without a serious battle, simply resisting by his



COL. THOMAS W. ALEXANDER, once Mayor of Rome, in the uniform he wore as a Confederate Army officer.

*The wonderful cave visited in 1835 by John Howard Payne. Col. Mark A. Hardin, member of Morgan's Cavalry, had bought it in 1861, and with several hundreds of slaves working, had sent quantities of nitre to Knoxville to make gunpowder for the Confederate Army. He refused an offer of $100,000 for the cave, and shortly afterward, it was seized by the Confederate Government, which was in charge when Gen. Sherman captured it. Authority: Miss Virginia Hardin, of Atlanta. It is said this cave's tributaries extend several miles, and that they have never been thoroughly explored. The place is visited yearly by thousands, notably by the Boy Scouts.

skirmish line and rear guard. But his friends proclaimed that it was all strategic, that he was deliberately drawing us farther and farther into the meshes, farther and farther away from our base of supplies, and that in due season he would not only halt for battle, but assume the bold offensive.

Of course it was to my interest to bring him to battle as soon as possible, when our numerical superiority was at the greatest; for he was picking up his detachments as he fell back, whereas I was compelled to make similar and stronger detachments to repair the railroads as we advanced, and to guard them. I found at Cassville many evidences of preparation for a grand battle, among them a long line of fresh entrenchments on the hill beyond the town, extending nearly three miles to the south, embracing the railroad crossing. I was also convinced that the whole of Polk's corps had joined Johnston from Mississippi, and that he had in hand three full corps, viz., Hood's, Polk's and Hardee's, numbering about 60,000 men, and could not then imagine why he had declined battle, and did not learn the real reason till after the war was over, and then from Gen. Johnston himself.

In the autumn of 1865, when in command of the Military Division of the Missouri, I went from St. Louis to Little Rock, Ark., and afterward to Memphis. Taking a steamer for Cairo, I found as fellow passengers Gens. Johnston and Frank Blair. We were, of course, on the most friendly terms, and on our way up we talked over our battles again, played cards, and questioned each other as to particular parts of our mutual conduct in the game of war. I told Johnston that I had seen his order of preparation, in the nature of an address to his army, announcing his purpose to retreat no more, but to accept battle at Cassville. He answered that such was his purpose; that he had left Hardee's corps in the open fields to check Thomas and gain time for his formations on the ridge, just behind Cassville; and it was this corps that Gen. Thomas had seen deployed, and whose handsome movement in retreat he had reported in such complimentary terms. Johnston described how he had placed Hood's Corps on the right, Polk's in the center and Hardee's on the left. He said he had ridden over the ground, given to each corps commander his position and orders to throw up parapets during the night; that he was with Hardee on his extreme left as the night closed in, and as Hardee's troops fell back to the position assigned them for the intended battle of the next day; and that after giving Hardee some general instructions he and his staff rode back to Cassville. As he entered the town, or village, he met Gens. Hood and Polk. Hood inquired of him if he had had anything to eat, and he said no, that he was both hungry and tired, when Hood invited him to go and share a supper which had been prepared for him at a house close by.

At the supper they discussed the chances of the impending battle, when Hood spoke of the ground assigned to him as being enfiladed by our (Union) artillery, which Johnston disputed, when Gen. Polk chimed in with the remark that Gen. Hood was right; that the cannon shots fired by us at nightfall had enfiladed their general line of battle, and for this reason he feared they could not hold their men. Gen. Johnston was surprised at this, for he understood Gen. Hood to be one of those who professed to criticize his strategy, contending that, instead of retreating, he should have risked a battle. Gen. Johnston said he was provoked, accused them of having been in conference, with being beaten before battle, and added that he was unwilling to engage in a critical battle with an army so superior to his own in numbers, with two of his three corps commanders dissatisfied with the ground and positions assigned them. He then and there made up his mind to retreat still farther South, to put the Etowah River and the Allatoona Range between us; and he at once gave orders to resume the retrograde movement.

This was my recollection of the substance of the conversation, of which I made no note at the time; but at a meeting of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland some years after, at Cleveland, O., about 1868, in a short after-dinner speech I related this conversation, and it got into print. Subsequently, in the spring of 1870, when I was at New Orleans, en route for Texas, Gen. Hood called to see me at the St. Charles Hotel, explained that he had seen my speech reprinted in the newspapers and gave me his version of the same event. He stated that he had argued against fighting the battle purely on the defensive, but had asked Gen. Johnston to permit him with his own corps and part of Polk's

to quit their lines and to march rapidly to attack and overwhelm Schofield, who was known to be separated from Thomas by an interval of nearly five miles, claiming that he could have defeated Schofield and got back to his position in time to meet Gen. Thomas' attack in front. He also stated that he had contended with Johnston for the "offensive-defensive" game, instead of the pure "defensive," as proposed by Gen. Johnston; and he said it was at this time that Gen. Johnston had taken offense, and that it was for this reason that he had ordered the retreat that night. As subsequent events estranged these two officers, it is very natural they should now differ on this point; but it was sufficient for us that the rebel army did retreat that night, leaving us masters of all the country above the Etowah River.

For the purposes of rest, to give time for the repair of the railroads and to replenish supplies, we lay by some few days in that quarter—Schofield with Stoneman's cavalry holding the ground at Cassville Depot, at Cartersville, and the Etowah Bridge; Thomas holding his ground near Cassville, and McPherson that near Kingston. The officer intrusted with the repair of the railroads was Col. W. W. Wright, a railroad engineer, who, with about 2,000 men, was so industrious and skillful that the bridge at Resaca was rebuilt in three days, and cars loaded with stores came forward to Kingston on the 24th. The telegraph also brought us the news of the desperate and bloody battles of the Wilderness, in Virginia, and that Gen. Grant was pushing his operations against Lee with terrific energy. I was therefore resolved to give my enemy no rest.

In early days, 1844, when a lieutenant of the Third Artillery, I had been sent from Charleston, S. C., to Marietta, Ga., to assist Inspector General Churchill to take testimony concerning certain losses of horses and accoutrements by the Georgia Volunteers during the Florida War; and after completing the work at Marietta we transferred our party over to Bellefonte, Ala. I had ridden the distance on horseback, and had noted well the topography of the country, especially that about Kennesaw, Allatoona and the Etowah River. On that occasion I had stopped some days with a Colonel Tumlin,* to see some remarkable Indian mounds on the Etowah River, usually called the "Hightower."

*Lewis Tumlin.

I therefore knew that the Allatoona Pass was very strong, would be hard to force, and resolved not even to attempt it, but to turn the position by moving from Kingston to Marietta via Dallas; accordingly, I made orders on May 20 to get ready for the march to begin on the 23d. The army of the Cumberland was ordered to march for Dallas, by Euharlee and Stilesboro; Davis's Division, then at Rome, by Van Wert; the Army of the Ohio to keep on the left of Thomas, by a place called Burnt Hickory; and the Army of the Tennessee to march for a position a little to the South, so as to be on the right of the general army when grouped about Dallas. The movement contemplated leaving our railroad, and to depend for 20 days on the contents of our wagons; and as the country was very obscure, mostly in a state of nature, densely wooded and with few roads, our movements were necessarily slow. We crossed the Etowah by several bridges and fords, and took as many roads as possible, keeping up communication by cross-roads, or by couriers through the woods. I personally joined Gen. Thomas, who had the center, and was consequently the main column, or "column of direction." The several columns followed generally the Valley of the Euharlee, a tributary coming into the Etowah from the South, and gradually crossed over a ridge of mountains, parts of which had been worked over for gold, and were consequently full of paths and unused wagon roads or tracks.

A "cavalry picket" of the enemy at Burnt Hickory was captured and had on his person an order from Gen. Johnston, dated at Allatoona, which showed that he had detected my purpose of turning his position, and it accordingly became necessary to use great caution, lest some of the minor columns should fall into ambush, but, luckily, the enemy was not much more familiar with that part of the country than we were. On the other side of the Allatoona Range, the Pumpkin-Vine Creek, also a tributary of the Etowah, flowed north and west; Dallas, the point aimed at, was a small town on the other, or east side of this creek, and was a point of concentration of a great many roads that led in every direction. Its possession would be a threat to Marietta and Atlanta, but I could not then venture to attempt either, till I had regained use of the railroad, at least as far down as its debouch from the Allatoona

Range of mountains. Therefore, the movement was chiefly designed to compel Johnston to give up Allatoona.

In his description of the "drawn battle" of New Hope Church at Dallas, Paulding County, May 26, Gen. Sherman notes that Gen. Jefferson C. Davis' Federal Garrison or Division of the Fourteenth Army Corps had left Rome and come to his assistance. He says he ordered Gen. Hooker to capture the New Hope position the night of the 25th, if possible, and goes on:

> The woods were so dense and the resistance so spirited that Hooker could not carry the position, though the battle was noisy and prolonged far into the night. From the bloody fighting there for the next week it was called by the soldiers "Hell-Hole." The night was pitch-dark, it rained hard and the convergence of our columns toward Dallas produced much confusion. I am sure similar confusion existed in the army opposed to us, for we were all mixed up. I slept on the ground without cover, alongside of a log, got little sleep, resolved at daylight to renew the battle. The battle was renewed, and without success. A continual battle was in progress by strong skirmish lines taking advantage of every species of cover, and both parties fortifying each night by rifle-trenches, with head-logs. Occasionally one party or the other would make a dash in the nature of a sally, but usually it sustained a repulse with great loss of life. I visited personally all parts of our lines nearly every day, was constantly within musket range, and though the fire of musketry and cannon resounded day and night along the whole line, I rarely saw a dozen of the enemy at one time, and these were always skirmishers, dodging from tree to tree, or behind logs on the ground, or who occasionally showed their heads above the hastily-constructed but remarkably strong rifle-trenches. On the occasion of my visit to McPherson on the 30th of May, while standing with a group of officers, among whom were Gens. McPherson, Logan and Barry, and Col. Taylor, my former chief of artillery, a Minie ball passed through Logan's coat sleeve, scratching the skin, and struck Col. Taylor square in the breast; luckily, he had in his pocket a famous memorandum book in which he kept a sort of diary, about which we used to joke him a good deal; its thickness saved his life, breaking the force of the ball.

Next are chronicled the battles before the fall of Atlanta, Sept. 2, 1864. Gen. Johnston had now been succeeded in command in Georgia by Gen. John B. Hood, and Hood led Sherman a merry chase back toward Rome and over a considerable part of the territory that had been traversed on the drive down. Atlanta was ordered evacuated by the civilian population, and in reply to protests, Gen. Sherman wrote Gen. H. W. Halleck, chief of staff, at Washington:

> If the people raise a howl against my barbarity and cruelty, I will answer that war is war, and not popularity-seeking. If they want peace, they and their relatives must stop the war.

By date Sept. 28, 1864, Gen. Halleck wrote Gen. Sherman, "I would destroy every mill and factory within reach that I did not want for my own use. This the rebels have done, not only in Maryland and Pennsylvania, but also in Virginia and other rebel states, when compelled to fall back before our armies. In many sections of the country they have not left a mill to grind grain for their own suffering families, lest we might use them to supply our armies. We must do the same."*

Hearing that Gen. Joe Wheeler's Confederate Cavalry was threatening the railroad communications in Middle Tennessee and that Gen. Forrest was coming up from Mississippi to join him, Gen. Sherman ordered Newton's division of the Fourth Army Corps back to Chattanooga, Corse's division of the Seventeenth Corps back to Rome, and warned other commands to watch out.

> "I take it for granted that Forrest will cut our road, but think we can prevent him from making a serious

*This message was received at Rome.

lodgment," wired Gen. Sherman Sept. 29, 1864, to Gen. Halleck. "His cavalry will travel a hundred miles where ours will ten. I have sent two divisions up to Chattanooga and one to Rome. Our roads should be watched from the rear. I prefer for the future to make the movement on Millen, Milledgeville and Savannah. Hood now rests 24 miles south, on the Chattahoochee, with his right on the West Point road. I can whip his infantry, but his cavalry is to be feared."

The Union army under command of Gen. Sherman had been radically reconstituted, and he claimed 60,000 infantry and artillery, with two small divisions of cavalry, in the pursuit after Gen. Hood, whose forces he estimated at 35,000 to 40,000 men, including about 3,000 of cavalry under Gen. Wheeler.

"We had strong railroad guards at Marietta and Kennesaw, Allatoona, Etowah Bridge, Kingston, Rome, Resaca, Dalton, Ringgold and Chattanooga," continues the Sherman narrative. "All the important bridges were likewise protected by good block houses, admirably constructed, and capable of a strong defense against cavalry or infantry We crossed the Chattahoochee River during the 3rd and 4th of October, rendezvoused at the old battlefield of Smyrna Camp, and the next day reached Marietta and Kennesaw. On the 4th of October I signalled from Vining's Station to Kennesaw, and from Kennesaw to Allatoona, over the heads of the enemy, a message to Gen. Corse at Rome, to hurry back to the assistance of the garrison at Allatoona, which was held by a small brigade commanded by Lieut. Col. Tourtelotte, my present aide de camp, who had two small redoubts on either side of the railroad, overlooking the village of Allatoona and the warehouses, in which were stored over a million rations of bread."

Here he comes to the Big Shanty neighborhood:

Reaching Kennesaw Mountain about 8 a. m. of Oct. 5 (a beautiful day), I had a superb view of the vast panorama to the north and west. To the southwest, about Dallas, could be seen the smoke of camp-fires, indicating the presence of a large force of the enemy, and the whole line of railroad from Big Shanty up to Allatoona (full fifteen miles) was marked by the fires of the burning railroad. We could plainly see the smoke of battle about Allatoona and hear the faint reverberation of the cannon.

The signal officer on Kennesaw reported that since daylight he had failed to obtain any answer to his call for Allatoona; but while I was with him he caught a faint glimpse of the tell-tale flag through an embrasure and after much time he made out these letters: "C," "R," "S," "E," "H," "E," "R," and translated the message, "Corse is here."

Later in the afternoon the signal flag announced that the attack at Allatoona had been fairly repulsed. The next day my aide, Col. L. M. Dayton, received this characteristic despatch from Gen. Corse at Allatoona: "I am short a cheekbone and an ear, but am able to whip all hell yet! My losses are very heavy. A force moving from Stilesboro to Kingston gives me some anxiety. Tell me where Sherman is."

Inasmuch as the enemy had retreated southwest and would probably next appear at Rome, I ordered Gen. Corse to get back to Rome with his troops as quickly as possible. Gen. Corse's report of his fight at Allatoona is very full and graphic. It is dated Rome, Oct. 27, 1864; recites the fact that he received his orders by signal to go to the assistance of Allatoona on the 4th, when he telegraphed to Kingston for cars, and a train of 30 empty cars was started for him, but about ten of them got off the track and caused delay. By 7 p. m. he had at Rome a train of 20 cars, which he loaded up with Col. Rowett's Brigade and part of the Twelfth Illinois Infantry; started at 8 p. m., reached Allatoona (35 miles) at 1 a. m. of the 5th and sent the train back for more men; but the road was in bad order and no more came in time.

The gallant Major Gen. S. G. French, commanding some 4,000 Confederates, surrounded the 2,000 Federals under Gen. Corse and Col. Tourtelotte, and sent in a demand for surrender "to avoid a needless effusion of blood." Gen. Corse refused to surrender; he was badly wounded; Gen. French withdrew at the approach of a superior force from Sherman's army. A bullet cut across Gen. Corse's face and punctured one of his ears; Col. Tourtelotte was shot through the

hips, but continued to command; Col. Redfield, of the 39th Iowa regiment, was killed, and Col. Rowett, also of the Union army, was wounded. Corse's casualties were 707, or more than one-third of his command. Gen. Sherman's account continues:

In person I reached Allatoona on the 9th of October, still in doubt as to Hood's immediate intentions. Our cavalry could do little against his infantry in the rough and wooded country about Dallas, which masked the enemy's movements; but Gen. Corse, at Rome, with Spencer's First Alabama Cavalry and a mounted regiment of Illinois Infantry, could feel the country south of Rome about Cedartown and Villa Rica, and reported the enemy to be in force at both places. On the 9th I telegraphed to Gen. Thomas at Nashville, as follows:

"I came up here to relieve our road. The Twentieth Corps remains at Atlanta. Hood reached the road and broke it up between Big Shanty and Acworth. He attacked Allatoona, but was repulsed. We have plenty of bread and meat, but forage is scarce. I want to destroy all the road below Chattanooga, including Atlanta, and to make for the seacoast. We can not defend this long line of road.

And on the same day I telegraphed to Gen. Grant at City Point, Va.:

"It will be a physical impossibility to protect the roads, now that Hood, Forrest, Wheeler and the whole patch of devils are turned loose without home or habitation. I think Hood's movements indicate a diversion to the end of the Selma & Talladega road, at Blue Mountain, about 60 miles southwest of Rome, from which he will threaten Kingston, Bridgeport and Decatur, Ala. I propose that we break up the railroad from Chattanooga forward, and that we strike out with our wagons for Milledgeville, Millen and Savannah. Until we can repopulate Georgia, it is useless for us to occupy it; but the utter destruction of its roads, houses and people will cripple their military resources. By attempting to hold the roads we will lose a thousand men each month, and will gain no result. I can make this march and make Georgia howl! We have on hand over 8,000 head of cattle, and 3,000,000 rations of bread, but no corn. We can find plenty of forage in the interior of the state."

Meantime, the rebel Gen. Forrest had made a bold circuit in Middle Tennessee, avoiding all fortified points, and breaking up the railroad at several places; but as usual, he did his work so hastily and carelessly that our engineers soon repaired the damage—then retreating before Gen. Rousseau, he left the State of Tennessee, crossing the river near Florence, Ala., and got off unharmed.

On the 10th of October the enemy appeared south of the Etowah River at Rome, when I ordered all the armies to march to Kingston, rode myself to Cartersville with the 23rd Corps (Gen. Cox) and telegraphed from there to Gen. Thomas at Nashville:

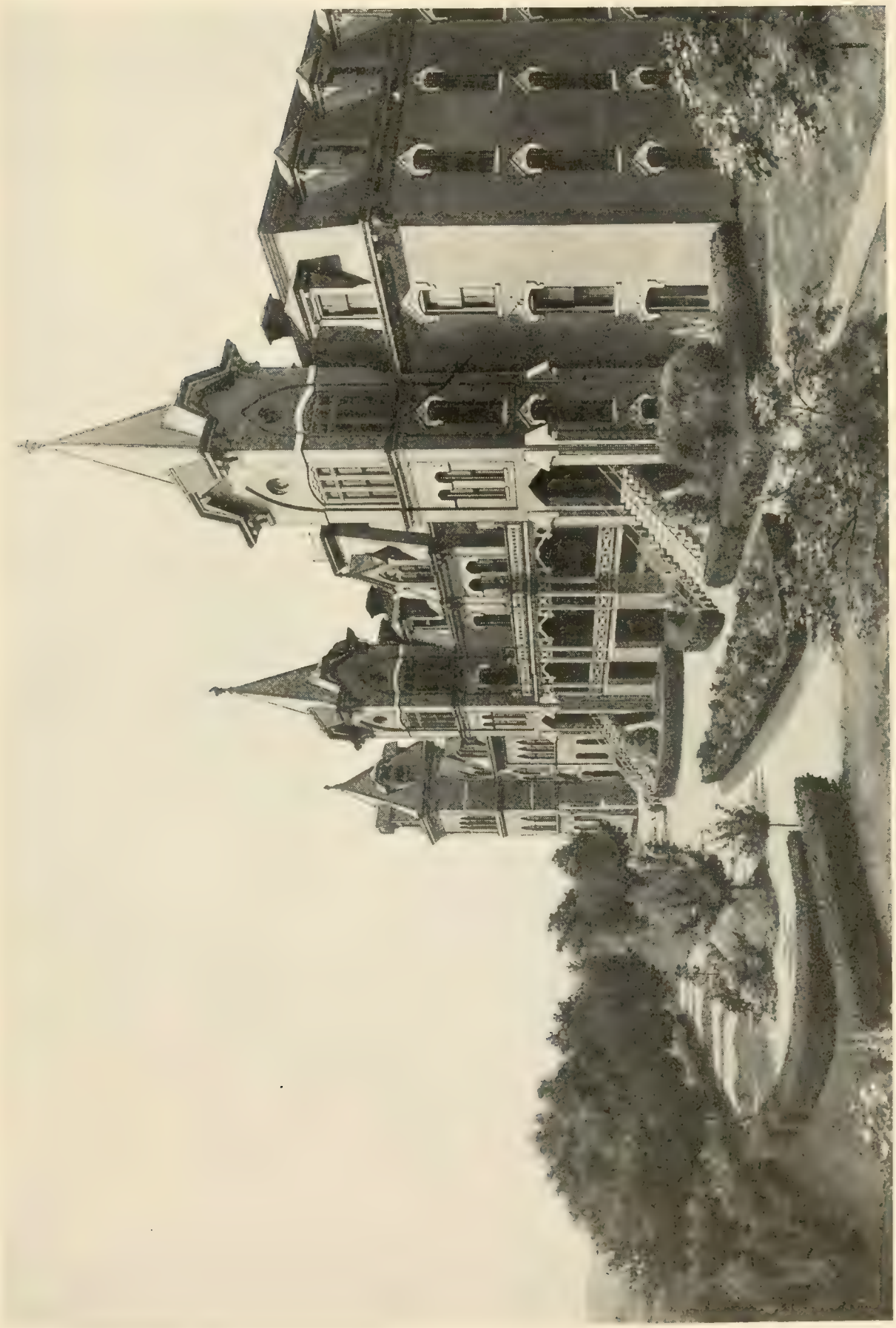
"It looks to me as though Hood was bound for Tuscumbia. He is now crossing the Coosa River below Rome, looking west. Let me know if you can hold him with your forces now in Tennessee and the expected re-enforcements, as, in that event, you know what I propose to do. I will be at Kingston tomorrow. I think Rome is strong enough to resist any attacks, and the rivers are all high. If he turns up by Summerville, I will get in behind him."

And on the same day to Gen. Grant at City Point:

"Hood is now crossing the Coosa, twelve miles below Rome, bound west. If he passes over to the Mobile & Ohio railroad, had I not better execute the plan of my letter sent you by Colonel Porter, and leave Gen. Thomas, with the troops now in Tennessee, to defend the state? He will have an ample force when the re-enforcements ordered reach Nashville."

I found Gen. John E. Smith at Cartersville, and on the 11th rode on to Kingston, where I had telegraphic communications in all directions. From Gen. Corse, at Rome, I learned that Hood's army had disappeared, but in what direction he was still in doubt; and I was so strongly convinced of the wisdom of my proposition to change the whole tactics of the campaign, to leave Hood to Gen. Thomas, and to march across Georgia for Savannah or Charleston, that I again telegraphed Gen. Grant:

"We can not now remain on the defensive. With 25,999 infantry and the bold cavalry he has, Hood can constantly break my road. I would infinitely prefer to make a wreck of the road and the country from Chattanooga to Atlanta, including the latter city; send back all my wounded



The hilly site of the old Shorter College, where thousands of daughters of the South received their educations. During the War of 1861-'65 here was the scene of a fort; now it is the home of the Rome High School, with 600 pupils.

and unserviceable men, and with my effective army move through Georgia, smashing things to the sea. Hood may turn into Tennessee and Kentucky, but I believe he will be forced to follow me. Instead of being on the defensive, I will be on the offensive. Instead of my guessing at what he means to do, he will have to guess at my plans. The difference in war would be fully 25 per cent. I can make Savannah, Charleston or the mouth of the Chattahoochee (Appalachicola). Answer quick, as I know we will not have the telegraph long."

I received no answer to this at the time, and the next day went on to Rome, where the news came that Hood had made his appearance at Resaca and had demanded the surrender of the place, which was commanded by Col. Weaver, reinforced by Brevet Brig.-Gen. Raum. Gen. Hood had evidently marched with rapidity up the Chattooga Valley by Summerville. LaFayette, Ship's Gap and Snake Creek Gap, and had with him his whole army, except a small force left behind to watch Rome. I ordered Resaca to be further reinforced by rail from Kingston, and ordered Gen. Corse to make a bold reconnoisance down the Coosa Valley, which captured and brought into Rome some cavalrymen and a couple of field guns, with their horses and men. At first I thought of interposing my whole army in the Chattooga Valley, so as to prevent Hood's escape south; but I saw at a glance that he did not mean to fight, and in that event, after damaging the road all he could, he would be likely to retreat eastward by Spring Place, which I did not want him to do; and hearing from Gen. Raum that he still held Resaca safe, and that Gen. Edward McCook had also got there with some cavalry re-enforcements, I turned all the heads of columns from Resaca, viz., Gen. Cox's from Rome; Gen. Stanley's from McGuire's, and Gen. O. O. Howard's from Kingston. We all reached Resaca during that night, and the next morning (13th) learned that Hood's whole army had passed up the valley toward Dalton, burning the railroad and doing all the damage possible. On the 12th he had demanded the surrender of Resaca in the following letter:

Headquarters Army of Tennessee,
In the Field, Oct. 12, 1864.

To the Officer Commanding the United States Forces at Resaca, Ga.:

Sir: I demand the immediate and unconditional surrender of the post and garrison under your command, and, should this be acceded to, all white officers and soldiers will be paroled in a few days. If the place is carried by assault, no prisoners will be taken.

Most respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. B. HOOD, General.

To this, Col. Weaver, then in command, replied:

Headquarters Second Brigade, Third Division, Fifteenth Corps, Resaca, Ga., Oct. 12, 1864.

To General J. B. Hood: Your communication of this date just received. In reply I have to state that I am somewhat surprised at the concluding paragraph, to the effect that if the place is carried by assault, no prisoners will be taken. In my opinion, I can hold this post. If you want it, come and take it.

I am, general, very respectfully, your most obedient servant,

CLARK R. WEAVER,
Commanding Officer.

This brigade was very small, and as Hood's investment extended only from the Oostanaula, below the town, to the Connasauga, above, he left open the approach from the south, which enabled Gen. Raum and the cavalry of Gen. Edward McCook to re-enforce from Kingston. In fact, Hood, admonished by his losses at Allatoona, did not attempt an assault at all, but limited his attack to the above threat and to some skirmishing, giving his attention chiefly to the destruction of the railroad, which he accomplished all the way up to Tunnel Hill, nearly 20 miles, capturing en route the regiment of black troops at Dalton (Johnson's 44th United States, colored). On the 14th I turned Gen. Howard through Snake Creek Gap, and sent Gen. Stanley around by Tilton, with orders to cross the mountain to the west, so as to capture, if possible, the force left by the enemy in Snake Creek Gap. We found this gap very badly obstructed by fallen timber, but got through that night, and the next day the main army was at Villanow (Walker County). On the morning of the 16th, the leading division of Gen. Howard's column, commanded by Gen. Chas. R. Woods, carried Ship's Gap, taking prisoners part of the 24th South Carolina Regiment, which had been left there to hold us in check.

The best information there obtained located Hood's army at LaFayette,

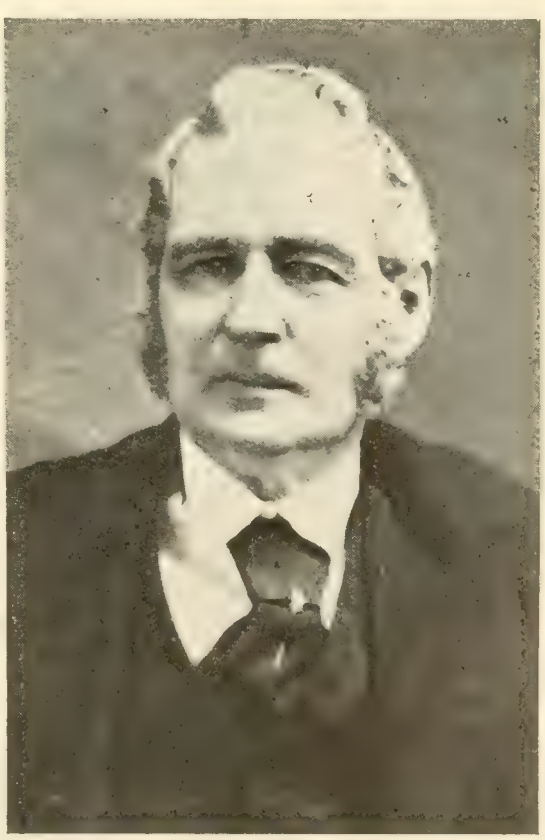
near which place I hoped to catch him and force him to battle; but by the time we had got enough troops across the mountain at Ship's Gap, Hood had escaped down the Valley of the Chattooga, and all we could do was to follow him as closely as possible. From Ship's Gap I dispatched couriers to Chattanooga, and received word back that Gen. Schofield was there, endeavoring to co-operate with me, but Hood had broken up the telegraph, and had thus prevented quick communication. Gen. Schofield did not reach me until the army had got down to Gaylesville, Ala., about the 21st of October. We quietly followed him down the Chattooga Valley to the neighborhood of Gadsden, but failed the main armies near the Coosa River, at the mouth of the Chattooga.

On Oct. 19 I telegraphed Gen. Amos Beckwith, chief commissary in Atlanta:

"Hood will escape me. I want to prepare for my big raid. On the 1st of November I want nothing in Atlanta but what is necessary for war. Send all trash to the rear at once, and have on hand 30 days' food and but little forage. I propose to abandon Atlanta and the railroad back to Chattanooga, to sally forth to ruin Georgia, and bring up on the seashore. I will go down the Coosa until I am sure that Hood has gone to Blue Mountain."

On the 21st of October I reached Gaylesville, had my bivouac in an open field back of the village, and remained there until the 28th. At Gaylesville the pursuit of Hood by the army under my immediate command may be said to have ceased. During the pursuit the Fifteenth Corps was commanded by its senior major general present, P. J. Osterhaus, in the absence of Gen. John A. Logan; and the Seventeenth Corps was commanded by Brig. Gen. T. E. G. Ransom, the senior officer present, in the absence of Gen. Frank P. Blair. Gen. Ransom was a young, most gallant and promising officer, son of the Col. Ransom who was killed at Chapultepec, in the Mexican War. He had served with the Army of the Tennessee in 1862 and 1863 at Vicksburg, where he was severely wounded. He was not well when we started from Atlanta, but he insisted on going along with his command. His symptoms became more aggravated on the march, and when we were encamped near Gaylesville I visited him in company with Surgeon John Moore, who said the case was one of typhoid fever, which would likely prove fatal. I few days later, viz., the 28th, he was being carried on a litter toward Rome; and as I rode from Gaylesville to Rome I passed him by the way, stopped and spoke to him, but did not then suppose he was so near his end. The next day, however, his escort reached Rome, bearing his dead body. The officer in charge reported that shortly after I had passed, his symptoms became so much worse that they stopped at a farm-house by the roadside, where he died that evening. His body was at once sent to Chicago for burial, and a monument has been ordered by the Society of the Army of the Tennessee to be erected in his memory.

It had become almost an obsession with Gen. Sherman that he should take up his proposed "March to the Sea," and now the opportunity was to be given him. Up to this time he had been kept pretty busy by Johnston, Hood, Wheeler and Forrest, and for them all had acquired a considerable admiration. He respected Johnston for his strategy and tenacious fighting against heavy odds; he



JAMES NOBLE, SR., head of the Noble family, which added to Rome's advancement and later established Anniston.

gave left-handed praise to Hood for his elusiveness; he worshipped the boldness of Wheeler's cavalry; and he took off his hat to Forrest May 3, 1863, when Forrest's handful of men captured Streight with a force three times as large and marched the captives into Rome.

Sherman reports that on Oct. 31, 1864, "Forrest made his appearance on the Tennessee River opposite Johnsonville (whence a new railroad led to Nashville), and with his cavalry and field pieces actually crippled and captured two gunboats with five of our transports, a feat of arms which I confess excited my admiration. There is no doubt that the month of October closed to us looking decidedly squally; but somehow I was sustained in the belief that in a very few days the tide would turn."

Oct. 28, 1864, found Gen. Sherman quartered in the comfortable two-story frame dwelling of Major Chas. H. Smith ("Bill Arp"), where the handsome modern home of Mrs. Chas. A. Hight now stands at 312 Fourth Avenue, Rome. The general was an exceedingly busy man. He did not have time for social entertainments, assuming that any of the "natives" felt inclined to be sociable. He was busy writing some dispatches, delivering others orally, penning telegrams to Grant, Halleck and Thomas, snatching a hasty meal here and there and dashing away on his trusty charger. Assuming that he arrived in Rome the night of Oct. 28 and that he remained until the morning of Nov. 2, when he left for Kingston, he spent three and a half days on this occasion in the City of Seven Hills. He had first visited Rome as a young army lieutenant in 1844, going to Bellefonte, Ala., from Marietta and back two months later by horseback, presumably following the same route both ways; and again, Oct. 12, 1864, he mentions that he went to Rome from Kingston, and on the 14th was before Resaca, hence on that visit probably stayed several hours. Gen. Jefferson C. Davis, having been sent down the Oostanaula River from Resaca toward Rome, May 16, probably arrived at Rome May 17, and made his headquarters at the Smith home on Fourth Avenue until he executed orders issued May 20 by Sherman to March May 23 for Dallas via Van Wert, a dead town of Polk County. Perhaps 20,000 men and nearly 1,000 wagons in Davis' command marched on Rome, which was garrisoned by a small Confederate force. After firing on the invaders from a fort on Myrtle Hill Cemetery, the Confederates evacuated the town, and the invaders crossed the Oostanaula River at the old Printup Wharf, midway between the present Second and Fifth Avenue bridges, on pontoons partly constructed of pews taken out of the churches of Rome.

The plan of Sherman's advance had been this: The Army of the Ohio (Gen. McPherson) made up the left wing, and marched southward from Resaca on the left-hand side of the Western & Atlantic (state) railroad; the Army of the Cumberland (Gen. Thomas) made up the center and marched along the track and right-of-way; the Army of the Tennessee (Gen. McPherson) made up the right wing, and took the right-hand side. Davis' Division and Garrard's Cavalry, dispatched to Rome, evidently were a part of the right wing, or Army of the Tennessee. In view of the fact that Gen. Sherman was traveling with his center and left in the close pursuit of Johnston through Bartow County (Adairsville, Kingston, Cassville and Cartersville) it is probable that during this period (May 18-20) the Federal commander did not come to Rome.

"On the first day of November, 1864," writes Gen. Sherman in his

Memoirs, "I telegraphed very fully to Gen. Grant at City Point (who must have been disturbed by the wild rumors that filled the country), and on the second of November (at Rome) received this dispatch:

" 'City Point, Va., Nov. 1, 1864, 6 P. M.
" 'Major-General Sherman:

" 'Do you not think it advisable, now that Hood has gone so far north, to entirely ruin him before starting on your proposed campaign? With Hood's army destroyed, you can go where you please with impunity. I believed and still believe if you had started south while Hood was still in the neighborhood, he would have been forced to go after you. Now that he is far away he might look upon the chase as useless, and he will go in one direction while you are pushing in another. If you can see a chance of destroying Hood's army, attend to that first, and make your other move secondary.

" 'U. S. GRANT, Lieut.-Gen.'

"My answer is dated:

"Rome, Georgia, Nov. 2, 1864.

"Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant, City Point, Virginia:

"Your dispatch is received. If I could hope to overhaul Hood, I would turn against him with my whole force; then he would retreat to the southwest, drawing me as a decoy away from Georgia, which is his chief object. If he ventures north of the Tennessee River, I may turn in that direction, and endeavor to get below him on his line of retreat; but thus far he has not gone above the Tennessee River. General Thomas will have a force strong enough to prevent his reaching any country in which we have an interest; and he has orders, if Hood turns to follow me, to push for Selma, Alabama. No single army can catch Hood and I am convinced the best results will follow from our defeating Jeff Davis's cherished plan of making me leave Georgia by maneuvering. Thus far I have confined my efforts to thwart this plan, and have reduced baggage so that I can pick up and start in any direction; but I regard the pursuit of Hood as useless. Still, if he attempts to invade Middle Tennessee, I will hold Decatur and be prepared to move in that direction; but unless I let go of Atlanta, my force will not be equal to his.

"W. T. SHERMAN, Maj.-Gen."

By this date, under the intelligent and energetic action of Col. W. W. Wright, and with the labor of some 1,500 men, the railroad break of fifteen miles about Dalton was repaired so as to admit of the passage of cars, and I transferred my headquarters to Kingston as more central. (Note: By this last statement it is inevitable that his headquarters had been at Rome, and he was not there merely on one of his "rounds"). From that place (Kingston) on the same day (Nov. 2) I again telegraphed to Gen. Grant:

"Kingston, Ga., Nov. 2, 1864.

"Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant, City Point, Virginia.

"If I turn back, the whole effect of my campaign will be lost. By my movements I have thrown Beauregard (Hood) well to the west, and Thomas will have ample time and sufficient troops at Chattanooga and Atlanta, and I can stand a month's interruption to our communications. I do not believe the Confederate army can reach our railroad lines except by cavalry raids, and Wilson will have cavalry enough to checkmate them. I am clearly of the opinion that the best results will follow my contemplated movement through Georgia.

"W. T. SHERMAN, Maj.-Gen."



J. A. GLOVER, banker and leading citizen, for many years closely identified with the commercial development of Rome.

That same day I received, in answer to the Rome dispatch, the following:

"City Point, Va., Nov. 2, 1862, 11:30 A. M.

"Major-General Sherman:

"Your dispatch of 9 a. m. yesterday is just received. I dispatched you the same date, advising that Hood's army, now that it had worked so far north, ought to be looked upon now as the 'object.' With the force, however, that you have left with General Thomas, he must be able to take care of Hood and destroy him. I do not see that you can withdraw from where you are to follow Hood, without giving up all we have gained in territory. I say, then, go on as you propose.

"U. S. GRANT, Lieut.-Gen."

Sherman's word to "go" was thus received while he was headquartered at Kingston, and came in response to his urgent appeal from Rome, and in consequence of recommendations before. There is an evident error in the Grant message just above, dated Nov. 2 and referring to Sherman's Rome message, also dated Nov. 2, as "your dispatch of 9 a. m. yesterday." The Grant dispatch date undoubtedly should have been Nov. 3.

This was the first time that Gen. Grant assented to the "March to the Sea" and although many of his warm friends and admirers insist that he was the author and projector of that march, and that I simply executed his plans, Gen. Grant has never, in my opinion, thought so or said so. The truth is fully given in an original letter of President Lincoln, which I received at Savannah, Ga., and have at this instant before me, every word of which is in his own familiar handwriting. It is dated—

"Washington, Dec. 26, 1864.

. . . . . .

"When you were about leaving Atlanta for the Atlantic Coast, I was anxious, if not fearful; but, feeling that you were the better judge, and remembering 'nothing risked, nothing gained,' I did not interfere. Now, the undertaking being a success, the honor is all yours; for I believe none of us went further than to acquiesce; and, taking the work of Gen. Thomas into account, as it should be taken, it is indeed a great success. Not only does it afford the obvious and immediate military advantages, but, in showing to the world that your army could be divided, putting the stronger part to an important new service, and yet leaving enough to vanquish the old opposing force of the whole, Hood's army, it brings to those who sat in darkness to see a great light. But what next? I suppose it will be safer if I leave General Grant and yourself to decide.

"A. LINCOLN."

On the 2nd of November I was at Kingston, Ga., and my four corps—the Fifteenth, Seventeenth, Fourteenth and Twentieth—with one division of cavalry, were strung from Rome to Atlanta. Our railroads and telegraph had been repaired, and I deliberately prepared for a march to Savannah, distant 300 miles from Atlanta. All the sick and wounded men had been sent back by rail to Chattanooga; all our wagon trains had been carefully overhauled and loaded, so as to be ready to start on an hour's notice, and there was no serious enemy in our front.

Gen. Hood remained still at Florence, Ala., occupying both banks of the Tennessee River, busy in collecting shoes and clothing for his men and the necessary ammunition and stores with which to invade Tennessee. Beauregard was at Corinth, hastening forward these necessary preparations. Gen. Thomas was at Nashville, with Wilson's dismounted cavalry and a mass of new troops and quartermaster's employes, amply sufficient to defend the place.

On the 6th of November, at Kingston, I wrote and telegraphed to Gen. Grant, reviewing the whole situation, gave him my full plan of action, stated that I was ready to march as soon as the election was over, and appointed Nov. 10 as the day for starting. On the 8th I received this dispatch:

"City Point, Va., Nov. 7, 1864, 10:30 P. M.

"Major-General Sherman:

"Your dispatch of this evening received. I see no present reason for changing your plan. Should any arise, you will see it, or if I do I will inform you. I think everything here is favorable now. Great good fortune attend you! I believe you will be eminently successful, and at worst, can only make a march less fruitful than hoped for.

"U. S. GRANT, Lieut.-Gen."

Meantime, trains of cars were whirling by, carrying to the rear an immense amount of stores which had accumulated at Atlanta and at the other stations along the railroad; and Gen. Steedman had come down to Kingston to take charge of the final evacuation and withdrawal of the several garrisons below Chattanooga. (Enter another "villain!"—Author.)

On the 10th of November the movement may be said to have fairly begun. All the troops designed for the campaign were ordered to march for Atlanta, and Gen. Corse, before evacuating his post at Rome, was ordered to burn all the mills, factories, etc., etc., that could be useful to the enemy should he undertake to pursue us or resume military possession of the country. This was done on the night of the 10th and next day Corse reached Kingston. Maj. Gen. Jefferson Davis commanded the 14th Corps of the left wing, and Corse a division of the 15th Corps.

On the 12th, with a full staff, I started from Kingston for Atlanta, and about noon of that day we reached Cartersville and sat on the edge of a porch to rest, when the telegraph operator, Mr. Van Valkenburg, or Eddy, got the wire down from the poles to his lap, in which he held a small pocket instrument. Calling "Chattanooga," he received a message from Gen. Thomas.

Gen. Sherman records that just after the message from Gen. Thomas had come, and he had answered "Dispatch received—all right," some of the marchers burnt a bridge, which severed the telegraph wire and cut all communication with the rear.

As we rode on toward Atlanta that night, I remember the railroad trains going to the rear with a furious speed; the engineers and the few men about the trains waving us an affectionate adieu. It surely was a strange event —two hostile armies marching in opposite directions, each in the full belief that it was achieving a final and conclusive result in a great war; and I was strongly inspired with the feeling that the movement on our part was a direct attack upon the rebel army and the rebel capital at Richmond, though a full thousand miles of hostile country intervened, and that, for better or worse, it would end the war.

Thus started the ruthless crusade of this modern Attila the Hun, in which all rules of war touching the destruction of property and the treatment of human beings in the broad swath of war were suspended. Thus did Wm. Tecumseh Sherman write his name in fire and blood across the pages of Georgia history; justified, as he claimed, by the objects in view, but indelibly, as Georgians of today still attest.





A NOTED SCHOOLHOUSE AND SEVEN DWELLINGS.

At top, left, is No. 6 E. Ninth Avenue, where Prof. Hay Watson Smith, brother of Dr. Henry Louis Smith, president of Washington and Lee University, taught school. Next is the old Hines Smith home; the homes of W. H. Fickling, Mather D. Daniel, Ed. L. Bosworth, J. P. Malone, Dr. J. D. Moreland and Mrs. Martha Battey, follow from left to right.

CHAPTER VII.

Extreme Desolation Pictured in Diary

THE Rome Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy has preserved in its archives a choice literary morsel in the form of extracts from the diary of Reuben S. Norton, which was placed at its disposal by Mrs. Wm. M. Towers, his only daughter, and which sheds a flood of light on the dark days between September, 1863, and the Confederate surrender in April, 1865. These extracts follow:

Mary Norton, then twelve years of age, was sent with friends of the family in 1863 to points of safety farther South, but her mother and I decided to remain in Rome and meet whatever fate might befall us.

The autumn of 1863 found our citizens in a great condition of uneasiness because raiding parties had moved on Rome from various directions; and so the people began sending their families and negroes to safer places. Heavy reinforcements came in from Virginia and Mississippi, but as the Yankees were now in possession of Chattanooga, the worst was feared for Rome. In October, 1863, the commands of Gens. Walker and Grist passed through Rome, and having no means of transportation, impressed all the wagons and teams they could find within ten miles, leaving the people with no stock to make a crop. Such were the terrible straits to which our army was reduced at the time.

On Dec. 8, 1863, all the government hospitals were removed from Rome. The people realized the town would soon be in the hands of the enemy, and numerous families left every day. Provisions were exceedingly high and scarce, and were preferred to money in all trading. Conditions grew steadily worse in January, 1864. All the schools were closed, and the Rome Female College was moved away by the Caldwells.

Four months later, on May 17, our forces began to evacuate the town to escape the heavy cannonading. About dark the men in gray drew into the town and began to move out. Thinking the enemy would capture the available stores, clothing and foodstuffs, they carried off whatever they could. Several Texas regiments sacked the stores of about $150,000 in citizens' property.

Early on the morning of May 18 our men burned the Oostanaula River bridge. The Etowah bridge had also been burned. About 11 o'clock the Yankees pushed their outposts into town, but our battery on Myrtle Hill continued to fire throughout the day. The town was now at the mercy of the invaders, who started burning houses and making themselves comfortable. Certain wooden structures were torn down so the lumber could be used to make temporary shacks for the Union soldiers. The home of Dr. Hicks in DeSoto (now the Fourth Ward) was burned because it was charged Mrs. Hicks had insulted Streight's men when they were brought in the year before as prisoners by Gen. Forrest. Mrs. Choice's home also went up in smoke, and the family had a narrow escape. Several attempts were made to burn the Norton home and barn, but the fire was put out each time. Many more families left town in haste and confusion. Pillaging day and night was common. The Confederates were scattered through the country, and Yankee wagon trains on foraging expeditions were handled roughly. Scores of negroes were sent North by the Union army leaders; they were not only of no help to our people, but in the way. Free transportation North was given such people as wished to go, and a few took advantage of the opportunity; I think there were eight or ten, whom we could well spare.

Homes were quickly turned into hospitals. Only three male members of the Presbyterian church were left: Nicholas J. Omberg, H. G. Peter and myself. The authorities took up the carpets of the church, and moved the furniture and prayer books; pews were removed and used to float pontoon bridges across the rivers. The First Presbyterian was used as a store house. The Methodist church was filled with ammunition and the Baptist and Episcopal structures were converted into hospitals.

A provost marshal's establishment was set up, and the civilians were virtually prisoners. No mails were re-

ceived or sent, and no person could pass the lines going or coming without a permit. Thus four dreary months passed.

On Sept. 18 the Confederates fired on the Yankees on the Cave Spring road, killing eight or ten and wounding others. The Federals, fearing a surprise attack, dug additional rifle pits. The people, in the meantime, remained in their homes as much as possible.* They were moved about, as their dwellings were needed for military purposes. They lived on whatever they could hide out; sometimes cooked for the enemy and thus fed themselves. Miss Joe Stewart (later Mrs. J. A. Stansbury) told how she penned up a lot of chickens in her basement, and how their feathers were missing when they were finally turned out after the departure of the enemy.

Oct. 29 was noteworthy as the date Gen. Sherman and his staff came into town. They entered at night. On Nov. 10 at 5 a. m. it became evident that the invaders were preparing to evacuate, for they started burning the places of military value. Several additional citizens went North. The last of the Federals left at 9 o'clock, a. m., Nov. 11, 1864, and they destroyed such stores as they could not take along. Two days later there was not a soldier of either army to be seen. The streets were entirely deserted. Everything was as still and quiet as if no war were in progress. The business section was dead; only a little drug store was left, and that kept by Dr. J. H. Nowlin. The 40 men left behind organized a patrol force for the protection of their homes. They were as follows:

A. Tabor Hardin, postmaster; Dr. J. H. Nowlin, Geo. P. Burnett, mayor; Jas. Lumpkin, Wm. Quinn, A. M. Kerr, Lewis D. Burwell, Terrence McGuire, Jesse Lamberth, M. Marks, Green Stewart, S. G. Wells, C. W. Mills, Reuben S. Norton, John DeJournett, Nicholas J. Omberg, Peter Omberg, Wm. Lumpkin, Solomon McKenzie, Jas. Langston, Jas. Noble, Sr., J. G. Dailey, A. P. Neal, Ben Thornton, Lee Lumpkin, O. Wiley Harbin, Logan Graves, Peter M. Sheibley, C. H. Morefield, John B. Jenkins, Dr. Wm. Farell, Jno. T. Riley, Jas. Lee, Joe Norris, Dr. Brown, Mr. Porter, Mr. McGinnis, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Rawlins, Mr. Galceren.

Of these, Judge Burwell, Mr. Quinn and Mr. Lee were unable to bear arms. The ages of the men left were 18 to 70. Among the women who remained at home might be mentioned Mrs. Lizzie Roach Hughes, Mrs. J. M. Gregory, Mrs. Robt. Battey, Mrs. John Choice, Mrs. Peter M. Sheibley and Mrs. R. S. Norton.

Different sections were assigned to the civilian guard. Mr. Omberg and Mr. McGuire were on duty in the Broad Street neighborhood north of the Buena Vista hotel (Sixth Avenue). Early one night they heard the shrill voice of a woman, calling for help. They rushed forward and discovered it was old Mrs. Quinn. Before they reached her, a ruffian of a Scout band held them up at the point of a pistol. Another ruffian placed them under guard. Conversation between the two robbers revealed that they had been hanging Mr. Quinn by the neck to make him give up money and valuables. He surrendered what he had, so they did not kill him. Mr. McGuire and Mr. Omberg were ordered to follow the gang leaders, who would 'fix them' out of town. The two ran for their lives. A dozen shots were fired at them, one taking effect in Mr. Omberg's leg. Mr. Omberg's wife was dead, and he and his children were living with his sister-in-law, Mrs. Thos. J. Perry. Mrs. Perry was in her yard when she discovered Mr. Omberg coming up lamely with his hat in his hand, and without a weapon. He told her he thought he was done for, and begged her to hide him, for he knew the marauders would follow. She got him upstairs into an attic** and ran to the nearest neighbor's to get aid for him. The neighbors were afraid to venture out, so Mrs. Perry returned to the sufferer and did the best she could.*** Later she went to the home of her neighbors and implored them to go for Dr. Nowlin. The doc-

*This probably refers to an ambuscade at the Hawkins place, on the Lindale road one mile north of Lindale, by Colquitt's Scouts. Some 25 wagons manned by soldiers and drawn by horses and mules were held up by fire from the bushes. The beasts broke into a wild stampede, several overturning the wagons. Colquitt's men escaped into the hills. Gen. Jno. M. Corse, commanding at Rome, sent ambulances out and brought in the wounded, several of whom had been taken into the home of Mrs. Tom Hawkins and given first aid. Gen. Corse held Mrs. Hawkins, her absent husband and her father, Roland Bryant, responsible for the attack, and burned her home while she looked on.

**Some say it was a hay loft.

***Judge John C. Printup is authority for the statement that Mr. Omberg was shot near Eighth Avenue and Broad Street, and died at the home of his brother-in-law, Thos. J. Perry, at the northwest corner of Eighth Avenue and E. First Street. It is generally accepted that this job was done by Colquitt's Scouts, and it is said that several young men of Rome were recognized in the crowd. Mrs. Judge Jno. H. Lumpkin was also robbed.

tor finally came, but could do little, and Mr. Omberg died about 9 the next morning.

Getting him buried was just as difficult. Everybody stayed cooped up in their homes for fear of being shot down by a hidden foe. Presently the men ventured forth, made a coffin out of pine boards and laid him away.

Judge Burwell and Mr. Cohen were hung up until they agreed to hand over their valuables.*

These robbers were deserters from both armies, and they banded together to prey upon defenseless citizens. They committed many atrocities in the country, but did not come to Rome again.

The steamboat (probably the Laura Moore) arrived from Gadsden to see how things were getting along at Rome, but went back the next day. Many country people came to town to avoid the Scouts; they crossed the rivers in batteaux.

Postmaster Hardin arranged to get mail through the country in a buggy, and gradually the people began to circumvent Sherman's army and to return home. After the final surrender, the refugees came in large numbers and turned willing hands to the restoration of their premises and their fortunes. Rome cotton that had been hid out was brought to town and made a little trade; it brought 25 to 30 cents in greenback.

On May 13, 1865, the condition of affairs was dreadful; negroes troublesome, food scarce, very little specie in the country. Not a yard of cloth could be bought. There were no shoes, no groceries, no anything except a few drugs at Dr. Nowlin's, and they could not be eaten. All was used up, wasted away. That our people rose above these conditions is a splendid tribute to their stamina and light-heartedness.

The Federal authorities came into Rome on June 20, 1865, and announced to Mayor Jas. Noble, Jr., that his office was vacant and the town was under military rule. The Freedmen's Bureau was established with Capt. C. A de la Mesa in charge, and thus began the rule of the carpetbagger, under which our people endured life calmly until their country was once more restored to their keeping.

The following letter, sent from Rome Nov. 17, 1864, (one day after Sherman started his March to the Sea from Atlanta), by Mrs. Robert Battey to her husband, then presumably at Selma, Ala., contains a graphic description of the privations endured by the few people left at home:

My Darling: I have just received your letter from Selma. I am so sorry that you could not come home for a few days. I feel as if you are so far from me now; it may be a long time before I see you again, if ever. I'm feeling sad tonight. I have had a hard time for the last two months. The negroes all left me and went to the Yankees, and when the Yankees left, the negroes all had to "foot it" to Kingston, Aunt Cheney carrying her clothes and Belle the baby; Bill carrying himself the best he could. Pagey got along very well, but old Mary had a hard time walking so far and by the time they reached Kingston they were sick of the Yankees and turned and came home.

Two miles this side of Kingston a man took Belle and carried her to his home. Day before yesterday the negroes all returned except Belle. I heard that she was at Mr. Sheibley's place, so Mr. Sheibley went up, found her and brought her home today. Now



MRS. WILLIAM SMITH (later Mrs. Anderson W. Redding, of Jamestown, Lee County, Ga.), mother of Mrs. Robert Battey.

*Mr. Cohen's people deny he was hung up; he may have been forced to give over his money.

I have them all home. They lost all their bedding and clothing. They have treated me very badly, left me sick; Bessie to nurse; cows to milk, cooking to do, washing and everything else. No one to help but George. We had a hard time.

Willie went with Mrs. Hawkins to Columbus. I look for them back Sunday. I need him very much. We have no wood, and no one to get it for me. My fences are all gone. You would not know our home.

I was ready to go South when Mr. Maupin came home. He told me that you thought it best for me to stay at home, even if I had to live in one side of the house and burn the other, so I concluded to stay. I had no one to help me out with my children. I felt that I could not carry Bessie, so I hope it will all be for the best.

I don't know how the negroes will treat me when I take to my bed. I miss poor old Coyle. I wrote you that he was dead. He died two or three months ago.

Should I ever see you I will tell you what I have to go through. Don't have too much confidence in all of the negroes; some of them are mean.

The Yankees are gone, I hear, to Macon. They have 60 days' rations. I fear we have no force there, and am so anxious to know what they are going to do. I feel more discouraged now than I ever have before.

Our people are doing so badly. They are in here robbing and killing. They robbed old Mr. Burwell a few nights ago, and again last night they hung him until he was almost dead, for his money. They have it all now. They killed Mr. N. J. Omberg last. He was out in the yard, he and Mr. McGuire, and they heard somebody cry out, and ran to old Mrs. Quinn, and found they were hanging Mr. Quinn. They met Mr. Omberg and he asked them who they were. They replied, "Friends." Mr. Omberg put down his gun and they walked up to him and took all his greenbacks, then shot him. He lived until today. They robbed Mrs. Lumpkin of everything she had, and Peter Omberg, too. I look for them all night.

I don't undress for fear they will come. I have no money for them to get, and hope they will spare me. Such a life to lead! No rest night or day! I had expected that when the Yankees left I would get to sleep some at night, but it is worse than ever. You don't know anything about it.

The night the town was burned I was all alone, except for my little children. I can not describe my feelings. I did not know what to do, so I went to washing, and washed two or three dozen pieces. I had not had any done for four weeks. I passed the night away somehow and am still alive. But I must not write you all these things. I hope you will excuse me, as I can not think of anything else.

Dear Grace, I am glad to hear she is well and wish so much I had her with me. The poor child would not feel at home here now; everything is so changed. I will write her tonight. She had better come home if I stay here. Oh, how I long to see you, to be near one who feels an interest in me! I don't know what I will do while I am sick, but I hope that you will be here or that something may happen to help me.

Don't bother about money; if you can't get it you can do without it. I owe some greenback, but they will have to wait for it. I have tried to get along the best I could since you left.

The children are all well. Little Bessie is well, but cannot walk; I feel very anxious about her and fear she never will. Reddy looks delicate, but keeps up and is a good little thing. George, Mary and Henry are well and help me all they can. They want to see their dear father very much.

Mr. Norton and family are well. Aunt Cooley is not in good health. Georgia and Mary are well. Where is Mrs. Stillwell? I heard from Ballie; he was well but needed money. He wrote Mr. Moore for some. I sent him $5, all I had, but don't know whether he got it or not. I would write to Mrs. Stillwell if I knew where to write. Mrs. Lee and children are well. Some of their negroes are gone—old Annie, Richmond and Haygood. Jack's wife has not gone. She had a baby and is doing well. I hope Mrs. Graves will get home soon now.

I might write you a more interesting letter and tell you how I fared with the new commander we had here. I will write again when I feel more cheerful. I will finish this in the morning.

Your devoted wife,

M. BATTEY.

Mrs. Naomi P. Bale (Rome's venerated "Grandma Georgy"), tells in a contribution to the U. D. C. this graphic story of war

trials and tribulations in Dirttown Valley, Chattooga County, about fifteen miles from Rome:

The first real sorrow that came to me during the Civil War was when my only brother was brought back home in his coffin from Cumberland Gap, Tenn., Dec. 1, 1862. It had never occurred to me that his home-coming would be so sad, that with my dear old father, whose life was bound up in his promising son, and whose heart never recovered from this stroke, and with the broken-hearted young widow and the five little children, I would stand beside the form of a strong young soldier, cut down in the hey-day of his youth.

Nearer and darker grew the war cloud in 1863. Marching and counter-marching was the order of the day. Wheeler's and Forrest's cavalries dashed in and out of our quiet little Dirttown Valley. Thousands of cavalry camped on my father's extensive plantation; the commanding officers quartered in our home, and often sat at our table.

In the latter part of the summer of 1863 nearly every family of prominence in our neighborhood refugeed. On Sept. 20 and 21, 1863, the thunders of artillery from Chickamauga battlefield startled us, and from then until the capture of Kennesaw mountain the roar of cannon reverberated over this section of Georgia day and night. Then came the lull before the storm. For six long weeks everybody in our neighborhood kept close at home; not a human outside our own family did I see, save my step-brother-in-law as he passed twice a day going to and from his mill.

One bright moonlight night I was awakened by a low, rumbling sound; the sound came nearer and nearer until I recognized the hoof beats of cavalry. In a short time the noise increased and I heard the command, "Halt!" given. Instantly the quiet became intense. I raised up in bed and peered through my window. The whole front grove seemed full of mounted soldiers, whether friend or foe I could not tell. In a few moments a trim, soldierly fellow rapped loudly on the front door. I threw up a window and asked, "Who knocks?" He replied, "I am Capt. Harvey, of Mississippi, and I have been ordered by Gen. Johnston to his rear to tear up the railroad between Chattanooga and Kingston. I am here in command of 100 men. We have ridden 100 miles out of our way just to forage on Wesley Shropshire's farm."

In the meantime, my father remained in his room listening to the conversation. His life had been threatened often, and for this reason we never allowed him to appear at the front door until some of the family had first reconnoitered. I said to the captain, "Step out into the moonlight and let me see your uniform." He jumped lightly over the bannisters and jocularly remarked, "Are you satisfied?" I made him promise on his honor as a soldier and a gentleman that my father should suffer no violence from him or his men. He solemnly gave his word, and I then directed him to a window in my father's room. He and father had quite a chat; he gave father several Confederate newspapers and father presented him with a number of Northern papers that a neighbor had secured in Chattanooga. Father then directed Capt. Harvey where he could find corn and fodder for his horses.

Capt. Harvey and his command remained in our neighborhood six weeks or more, raiding the railroads up about Ringgold and Dalton, and capturing many Federal prisoners, many of whom could not speak a word of Eng-



REV. G. A. NUNNALLY, Baptist minister who once ran for Governor of Georgia on a liquor prohibition platform.

lish intelligibly—these were foreigners imported by wealthy Northerners as substitutes in the Federal army. The prisoners were taken to Cedar Bluff, Ala., and as a member of Capt. Harvey's command told me, "were lost in the Coosa river."

I can say that Capt. Harvey was a gentleman, and we suffered no violence from him or his command. He was very fond of music and liked to play whist, and was a frequent guest in our house. Thus he whiled away his time with my step-sister and myself. Once when I sang "The Officer's Funeral," he leaned his head on the table and sobbed aloud. He begged me to overlook his apparent weakness, for he had a wife and a little boy in Mississippi, and the chances were he would never see them again.

On Sept. 15, 1864, we met a different band of men. These were the "Independent Scouts." Yes, write the name in blood, drape it with the pall of death, trace it with fire, and then you cannot conceive the full meaning of the term. A horde of these marauders made their camp in our neighborhood, committing the most outrageous atrocities on old and feeble men. A gang of perhaps a dozen came to our home, and took everything they could carry away. Before leaving they laid violent hands on my father, swearing he should be hung unless he gave them money, either gold or silver. A rope was thrown over his head, and with an oath one of them started to drag him off to a limb. I threw up my hands and begged for my father's life with all the fervor of a pent-up soul, assuring them he had no specie. The ring-leader looked me steadily in the face and said, "I believe you are telling the truth." I answered, "On my honor as a lady, as sure as there is a God, I am!" The rope was removed from my father's neck, the leader remarking, "Old man, you owe your life to your daughter; but for her we would have hung you as high as Hamaan."



MAX MEYERHARDT, once judge of the City Court and for many years prominent in Masonic and civic affairs of Rome.

On Oct. 10 and 12 Hood's weary horde appeared and passed in hot retreat. It was ragged, worn, foot-sore and dejected in spirit. Yet they plodded on their weary march, some barefoot, others with raw-hide tied over their bleeding feet. "Lost Cause" was stamped on every face. I knew then the Confederacy was doomed.

On Oct. 14 and 15 the center of Sherman's army passed, following Hood. I think this part was commanded by Gens. Slocum and Frank Blair. What the "Scouts" left was appropriated by the Federals. Again our home was pillaged from foundation to attic. Large army wagons were loaded to the brim with corn, fodder and wheat; cows and hogs were driven off or shot, smoke houses stripped, pantries cleaned of every movable article, and such as could not be carried off was broken or damaged. The negroes huddled together in their houses, like sheep among wolves, scared out of their wits and frightened almost white.

Father and several neighbors had left a few days before for Blue Mountain, Ala., to procure salt, all of this commodity having been exhausted some time before from the smoke houses. My step-mother, a woman of unusual courage, was so prostrated with fear that she took to her bed. Thus I again had to run the household. Capt. Hall, of Kentucky, kept guard over us for four hours, and after he left we were at the mercy of "wagon dogs." Three of these prowlers shut my step-sister, Em White, and myself in a room, swearing they would search us. Em collapsed in a large rocking chair. One of the marauders stood with his back to the door, while another ransacked bureau drawers, wardrobes, turned up the mattress,

etc. I engaged the third in conversation, holding in my hand a heavy wrought iron poker, with which I occasionally poked the fire, but really kept in readiness to give the fellow a whack if he dared lay hands on me. That "dog" never made a movement to touch me, although he said he had "stripped many as damned good-looking women as I was and searched them." One jerked Em from the rocker and pretended that he would strip her. I begged for her and he let her go. They left very much disappointed that they found little of value.

Hoop skirts were in vogue then, and so were full skirts. I had several thousand dollars in Confederate money in a bustle around my waist, and my small amount of jewelry and a few keepsakes in huge pockets under my hoops. Em had her jewelry and silver forks and spoons in pockets under her hoop.

After the Federals had passed, desolation was writ throughout the valley. For three weeks a hundred in our family (including slaves) literally lived from hand to mouth. We picked up scraps of potatoes left in the fields, small scattered turnips and meat from the carcasses left by the Yankees and dragged in by the negroes. The new corn left was sufficiently soft to be grated on graters constructed from mutilated tinware.*

Oh, those were strenuous, perilous times. I will say in justice to our faithful slaves that only four left us; they stood by us nobly until my father came in from Rome and announced that Lee had surrendered. My father called them all up and told them they were all free.** He employed some; others "spread wing." None went away empty-handed. Father helped them to the extent of his ability.

When Gen. Lee furled the Stars and Bars, sheathed his sword and shook hands with Gen. Grant, I did the same and on that day I buried every feeling of animosity, never to resurrect the dead past. With thousands of other Southern women I had my baptism of fire and blood that tears cannot efface.

Standing on this mountain-top of three-score and eleven years (she is now well around 80), and looking back through the vista of time, I see how lovingly my Heavenly Father led me

"Sometimes through scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes through bowers of Eden bloom."

I exclaim with the Psalmist, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."

*Judge John W. Maddox declared in a speech early in 1921 at the City Auditorium that all the Yankees left in Chattooga County was a broken-down steer that was not fit to be eaten by man or beast.

**Mr. Lincoln's proclamation was issued in 1863, but news of it evidently hadn't reached Georgia.





PRESENT-DAY ROMANS IN STRIKING ATTITUDES

1—Rev. J. E. Sammons. 2—E. E. Lindsey. 3—Rev. H. F. Saumenig. 4—W. C. Rash. 5—Rev. E. F. Dempsey. 6—F. W. Copeland. 7 (Top)—Judge Moses Wright, addressing Easter crowd, Myrtle Hill Cemetery, Sunday, March 26, 1921. 8—B. F. Quigg. 9—Mrs. Bessie B. Troutman. 10—Wm. A. Patton. 11—Mrs. Robt. Battey at 90. 12—Young folk in Washington's Birthday fete. 13—Virgil A. Stewart. 14—Miss Lilly Mitchell. 15—Miss Martha Berry. 16—E. P. Treadaway. 17—Miss Marion Moultrie. 18—Burnett Norton. 19—Miss Helen Knox Spain.

CHAPTER VIII.

Depredations of the Independent Scouts

VARIOUS roving bands, organized for good purposes and bad, added substantially to the misery which hovered like a spectre over the people at the close of the Civil War. Primarily, these bands separated themselves from the main body of the Confederate forces in order to impede the progress of the Union troops (or they were cut off), and to this extent their existence was justified. Parts of the forces of Gen. Johnston and Gen. Hood had been forced steadily back into Georgia by the driving power of Sherman's army, and they never rejoined their regular commands, but carried on a bushwhacking campaign from the hills. As long as opposition to the invaders remained their object, they acquitted themselves with bravery and credit, but once the Union army had passed, certain of these bands fell behind and plundered the countryside; they stole, destroyed and murdered, and for a time the people were completely at their mercy.

These organizations were usually made up of horsemen, 30 to 50 in number. Excellent riders they were, and well heeled. They had a rather definite range, but no particular headquarters. When the men became hungry, they would swoop down upon a plantation or small house and take what they could find; they were always looking for saddles and riding boots as well as money and food. Sometimes they paid for things appropriated, but this was not often.

Now and then the scout organizations clashed with each other to determine which crowd should subsist on a certain section. As a general rule, however, they were content to prey upon the defenseless.

In the "up counties" near the Tennessee line, perhaps the best-known gang was Gatewood's Scouts, organized and led by John Gatewood, of Tennessee, assisted by his brother, Henry Gatewood, who kept the books and accounts of the company. John Gatewood was an illiterate mountaineer whose red hair fell in long fronds down his back, like Daniel Boone and David Crockett; and when he wished to escape detection in a daring dash, he would cram his locks into the crown of his soft felt hat. He was a man of wonderful physique, tall and angular, with the fire of Vulcan in his eye; and it used to be said that while galloping on his horse he could shoot a partridge off a rail fence with his pistol in either hand. His reason for taking the saddle independently against the Union men was that they had killed his old father in Tennessee, and he was pledged to vengeance. After the Federals had left, however, his men terrorized the country from Gaylesville, Ala., as far northeast as LaFayette, Walker Co., Ga., and touching Alpine, Summerville and Trion, Chattooga County, between. It was undoubtedly Gatewood's Scouts who visited the Wesley Shropshire plantation in Dirttown Valley, Chattooga County, Sept. 15, 1864; but so far as is known they paid only one visit to Rome.

John Gatewood had an Indian who looked after his horse. One day he sent the Indian to a grist mill near Trion, to have some corn ground into meal. A band of scouts favorable to the Union, led

by John Long, killed this Indian by way of defying Gatewood. The challenge was accepted, and a pitched battle was fought near the spot at night. Later Long was convicted of killing Blev. Taylor in Alabama near Frix's Mill, McLemore's Cove, Chattooga Co., and died in an Alabama penitentiary camp near Wetumpka while serving a life sentence.

Gatewood is said to have killed Green Cordle, another independent scout leader and a man of some years, in Walker County, after running him out of a house where he was enjoying a meal. It was Gatewood's policy to exterminate the other leaders and bands wherever he could, but in several instances he found strong opposition. His gang gradually broke up and he left Gaylesville on horseback, riding over Lookout Mountain to Texas, where he established himself on a ranch. Maj. John T. Burns, of Rome, state comptroller general in 1869, who also went to Texas, once ran across Gatewood after the war, and found him engaged in peaceful pursuits.



WM. SMITH, one of the four founders of Rome, who contributed much to the young city's growth and progress.

Gatewood's Scouts participated in one of the most spectacular events of the war at Chattanooga, probably early in 1864. They rode boldly into the Northern army camp at night (this time with no less than 100 men) and stampeded and drove away 2,000 cattle and horses which they took to Gaylesville and sold or turned over to the Confederate army.

The scout band best known to Rome was that of Capt. Jack Colquitt, a member of a Texas regiment who remained behind in 1864 and married a daughter of Jerry Isbell, of Polk County, near Etna and Prior's Station. Its clash with the Prior boys and its daring incursion into Rome in November, 1864, will long be remembered by the older Romans. Reference has already been made to the gang's murder of Nicholas J. Omberg and its hanging of Judge L. D. Burwell and Wm. Quinn to make them give up their money and valuables; also of its robbery of Mrs. Jno. H. Lumpkin and J. J. Cohen.

Judge Burwell was keeping a quantity of gold (said to have been at least $1,800) for a Jewish merchant named Wise, of the firm of Magnus & Wise. He was afflicted with some physical deformity that caused him to bend far forward when he walked, and the scouts told him if he didn't give up the gold they would "straighten him out." He didn't surrender it until the noose began to cut into his neck. They said "We've got Wise's gold; now tell us where yours is, or we'll hang you up again." As it happened, Judge Burwell had entrusted $500 in gold to Mrs. Robt. Battey, who had put it in her stockings. When the scouts

came to her house the same night, they stole a lot of small things, but did not get the money. They also intended to hang up James Noble, Sr., on Howard Street, but were scared off by the determined attitude of his daughters.

There appear to be two versions as to what brought the Priors into conflict with Colquitt's Scouts, with such disastrous results to the latter. One says that Capt. Jack Colquitt was killed by the Priors in the presence of Hayden Prior, the father, near Prior's Station, because he had driven off some of the cattle of the family when he stocked the farm of his father-in-law, Jerry Isbell. The other, more generally accepted, is that Colquitt's men first killed Hayden Prior, better known as "Hayd" Prior, and the sons then took up the feud and accounted for seven of the scouts, including their leader. At any rate, Hayden was shot off his mule between Cave Spring and Prior's Station, and fell face forward into a branch where the animal was drinking. A brother of Capt. Jack Colquitt is supposed to have been in this ambushing party, as well as the captain himself.

Capt. Colquitt was found one day in 1864 in Cedartown by the brothers, John T. and James M. Prior. He was in a grocery store, and pretty well loaded with mean liquor as well as his brace of pistols. The brothers took him by surprise and got his pistols away by covering him with their own. It was apparently their intention to put him under arrest and get him a trial, but he showed fight.

"Gimme a chance with my gun and I'll clean all of yer up, one at a time!" he roared, at the same instant drawing a long Bowie knife out of his right boot.

Quick as lightning Jim Prior shot Colquitt over John's shoulder, and the two pumped bullets into his chest until there were eight. John explained as follows to a friend and hunting companion some time later:

"I was so close when I fired my first shot that I saw smoke come out of his mouth."

The men in the store removed a ham and box of baking powder and stretched Capt. Jack Colquitt out on the counter. He wore a red-spotted calico shirt; the white spots were now dyed deep in the red of his own blood.

The Prior boys went quietly off and were not arrested, nor did they ever answer in court for taking seven scout scalps. They had sworn to exterminate the Colquitt gang as a service to the community.

John Prior was a man of iron will and nerves in a knotty bundle. He had little beady, black eyes that danced as he talked, and he



JOS. L. BASS, merchant and promoter, who was head of the old dummy line at Rome and a constructive force in many ways.

wasn't afraid of the devil. He was loyal to his friends and an implacable foe to his enemies. Men who hunted with him said he was the deadest shot for miles around; he could lay his double-barreled shotgun on the ground, flush a covey of partridges, pick up his gun and kill two every time. Jim was of more even temper, regular build, but he also took no foolishness from any man, and he contributed his part toward a genuine pair in those stormy days.

The brothers quit the corn and cotton fields and hunted scouts. A man named Tracy and several other friends joined them at various times. Tracy later went to Texas to live. The Priors came upon Colquitt's Scouts in camp near Ball Play and Turkeytown, Etowah County, Ala., on the Coosa River; gave them a surprise at night and put them to flight. The scouts scattered and the Priors found two of them eating at a house by the road. John killed one as he hopped off the near end of the porch and the other as he left the far end. On their persons were found a number of $20 gold pieces (Wise's money captured in November, 1864, at Rome); when things had quieted down John Prior sent one of these coins to New York and had a cavalry battle engraved on the obverse side, and wore the trinket as a watch charm.

Near Cave Spring the Priors came upon two scouts riding along the road. Surrender was demanded. One young fellow held up his hands and came in. The other wheeled about, dug his spurs into the flanks of his horse and sped away like a flash. John was carrying the shotgun his father had used so long. As the fugitive turned a sharp curve in the road, he cracked down. It was impossible to tell the result, and the young captive said:

"I believe you missed him."

"We'll see," responded the marksman; "if I missed him, I'll turn you loose!"

The poor devil was dying in the bushes; his horse kept going. Sevtral buckshot had entered the man's back, and several the base of the saddle. It is supposed, but not definitely known, that the fellow taken captive met a violent end.

The next victim was a farmer of the neighborhood. John Prior walked up to this man's house and asked his wife where he was. The woman replied that he was plowing in the bottom. John went down there and told the farmer to unhitch his horse and send him in a canter to the house; to say his prayers if he wanted to, because he was going to be killed. The man begged for his life; he was reminded that old man Prior was shown no mercy. A shot in the breast finished him.

The hunter next heard that one of the marked men was living in the West, maybe Arkansas, maybe Texas. He went to the man's residence and executed his design. After living a while out there, Prior returned to Prior's Station, and later removed to the territory of Washington, on the Pacific coast, where he died. Jim died at his Prior Station home.

A farmer named Ritchie, killed on the Carlier Springs road about five miles east of Rome, was charged up to Colquitt's Scouts. Isom Blevins, a young Texan, was killed at night by a Rome crowd at Flat Rock, where the Southern crosses the N., C. & St. L. (or Rome) Railroad. His boots and spurs were removed and his body was thrown some 50 feet off the bluff into the Etowah River. Several days days later the body was found lodged against a willow snag at the foot of Myrtle Hill

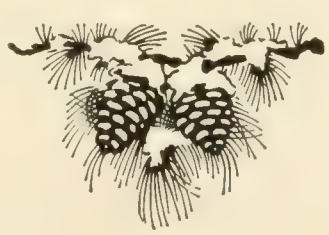
cemetery, and was buried on the river bank. A scout, sometimes known as "The Lone Soldier," was waylaid and killed on the Alabama Road between Coosa and Beech Creek, and lies buried on the Rogers place, near the road, about five miles west of Rome. The grave is surmounted by a headstone, and residents of the neighborhood have kept it green for 57 years, and have maintained around it a neat picket fence.

In these fierce depredations Romans were reminded of the lawlessness of the Indian days; and as if to answer their prayers, a local scout organization was formed by "Little Zach" Hargrove. Many people thought "Little Zach's" crowd would prove to be as bad as the rest, but Horry Wimpee and others testify that it was organized for protective purposes, and did much to drive the camp-followers and deserters away. It was reported that "Little Zach" attracted the attention of John Gatewood, and that Gatewood brushed by Rome with an invitation to fight; but the result is not known.

The Ku Klux was also active soon after this period, especially around Coosa, so the anxiety of the civilian population, who were bent on making crops and a living, can well be imagined. One night the Ku Klux called on Prof. Peter M. Sheibley, a Northerner by birth and a non-combatant in the war. When Mr. Sheibley opened his front door, a wooden coffin fell into his arms.

The political views of Judge Jno. W. H. Underwood caused the Ku Klux to play a gruesome joke on this sparkling humorist. A young fellow well disguised by a turned-up coat collar and a turned-down hat walked up to Judge Underwood after dark and offered him a cordial greeting. The extended hand was left with him, and it was made of wood!

Such incidents added a piquant touch to the lives of Romans, wrung the hearts of many, and brought a strong desire for peace, a helpful understanding and a constructive program.





WHEN MAN TAKES HIS PADDLE IN HAND.

Batteau and canoe trips on the rivers of Rome afford endless pleasure. Dr. Hugh I. Battey of Atlanta, native son of Rome, here forgets incisions and bandages. His "voyage" was taken in October, 1920, from Carter's Quarters, Murray County, down to "Head of Coosa," 105 miles, and was made leisurely in three nights and two days. He brought a string of pearls for the Home-coming queen, Miss Penelope Stiles.

Anecdotes and Reminiscences

ROSS-RIDGE FACTIONS FIGHT. —The following item from the Georgia Constitutionalist (Augusta) of Friday, Aug. 21, 1835, will give an idea of the feeling between the factions represented by Ross and Ridge:

More Indians Murdered.—The Cassville Pioneer of the 7th inst. says:

"We have just learned of another murder having been committed in this country on the 3d of August, inst. The names of the Indians killed were Murphy and Duck. It occurred, we understand, at an Indian dance on the Oostanaula river, where a considerable number of the town or clan had collected to enjoy the customary pastime.

"Sometime within the night the Indians murdered were seen standing conversing in apparent friendship. A few minutes later Murphy exclaimed that he was stabbed, and expired immediately.

"Duck was heard to say at the time that there was but one other Ridge man on the ground, and that he would inherit the same fate if he did not leave the place instantly.

"Duck was found dead on the ensuing morning, murdered, it is believed, by the friends of Murphy. Neither man, it is thought, was drunk.

"Is it not manifest from the many outrages of the kind that it is the settled determination of Ross' myrmidons to silence opposition by the knife of the assassin, and unless they are kept in awe by the Guard will go far to execute their hellish purpose?"

* * *

In 1835 (or 1837) an atrocity that was typical of the others committed in the section occurred in Floyd County near the Polk line. The body of Ezekiel Blatchford (or Braselton), a land trader from Hall County, was discovered in a lime sink; he had been murdered, it was believed. A single gold button was found on one of his coat sleeves, and it was of odd design, probably having been worked out of a nugget extracted by the wearer from a gold mine in Hall. With the button as a clue, the local authorities and friends of the deceased went to work. The police in Indian Territory arrested two Indians wearing bottons similar to the one found on the sleeve. Barney Swimmer and Terrapin were brought back to Rome, were given a fair trial at the old court house, found guilty of murder and sentenced by Judge Owen H. Kenan, of Newnan, to die by hanging. This was the first capital punishment meted out to Indians in Floyd County, and it was a coincidence that a cousin of the murdered man, Wm. Smith, who was serving temporarily as sheriff, should have met the duty of sending them to their happy hunting grounds. The hanging took place at a tree at Broad Street and Ninth Avenue, and was witnessed by practically everybody in the town, and by hundreds from the county. Several hours before the Indians were due to have been hung they requested permission to take a last swim where the Etowah and the Oostanaula join. This was the place they had often swum as boys. Judge Kenan granted the request, and a strong guard watched them from the various banks. They thanked the court and the officers for the privilege, and went to their death with the courage of Stoics. It was said that Terrapin was full of whiskey during his trial and up to the time of his execution.*

* * *

A LETTER FULL OF NEWS.—The following letter from Geo. M. Lavender, trading post man at Major Ridge's up the Oostanaula, gives a picture of pioneer life around Rome:

**Major Ridge's Ferry, May 3, 1836.

Mr. John Ridge:

Dear Sir: I have received but one letter from you since your departure, and that was received some time since and should have written you, but expected, for some weeks back, that you were on your way home. I have concluded from the last letters received from you that you remain at Washington some time yet.

I have but little news of importance to communicate to you. Mrs. Betsy Waitie, consort of Stand Waitie, Esq., died four or five days since from the delivery of a child,

*Authority: Hilliard Horry Wimpee. Virgil A. Stewart stated that the name of the Indians' victim was White. Mrs. Robt. Battey stated his name was Braselton. The name Ezekiel Buffington appears on the real estate records of that period at the courthouse. The name Blatchford was taken from an account in 1889 by Belle K. Abbott, written for The Atlanta Constitution.

**At Rome: Cherokee Indians, Congressional Documents (1835-6), Doc. 120, p. 593.

which also died, it is said. She had medical aid, but died under great afflictions.*

One of the emigrants, named Seekatowwa,** of Hightown, was shot two or there weeks ago by a white man at a little whiskey shop, one mile from Artsellers or Dun Steers,*** said to be an accident; he is, however, dead and no more.

Your family are all well and everything about your crop appears to be going on finely. Major Ridge's family are all well, and your mother is going on in her usual and fine way in making a crop, though frequently a little unwell, but no ways dangerous. No person, except a Mr. Cox, has taken any of the cleared land; he has taken one-half of the long field on the west side of the river.**** She has lost none on the side we live.

Our season for planting has been very bad, owing to so much rain; but all appears to be getting on very well except the poor Cherokees, of which there is not a few who have been dispossessed of their fields and dwellings, and turned out to seek refuge in Alabama and Tennessee, without any kind of support, moneyless and nothing to buy provisions. I know of a number of families destitute of provision, or money to buy it, and wandering and eating from them that has a little subsistence, and many of whom are emigrants. The circumstance calls aloud on the authorities of Government for relief of these people. It seems impossible for them to last through the season. Corn is scarce and worth $1 per bushel by the quantity, cash; flour could now be had, and bacon at tolerable moderate prices. You can scarce have any idea of the suffering your Cherokee friends are now encountering. Every week we have lots of men hunting stolen property, and smoke houses robbed of bacon, and every kind of stealing going on.

Your friend Knitts, of Donehutta, received 120 lashes a few days ago, supposed to be concerned in robbing a smoke house; but I think he will be proved innocent.

I see my Cherokee friends, emigrants, within this vicinity every week, inquiring what is doing at Washington, and trying to find out what will be done as regards their perilous situation.

Many families in our neighborhood would be glad to emigrate if the Government would enable them to do so.

Please give my respects to the Major and all your delegation.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

GEO. M. LAVENDER.

(Note: Referred to the Indian Office by Major Ridge.)

* * *

CAVE SPRING INDIANS.—Now and then a roving band of Creek Indians would descend upon the newly-created Floyd County to fight or treat with their ancient foes, the Cherokees. It was probably in 1832 that a group of them pitched camp close to the white settlement at Cave Spring, prepared to go into a pow-wow the next day with their more intelligent neighbors, whose camp was situated not a great hark away.

Among the old settlers living at Cave Spring then was William Smith, who removed to Rome two years later. Mr. Smith was away from home when the Creeks appeared, and his wife was badly frightened. The visitors looked so dark and villainous, and they crept about like snakes. When night came, Mrs. Smith gathered her baby Martha (Mrs. Robt. Battey) in her arms, and taking a negro nurse, stole out of the house into the underbrush, where, wrapped in shawls and an Indian blanket, they spent the night. Mrs. Smith had feared the Creeks might break into her house during the night; they could be seen moving stealthily and keeping a close watch, but they attempted no outrage.

Included in the Cherokees at Cave Spring was a young fellow called Little Meat. He was in the habit of scaring wee Martha Smith now and then by appearing suddenly and grunting "Ugh!" and at the same time lifting her up into his swarthy arms. He was a playful rascal and never meant any harm, but he nearly scared the little girl out of her wits many times. They called him Little Meat because he killed so many small birds and roasted them on a spit.

The country was wild, sparsely settled, full of bad Indians and adventurous whites, a few soldiers at isolated

*Should be Watie.

**Sukatowie's enrollment number was 633. He was of the Chickamaugee district and voted with Ross at the Rome council.

***Probably intended for Dirtseller's, Chattooga County. A map dated 1810, in the Carnegie Library at Atlanta, places Hightown between the rivers where Rome now is. "Hightower" is probably a variation of "Hightown," and may have referred to an Indian signal station on the present Tower Hill.

****Now part of the bottom land on the Linton A. Dean farm.

posts, and here and there a rough Indian trail that sufficed for a road. As settlers came in they were chosen by mutual consent for certain duties. William Smith was usually in "saddle and boots," prospecting a mine down the Coosa, trading in land up the Oostanaula, attending court at Livingston, hence acted as "sheriff" before the county machinery had been set up (and perhaps afterward). On one occasion an Indian charged with a serious offense was caught and brought to Cave Spring behind Mr. Smith with hands tied. They rode a horse. There was no secure place to keep the Indian, so Mr. Smith lashed him with rope to a bed-post at the foot of the bed, after which Mr. and Mrs. Smith retired, and Mr. Smith slept soundly.

Once several years later at the Forks Ferry, Rome, a sullen Indian provoked the wrath of Mr. Smith, who knocked the man unconscious with a heavy stick. The condition of the Indian for a time was serious, and Mr. Smith, following the advice of friends that he should be careful of violence, went for a week to live with Philip W. Hemphill at the place now known as DeSoto Park. Most of the Indians were his friends, however, and they sent him word that no harm would come to him.

David Vann, the sub-chief, was the most powerful member of his tribe around Cave Spring, and Vann's Valley was named after him. On July 28, 1850, he was living temporarily at the Lake House, Cave Spring. He was very well educated and wrote a pleasing hand with occasional misspelt words, like most of the Indian leaders. He had two handsome, pleasant mannered sons called Cooey and Clem, who in 1851 were living in Grandsalem, Cherokee Nation, Arkansas, and about that time visited Dr. and Mrs. Robert Battey on Second Avenue on their way to a law school in Baltimore. Other sons were said to have been Augustus and Washington. Under date of Aug. 27, 1850, David Vann wrote William Smith at Rome from Washington, D. C.:

"Dear Sir: I wrote to you some time since informing you that I would be glad to hear from you respecting our silver mine in Alabama, but have not yet received anything from you. Will you be kind enough to write me a few lines and let me know how you are getting along? I have determined to go that way when I leave here for home. I can not say when that will be. It may be some time in October. I have no idea that I can get away before Congress adjourns & there is no time set yet for the adjournment of Congress, though I will let you know before I leave when I will be at your house. I wrote a few lines to Major Richardson a few days ago requesting him to save me some peech seed from my old orchard (those large white peeches). I have no news but what you see in the papers. Mr. Clay has got back this morning. He has been absent ever since his Compromise bill was defeated. The Senate has passed all the measures that he had in his Compromise bill separately with very slight alterations. Give my respects to your family and accept for yourself my best wishes for your health and prosperity.

Your friend and obt. svt.,
"DAVID VANN."

(In haste.)

* * *

Under date of July 28, 1850, Chief Vann wrote Mr. Smith from Washington and stated that he was having some trouble getting his patent to 40 acres of land containing the silver mine, and adding:

"I presume the water is now low enough to examine the ford of the



MONTGOMERY M. FOLSOM, clever writer of verse, in his regalia as an officer of Cherokee Lodge 66 of Masons.

creek. By looking in the ford you will find where old Campbell cut the hole in the rock and filled it up, and just below the ford he said there was a deep hole, evidently dug out by some person."

Shortly after this the two, accompanied by Col. Cunningham M. Pennington, of Rome, visited the mine on Sand river, but failed to find anything of special interest.

From Rome, Feb. 2, 1851, Mr. Smith wrote David Vann at Grandsalem, Ark.:

"My apology for delaying to write you before this time is hardly sufficient excuse. I have been run to death of daylight and so tired of nights that I have put it off from time to time, till I have got through with the bridge and have some leisure.

"After you left Gunter's Landing, I went up to where they were to run their horse race; there I found all parties concerned in that lot we wanted. I took Collins and fixed things with him to bring about the trade with D. A. Smith. He managed it as I directed it and I got the lot for $125 cash. . . . Pennington is in high spirits, though he had very bad luck in the matter. He took some eight or ten pounds of the best ore we could get and took it to Washington, or I should have said started with it at Wilmington. He had his trunk stolen and lost his specimens and all his clothing and has never heard of them yet. He was on other business at Washington and has just returned. We will consult as soon as this awful cold weather breaks and make a thorough examination and write you immediately. There is great excitement about it. I give them no satisfaction. I shall take a good geologist with me, D. A. White, of Savannah; he I have seen and he is anxious to accompany us over there. I shall lie low; it must count. I am in hopes you will be able to get the old man Campbell to come out with you soon. Don't count the expenses if you can prevail on him to come. It will do more good to have him here looking than anything. We must barely let the people know he is here.

"Well, I have no news to write you more than you have seen by the papers. Georgia has killed the Disunionist in the South. Our Convention was composed of the best talent in Georgia; there were but 18 Disunionists in the convention out of nearly 300 members. They have broken up all old party lines and left the Disunionists to themselves, with Colquitt and Towns to manage; they are dead letters in Georgia; you can't get one of them to talk about it.

"What is to hinder Clem from coming? I think he would like to stay a year or two with us and read law with Judge Wright or Judge Underwood.

"You have no idea how our town has grown in the last three months. They have built all around me clear to the railroad and back to the bridge. We have but a few lots left and I don't expect to keep them two weeks. It is a lively business at last, though it was a long time coming. My wife joins me in our love to your wife and children and says she remembers her kindness to her in bygone days. Accept for yourself my best wishes.

"WM. SMITH."

* * *

DANCE AT CHIEFTAIN'S.—Mrs. Jno. S. Prather (Susan Verdery), of Atlanta, who once lived at the old home of Major Ridge, contributes the following:

"It was evening and the night was bright, with a galaxy of stars bending their pale beams through a wealth of climbing roses, clinging woodbine and white star jessamines. Candle light sent a glimmer through the windows to the front porch, and shadows from the tall Colonial pillars fell across the mossy lawn. A swish of satin could be heard here and there and the gleam of white muslin and a more somber contrast of black broadcloth and white vests as the couples lined up for the dance.

"A scraping of the preliminary chords and the popping of a fiddle string made known that the plantation orchestra was nearly ready to begin its part of the performance. The two black fiddlers were the property of the owner of the mansion.

"Ah, there went the light footsteps in perfect unison with the music of the cotillion! They danced for half an hour. Occasionally a couple forsook the crowd and repaired to the veranda through the leafy screens of honeysuckle, there to exchange words of understanding and to pluck a nosegay that carried its silent message straight to the heart.

"Milady sounded the gong; the dancing ceased and supper was enjoyed in the dining room. What a supper! Of quality and variety the choicest, and prepared after Aunt Lindy's favorite recipes. Then Augustus Nicholas Ver-

dery, son of a French planter of the West Indies and master of the plantation, struck a martial air on his fine violin. The couples formed again, and the son of the house, Thos. Jefferson Verdery, and a fair young lady from Charleston led the gay company out into the ball room again. The colored fiddlers played 'Oh Miss Nancy, Don't You Cry! Your Sweetheart Will Come to You Bime By!'

"A specialty was introduced by Mr. Chas. De l'Aigle, of Augusta, whose polkas and schottisches set the young feet patting and young hearts palpitating; and Tom Verdery and his little sister, Susan, danced steps that enjoyed a wide vogue more than 50 years later.

"At 11 the guests climbed into the barge 'Mary Berrien' and were poled down the Oostanaula to Rome—all save the guests of the house. A lone figure drew into the shadow of a giant sycamore as the merrymakers passed. It darted near the mansion, peered in with a vengeful look and was swallowed in the gloom of the nearby forest. 'Twas an Indian woman left behind when her sister and brother redskins departed for the west, an inhabitant of a cave in the hills who had stolen down into the lowlands to gaze on the Cherokee retreat of the olden days with a prayer for the return of the tribe to its happy hunting grounds."

* * *

CREEK CHIEF IS CAPTURED.—White's Historical Collections of Georgia (p. 151) and an old Rome newspaper clipping furnish data for an interesting story of the capture in 1835 of old Fosach Fixico, the Creek Indian chief, by Georgia and Alabama troopers, part of whom were recruited from the Coosa Valley near Rome. Historian White records: "Very soon after the ratification of the New Echota treaty, an apprehension was entertained by many citizens in Georgia that the party who had opposed the treaty would become hostile, and petitions for arms, troops and ammunition were presented to the Executive, and granted. Orders were issued to Brig. Gen. James Hemphill to raise a battalion of militia and place them at Lesley's Ferry, on the Coosa River, for the purpose not only of keeping the Cherokees in check, but also of preventing the Creeks from swarming into Georgia, which orders were executed, and the battalion was organized under the command of Gen. James Hemphill and Maj. Chas. H. Nelson. A part of the Cherokees were disarmed, and 500 muskets and accouterments were ordered and sent to Cherokee County, in case of any hostile movements on the part of the Indians. These preparations on the part of Georgia, together with the appearance of the Tennessee troops under Brig. Gen. Jno. E. Wool, of the United States army, quieted the fears of the citizens."

The clipping referred to states that Capt. Mitchell was placed in charge of the expedition down the Coosa, having heard that the Creeks were moving down toward the Cherokee country from the head of Terrapin Creek, Ala., to excite their tribal cousins in the Valley of the Coosa. A scout, Fields, was sent out, and reported that the Indians were concentrated and ready to strike from the mountains at the head of Terrapin, which empties into the Coosa just below Centre, Cherokee County, Ala. Without waiting for reinforcements, on scout duty or furlough, Capt. Mitchell left Rome with 20 men mounted on horseback and muleback, some with saddles, some with blankets and others riding bareback. They galloped down the Alabama road through the Coosa Valley, gaining recruits with squirrel guns as they went. At dusk the command, now 120 men, was within six miles of the Indian camp, and at sunrise the next morning they were on the spot, ready for an attack. In the meantime, the good women of the neighborhood had sent in breakfast rations for all of the troopers. The expectation was that there would be a bloody fight. These Coosa farmers and Georgia Volunteers were determined to strike a telling blow in defense of their wives and children, and this determination was not any less sharp from the fact of their crude arms and scanty equipment.

About 200 warriors, practically naked and well daubed with paint, swarmed from their wigwams like bees, until a side of Craig's Mountain was well dotted with them. As the Georgia troops were about to close in, a clatter of hoofs was heard and up dashed Capt. Arnold with a company of 60 cavalry from Jacksonville, Ala. Capt. Mitchell cried out: "No time for consultation; you fight to the right and occupy the creek above the camp!"

Capt. Arnold's men sped to the point indicated, while Capt. Mitchell's swept to the left, crossed Terrapin Creek, dismounted and deployed in skirmish line and approached to within 40 yards

of the camp. Orders were not to fire until fired upon. Suddenly a long strip of white canvas was hoisted on a pole as a flag of truce, and an interpreter was sent out to declare, "I am directed by Chief Fosach Fixico to say that he is not hostile."

The Indian was ordered to return and direct that the chief appear in person. Fosach quickly appeared, the finest diked-out Indian ever seen before or since; he wore a red and blue turban, with crimson and white war gown of velvet that extended to his knees, and hung profusely with beads and tassels of all kinds; his face and neck were ablaze with war paint. He came forward with an elastic and somewhat defiant step. As Capt. Mitchell met him a few paces in advance of the line, he repeated through his interpreter: "I am not hostile." Capt. Mitchell asked him if he surrendered, to which he replied: "I am not hostile, but if you require it, I do."

At this juncture Capt. Luckie dashed up with a troop of farmers from near the mouth of Terrapin Creek, arriving on the west side. He and Capt. Arnold were consulted and the terms of capitulation agreed upon. Fosach was to deliver all his arms to Capt. Luckie, who was to march the Indians forth to Mardisville, whence they were to proceed under additional guard to Arkansas. Twenty-four hours was given for the red-skins to gather up their ponies, women and children. Such of the Coosa River Volunteers as wished to remain with Capt. Luckie could do so, and the others were free to return to their homes. Five hundred muskets and accouterments surrendered by the Indians were sent to Cherokee County.

Shortly afterward, three cavalary companies from Floyd and one from Cherokee were organized into a battalion at Rome and were put in camp at Lashley's Ferry, eighteen miles below Rome, on the north side of the Coosa. These were under direction of Gen. Hemphill and under direct charge of Maj. Nelson and Capt. Mitchell. The command was known as the Highland Battalion, and was sworn into the United States service by Capt. Paine, U. S. A., and served until after most of the Indians had been removed to the west. On the resignation of Lieut. Carter, Joseph Watters was elected to the vacancy, and when Capt. Mitchell resigned, Watters was named in his place. This was undoubtedly the same Joseph Watters for whom the Watters district of Floyd County was named.

* * *

RIDGE'S LUCKY SHOT.—The following anecdote, summarized from the Cartersville Courant of Apr. 2, 1885, (by Judge Jno. W. H. Underwood) will show how a red-man would now and then befriend a pale-face:

"In old Pendleton District, South Carolina, lived Col. James Blair, a Revolutionary soldier, last commander of Oconee Station and one of the constables of Col. Benj. Cleveland, a hero of the Revolution, colloquially known as 'Old Roundabout.' For 20 years Col. Blair had rounded up Tories and thieves and had swung many a 'bad man' to the gate gallows in front of Col. Cleveland's plantation home.

"On this occasion, Col. Blair was following Wiley Hyde and Tom Phillips, half breed Indians who had stolen two fine horses from Benj. Mosely, who lived near Oconee Station. He was equipped with a horse in leash as well as his saddle animal, and two large horse pistols. At Reece's Spring, a mile east of the home of Major Ridge, the Cherokee chief, and two whoops and a holler from Ft. Jackson, Col. Blair came upon the Indians, drinking at the spring. They were also fairly full of fire-water, and as he approached (having tethered his horses nearby), they covered him with their rifles.

"Col. Blair threw up his hands, but quickly said, 'Don't shoot! I am a friend with some good whiskey! Don't shoot a friend with some whiskey on his hip!'

"The Indians relented and began to question him in their maudlin way. He told them he wanted to join a crowd and go over into Vann's Valley and steal some horses. The suspicions of Wiley Hyde were aroused, and he said, 'Tom Phillips, you are a fool. He's from over the line, and he'll be shooting us full of holes in a minute. Let's kill him and throw him in the river.'

"Hyde raised his gun, cocked it and was about to crack down on Col. Blair's chest when 'Bang!' came from the nearby forest. Hyde fell face forward into the branch, and as he went down, Col. Blair seized his gun and covered Wiley Hyde, who threw up his hands.

"Major Ridge rushed forward from a clump of underbrush and explained that he had been out hunting wild turkeys when the pantomine was re-

hearsed before his eyes. He knew the two men to be worthless scoundrels, and was glad to do Col. Blair and the state the service of dispatching one of them. John Ridge, the Major's son, Stand Watie, John's cousin, and Sally Ridge, the Major's pretty young daughter, came running up, and with a courtly bow, Col. Blair presented his handsome gold watch to the little girl. John and Stand Watie got the stolen horses together for Col. Blair; Tom Phillips was tied securely and put on one of them, and Col. Blair went back to the Pendleton district of South Carolina. The dead Indian was buried 150 yards below the spring, without even a tear from Miss Sally to damped the sod.

"This act gained for Major Ridge an honorable name among the pale-faces, who ever after looked to him to redress wrongs committed by members of his clan; and when he fought so bravely at the Battle of the Horse-shoe, Ala., several years later, under Gen. Jackson, all felt that his laurels were lightly worn."

* * *

TROUBLES OF THE CHIEFS.—That life was not a bed of Cherokee roses for the Ridges and their kinsman, Elias Boudinot, is evident from the following letters:

*Washington City, Mar. 13, 1835.

To Hon. Lewis Cass,
Secretary of War,
Washington, D. C.

Sir: I read this letter this morning, advising me of the progress of intrusion upon my plantation and ferry within the chartered limits of Alabama. The damage done to me will be considerable if this is suffered to proceed. Deplorable will be the fate of the Indians if lawless men, without the authorities of the States, are suffered to throw free people out of their houses while they are preparing to leave the land of their forefathers. This is not a solitary case, but these aggravating cases are transpiring almost every day. The Government should give instructions to its agents upon this subject without delay.

I am, sir, respectfully your friend,

JOHN RIDGE.

(Enclosure.)

**Childersville, Ala., Dec. 23, 1835.

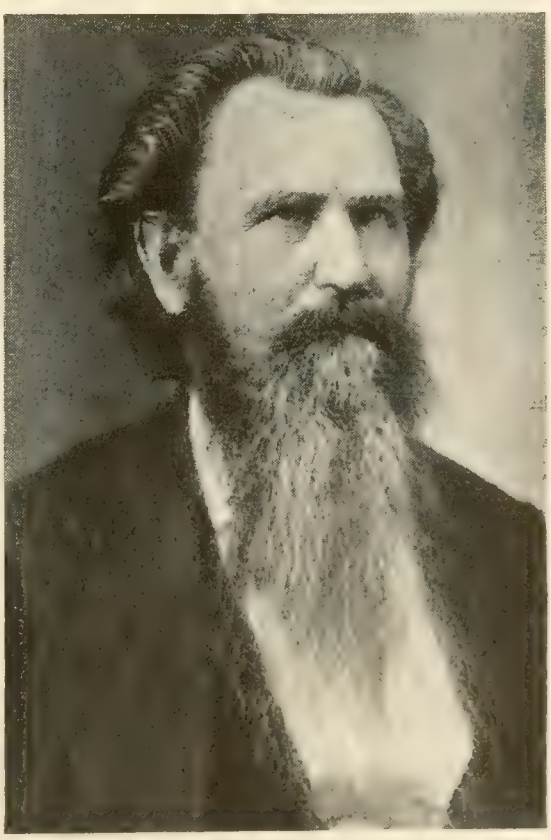
Mr. John Ridge,
(Washington, D. C.)

Dear Friend: It has been some weeks since I wrote to you. I have been expecting to receive a letter from you, but have not received any yet. I now write to give you the times here. We are all well. I have commenced clearing up my ground for a crop. I shall start my ploughs in a few days. Jno. W. Garrot*** is here on the other side of the river; has got large double houses built, and has taken those old houses that Pathkiller used to live in, and made kitchens of them. He has moved part of the fencing there and says he intends to hold all the possessions, and that he will take the ferry as soon as you return. I forbid him to build there, before witnesses. He threatens to shoot any man that would interrupt him. He says he can raise a militia force any time to protect himself. Major B. F. Currey was here shortly after Garrot first came, and ordered him off. Garrot now says they had a private conversation, and Currey had told him that he should not be interrupted, and

*Report of Secretary of War on Cherokee Treaty (1835), p. 357.

**Ibid. Undoubtedly the present Childersburg, Talladega County, on the Coosa River, 125 miles below Rome.

***A man named Garrett is supposed to have molested Major Ridge's ferry at Rome.



DR. GAMALIEL W. HOLMES, who established a reputation as a family physician after the Civil War.

that they (Currey and himself) had made a compromise of the business. I hope you will be able while you are there to make arrangements from Government to have him put off from this place. If you can not do that, it will injure you more than one thousand dollars. If he was away from here I could get $2,500 for the place at any time, but it will not sell for half that amount under the present circumstances.

I have bad news to tell you about the money business here. My share this winter is but little. The smallpox turned the people away in the fore part of the winter, and now and for some time back the people are afraid to travel on account of the highway robbers. The travellers are getting killed and robbed in all parts of the country. Between Mr. West's and Spanish John's old place there have been found a man and two horses killed. On the mountain between here and Mr. Bell's a man has been robbed of a horse. Down at Mill creek, on this road, a man was robbed of $192. On the mountain near Cox's, a man was killed and robbed of his horse and money. In Chattooga Valley there were two men shot, but neither of them killed. Near Montgomery, a few days ago, a man was killed and robbed of several hundred dollars.

I heard from Mrs. Ridge a few days ago. They were all well. Today I shall send Mrs. Ridge $45 of cash. I must conclude by saying to you that I still remain,

Your sincere friend,

WM. CHILDERS.

*Headquarters, Army Cherokee Nation, Valley Town, N. C., Aug. 12, 1836.

Brig. Gen. Dunlap,**
Of the Brigade of
Tennessee Volunteers.

Sir: Captain Vernon, stationed at New Echota, informs me that John Ridge has complained to him that some white man is about to take forcible possession of his ferry on Coosa River. You will without delay inquire into the case, and if you should find the complaint to be just, you will, until further orders, protect Ridge in his rights and property. This order will apply to all cases of similar character in the Cherokee country.

You are further directed that in case you should find any troops within the limits of the Cherokee nation, whether in Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee or North Carolina, not belonging to the East Tennessee brigade, to notify them that they are exclusively subject to my authority, and unless they report to me without delay, and become subject to my orders, will either leave the nation or be disbanded. In your proceedings, you will be governed by your instructions of the 4th instant.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN E. WOOL,
Brigadier General Commanding.

In September, 1836, Gov. Lumpkin wrote as follows of the Ridge ferry seizure at Rome to Gen. John E. Wool:***

"I herewith enclose you sundry papers placed in my hands by Mr. Garrett, on the subject of Ridge's ferry. From these papers it would seem that Garrett is willing to yield his claims to the civil authority, and yet to obey and respect any military orders to him directed by you.

"Garrett alleges that he will cease to run his ferry boat provided Ridge will keep up the ferry and not disappoint travelers, but further states that Ridge is like the dog in the manger—that he will neither run his own boat nor suffer him to run one. The papers, however, will place you in possession of the facts and relieve you from further trouble in the case.

"With great respect, your obedient servant,

"WILSON LUMPKIN."

****New Echota, June 15, 1836.

Hon. Elbert Herring,
Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

Sir: By the last mail I addressed a letter to Mr. Schermerhorn, to your care, which you have probably perused. What I there stated in regard to the state of feeling among the Cherokees has only been confirmed to my satisfaction. Indeed, I will venture to say there has never been a time for the last five years when appearances were so favorable as at present. I know of no hostility to the treaty. I hear now, on the contrary, the Cherokees in this region will receive it with cheerfulness. They say the matter is now settled and they are glad of it. I speak of the mass of the Cherokees.

*Secretary of War's Report on Cherokee Treaty (1835), p. 640.
**W. C. Dunlap.
***Removal of the Cherokee Indians from Georgia, (Lumpkin), Vol. II, p. 43.
****Report of Secretary of War on Cherokee Treaty (1835), ps. 600-1.

There is a portion who, no doubt, feel far otherwise; but they are those whose ambition has been disappointed. Without their interference there will be no excitement. I trust they will not endeavor to excite the people.

The white inhabitants of this country are in a state of great alarm, founded upon some unfounded apprehensions. I believe it is owing a great deal to what is transpiring in the Creek nation. Our people are not even aware of the state of feeling among the whites, much less are they thinking of making war. I trust, sir, that no exaggerated rumors, which, no doubt, will go out of this country, will induce the Government to believe the Cherokees are in a hostile attitude. They are not, nor do I believe, even with Ross's influence, will a portion of them ever assume such an attitude.

Our people are greatly suffering for food. It is very important that the necessary appropriations should be made soon for their relief. If I had authority to do so, I would begin to supply them in this neighborhood.

In my letters to Mr. Schermerhorn I have referred to the speculations that are going on upon the Indians by whites and half breeds. Strong measures are necessary to prevent it. The president ought to have the right of deciding what are the just debts of the Indians, for the protection of that class. If not, they will go to the west deprived of every cent of their property, and the money will go into the hands of the whites and such Indians as have opposed the very treaty by which they are now trying to amass wealth. I say again, strong measures are necessary.

I trust the President will think it best to send Mr. Schermerhorn again. I think he is a suitable person because he is a terror to speculators, and understands the situation of these people and their affairs.

With sentiments of high esteem, I remain yours,

ELIAS BOUDINOT.

*New Echota, Ga., June 16, 1836.

Hon. Elbert Herring,
Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

Sir: I addressed a letter to you yesterday, giving you a favorable account of the state of feeling among the Cherokees. I have since then received the enclosed letter, which would seem to contradict what I have stated. I wish to be understood as speaking of the Cherokees in this region, and from which I have direct information. There are neighborhoods where I have every reason to presume there is hostility towards us as a treaty party, and there are individuals who would willingly take our lives if they could. I have no idea that the danger is as great as is apprehended by the writers of the two letters enclosed.

I came through the neighborhood where hostility is said to exist, and the frolic or dance spoken of was held before I came along. I saw Thos. Taylor there, and he told me that he found the people better satisfied than he expected.

I yet think there may be some mistake about Welch being waylaid. Foster, one of our delegation, was here the other day, and he told me everything was going right for the treaty. But as I have before stated, inflammatory statements from the other side may change the state of feeling. I shall not be excited, and shall take the matter coolly and deliberately, and shall endeavor to keep you apprized of what is happening. I shall repeat again what I have said, that matters have never appeared so favorable within the compass of my observations within the last five years, as at present, and if Ross would only keep away, the nation would almost be unanimous for the treaty.

To give you an instance how these poor people are deluded and misled, it is said that one of Ross's delegation on his return reported that the Cherokee countries here and in Arkansas have been sold, and that the Cherokees will have to go to a far country, infested by man-eaters. The people protested going there, but are willing to go to Arkansas.

I should have addressed these letters to Mr. Schermerhorn, if I thought he was still there. Please give my respects to him, and let him see these letters.

Very respectfully,
ELIAS BOUDINOT.

(Two Enclosures.)

Coal Mountain, June 8, 1836.

Mr. Elias Boudinot,

Sir: There was an Indian frolic or dance on Saturday night last, and there was some white men went to the same. They have reported that the Indians said that they had no malice towards the white people, but

*Report of Secretary of War on Cherokee Treaty (1835), ps. 602-3-4.

that they intended killing Ridge and yourself. I have written you that you might be on your guard, which no doubt you are. The citizens of this county had a meeting yesterday; they are resolved to punish all offenses, if any. I would recommend for your safety for you and family to leave the country until the excitement is over a little. Please to accept for yourself and family my best wishes.

Truly yours,
GEORGE KELLOG.

Chattahoochee, June 8, 1836.

My dear Boudinot: I have just received a letter from Welch, informing me that his house has been waylaid by the Indians, who are seeking an opportunity to kill him. Our friend Tom Taylor is scattering the firebrands. All my friends are well pleased that our treaty has been ratified and are ready to pledge their lives in defense of the treaty party. We have thousands of friends amongst the Georgians, ready to do the same.

If you are at all apprehensive of danger, let me advise you to collect all your friends and form an encampment at Ridge's; arm but act on the defensive; make any contracts necessary to your support. The treaty must meet them. I have just written to Schermerhorn, informing him of Taylor's conduct. Write to me often. I am much concerned for your safety.

Sincerely your friend,
WILLIAM RODGERS.*

* * *

ROSS DRIVEN FROM HOME. —In April, 1835, it would appear, Ross returned from Washington to his home at "Head of Coosa," Rome. On Mar. 14, the Ridge party had signed with the Government the preliminaries of the New Echota treaty, giving the Indians $5,000,000 for Cherokee Georgia. In order to reach Washington in those days it was necessary to travel by stage or horse to Charleston, and there take the steamer north or go the entire way on horseback. He had come in on his trusty charger, tired and hopeful of a kiss from his wife and children. Instead, he found his family gone—thrown out with a few scant things they could carry with them, and making for Tennessee over the dusty road.

The following statement was signed by eight leading Cherokees,** including Ross, and it was undoubtedly written or dictated by Ross himself. Although the ejectment seems to have taken place in April, complaint was not made to Washington until June 21, 1836, more than a year later. Here is the summary of grievances, including the tale of the ejectment; it states that Ross's father, Daniel Ross, was buried at Rome, whereas members of the family in Oklahoma have always thought the parent and certain others were buried at Lookout Mountain, Tenn.

"The Cherokees were then left to the mercy of an interested agent. This agent, under the act of 1834, was the notorious Wm. N. Bishop, the captain of the Georgia Guard, aid to the Governor, clerk of court, postmaster, etc., and his mode of trying Indian rights is here submitted:

"'Murray County, Ga.,
Jan. 20, 1835.

"'Mr. John Martin:

"'Sir—The legal representative of lots of land No. 95, 25th district, 2nd section, No. 86, 25th district, 2nd section, No. 93, 25th district, 2nd section, No. 89, 25th district, 2nd section, No. 57, 25th district, 2nd section, has called on me, as State's agent, to give possession of the above described lots of land, and informs me that you are the occupant upon them. Under the laws of the State of Georgia, passed in 1833 and 1834, it is made my duty to comply with his request, therefore, prepare yourself to give entire possession of said premises on or before the 20th day of February next; fail not under the penalty of the law.

"'WM. N. BISHOP,
"'State's Agent.'

"Mr. Martin,*** a Cherokee, was a man of wealth, had an extensive farm, large fields of wheat growing; and was turned out of house and home, and compelled, in the month of February, to seek a new residence within the limits of Tennessee.

*Usually spelled Rogers.

**John Ross, John Martin, James Brown, Joseph Vann, John Benge, Lewis Ross, Elijah Hicks and Richard Fields. Authority: Cherokee Indians, Congressional Documents (1835-6), Doc. No. 286, ps. 5-6-7. After Ross was dispossessed, he went to live in Bradley County, Tenn., where he and John Howard Payne were arrested a few months later.

***Martin had been a judge of one of the Cherokee districts (Amoah). On Aug. 10, 1835, he was arrested by Lieut. Jno. L. Hooper, commander of Co. F, 4th Inf., U. S. A., at Ft. Cass, Calhoun, Tenn., and confined at the home of Lewis Ross at that place, whence he soon made his escape. A spirited tilt then took place between Hooper and Major Currey. Martin was charged with having threatened the life of John Ridge for negotiating with the Government.

"Mr. Richard Taylor was also at Washington, and in his absence his family was threatened with expulsion, and compelled to give $200 for leave to remain at home for a few months only.

"This is the 'real humanity' the Cherokees were shown by the real or pretended authorities of Georgia, disavowing any selfish or sinister motives towards them.

"Mr. Jos. Vann, also a native Cherokee, was a man of great wealth; had about 800 acres of land in cultivation; had made extensive improvements, consisting, in part, of a brick house, costing about $10,000, mills, kitchens, negro houses, and other buildings. He had fine gardens, and extensive apple and peach orchards. His business was so extensive he was compelled to employ an overseer and other agents. In the fall of 1833 he was called from home, but before leaving made a conditional contract with a Mr. Howell, a white man, to oversee for him in the year 1834, to commence on the first of January of that year. He returned about the 28th or 29th of December, 1833, and learning that Georgia had prohibited any Cherokee from hiring a white man, told Mr. Howell he did not want his services.

"Yet Mr. Bishop, the State's agent, represented to the authorities of Georgia that Mr. Vann had violated the laws of that State by hiring a white man, had forfeited his right of occupancy, and that a grant ought to issue for his lands.

"There were conflicting claims under Georgia laws for his possessions. A Mr. Riley* pretended a claim, and took possession of the upper part of the dwelling house, armed for battle. Mr. Bishop, the State's agent, and his party came to take possession, and between them and Riley a fight commenced, and from 20 to 50 guns were fired in the house. While this was going on, Mr. Vann gathered his trembling wife and children into a room for safety. Riley could not be dislodged from his position upstairs, even after being wounded, and Bishop's party finally set fire to the house. Riley surrendered and the fire was extinguished.

Mr. Vann and his family were then driven out, unprepared, in the dead of winter, and snow on the ground, through which they were compelled to wade and to take shelter within the limits of Tennessee, in an open log cabin, upon a dirt floor, and Bishop put his brother, Absalom Bishop, in posession of Mr. Vann's house. This Mr. Vann is the same who, when a boy, volunteered as a private soldier in the Cherokee regiment in the service of the United States, in the Creek war, periled his life in crossing the river at the Battle of the Horse Shoe.** What has been his reward?

"Hundreds of other cases might be added. In fact, nearly all the Cherokees in Georgia who had improvements of any value, except the favorites of the United States agent,*** under one pretext or another have been driven from their homes. Amid the process of expulsion, the Rev. John F. Schermerhorn, the United States commissioner, visited the legislatures of Tennessee and Alabama, and importuned those bodies to pass laws prohibiting the Cherokees who might be turned out of their possessions from within the Georgia limits, taking up a residence in the limits of those states.

*Spencer Riley, of Cass County, formerly of Bibb. The fight took place Mar. 2, 1835; authority: Georgia Journal, Milledgeville, Apr. 7, 1835.

**Tallapoosa River, with Andrew Jackson and Major Ridge.

***Reference to the Ridges, Boudinot and others of the Treaty party.



WADE SAMUEL COTHRAN, leading spirit in the First Presbyterian church, who removed from Rome to Anniston.

"The same summary process was used toward Mr. John Ross, the principal chief of the Cherokee Nation. He was at Washington City, on the business of his nation. When he returned, he traveled until about 10 o'clock at night to reach his family; rode up to the gate; saw a servant believed to be his own; dismounted, ordered his horse taken; went in, and to his utter astonishment found himself a stranger in his own home, his family having been some days before driven out to seek a new home.

"A thought then flitted across his mind—that he could not, under all the circumstances of the situation, reconcile it to himself to tarry all night under the roof of his own house as a stranger, the new host of that house being the tenant of that mercenary band of Georgia speculators at whose instance his helpless family had been turned out and made homeless.

"Upon reflecting, however, that 'man is born unto trouble,' Mr. Ross at once concluded to take up his lodgings there for the night, and to console himself under the conviction of having met his afflictions and trials in a manner consistent with every principle of moral obligation towards himself and family, his country and his God.

"On the next morning he arose early, and went out into the yard, and saw some straggling herds of his cattle and sheep browsing about the place—his crop of corn undisposed of. In casting a look up into the widespread branches of a majestic oak, standing within the enclosure of the garden, and which overshadows the spot where lie the remains of his dear babe and most beloved and affectionate father, he there saw, perched upon its boughs, that flock of beautiful pea-fowls, once the matron's care and delight, but now left to destruction and never more to be seen.

"He ordered his horse, paid his bill, and departed in search of his family. After traveling amid heavy rains he had the happiness of overtaking them on the road, bound for some place of refuge within the limits of Tennessee. Thus have his houses, farm, public ferries, and other property been wrested from him."

* * *

JOHN RIDGE IN NEW YORK.—Martin Grahame, of Briarlea, Saskatchewan, Canada, who for some years lived on the East Rome place owned by J. Paul Cooper, sent the following in 1921 to Linton A. Dean from the diary of his father, W. R. Grahame:

"New York, N. Y., Feb. 2, 1832.—Was also with Testes Dwight to the City Hotel and was introduced to and had conversation with two Indian chiefs, the first and only I have seen—Mr. John Ridge and another chief whose name I do not remember. They were well-dressed men in surtouts, (wide-skirted coats reaching below the knees.—Webster's New Standard Dictionary), spoke good English and behaved themselves like gentlemen. Ridge is the son of an orator, the greatest, Mr. Dwight said, among the Cherokees, a chief of the Deer Tribe. The other Indian was of the Wolf Tribe, of the Cherokee Nation, both of them. They had beautiful, small hands and feet, especially Ridge, who is married to a New England lady. They have come to New York to raise the sympathy of the public in behalf of their countrymen who have deputized them with that design, for the purpose of getting them allowed to remain in their lands guaranteed them in Georgia, Tennessee and North Carolina in their treaty with the United States.

"The Cherokees consist of 16,000 to 20,000 people, the women more numerous than the men. The Sequoyan alphabet, according to Ridge, can be learned in three days by a quick scholar, and in six days by a slow one. They have left off the chase largely of late and devote themselves to agriculture. Mr. Ridge said superstition kept the Indian from gaining more information. He stated that legend had it that God first made the Indian and then the white man. The Indian was offered the choice of a book or a bow and arrow, and while he hesitated, the white man stole the book; thus the bow and arrow was left to the Indian, and he has made good use of them ever since. Mr. Ridge's father's home is a two-story one, 52 by 28 feet, and there are many others of handsome design which show the wealth and civilization of the owners.

"Tonight at a public meeting in Clinton Hall, Mr. Ridge mentioned that the chiefs of the Cherokees had voluntarily resigned their ancient powers and modeled their state into a Republic on the general plan of the United States, with frequent elections (universal suffrage there is also, but he did not mention that).

"In the morning he mentioned that among the Creek Nation women are monthly put out of the house to purify,

and at these seasons men do not approach them, even to speak, except from a distance. Adultery in high or low degree is punished with beating until the criminals faint, and then cutting the ears off. Formerly, passing between a woman and the wind or bathing higher up a stream at the same time with her was held adultery, communicated of the water or the wind. After punishment is inflicted, however, the offender resumes his rank, and if he can escape until after an annual jubilee, he may save himself entirely from punishment.

"A married man may have as many wives as he pleases, if they are not the wives of others. The ladies have not that privilege."

* * *

WHEN THE RED MAN LEFT.—(By Jno. W. H. Underwood, in The Cartersville Courant, 1883).—The County of Floyd is perhaps the most interesting locality of this section of the state. Situated on the confluence of the Oostanaula and Etowah rivers, it has attracted the attention of many people. It was the favorite resort of the Red Man, and when the treaty of Dec. 29, 1835, was made, the influx of population was greatly increased.

The Cherokee country was surveyed by the authorities of the State of Georgia in 1830 and 1831. The lots were 160 acres and 40 acres in size. That supposed to be the gold region was laid off in 40-acre lots, and that where there was supposed to be no gold was laid off in 160-acre lots. The whole of the Cherokee country comprised in the chartered limits of Georgia was made into one county, called Cherokee County. The extent of the territory embraced was very considerable, beginning at the point where the 35th parallel of N. Latitude comes in contact with a point on the Blue Ridge fixed by James Blair and Wilson Lumpkin that now divides Towns and Rabun counties, running thence west to Nickajack Cave, the northwest corner of Georgia, thence due south, nearly in the direction of Miller's bend, on the Chattahoochee River, two miles south of West Point, Ga., until it strikes the north of Carroll County, thence east until it reaches the Chattahoochee River, thence along said river to the mouth of the Chestatee, thence up the Chestatee River to the head and then due north to the top of the Blue Ridge, then in an easterly direction to Hickory Gap, then with the meanders of the Blue Ridge to the beginning.

Cherokee County was organized early in 1832. The courthouse was located where the town of Canton now is. A judge and solicitor general were elected. The Hon. Jno. W. Hooper was the first judge of the Superior Court. He was the father of Mrs. Thos. W. Alexander and John W. Hooper, long a resident of Rome. Hon. Wm. Ezzard was elected the first solicitor general. He now resides in Atlanta, Ga., a hale and hearty, well-preserved man between 80 and 90 years of age, an ornament to mankind, an honor to his race, a connecting link between the past and present. Jacob M. Scudder, who had long resided among the Indians as a licensed trader, under the new intercourse laws of the United States, resident in the nation, was elected senator, and a man by the name of Williams representative. Scudder was a highly intelligent and able man, and very soon made a favorable impression upon the legislature. Early in the session he introduced a bill to lay off the country into ten counties, as follows: Forsyth, Cobb, Lumpkin, Union, Gilmer, Cherokee, Murray, Cass, Floyd and Paulding. Murray County embraced the territory that is now in Whitfield, Catoosa, Walker, and one-half of Chattooga. It would perhaps have been best if the original counties had remained as they were, with slight exceptions. Mr. Scudder laid off Floyd County with the view of the existence of a city where Rome now is. John Ross, the principal chief of the Cherokees, resided immediately north and opposite the junction of the rivers, and called his place "Head of Coosa." I have seen his letters to my father often.

Major Ridge, who was made a major by Gen. Jackson at the Battle of the Horseshoe on the Tallapoosa River, in Alabama, for gallant conduct, resided up the Oostanaula River nearly two miles north of the courthouse, on the east bank of the river. Major Ridge's son, John, was educated at Princeton, N. J.,* and John's sister, Sallie, at Mrs. Elsworth's School. John Ridge was the great rival of John Ross, and Sallie Ridge was the first wife of George W. Paschal, deceased, who was once one of the judges of the Supreme Court of Texas. Ridge Paschal, their son, is a distinguished lawyer in Texas.

There exists no record of the first settlers of Floyd County. The site

*Not at Princeton University. It is generally accepted that he attended the mission schools at Spring Place, Murray County, and at Cornwall, Conn.

was at first located down the Coosa River, ten miles from Rome and called Livingston. In 1834, however, there was a very heated contest, and the seat of justice, the courthouse, was moved to the junction of the rivers and the place named Rome. Among the early settlers were the two Hemphills—James and Philip W. Hemphill. One of them resided at the Mobley place, now owned by Col. Yancey, and the other in Vann's Valley, at what has been for many years known as the Montgomery farm.

Walton H. Jones was the brother-in-law of Hemphill and was an early settler. So was Edward Ware, who resided eight miles south of Rome, where Mr. Alexander White now lives. Joseph Ford, the father of I. D. Ford and Arthur Ford, was another, and resided in Vann's Valley where Mr. W. S. Gibbons now lives. He built the brick residence there. John Rush was another early settler, and resided on the Calhoun Road, seven miles northeast of Rome. Joseph Watters was an early settler, settling eight miles northeast of Rome at the "Hermitage." Wallace Warren was here early, and resided on the west side of the Oostanaula six miles from Rome. Dr. Alvin Dean, the grandfather of Linton Dean, was another one of them. He resided about nine miles down the Coosa at the residence of John W. Turner, who married his daughter. Thos. S. Price was another striking man, for sixteen years sheriff and deputy sheriff with Thos. G. Watters, now of Rome. The Loyds were heard of at an early date, and so were Thomas and Elijah Lumpkin. John H. Lumpkin was here in 1834. Joseph Watters was many times a senator from Floyd. John H. Lumpkin was for three terms a member of the Superior Court. Among the men of mark who were here at an early day may be mentioned Daniel R. Mitchell, Wallace Mitchell, A. T. Hardin, Elkanah Everett, and Thos. Selman, the father of the numerous and highly respected Selmans.

Perhaps the most far-seeing man devoted to the interests of Rome that ever lived in our midst was William Smith. He was of great energy and very full capacity, with the will and courage of Andrew Jackson—warm in his friendships and attachments. He saw at an early day the prospective commercial importance of Rome. He was very far in advance of the place and the people. He caused to be projected and built the first steamboat. He was born to command and generally had at least one-half of the voters of the county under his control. He was often honored with positions of trust by the people of the county, and was once state senator. He died at comparatively an early age. He was a close and intimate friend of Col. Alfred Shorter.

Of the earliest settlers, few if any remain—alas, alas! they have gone to that bourne whence no traveler returns! Melancholy reflection! The writer knew them all—they were his friends and are now in the grave.

Among the later settlers were Wm. H. Underwood, Dr. H. V. M. Miller, A. D. Shackelford, Wm. T. Price, R. S. Norton, Wm. E. Alexander, Pentecost and Ihly, the Alexanders, the Smith family, Col. Alfred Shorter and Wade S. Cothran, active-minded and public-spirited men.

A. B. Ross, clerk of the Superior Court, the father of our present clerk, was here at an early day. He held the office of clerk until his death, and was as good a man as ever lived in the county.

Jobe Rogers, John DeJournett, Ewell Meredith and the Berryhills were sterling men. The Rev. Geo. White, of Savannah, Ga., published two books, history and statistics of Georgia, and there is very little said of Floyd County. Floyd is now the fifth or sixth county in point of population, and Rome is the sixth city in the state. The future of Rome is very promising. The growth has been gradual and it is a remarkable fact that Rome has built up by money made in the place principally. Very little capital from abroad has been used.

Rome ought to be the great manufacturing, commercial and financial center of this northwest Georgia. We have considerable manufacturing interests here now, and with the ore, slate, marble, and other precious and valuable stones near enough to us, the future of Rome must be upward and onward.

There is no collision of interests between Rome, Dalton, Rockmart and Cartersville. The interest of one is the interest of the whole. Let there be no jealousy and no rivalry. Let each and all push forward the wheel of our progress, and make this section in point of fact and development what the god of nature intended, the most prosperous and lovely section of this great country.

AN OLD RAMBLER.—The following Floyd County humor is from Bill Arp's Scrap Book, Chapt. 1, The Original Bill Arp, by Chas. H. Smith, Atlanta, Jas. P. Harrison & Co., 1884:

"Some time in the spring of 1861, when the boys were hunting for a fight and felt like they could whip all creation, Mr. Lincoln issued a proclamation ordering us all to disperse and retire within 30 days, and to quit cavorting around in a hostile and belligerent manner. I remember writing an answer to it, though I was a good Union man and a law-abiding citizen, and was willing to disperse, if I could, but it was almost impossible, for the boys were mighty hot, and the way we made up our military companies was to send a man down the lines with a bucket of water to sprinkle 'em as he came to 'em, and if a fellow sizzed like hot iron in a slack-trough, we took him, and if he didn't sizz, we dident take him; but still, nevertheless, notwithstanding, and so forth, if we could possibly disperse in 30 days we would do so, but I thought he had better give us a little more time, for I had been out in an old field and tried to disperse myself and couldent quite do it.

"I thought the letter was pretty smart, and read it to Dr. Miller and Judge Underwood, and they seemed to think it was right smart too. About that time I looked around and saw Bill Arp standing at the door with his mouth open and a merry glisten in his eye. As he came forward, says he to me, 'Squire, are ye gwine to print that?'

"'I reckon I will, Bill,' said I. 'What name are ye gwine to put to it?' said he. 'I havent thought about a name.' Then he brightened up and said, 'Well, Squire, I wish you would put mine, for them's my sentiments!' And I promised him that I would.

"So I did not rob Bill Arp of his good name, but took it on request, and now at this late day, when the moss has covered his grave, I will record some pleasant memories of a man whose notoriety was not extensive, but who filled up a gap that was open, and who brightened up the flight of many an hour in the good old time, say from 20 to 30 years ago.

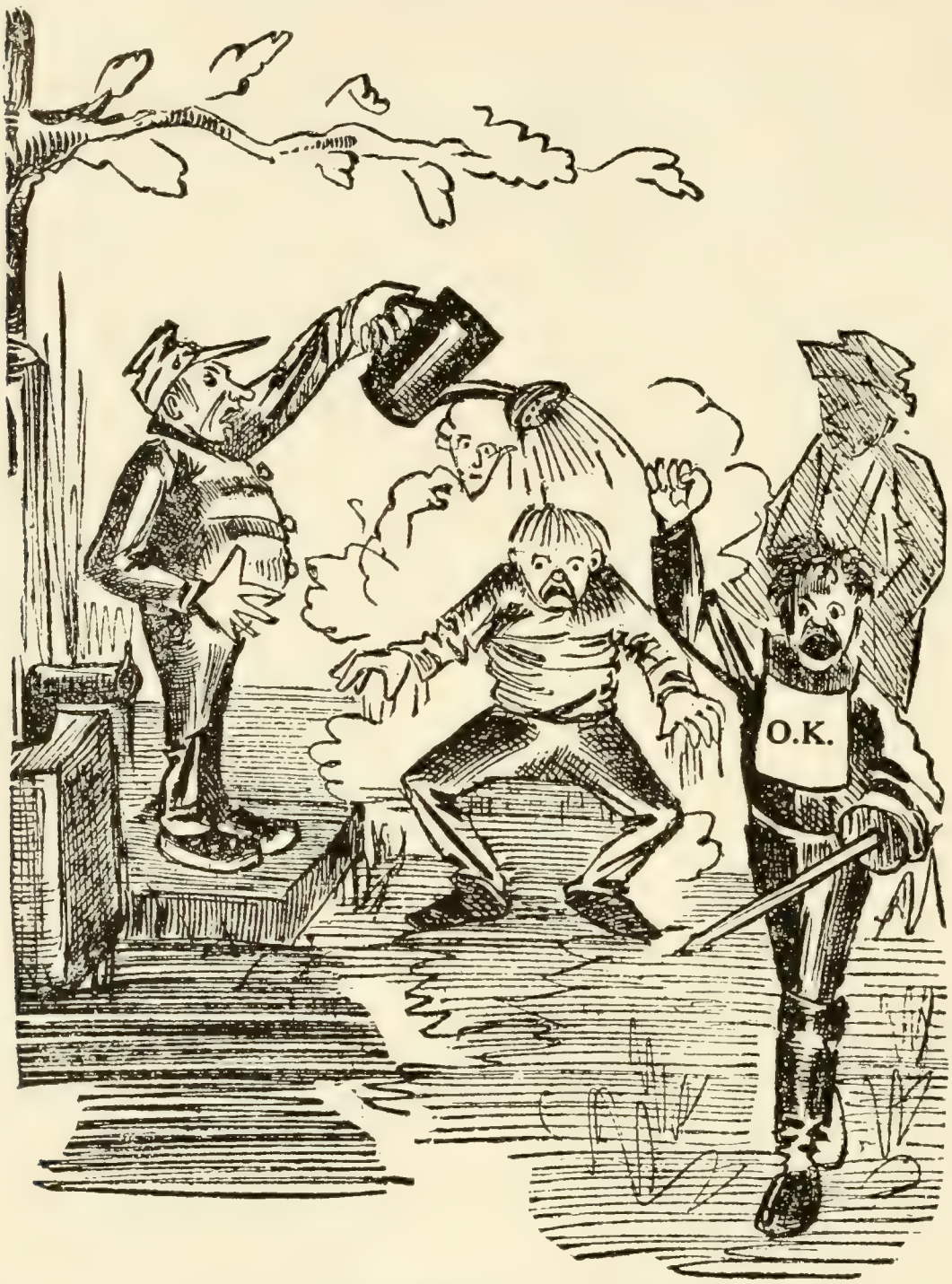
"Bill Arp was a small, sinewy man, weighing about 130 pounds, as active as a cat, as quick in movement as he was active, and always presenting a bright, cheerful face. He had an amiable disposition, a generous heart and was as brave a man as nature makes. He was an humble man and unlettered in books; never went to school but a month or two in his life, and could neither read nor write; but still, he had more than his share of common sense, more than his share of ingenuity, and plan and contrivance, more than his share of good mother-wit and humor, and was always welcome when he came about.

"Lawyers and doctors and editors, and such gentlemen of leisure as who used to, in the good old times, sit around and chat and have a good time, always said, 'Come in, Bill, and take a seat.' And Bill seemed grateful for the compliment, and with a conscious humility squatted on about half the chair and waited for questions. The bearing of the man was one of reverence for his superiors and thankfulness for their notice.

"Bill Arp was a contented man—contented with his humble lot. He never grumbled or complained at anything; he had desires and ambitions, but they did not trouble him. He kept a ferry for a wealthy gentleman who lived a few miles above Rome, on the Etowah River, and he cultivated a small portion of his land; but the ferry was not of much consequence, and when Bill could step off to Rome and hear the lawyers talk, he would turn over the boat and poles to his wife or children, and go. I have known him to take a back seat in the courthouse for a day at a time and with a face all greedy for entertainment, listen to the learned speeches of the lawyers and charge of the court, and



THE ORIGINAL BILL ARP.



TESTING THE ROME BOYS FOR WAR DUTY.

"Bill Arp's" book, "Peace Papers," tells how the recruiting officers at Rome poured water on candidates who were hot over Mr. Lincoln's "disarmament proclamation." If "sizzling" resulted, they were sworn in. The author's several books reflect vividly the humorous incidents and philosophy of the times.

go home happy, and be able to tell to his admiring family what Judge Underwood said and what Judge Wright said, and what Col. Alexander said, and what the judge on the bench said; and if there was any fun in anything that was said, Bill always got it, and never forgot it. When court was not in session, he still slipped off to town and would frequent the lawyers' offices and listen to 'em talk, and the brighter the talk, the faster Bill would chew his tobacco, and the brighter his little, merry eyes would sparkle.

"He had the greatest reverence for Col. Johnston, his landlord, and always said he would rather belong to him than to be free; 'for,' said he, 'Mrs. Johnston throws away enough old clothes and vittles to support my children, and they are always nigh enough to pick 'em up.'

"Bill Arp lived in Chulio district.* We had eleven districts in the county, and they had all such names as Pop-Skull, and Blue Gizzard, and Wolf-Skin, and Shake-Rag, and Wild-Cat, but Bill lived and reigned in Chulio. Every district had its best man in those days, and Bill was the best man in Chulio. He could out-run, out-jump, out-swim, out-rastle, out-ride, out-shoot anybody in Chulio, and was so far ahead that everybody else had given it up, and Bill reigned supreme. He put on no airs about this, and his neighbors were all his friends.

"But there was another district adjoining, and it had its best man, too. One Ben McGinnis ruled the boys of that beat, and after a while it began to be whispered around that Ben wasn't satisfied with his limited territory, but would like to have a small tackle with Bill Arp. Ben was a pretentious man. He weighed about 165 pounds, and was considered a regular bruiser; and he, too, like Bill Arp, had never been whipped. When Ben hit a man, it was generally understood that he meant business, and his adversary was hurt, badly hurt, and Ben was glad of it, and vain of it. But when Bill Arp hit a man he was sorry for him, and if he knocked him down, he would rather help him up and brush the dirt off his clothes than swell around in triumph. Fighting was not very common with either. The quicker a man whips a fight, the less often he has to do it, and both Ben and Bill had settled their standing most effectually. Bill was satisfied with his honors, but Ben was not, for there was many a Ransy Sniffle** who lived along the line between the districts and carried news from the one to the other, and made up the coloring, and soon it was norated around that Ben and Bill had to meet and settle it.

"The court grounds of that day consisted of a little shanty and a shelf. The shanty had a dirt floor and a puncheon seat and a slab for the Squire's docket, and the shelf was outside for the whisky. The whisky was kept in a jug—a gallon jug—and that held just about enough for the day's business. Most everybody took a dram in those days, but very few took too much, unless, indeed, a dram was too much. It was very uncommon to see a man drunk at a county court ground. Pistols were unknown, bowie-knives were unknown, brass knuckles and sling-shots were unknown, and all other devices that gave one man an artful advantage over another. The boys came there in their shirt sleeves and galluses, and if they got to quarreling, they settled it according to nature.

"When Col. Johnston, who was Bill Arp's landlord, and Maj. Ayer*** and myself got to Chulio, Bill Arp was there, and was pleasantly howdying with his neighbors, when suddenly we discovered Ben McGinnis trapoosing around, and every little crowd he got to, he would lean forward in an insolent manner and say, 'Anybody here got anything agin Ben McGinnis? Ef they have, I golly, I'll give 'em five dollars to hit that; I golly, I dare anybody to hit that,' and he would point to his forehead with an air of defiance.

"Bill Arp was standing by us, and I thought he looked a little more serious than I had ever seen him. Frank Ayer says to him, 'Bill, I see that Ben is coming around here to pick a fight with you, and I want to say that you have got no cause to quarrel with him, and if he comes, do you just let him come and go, that's all.' Col. Johnston says, 'Bill, he is too big for you, and your own beat knows you, and you haven't done anything against Ben, and so I advise you to let him pass—do you hear me?'

"By this time, Bill's nervous system was all in a quiver. His face had an air of rigid determination, and he replied humbly, but firmly, 'Col. John-



BEN McGINNIS.

*According to Miss Virginia C. Hardin, of Atlanta, Chulio was called after an Indian sub-chief who lies buried on the Stubbs place, adjoining the Hardin plantation, near Kingston.

**A busy-body character in Longstreet's "Georgia Scenes."

***W. Frank Ayer, once Mayor of Rome.



BILL ARP, OF CHULIO, TRIUMPHS OVER BEN M'GINNIS.

stone, I love you, and I respect you, too; but if Ben McGinnis comes up here outen his beat, and into my beat, and me not havin' done nothin' agin him, and he dares me to hit him, I'm gwine to hit him, if it is the last lick I ever strike. I'm no phist puppy dog, sir, that he should come outen his deestrict to bully me.'

"I've seen Bill Arp in battle, and he was a hero. I've seen him when shot and shell rained around him, and he was cool and calm, and the same old smile was on his features. I've seen him when his first-born was stricken down at Manassas, and he was near enough to see him fall headforemost to the foe, but I never have seen him as intensely excited as he was that moment when Ben McGinnis approached us, and addressing himself to Bill Arp, said, 'I golly, I dare anybody to hit that!'

"As Ben straightened himself up, Bill let fly with his hard, bony fist right in his left eye, and followed it up with another. I don't know how it was, and never will know; but I do know this, that in less than a second, Bill had him down and was on him, and his fists and his elbows and his knees seemed all at work. He afterward said that his knees worked on Ben's bread basket, which he knew was his weakest part. Ben hollered enough in due time, which was considered honorable to do, and all right, and Bill helped him up and brushed the dirt off his clothes, and said, 'Now, Ben, is it all over 'twixt you and me; is you and me all right?' And Ben said, 'It's all right 'twixt you and me, Bill; I give it up, and you are a gentleman.' Bill invited all hands up to the shelf, and they took a drink, and Bill paid for the treat as a generous victor, and he and Ben were friends.

"I was not at the big wrestle between Bill Arp and Ike McCoy, and had heard so many versions of it that one night, while we were sitting around the camp fire in Virginia, I insisted on hearing it from Bill's own lips. Said he, 'Well, gentlemen (he always accented the *men*), my motto has been to never say die, as Ginrul Jackson said at the Battle of New Orleans, and all things considered, I have had a power of good luck in my life. I don't mean money luck by no means, for most of my life I've been so ded pore that Lazarus would have resigned in my favor, but I've been in a heap of close places, and somehow always come out right-side-up with care.

"'You see, Ike McCoy was perhaps the best rasler in all Cherokee, and he just hankered after a chance to break a bone or two in my body. Now, you know I never hunted for a fight nor a fuss in my life, but I never dodged one. I didn't want a tilt with Ike, for my opinion was that he was the best man of the two, but I never said anything, but just trusted to luck.

"'We was both at the barbycu, and he put on a heap of airs, and strutted around with his shirt collar open clean down to his waist, and his hat cocked on one side of his head, as sassy as a Confederate quartermaster. He took a dram, and then stuffed himself full of fresh meat at dinner. Along in the evening it was norated around that Ike was going to banter me for a rassle, and shore enuf, he did. The boys were all up for some fun, and Ike got on a stump and hollered out, 'I'll bet ten dollars I can plaster the length of any man on the ground, and I'll give Bill Arp five dollars to take the bet!'

"'Of course, there was no gettin' around the like of that. The banter got my blood up, and so, without waitin' for ceremony, I shucked myself and went in. The boys was all powerfully excited, and was a bettin' every dollar they could raise, and Bob Moore, the feller I had licked about a year before, said he'd bet twenty dollars to ten that Ike would knock the breath outen me the first fall. I borrowed the money from Col. Johnston, and walked over to him and said, 'I'll take that bet!'"

"'The river* was right close to the spring, and the bank was purty steep. I had on an old pair of copprass britches that had been seined in and dried so often they was about half rotten. When we hitched, Ike took good britches-holt and lifted me up and down a few times like I was a child. He was the heaviest, but I had the most spring in me, and so I jest let him play around for some time, limber like, until suddenly he took a notion to make short work of it with one of his back-leg trip movements. He drawed me up to his body and lifted me into the air with a powerful twist. Jest at that minit his back was close to the river bank, and as my feet teched the ground, I give a tremendous jerk backwards and a shove forwards, and my britches split plum open in the back and tore clean offen my bread basket, and Ike fell from me backwards and tumbled down the bank into the river—kerchug!

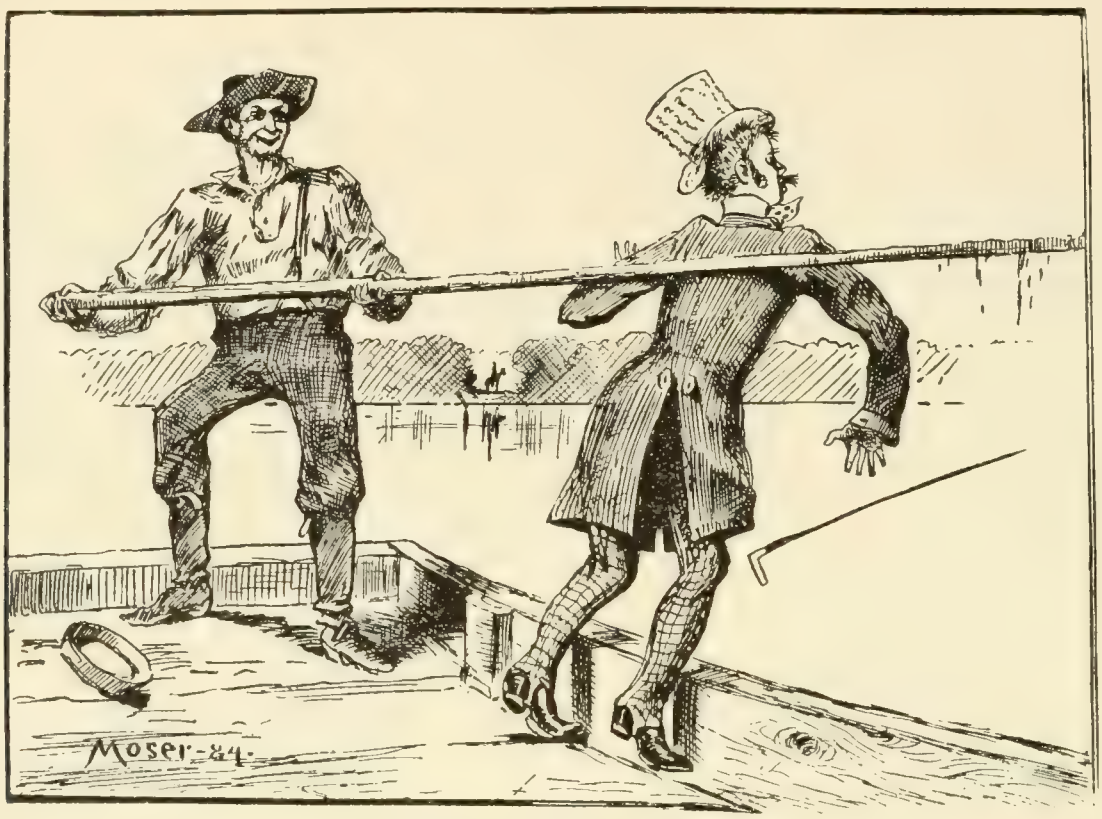
"'Sich hollerin' as them boys done I reckon never was hearn before in all them woods. I jumped in and helped Ike out as he riz to the top. He had took in a quart or so of water right on top of his whisky and barbycu, and as he set upon the bank, it all come forth like a dost of ippecack. When he gotten over it he laughed sorter weakly and said Sally Ann told him afore he left home he had better let Bill Arp alone, for nobody could run against his luck. Ike always believed he would have thrown me if britches holt hadent broke, and I reckon he would. One thing is certain; it cured Ike of braggin', and it cured Bob Moore of bettin', and that was a good thing.'

"Bill was full of mischief and his indulgence in practical jokes sometimes led him into trouble, but he always managed to get out. Col. Johnston says that one time a young man stayed over night at his house, and had occasion to cross the ferry next morning. He was from Charleston,



BILL ARP "LOW RATES" M'COY.

*Etowah.



THE YOUNG MAN FROM CHARLESTON.

and had on a pair of fine boots and a fashionable hat and a white vest and kid gloves, and was altogether quite dandy-like in his appearance. Bill came over with the ferry boat and eyed the man with a look of surprise and contempt. The young man asked him if his boat was entirely safe, and insisted on having every drop of water bailed out for fear of muddying his boots. Bill showed great alacrity in complying, and when the boat was nearly across, and the young man was standing near the gunnel, looking down into the water, the long pole that Bill was managing came suddenly against his shoulders and keeled him overboard. Bill did not hesitate a moment, but jumped in after him, and quickly pulled him up into the boat again. The youth was dreadfully alarmed and grateful for his safe deliverance. He went back again to the Colonel's house for some dry clothes, but before he left he insisted on rewarding Bill for saving his life, but Bill modestly refused to receive anything.

"When we went into camp near Manassas, while Gen. Wm. M. Gardner, later of Rome, was in command, Bill took the general a lot of beautiful honey, which was highly appreciated, and while he was enjoying it at the breakfast table an old man came up and in pitiful language informed him how some soldiers came to his house last night and robbed him of all his honey, twelve hives in all, and they worth five dollars apiece, and now he was a ruint man, and the girls couldn't git no clothes, and the cofee was out, and the old 'oman was sick, and so forth.

"The general was a West Pointer and a strict constructionist, and he was proud of his regiment; so that evening at dress parade he made them a nice little speech about a soldier's honor, and about this honey business, and wound up by saying that he didn't know who stole the honey, and didn't want to know, and he wasn't going to try to find out, but he wanted every man who was willing to help pay the old man for his loss to step five paces to the front.

"Bill Arp was the first man to step out; he threw up his hat and hollered 'Hurrah for Ginrul Gardner!' The whole regiment stepped forward and joined in cheers for their noble general, while Bill, without waiting for orders, went down the line with his hat, saying, 'Put in, boys, put in; the general is right; let's pay the old man and git the gals some clothes. I golly, the gals must have some clothes!'

"They made up about ninety dollars and the old man was paid and went

his way rejoicing, and the remainder of the fund was turned over to the hospital.

"While in camp at Centerville during the bitter winter of 1861-2, the orders against contraband whisky were very strict, but still, the soldiers managed somehow to keep in pretty good spirits. One day a six-horse team from Page County drove into camp, loaded down with sixteen barrels of very fine apples. The hind gate was taken off and a barrel set down and the head knocked in, and the boys bought them quite freely. After a while another barrel was set down, and in course of time Col. Jno. R. Towers, another noble Roman, of the Miller Rifles, observed that Bill and some others were quite hilarious, and he suspected there was something wrong about that wagon, and procured an order from Gen. Sam Jones to examine it. On inspection he found there was a five gallon keg of apple brandy in each of six of the barrels, and the kegs were packed around with apples. The general ordered a confiscation. He sent a keg to each of the five regimental hospitals, and had the sixth keg sent to his tent and put under his cot.

"Bill Arp did not seem to be pleased with the distribution, and wagged his head ominously. He was on the detail that was to guard the general's headquarters that night; and so, the next morning, when the general concluded to sample the brandy, and sent down for a few of us to come up and join him in a morning cocktail, he discovered that the keg was gone. Col. Towers was there, and sent for a list of the guard, and when he saw Bill Arp's name, he quietly remarked, 'I understand it now.' All doubts were removed; no search was made, for the general enjoyed the joke; but that night the keg was replaced under his cot with about half its original contents. Bill said he was always willing to 'tote fair and divide with his friends.'

"This is enough of Bill Arp—the original simon pure. He was a good soldier in war, the wit and wag of the camp-fires, and made many a home-sick youth laugh away his melancholy. He was a good citizen in peace. When told that his son was dead, he showed no surprise, but simply said, 'Major, did he die all right?' When assured that he did, Bill wiped away a falling tear and said, 'I only wanted to tell his mother.'

"You may talk about heroes and heroines. I have seen all sorts, and so has most everybody who was in the war, but I never saw a more devoted heroine than Bill Arp's wife. She was a very humble woman, very, but she loved her husband with a love that was passing strange. I don't mean to say that any woman's love is passing strange, but I have seen that woman in town, three miles from her home, hunting around by night for her husband, going from one grocery to another and in her kind, loving voice inquiring 'Is William here?' or 'Do you know where William is?'

"Blessings on that poor woman! I have almost cried for her many a time. Poor William—how she loved him! How tenderly would she take him when she found him, and lead him home, bathe his head and put him to bed. She always looked pleased and thankful when asked about him, and would say, 'He is a good little man, but you know he has his failings.'

"She loved Bill and he loved her; he was weak and she was strong. There are some such women now, I reckon; I hope so. I know there are some such men."

* * *

"BIG JOHN" UNDERWOOD.—"'Big John' was one of the earliest settlers of Rome, and one of her most notable men. For several years he was known by his proper name of John H. Underwood, but when John W. H. Underwood moved there, he was identified by his superior size and gradually lost his surname, and was known far and near as 'Big John.' Col. Jno. W. H. Underwood, who came to be distinguished as a member of Congress, and afterward as a judge, was a man of large physique, weighing about 225 pounds, but 'Big John' pulled down the scales at a hundred pounds more, and had shorter arms and shorter legs, but his circumference was correspondingly immense. He was noted for his good humor. The best town jokes came from his jolly, fertile fancy, and his comments on men and things were always original, and as terse and vigorous as ever came from the brain of Dr. Johnson. He was a diamond in the rough. He had lived a pioneer among the Indians of the Cherokee, and it was said fell in love with an Indan maid, the daughter of old Testenuggee, a limited chief, and never married because he could not marry her. But if his disappointment preyed upon his heart, it did not prey upon the region that enclosed it, for he continued to expand his pro-

portions. He was a good talker and earnest laugher. Whether he laughed and grew fat, or grew fat and laughed, the doctors could not tell; which was cause and which was effect is still in doubt, but I have heard the wise men affirm that laughing was the fat man's safety valve, that if he did not laugh and shake and vibrate frequently, he would grow fatter and fatter until his epidermic cuticle could not contain his oleaginous corporosity. Dr. Chisolm, of Charleston, is said to have put this matter beyond all dispute, for he had seen a fat man weighed but a few hours before Artemus Ward lectured in that city, and this fat man laughed so hard and so continuously at Ward's wit that he overdone the thing, and died in his seat. The coroner sat upon him, and the doctor weighed him and found he had lost eighteen pounds of flesh that night—laughed it away, which would seem to settle the vexed question.

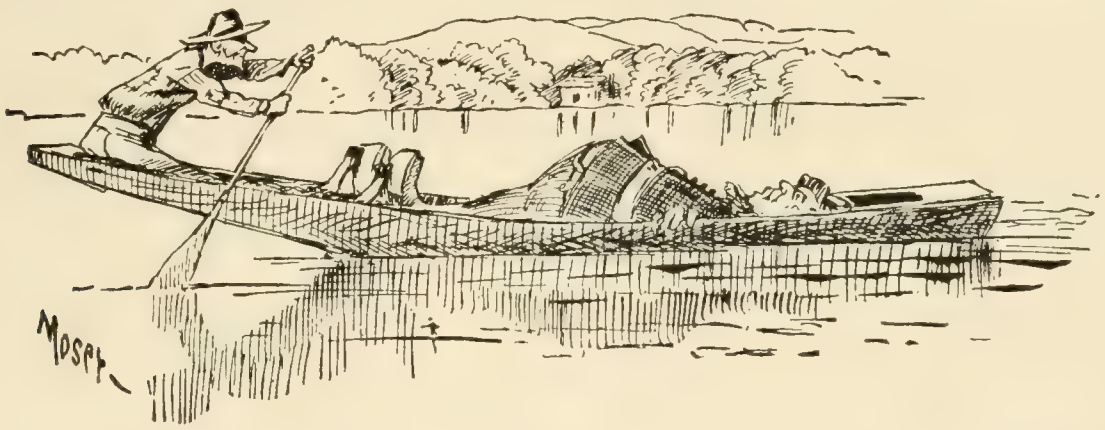
"Big John had no patience with the war, and when he looked upon the boys strutting around in uniform and fixing up their canteens and haversacks, he seemed as much disgusted as astonished. He sat in his big chair on the sidewalk in front of his grocery and liquor shop, and would remark, 'I don't see any fun in the like of that. Somebody is going to be hurt, and fightin' don't prove anything. Some of our best people in this town are kin to them fellers up North, and I don't see any sense in tearing up families by a fight.' He rarely looked serious or solemn, but the pending fight seemed to settle him. 'Boys,' said he, 'I hope to God this thing will be fixed up without a fight, for fighting is mighty bad business, and I never knowed it to do any good.'

"Big John had had a little war experience—that is, he had volunteered in a company to drive the Creeks and Cherokees to the far west in 1833, just 50 years ago. It was said that he was no belligerent then, but wanted to give the Indian maiden he loved a safe transit, and so he escorted the old chief and his clan as far as Tuscumbia, and then broke down and returned to Ross's Landing on the Tennessee River. He was too heavy to march, and when he arrived at the landing, a prisoner was put in his charge for safe-keeping. Ross's Landing is Chattanooga now, and John Ross once lived there, and was one of the chiefs of the Cherokees. The prisoner was Ross's guest, and his name was John Howard Payne. He was suspected of trying to instigate the Cherokees to revolt and fight, and not leave their beautiful forest homes on the Tennessee and Coosa and Oostanaula and Etowah and Connasauga rivers. He brought Payne back as far as New Echota, or New Town, as it was called, an Indian settlement on the Coosawattee, a few miles east of Calhoun, as now known. There he kept the author of 'Home, Sweet Home' under guard, or on his parole of honor, for three weeks, and night after night slept with him in his tent, and listened to his music upon the violin, and heard him sing his own sad songs until orders came for his discharge, and Payne started afoot on his way to Washington. He said Payne was much of a gentleman.

"Many a time have I heard Big John recite his sad adventures. 'It was a most distressive business,' said he. 'Them Injuns was heart-broken. I always knowed an Injun loved his hunting-ground and his rivers, but I never knowed how much they loved 'em before. You know, they killed Ridge for consentin' to the treaty. They killed him on the first day's march and they wouldn't bury him. We soldiers had to stop and dig a grave and put him away. John Ross and Ridge were the sons of two Scotchmen who came over here when they were young men and mixed up with these tribes and got their good will. These two boys were splendid looking men, tall and handsome, with long auburn hair, and they were active and strong, and could shoot a bow equal to the best bowman of the tribe, and they beat 'em all to pieces on the cross-bow. They married the daughters of the old chiefs, and when the old chiefs died they just fell into line and succeeded to the old chiefs' places, and the tribes liked 'em mighty well, for they were good men and made good chiefs.

" 'Well, you see, Ross didn't like the treaty. He said it wasn't fair, that the price of the territory was too low, and the fact is, he didn't want to go at all. There are the ruins of his old home over there now in DeSoto, close to Rome, and I tell you, he was a king. His word was the law of the Injun nations, and he had their love and respect. His half-breed children were the purtiest things I ever saw in my life.

" 'Well, Ridge lived up the Oostanaula River about a mile, and he was a good man, too. Ross and Ridge always consulted about everything that was for the good of the tribes, but



"BIG JOHN" UNDERWOOD'S RETURN TO ROME AFTER THE WAR.

Ridge was a more milder man than Ross, and was more easily persuaded to sign the treaty that gave the lands to the state, and to take other lands away out in Mississippi. You see, our state owned the territory then clean out to the Mississippi River.

"'Well, when the whole thing seemed to be settled with the chiefs, we found that the Injuns wasn't goin' to move. We couldn't get 'em started. They raised a howl all over the settlements. It was just like the mourners at a camp meeting. The families would just set about and mourn. They wouldn't eat nor sleep, and the old squaws would sway backwards and forwards and mourn, and nobody could get 'em up.

"'Well, it took us a month to get 'em all together and begin the march to the Mississippi, and they wouldn't march then. The women would go out of line and set down in the woods and go to grieving, and you may believe it or not, but I'll tell you what is a fact: we started for Tuscumbia with 14,000 and 4,000 of 'em died before we got to Tuscumbia. They died on the side of the road; they died of broken hearts; they died of starvation, for they wouldn't eat a thing. They just died all along the way. We didn't make more than five miles a day on the march, and my company didn't do much but dig graves and bury Injuns all the way to Tuscumbia. They died of grief and broken hearts, and no mistake.

"'An Injun's heart is tender and his love is strong; it's his natur. I'd a rather risk an Injun for a true friend than a white man. He is the best friend in the world and the worst enemy. He has got more gratitude and more revenge in him than anybody. I remember that Dick Juhan swindled an Injun out of his pony, and that night the Injun stepped up to Vann's Valley and stole the pony out of the stable and carried him off, and Dick followed him next day and caught him and tied him, and brought him up to old Livingston before a magistrate. I was there and took the Injun's part and got him discharged; and he kept his pony, and he was so grateful to me that I couldn't get rid of him. He just followed me about like a nigger and waited on me; hunted for me and brought me squirrels and deer and turkeys, and when time came for 'em all to go west, he hung around camp and wouldn't leave me. When I left him at Tuscumbia, he cried and moaned and took on, and I don't reckin he ever got to the promised land.'

"Big John was a stout and active man, considering his weight. He was patriotic, too, and when he found that the fight had to come, he came up manfully to the cause and declared he was ready to join a buggy regiment and fight until they plugged him, which they were sure to do, he said, if they pinted any ways down South. When Joe Brown called for state volunteers, he responded promptly, and seemed proud that he was in the line of military service, and was enrolled on the Governor's staff. He said that he couldn't march, but he could set on one of the hills around Rome and guard the ramparts.

"Nevertheless, notwithstanding, it so turned out that old Joe got fighting mad after while and ordered all his staff and his militia to the front, and Big John had to go. The view he took of his new departure in military strategy will appear in the sequel, and also his remarkable retreat before the foul invader when Sherman took the Hill City and dispersed the home guard to remoter regions.

"Big John is dead. The last time I saw him he had lost his fat, and his old clothes were a world too big for him. He said he was juicing away so as to fit a respectable coffin and save a winding sheet or two in his shrouding. He owed no man anything and no man owed him a grudge. Fat men die like lean ones, but they rarely die fat. Their fat is their vitality. Fat men are generally good men, kind men, peaceable men, and they are honest. Their fat makes them good-natured, and their good nature keeps them from swindling or cheating anybody. If I was thrown among strangers and wanted a favor, I would pass by all lean and hungry strangers and sit down by the biggest, roundest man I saw.

"Big John's special comfort was a circus. He never missed one, and it was a good part of the show to see him laugh and shake and spread his magnificent face. I saw the clown run from the ring-master's whip and take refuge close by Big John, and as he looked up in his face he said, 'You are my friend, ain't you?' and Big John smiled all over as he replied, 'Why, yes, of course I am.' 'Well,' then,' said the clown, 'if you are my friend, please lend me a half a dollar.' The crowd yelled tumultuously as Big John handed over the coin, and the joke of it was worth half a dollar to him.

"Big John took no pleasure in the quarrels of mankind, and never backed a man in a fight, but when two dogs locked teeth, or two bulls locked horns, or two game chickens locked spurs, he always liked to be about. 'It is their natur to fight,' said he, 'and let 'em fight.' He took delight in watching dogs and commenting on their sense and dispositions. He compared them to the men about town, and drew some humorous analogies. 'There is Jimmy Jones,' said he, 'who ripped and plunged around because Georgia wouldn't secede in a minute and a half, and he swore he was goin' over to South Calliny to fight; and when Georgia did secede shore enuf he didn't jine the army at all, and always had some cussed excuse, and when conscription come along, he got on a detail to make potash, con-ding 'im, and when that played out he got a couple of track dogs and got detailed to ketch runaway prisoners. Just so I've seen dogs run up and down the fence palings like they was dyin' to get to one nuther, and so one day I picked up my dog by the nap of the neck and dropped him over on the outside. I never knowed he could jump that fence before, but he bounced back like an Injun rubber ball, and the other dog streaked it down the sidewalk like the dickens was after him. Dogs are like folks and folks are like dogs, and a heap of 'em want the palings between.

"'Jack Bogin used to strut around and whip the boys in his beat, and kick 'em awful, because he knew he could do it, for he had the most mussle; but he couldn't look a brave man in the eye, mussle or no mussle, and I've seen him shut up quick when he met one. A man has got to be right to be brave, and I'd rather see a bully get a lickin' than to eat sugar!'"

Author's Note—The above highly interesting and entertaining account contains a number of historical errors, particularly with regard to John Howard Payne and the Indians, against which the history lover should guard himself. It is well to remember that Big John was apt to depart now and then from the path of historic rectitude.

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"BILL ARP" TO "ABE LINKHORN."—Maj. Chas. H. Smith wrote a saucy open letter from Rome to Abraham Lincoln at Washington on the eve of the opening of the Civil War. It was this letter which caused him to write thereafter under the pen name of "Bill Arp." The original Bill Arp happening along, Maj. Smith said, "This letter is so hot, I don't know whose name to sign to it!" Arp said: "Them's my sentiments, Major; just sign mine." And he did. The letter was widely copied and made Major Smith famous and uncomfortable as well. Here it is:*

"Rome, Ga., Aprile, 1861.

"Mr. Linkhorn, Sur: These are to inform you that we are all well, and hope these lines may find you in *statue ko.* We received your proklamation, and as you have put us on very short notis, a few of us boys have conkluded to write you, and ax for a little more time. The fact is, we are most obleeged to have a few more days, for the way things are happening, it is utterly onpossible for us to disperse in twenty days. Old Virginny, and Tennessee and North Carolina are continually aggravatin' us into tumults and carousements, and a body can't disperse until you put a stop to sich

*From Bill Arp's "Peace Papers."



WHEREIN MAJOR SMITH TRIES HIS HAND AT FARMING.

When "Bill Arp" emerged from the war, all he had was a bolt of cotton cloth and a hunk of gum opium, which he quickly swapped for food. He tried to raise vegetables for a while, and here he is seen turning a few furrows. His boys are enjoying the sport, and the eldest advises him to keep at the law.

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onruly konduct on their part. I tried my darndest yisterday to disperse and retire, but it was no go; and besides, your marshal here isn't doing a darned thing—he don't read the riot act, nor remonstrate, nor nothing, and ought to be turned out. If you conklude to do so, I am authorized to rekummend to you Col. Gibbons or Mr. McLung, who would attend to the bizness as well as most anybody.

"The fact is, the boys round here want watchin, or they'll take sumthin. A few days ago I heard they surrounded two of our best citizens, because they was named Fort and Sumter. Most of 'em are so hot that they fairly siz when you pour water on 'em, and that's the way they make up their military companies here now—when a man applies to jine the volunteers, they sprinkle him, and if he sizzes, they take him, and if he don't they don't.

"Mr. Linkhorn, sur, privately speakin, I'm afeered I'll git in a tite place

here among these bloods, and have to slope out of it, and I would like to have your Scotch cap and kloak that you traveled in to Washington. I suppose you wouldn't be likely to use the same disgize agin, when you left, and therefore I would propose to swap. I am five feet five, and could git my plow breeches and coat to you in eight or ten days if you can wait that long. I want you to write me immegitly about things generally, and let us know whereabouts you intend to do your fitin. Your proklamation says somethin about taking possession of all the private property at 'All Hazards.' We can't find no such place on the map. I thot it must be about Charleston, or Savannah, or Harper's Ferry, but they say it ain't anywhere down South. One man said it was a little Faktory on an iland in Lake Champlain, where they make sand bags. My opinun is that sand bisness won't pay, and it is a great waste of money. Our boys here carry there sand in there gizzards, where it keeps better, and is always handy. I'm afeered your government is givin you and your kangaroo a great deal of onnecessary trubbul, and my humble advice is, if things don't work out better soon, you'd better grease it, or trade the darned old thing off. I'd show you a slite-of-hand trick that would change the whole concern into buttons quick. If you don't trade or do sumthin with it soon, it will spile or die on your hands, sertain.

"Give my respects to Bill Seward and the other members of the Kangaroo. What's Hannibal doin? I don't hear anything from him nowadays.

"Yours, with care,

"BILL ARP."

"P. S.—If you can possibly extend that order to 30 days, do so. We have sent you a check at Harper's Ferry (who keeps that darnd old ferry now? It's givin us a heap of trubble), but if you positively won't extend, we'll send you a check drawn by Jeff Davis, Borygard endorser, payable on sight anywhere.

"Yours,

"B. A."

* * *

"BILL ARP" AND THE LOTTERY.—We publish in another column a letter from the managers of a lottery establishment in Baltimore to Chas. H. Smith, Esq., of this place, and his reply. . . The public owes Mr. Smith a debt of gratitude for exposing this iniquitous scheme.

(Correspondence.)

"Gilbert & Co., Bankers and Brokers and General Agents for the Delaware State Lotteries.

"Baltimore, Md., Jan. 10, 1860.

"C. H. Smith, Esq.,
"Rome, Ga.

"Dear Sir: We take the liberty to enclose you a scheme of the Delaware State Lottery, for which we are general agents, our object being to try and sell you a prize so as to create an excitement in your locality that will tend to increase our business. With this end in view, we offer you the preference to purchase a very finely arranged package of 25 tickets, which we have selected in the lottery drawing Feb. 11, Class 72. This package gives you the advantage of $31.25 worth of tickets for the cost of only $20; and to convince you of our confidence in its success, we will guarantee you another package of our extra lotteries free of charge if the above fails to draw a prize, the lowest being $200 (see full scheme within). We make this offer in good faith, with a desire to sell you the Capital, $37,000. Should you think favorably of it, enclose us $20, and the package will be sent by return mail, the result of which we confidently think will be satisfactory to you.

"Yours truly,

"GILBERT & CO."

"(This is confidential.)"

"Messrs. Gilbert & Co., Gents.: I acknowledge receipt of your kind letter of the 10th. I send you my note for $20, instead of the cash, as it will save exchange, and there is really no necessity of sending money to Baltimore and having it sent back again in a few days. This arrangement, I confidently think, will be satisfactory to you, for it is done in good faith.

"I really feel under many obligations that you have chosen me as the object of your liberality and do assure you that when that $37,000 prize comes to hand, the excitement which it will raise in this community will swallow up and extinguish the John Brown raid, and you will sell more tickets here than traveling circuses and monkey shows take off in 20 years. This is a good locality for such an experiment, for there is a vast number of clever people who are in the habit of racking their brains to devise some way to get money without working for it, and I know very well that when they are satisfied they can do so

through your company, they will cheerfully give you that preference which you have shown to me.

"Our court is now in session, and I very much regret you are not here to lay your proposition before our Grand Jury, for I have no doubt they would properly appreciate it, and out of gratitude board you a while at public expense. Our legislature, in its generosity, passed a special act, (which may be found in the 11th division of the Penal Code) to compensate such honorable gentlemen as you seem to be.

"You are hereby authorized to deduct the $20 and send the remainder to me by Adams & Company's Express.

"CHAS. H. SMITH."

"(This is confidential.)"

"P. S.—A friend of mine has just shown me a letter from your firm to him, making him the same proposition which you have made to me; and he professed some suspicion, but I assured him that you knew we were intimate friends, and that we would divide the prize between us, or you thought that possibly one of us might be away from home.

"C. H. S."

"P. S. No. 2—As I was about to mail this, another friend confided to me a similar letter to him. I am at a loss to know how to satisfy him. Please give me the dots.

"C. H. S."

THE NOTE.

"$20—On demand I promise to pay Gilbert & Co. twenty dollars, provided the finely-arranged package of tickets which they have selected for me draws a prize of not less than $200.

"CHAS. H. SMITH."

—Tri-Weekly Courier, Jan. 17, 1860.

* * *

"BILL ARP" ON ROME.—(By J. D. McCartney, in Rome Tribune-Herald, July 21, 1920).—Mrs. Harriet Connor Stevens came up from Cave Spring the other day and brought me some papers that had been the property of the lamented Prof. Wesley O. Connor, her father. They are very interesting. One of them contains a speech of Samuel J. Tilden made in September of 1868 that is well worth reading today. The others are the last issue of the Rome Courier and the first issue of the Tribune of Rome, bearing date of Oct. 2, 1887.

I shall have more to say about those papers from time to time, but the subject of today's sketch is an article in the "Southerner and Commercial," a tri-weekly bearing date of April 10, 1870. It is entitled "Ancient History of Modern Rome," and is from the talented pen of Major Chas. H. Smith ("Bill Arp"). Older Romans delighted to read Bill Arp's writings and I am sure the younger generation, too, will enjoy the style as well as the substance of his words about the beginnings of Rome, quotations from which follow:

"In the year 1832, the county of Floyd was laid off by the government surveyors, and in 1833 the county site was fixed at Livingston (a place about 12 miles distant, and situated near the South bank of the Coosa). A few houses were built and one court held there by Judge John W. Hooper. About this time a number of the fortunate drawers in the land lottery were seeking to take forcible possession of the very homes of the Indians. Judge Hooper did not deem this just until the Indians were paid for their improvements, and he therefore granted many bills of injunction at the instance of Judge Wm. H. Underwood, the leading counsel for the tribe.

"In the year 1834 a Rome town company was formed, consisting of Z. B. Hargrove, Philip W. Hemphill, Wm. Smith and D. R. Mitchell. The upper portion of the town was surveyed and laid off into town lots. Favorable propositions were made by the company to the county authorities, and Rome was made the county site in 1835. The frames of some of the first houses erected were brought up from Livingston on keel boats, one of them occupied by Dr. G. W. Holmes, and another by Col. Sam Gibbons. The oldest house in the place is a small tenement next above the fire engine house. The first court was held by Judge Owen H. Kenan in a log cabin 16x18, erected on Academy Hill, and the grand jury held their first session in a lime sink a few rods distant. The diligence and energy of the town company, and the many advantages of the location, soon began to attract men of education and means and commercial influence. In a short time Rome became a market for a considerable extent of territory. Many of those who co-operated in giving vitality and impetus to the place are long since dead and gone, but as long as Rome has a record, the names of John H. Lumpkin, William Smith, Dennis Hills, Jobe

Rogers and James M. Sumter will be remembered when her early history is recalled.

"In the days of these pioneers, Rome was but a hamlet. From a single point a school boy's bow could send an arrow beyond the farthest house. All that portion of the city now known as 'down town' was a stately forest of aged oaks, and the best society of Howard Street were the owls who hooted from their hollows. Until about the year 1850, Mr. Norton's store was the extreme Southern boundary of all improvements. The first hotel was kept by Francis Burke, in the house now occupied by Dr. Holmes. Not long after, James McEntee built and kept up a public house for many years. His blunt Scotch ancestry made him a universal favorite, and we are glad to know that he still lives near us in the enjoyment of good health. The hotel built by him is now known as the residence of Dr. J. B. Underwood. Euclid Waterhouse, a man well known in commercial circles, opened the first store in the place. Nathan Yarbrough, Judge Lamberth and David Rounsaville were his competitors in the mercantile business.

"Wm. Smith was the first sheriff of the county. In the year 1834 he had to perform the unpleasant duty of hanging two Indians, Barney Swimmer and Terrapin, found guilty of the murder of Ezekiel Blatchford (or Braselton). He represented this county in both branches of the General Assembly. He was defeated for re-election because of his bold and strenuous exertions to change the projected route of the Western & Atlantic (state) railroad between Chattanooga and Atlanta so as to include Rome. He was a man of wonderful energy and foresight, and it is universally conceded that he did more than any other person to insure the progress and prosperity of the little city. It was chiefly his influence that made Rome the county site; his urgent efforts that caused the building of the first steamboat, that projected the first railroad (the Rome), and that induced the coming of such men as Col. Alfred Shorter, A. M. Sloan, Wm. E. Alexander, John H. Lumpkin and others of like means and spirit. He died in 1850, and, as is too often the case, before the happy results of his foresight and energy were fully realized.

"J. T. Riley and wife were the first couple married and now live in the town. Col. A. T. Hardin and Morris Marks are the old merchants who are still engaged in that occupation. Judge Kenan was succeeded by the following judges, in the order named: Turner H. Trippe, George D. Wright, John W. Hooper, John H. Lumpkin, Leander W. Crook, Dennis T. Hammond, L. H. Featherston, J. W. H. Underwood and Francis A. Kirby. John Townsend was the first foreman of the first grand jury, and the first bill of indictment found was against the Indians Choosakelqua and Teasalaka, charged with assault with intent to murder.

"From the year 1840 Rome continued to make substantial progress. In the year 1845 a steamboat was built at Greensport, Ala., by Capt. John Lafferty. For months the rude settlers in the adjacent counties had heard of the 'varmint,' as they called it, and when the time came for its first trip to the junction at Rome, the scattered inhabitants gathered in camps along the banks to see the 'varmint' go. When it did come, it was to these rude settlers a show equal to a circus. At one point, more than 100 people had congregated, the men all wearing coon-skin caps with coons' tails hanging down their backs. One very consequential and 'highly-educated' patriarch, Squire Bogan, of Cedar Bluff, Ala., stood forward to make a reconnoisance and give the crowd the benefit of his vast learning. He saw the large letters 'U. S. M.' painted on the wheelhouse, and underneath them the letters Coosa. He spelled it over carefully, letter by letter, in a loud tone of voice, and after a third effort, declared: 'I've got it, boys. Its name is Use 'em Susy!' The 'varmint' never got rid of this nom de plume. In the course of time, other steamboats were built, and a branch road from Kingston to Rome projected.

"Even the newspapers adopted the name. Bill Ramey and Tom Perry built a little boat that they said could snake its way through any shoal when the rivers were not a foot deep. In fact, Ramey used to swear his craft could run on dry land if there was a thick fog or heavy dew.

"From the days of steamboats and railroads the history of our city is too familiar to be rehearsed, but I will venture to remind you in closing these remarks that the lamps which have lit her pleasing progress have not always been brightly burning. There have been shadows, and still are shadows, which set in mourning the happy prosperity of our city. Dark lines are

drawn around, and the stricken heart beats sadly the knell of our heroic dead. Noble sons, husbands and fathers are missing—missing from here tonight. They have been long missing from the fireside and the forum, from the farm, the shop and the counting room, from court, church and hall."

* * *

TURN ABOUT WANTED. — A Floyd County farmer, attacked by his neighbor's bull-dog, defended himself and badly wounded the dog. The irate neighbor said: "If you had to use that pitchfork, why didn't you go at him with the other end?" The farmer replied, "Why didn't he come at me with the other end of him?"

* * *

SHERMAN'S GEORGIA SWEETHEART.—In the Lucian Knight Georgia historical books and elsewhere is found a charmingly romantic story of Civil War days and before in which a Roman played an important part. Marcellus A. Stovall, of Augusta, later of Rome, in 1836 had entered the United States Military Academy at West Point and chosen as roommate Wm. Tecumseh Sherman, an eagle-eyed lad of 16 from Mansfield, O. Cadet Stovall was a brother of Miss Cecelia Stovall, a noted Georgia belle and beauty, who presently on a visit to her brother became a favorite among the dancing set at the academy.

In the forefront of her admirers stood young Sherman, who did not fail to make capital out of the fact that he was her brother's bosom friend; and it was whispered that the Ohioan, highly diffident toward the average young lady, had been smitten beyond hope of redemption by the dark-eyed girl from Georgia. The historians record that on one occasion when he was diplomatically sparring for a snug place in Miss Cecelia's affections (it may have been a straight-out proposal), she said quite frankly:

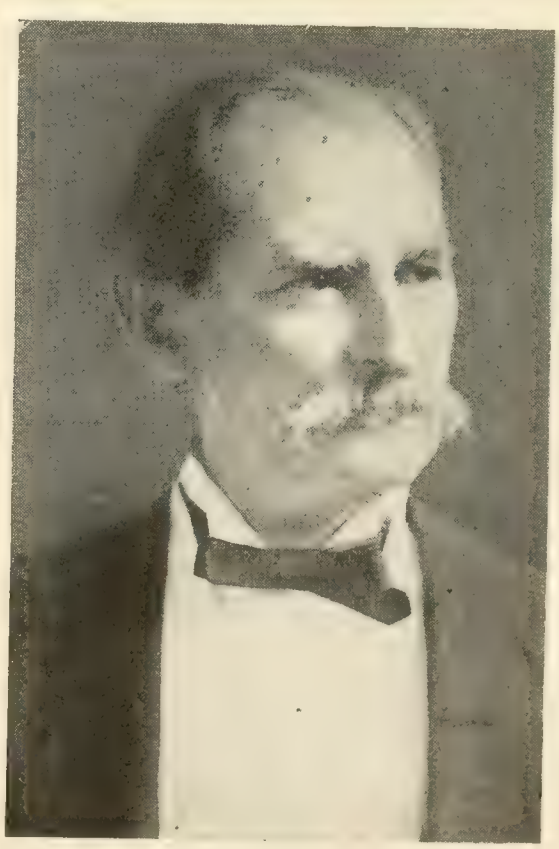
"Your eyes are so cold and cruel. I pity the man who ever becomes your antagonist. Ah, how you would crush an enemy!"

To which he replied gallantly, "Even though you were my enemy, my dear, I would love you and protect you."

Joseph Hooker, of Massachusetts, a graduate of West Point in the class of 1837, was another who claimed many dances with Miss Cecelia and whose heart sank within him when she returned to her Southern home. Still another was handsome Richard B. Garnett, a West Point graduate in charge of the arsenal at Augusta, whose geographical position gave him a decided advantage over the others and who got to the point of acceptance of his proposal. However, parental objection was raised, and Dick Garnett went to his death at Gettysburg in 1863 with the image of lovely Cecelia Stovall graven on his heart; he had never married, and when the Grim Reaper cut him down he was a general and one of the bravest men in the army of Northern Virginia.

It may have been a coincidence that Wm. T. Sherman, then a lieutenant, was assigned in 1845 to detached duty at this same arsenal at Augusta; he may have wanted to see his old roommate, but more than likely he pined for sight of Miss Cecelia. However, if he sang the old love song over again, her answer was the same, and here was one citadel, at least, that an irrepressible West Pointer could not take by storm.

So with Dick Garnett, a noble son of old Virginia, who could trace his ancestry back to Adam; but he was on a salary that would little more than care for two. Miss Cecelia's



GEN. MARCELLUS A. STOVALL, roommate at West Point of Gen. Wm. T. Sherman, who became the sweetheart of Miss Cecelia Stovall.

proud parent, Pleasant Stovall, once a resident of Athens, desired that she should marry a man of wealth and influence. She was forbidden the pleasure of young Garnett's company and sent to visit relatives in South Carolina. There she met Capt. Chas. Shellman, whose suit was favored by daughter and parent, and so they were married.

Lieut. Sherman's stay in Augusta terminated abruptly; in 1850 he married his adopted father's daughter, Nellie Ewing, and his biographer recorded many years later that she was his "first love." Marcellus A. Stovall moved to Rome in 1846, and he was soon joined by his young half-brother, George T. Stovall, who became associate editor of the Rome Courier and was killed at First Manassas. Here the beautiful sister visited them often.

In 1861 Capt. Chas. Shellman built for his Augusta princess the mansion on the Etowah River, near Cartersville, known as "Shellman Heights." Three more years passed, until Sherman's army of human locusts swept down from Chattanooga, trampled on Rome and continued into Bartow County. As the torch brigade set fire to this establishment and that, Gen. Sherman's attention was directed by a fellow officer to a fine mansion on a hill. "Looks like the palatial retreat of an old plantation grandee," remarked this personage. Sherman and his staff went to the place and admired its Colonial columns and its atmosphere throughout. An old negro mammy sat on the front steps moaning her life away. "Oh, Ginrul, whut yo' gwine do? I sholy is glad Missus Cecelia ain't here to see it wid her own eyes!"

"Miss Cecelia?" queried Gen. Sherman, as the little hob-goblins began to prance around his memory chest. "Who lives here, auntie?"

"Missus Shellman,—Ceclia Stovall Shellman, sur, an' she's gone away now, bless her politeness!"

"My God!" exclaimed the warrior. "Can it be possible?"

Momentarily he bowed his head, a lump formed in his throat, he swallowed hard and his eyes became moist. On learning from the old woman that Mrs. Shellman had sought safety in flight, Gen. Sherman ordered his plundering soldiers to restore everything they had taken, and he placed a guard to protect the premises. Then he said, "Auntie, you get word to your mistress that she will be perfectly safe in returning here, and when you see her, do you hand her this card from me."

On his card Gen. Sherman had written, "You once said I would crush an enemy, and you pitied my foe. Do you recall my reply? Although many years have passed, my answer is the same now as then, 'I would ever shield and protect you.' That I have done. Forgive me all else. I am only a soldier.

"W. T. SHERMAN."

Later came Gen. Joseph Hooker, soon to be cited for bravery in the Battle of Atlanta. Learning the situation, he repeated the orders of Gen. Sherman, shed a tear over a boxwood hedge and departed on the chase which was the forerunner of the famous March to the Sea.

The armies gone, Miss Cecelia returned to Shellman Heights, gazed out over the winding Etowah, and breathed a prayer and a poem to friendship. There she passed the rest of her days. On Jan. 1, 1911, fire took Shellman Heights, uninsured, and today the spot is but a shadow of its former self, but it will always live in memory.

When Gen. Sherman approached Augusta from Savannah, the Augustans took their cotton out of the warehouses and burned it, anticipating that he would destroy everything when he arrived, and preferring to do a part of it themselves. The surprise of everybody was great, therefore, when Gen. Sherman made a detour across the Savannah River into South Carolina and left their beautiful city unmolested. There may have been military reasons, but Augusta folk to this day declare he spared the town because it had been the home of the heroine of his romance at West Point.

In 1915, faithful to a promise he had made to Miss Cecelia and to himself, old Uncle Josiah Stovall, the family slave and master's bodyguard, turned up at the G. A. R. reunion at Washington to thank Gen. Sherman for sparing the home. This old "Chesterfield in charcoal" carried a carpet bag grip, a heavy hickory cane, and wore a silk hat and a sleek broadcloth Prince Albert coat. His head and chin were full of African cotton and he attracted considerable attention as he tried to get out of the way of traffic. To a policeman he confided that he had come to find Gen. Sherman, and wanted to thank him "in pusson," and to claim a gift he vowed Sherman had promised him.

"You're out of luck, old man. Gen. Sherman won't be in the parade today. He's been dead nearly 25 years."

"Oh Lordy, white folks, den dis nigger's sholy got to march back to Georgia!"

* * *

MARTHA SMITH'S POLITICAL COUP.—In 1844 when pretty Martha Smith was 13 and riding a pony into town to school from her father's home on the Alabama Road, and was beginning to "dress up" and attract the boys, she was taken by Col. Smith on a trip to Milledgeville, then capital of the state. Colonel Smith was a member of the Legislature and as an ardent Whig was boosting the stock of Zachary Taylor for President. He was to make a speech at the town hall or opera house, and various speakers were to tell the virtues of Taylor to his Baldwin County friends and any others who might wish to be enlightened. Now, the indulgent father had bought his daughter a beautiful new hat, of which she was highly proud. He left her shortly before the meeting with a friend stopping at the hotel and the friend escorted her through the town square to a seat in the front of the hall. As the chairman rapped for order and introduced Colonel Smith, and a few enthusiasts yelled "Hurrah for Taylor and the Whig Party!" Miss Martha strode down the aisle. She was dressed in a becoming pink and blue frock, and her new hat was the cause of an uproar. Colonel Smith looked embarrassed; halted for a moment, and a wag rose in his seat and yelled, "Hurrah for Polk and the Democrats!"

Miss Martha, being for Polk and having that afternoon raced through the nearby stubble fields, had trimmed her bonnet in a garland of pokeberries. The meeting broke up in confusion; Polk eventually got the nomination and was elected. The irate father did not speak to his little daughter for a week.

* * *

JEFFERSON DAVIS ARRESTED BY ROMANS.—Miss Mary W. Noble, of Anniston, Ala., relates the following unpublished incident of May, 1855, in which her family, traveling from Reading, Pa., to Rome, lost about $4,000, accused Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, of stealing it, and actually had him arrested at Augusta, and consented to his release only after he had shown papers establishing his identity. Mr. Davis had graduated from the United States Military Academy at West Point, N. Y., in 1828, and had left his seat in Congress in 1847 to enter the Mexican War. His service in this war was so meritorious that when Franklin Pierce was elected President in 1853 he appointed Mr. Davis his Secretary of War, and Mr. Davis held that position until the election of James Buchanan to the Presidency in 1857.

Miss Mary writes:

"In 1855, while on a visit to the South, my father, James Noble, Sr., stopped at Rome. My brothers, at Reading, especially Samuel, were anxious to obey Horace Greeley's injunction 'Go West, Young Man,' but my father had practically decided to settle at Chattanooga, Tenn. However, my father met two old-time Southern gentlemen, formerly of South Carolina —Col. Wade S. Cothran and John Hume, Sr.—who were so courteous and who advanced Rome's glories so admirably that he wrote the boys to put the machinery at Reading on a sailing vessel and bring it to Charleston, whence it could be transported by train and overland to Rome.

"In May of that year the older boys embarked from Philadelphia for Charleston, and my parents and myself, Stephen N., then about 10, and my sisters, Jane, Susan, Eliza Jane (Jenny), Josephine and Elizabeth (Lilly), started from the same city to Charleston by train. On reaching Charleston, we discovered that the regular train had left, but that we could be accommodated in a caboose attached to a freight train which was going as far as Augusta. It was Sunday afternoon when we boarded the caboose. We were carrying a large carpet bag filled with valuables, including about $4,000 with which we expected to start our new machine shop and foundry enterprise at Rome. In the caboose with us was an English family on their way to the Duck mines of Tennessee, with whom our parents became friendly because of their own English birth, and at Branchville, Orangeburg County, S. C., two quiet, well-dressed gentlemen in civilian clothes, about 50 years of age, boarded the train as the last passengers before Augusta was reached.

"It was at the suggestion of the conductor that we had determined to travel in the caboose. Our trunks were in the baggage room, and fearing he would not have enough money to pay our way home, my father had opened

one of the trunks, removed the carpet bag (which also contained jewelry and papers) and extracted enough in bills to see us all the way. On looking up, we noticed the conductor peering at us through a window. Then the conductor rushed into the baggage room and shouted, 'Hurry up; train's about to leave!' and at the same time grabbed the unlocked trunk and began to pull it out on the platform. My father stopped him long enough to lock the trunk; and then he took the carpet bag into the caboose and put it under the trunks in a compartment which was separated from the seating section by a thin partition. In the room with the trunks was a bench or a settee, and my sister, Jane, being tired, reclined on it.

"When the two strangers got on at Branchville, one of them went into the room where my sister was. She arose and came back where we were, and he took the seat behind her, leaned over and apologized for his intrusion, saying he was unaware the room was occupied. He talked pleasantly to her for about ten minutes.

"About 6 o'clock the next morning we reached Augusta, when lo and behold, the carpet bag was gone, and with it our $4,000. Our parents were much excited, and accused the conductor, recalling that he had peeked at the valuables through the window, and that he had been in such a hurry to remove the trunk. The conductor denied the charge, and pointing at the two strangers, said, 'There are the thieves.' Suspicion seemed to involve the two, so they were arrested right there on the platform by an officer whom my father had summoned. The strangers politely but with some show of feeling proclaimed their innocence. Quite a scene had been produced and a crowd had gathered. The taller of the two declared, 'Sir, I am Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War, and my companion is an officer of the United States army.' They produced papers of identification and were released with an apology from my father, who then proceeded to press the original charge against the conductor. However, the conductor had disappeared, and as our train for northwest Georgia was about to leave, we dropped the matter for the time.

"On reaching Rome we consulted a lawyer, who promised to investigate, but we were strangers in a strange land, our father unknown save through short acquaintance with Col. Cothran, Mr. Hume and a few others; our story was doubted and nothing was done. Some time later we received a statement by mail, I believe from a Catholic priest, to the effect that he had attended a conductor following a fatal accident, who had confessed to him on his deathbed that he had passed the carpet bag out of a window to a confederate between Branchville and Augusta.

"When the Civil War broke out and Mr. Davis was chosen President of the Confederacy, with his headquarters at the seat of government at Montgomery, Ala., the Noble foundry at Rome was taken over for the manufacture of cannon, and my father had to consult frequently with Mr. Davis at Montgomery concerning orders. Mr. Davis always alluded with a smile to the incident at Augusta and sent his regards to mother and the girls; and my father never failed to respond with a gracious apology and a nice compliment on Mr. Davis' fortitude and ability in the trials of the war.

"In connection with Confederate cannon it may be appropriate to mention that Col. Josiah Gorgas, father of Gen. Wm. C. Gorgas, U. S. A., whose engineering skill made possible the Panama Canal, visited Rome frequently as chief of ordinance for the Confederate States government, and occupied as the guest of the Noble family the front upstairs room at 304 East First St., Rome, which overlooks the First Presbyterian churchyard, and we always called this 'Gorgas room.' Quite a friendship existed between Col. Gorgas and my father, which in after years was cemented between Gen. Gorgas and Robt. E. Noble, a surgeon in the United States Army, and son of George Noble. Dr. Robt. Noble was closely associated with Gen. Gorgas for seven years in Panama, then spent six months with him in South Africa, studying fever causes. The two were on their way to Africa again when Gen. Gorgas was stricken and died in London. My nephew remained until after the funeral, then took up his duties as assistant surgeon general of the army with the expedition."

* * *

DE LA MESA AND THE TABLEAU.—Capt. Chas. A. de la Mesa succeeded Capt. Kyes as reconstruction officer of the United States Army at Rome, and opened up the so-called Freedman's Bureau at 530 Broad St. Here he tried to bring housewives and newly-freed servants into agreement as to what should be paid for services

and wash. In the event agreements could not be reached privately, the contestants were hailed before Capt. de la Mesa. Naturally that official's life was full of misery. Clashes between provost guard and citizens were frequent, but not of a serious nature, for it was bad policy for either side to carry a chip on the shoulder.*

It was reported that Wm. Hemphill Jones had a spat with the captain. It may have been over wash or something else, but Mr. Jones picked up a foot tub or a wash tub and slammed Capt. de la Mesa over the head with it, according to the report. The captain enjoyed a considerable range. He once went to Summerville, and the picture of his leaving resembled that of Wm. J. Burns 50 years later, bidding farewell to Marietta. A young man at Summerville claimed that Capt. de la Mesa insulted or mistreated his sister in some transaction, and proceeded to arm himself. He was halted by the late Jno. W. Maddox, then a resident of the Chattooga town, and Capt. de la Mesa moved on. At Dalton Capt. de la Mesa was served with papers in a court action, but explanations were made and the case was thrown out. There were other similar incidents in the path of Capt. de la Mesa's duty, concerning which, happily, there is no longer any feeling.

Capt. de la Mesa hung out a large United States flag in front of the bureau, and forced all passersby to salute it. Of course he was acting under orders; Romans made a wide detour. Then came the tableau in May, 1867,—an intensely "dramatic" affair.

In order to replace pews in the local churches and to repair other damage done by the Northern soldiers,** the female members of the congregations had formed a society to present tableaux at the old city hall, southwest corner of Broad Street and Fifth Avenue, where the Fifth Avenue Drug Company is now located. On this particular occasion the managers were Mrs. J. M. Gregory, Mrs. M. A. Nevin and Miss Mary W. Noble, and they received a surprise and shock when Capt. de la Mesa bought tickets for himself and his beautiful brunette wife, and planted himself in his military trappings on a front seat. The following is a summary of two accounts of the affair:

"The audience filed in, some of the young women with noses pretty high in the air at sight of the 'intruders.' The tableau was 'The Officer's Funeral,' and all went well for a while. The de la Mesas enjoyed the first part and applauded liberally. A little play preceded the tableau, in which Mrs. Hiram D. Hill (then Florence Mitchell, daughter of Col. Daniel R. Mitchell), played the part of the Irish Maid of Cork, thrummed a piece on her guitar and was wooed by the hero.

"Then—bless Patsy!—the fireworks! The curtain went up on the tableau in question. There stood 'Ferd' Hutchings, Dave Powers, 'Billy' Gibbons, 'Tal' Wells and Leonidas Timoleon Mitchell. 'Coon' Mitchell, by the way, was a son of old Daniel R. and the very man who had carried Gen. Neal Dow, the famous Maine abolitionist, to Libby Prison, Richmond, from Mobile. All the others had fought the 'Yankees' with the Rome Light Guards. And now they had the temerity to stand up before the 'Yankee' reconstruction officer in their uniforms of gray! Furthermore, the officer's casket was draped in a battle-torn Confederate flag, the property of Col. Sam Gibbons, father of Billy. Completing the scene were Miss Belle Logan as the widow, and Mrs. Hill's niece, little Irene Hicks, as the orphan.

"Capt. de la Mesa began to boil; his wife reddened sympathetically as the boys began to sing that famous and heart-touching song, 'The Officer's Funeral:'

'Hark, 'tis the shrill trumpet calling,
It pierceth the soft summer air,
And a tear from each comrade is falling,—
The widow and orphan are there;
The bayonets earthward are turning
And the drums' muffled sound rolls around,
But hears not the voice of their mourning,
Nor awakes to the shrill bugle sound.

'Sleep, soldier, though many regret thee
Who stand by thy cold bier today,
Soon, soon will the kindest forget thee,

*Capt. De la Mesa is supposed to have come from Brooklyn, N. Y., and to have been a native of Spain. He had a daughter, Miss Lella de la Mesa, who married A. C. Fetterolf, of Upper Montclair, N. J. At the time of her marriage, the family wrote to Rome for a picture of the old Freedmen's Bureau, and the request was complied with by Mrs. Ed Harris. Capt. de la Mesa died a good many years ago, and it is understood that his widow remarried.

**Quite a while after the war, the Government sent a representative to Rome to assess the damage done the First Baptist church. Hearings were held at this institution, and some spicy comments were made by the women who testified, notably Mrs. Eben Hillyer. An award of about $600 was recommended to Washington, and this amount paid the church.

And thy name from the earth pass
away;
The man thou didst love as a brother,
A friend in thy place will have
gained,
Thy dog will keep watch for another
And thy steed by a stranger be
reined.

'Though many now mourn for thee
sadly,
Soon joyous as ever shall be,
Thy bright orphan boy will laugh
gladly
As he sits on some kind comrade's
knee;
There is one who will still pay the
duty
Of tears to the true and the brave,
As first in the bloom of her beauty,
She knelt by her boy soldiers' grave!'

"Miss Ford stepped from behind the arras and sang 'The Jacket of Gray,' and as she concluded, with the line 'Fold it up carefully, lay it aside!' she lifted a soiled and thread-bare coat into full view of the audience. A shower of applause followed. The de la Mesas boiled over, and trudged out of the hall, to the accompaniment of a perfect chorus of boos and cat-calls, and a shrill defi flung above the tumult by a young 'Rebel,' 'Go it; that's not the first time you ever ran from that flag!'

"'Della Meezer, lemon squeezer!' shouted an impertinent little boy.

"This 'good riddance of bad rubbish' (as the players expressed it) was thought to have ended the incident, but not so. Capt. de la Mesa sent a hot message to headquarters in Atlanta, making a charge of high treason, and requesting a company of soldiers to spirit away the culprits. In the meantime, the Federal commander had recognized all the offenders and had clapped handcuffs on each and marched them to the guard room in the courthouse between files of troopers with fixed bayonets. Several of the young women went to the 'prison' to console the boys, and one of them, unaccustomed to Federal uniforms, asked quite audibly, 'Do all these dogs wear collars?' The cordon around the prisoners was only drawn the tighter.

"After the boys had spent a night thus, a company of 59 soldiers from Atlanta appeared at the Rome railroad station, marched up Broad Street with bayonets fixed, and escorted the 'prisoners' and Capt. de la Mesa to the station, where they caught the next train for the state capital. A tremendous crowd gathered and sullenly watched their friends and their enemies go away. De la Mesa turned back at Kingston. He had obtained the services of another company or part thereof somewhere, and these escorted him back to Rome, and for several days kept watch over him and his bureau, until the excitement had subsided. Henry A. Smith, bookseller who had lost an arm in the war, was due to have been arrested, too, but he had prudently gone to visit relatives up the Etowah river. The women, also, it was rumored, would be held as traitors.

"Col. Mitchell got on the train with the intention of going to Savannah to protest with Judge Erskine, of the Federal Court. Instead, he wired Judge Erskine from Atlanta. The two got into touch with Gen. John Pope, commander of the district, and a release order came within three weeks. However, the order did not forestall serious indignities to the captives, who had been confined in a miserable pen or cage. They were taunted and cursed by their captors, who prodded with bayonets gifts of sweetmeats sent by relatives and sympathizing friends, and forced them to eat the poorly prepared food that had been provided for them.

"A telegram announced the release to Romans, and a huge crowd welcomed the boys at the station, and a supper at the City Hall softened the sting of their humiliation and enabled them to chalk up the event as one of fate's weird pranks."

Mrs. Hiram Hill adds the following:

"Our home in the Fourth Ward had been divested of its sides, blinds, doors, plastering and everything that the Union soldiers could tear down or carry away, and we had gone to live at the old Buena Vista Hotel, southwest corner of Broad and Sixth Avenue, where Seale & Floyd's garage and a grocery store now are. My father owned this place and occupied a small one-story house on the west side of it as his law office. Mrs. de la Mesa had been coming to the hotel from next door to give instructions to a Rome woman who was sewing for her, and when I saw her after my brother's arrest, I told her to get out of the hotel and stay out. She sent me word that she would march me up and down Broad Street in charge of two soldiers and under a United States flag. I defied her to try it, and she



THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU ON BROAD STREET.

This structure, still standing near Sixth Avenue, was the headquarters of Capt. Chas. A. de le Mesa during the Civil War. Capt. de la Mesa participated in a number of hair raising episodes. Rome's oldest brick building is at the right.

never did. There would have been a lot more trouble in Rome, Ga.

"I suppose Capt. de la Mesa was carrying out orders and ruled sternly for that reason. He and his wife impressed me as people of refinement, and I was especially struck with her beauty and the style of her clothes."

* * *

A DRAMATIC SCENE. — When William Smith entered his last illness in January, 1852, he summoned several friends whom he wished to transact certain business matters for him relating to his property in Rome. While they were still with him in the cottage on Howard Street where he died, he raised himself to his feet by holding to his chair, and said:

"Gentlemen, you will have to help me to my bed. I have done all that I can do for myself."

They assisted him, and when he was comfortably stretched out, he continued:

"I am not a member of any church, but I have done the best I could in this life. Whatever I have had has belonged to the people of this community. No man has ever been turned away hungry from my door if I had anything to divide with him.

"You gentlemen know that I have served this section, and if my body is of any use to science, I ask you to take it when I am gone."

Col. Smith had waited for Col. Alfred Shorter to come, so they could have a settlement with respect to the property they owned equally. Col. Shorter sent his representative, Col. C. M. Pennington, to see Col. Smith.

"I am glad to see you, Col. Pennington," declared Col. Smith, "but I sent for Col. Shorter."

Col. Pennington delivered the message promptly a second time, and it was 24 hours before Col. Shorter found it convenient to come. When he arrived, Col. Smith raised himself on his left elbow, and with his right hand reached under his pillow. Col. Shorter drew back and Col. Pennington stepped between them. During one of Col. Smith's naps Mrs. Smith, the wife, had removed his pistol.

"Alfred Shorter, you are a rascal!" shouted Col. Smith, the old-time fire flashing from his small, black eyes. "This is a fine time to come to see a man—on his death bed!"

Shortly before noon the next day, Jan. 27, Col. Smith died. Only a few days before, his grandson, William Cephas, had been born to Dr. and Mrs. Robt. Battey.

The Widow Baldwin, whom Col. Shorter had married at Monticello, placed at his disposal $40,000 in cash, a handsome fortune in those days of low values. Col. Shorter brought this to Rome with him at the instance of Col. Smith, and invested it in the land which Col. Smith had acquired, and made certain improvements thereon. Col. Smith's energy and Col. Shorter's long business head made an ideal combination, and their partnership interests grew rapidly. After the Civil War, Col. Shorter settled with Mrs. Battey, the daughter, for $10,000 cash, and took her receipt.

It was a satisfactory ending of an unfortunate affair, and left Col.

Shorter free to conserve his part, most of which went to Shorter College for the education of young women of the South.*

* * *

HENRY W. GRADY AT ROME.—As a youth, Henry Woodfin Grady had visited his uncle, Henry A. Gartrell, in Rome, and thence had gone to see another branch of his family at Floyd Springs.** Capt. Gartrell removed to Athens in 1865, after having served Rome as mayor in 1859-60. Pleasant recollections of Rome and a chance visit with the Georgia Press excursion in 1869 caused Mr. Grady to anchor his quill, paste pot and shears at the foot of Tower Hill for three years.

Col. E. Hulbert, superintendent of the W. & A. (state) Railroad, had invited the Georgia press to send representatives for an excursion into Southeastern Tennessee, Northwest Georgia and Northeastern Alabama, to write up the natural resources of those sections. The excursion started from Atlanta at 7 a. m., Wednesday, August 25, 1869. At Cartersville the members were addressed on the subject of minerals, agriculture and the new railroad to Van Wert, Polk County, by Mark A. Cooper, grandfather of J. Paul Cooper and father of John Frederick Cooper, of Rome. Thence they went to Chattanooga, 100 strong. Then they turned southward, and arrived at Rome via the Rome Railroad, on their special train, at 1:30 a. m., Friday, Sept. 3.

True to the spirit of newspaper enterprise, young Grady, then only 19, rushed to the sanctum of Editor Melville Dwinell, of the Rome Weekly Courier. The hour was unearthly, yet the editor had remained at his desk to "cover" the momentous event of the arrival of the excursionists. Capt. Dwinell stated that he had left a column open. Mr. Grady declared a column would hardly start the story he bore, so Capt. Dwinell side-tracked some of his livest news and no doubt a few advertisements. Mr. Grady had been writing his "yarn" on the train. He continued it for an hour, and for good measure threw in an optimistic editorial squib. A faithful printer hand-set type the balance of the night and The Courier woke up the citizens with Mr. Grady's remarkable narrative. It was a sample of journalistic endeavor to which the quiet Hill City had not been accustomed.

Grady's wonderful speech, "The New South," delivered before the New England Society of New York, N. Y., Dec. 22, 1886, is well known. At Rome on this occasion, however, he appears to have struck his original "New South" note, as follows:

"Every citizen of Cherokee Georgia has long been convinced that our mineral resources are unsurpassed, and all that was wanting was for someone to make a start, and induce men of means to come among, to aid in developing the same. . . . Our brothers of the quill will now have something interesting to write about and for a while, at least, will devote their time to something more substantial than politics, and of infinitely more advantage to our bankrupt people. It is refreshing to see men of all political shades quietly traveling together, and for once making a united effort to forget political differences, and to lend their efforts to the more laudable cause of developing the great wealth that nature had bestowed upon us. Cuffee for once has been forgotten. The splendid scenery of our mountains and valleys, with the battlefields, which give us a prominent place in history, has made a deep impression upon the minds of all, and proclaims in thunder tones what men will do when pressed to the wall. Mutual forbearance seems to exist, and we predict that in future a better state of sentiment and feeling will prevail."

At this time, maybe, Grady made arrangements to work for The Courier. The preliminaries may have been started by letter a while before. At any rate, he soon came back.

At 3 p. m., after a speech by Mayor Zach Hargrove and a serenade by a brass band and dinner at the Choice House, the party left for a trip down the Coosa River on the Steamboat Etowah as the guests of Col. Wade S. Cothran. After inspecting the Round Mountain and Cornwall, Ala., iron works, they came back to Rome Sunday on the Etowah, put up at the Choice House and Monday morning at 9 left by rail for Selma, Ala. Wednesday morning at 6:30 the editors returned to Rome, had breakfast at the Choice House and departed two hours later for Atlanta, where the "junket"

*Col. Pennington was authority for the portion of the above narrative relating to the pistol; he told the story to Judge John C. Printup. Mrs. Robt. Battey was authority for the statement that Col. Smith sent for Col. Shorter to make a settlement, and that the $10,000 was later paid to her.

**Doyle A. Moore, of Rome, is kin to the Gradys through this branch.

ended. On both these stops Mr. Grady fraternized with Editor Dwinell.

The impelling reason why Grady went to Rome lies largely in the realm of surmise. The lad was possessed of a proud spirit which he called ambition and which a handful of sniping contemporaries, less talented, might have called bumptiousness. He was precocious to the extent that he had become an orator in his knee pants, and he was made to suffer more than once because he pitted his skill against older competitors. Through a political deal at the University of Virginia he had suffered a keen disappointment, and it is likely that in associating himself as "free-lance" correspondent with the Atlanta Constitution he was inviting rebuffs that his gifts did not warrant. The Constitution's editor was Col. Carey W. Styles, an experienced journalist, who, by the way, had been involved in the Yacht Wanderer affair nine years before at Savannah. Col. Styles had sat up with legislators at Milledgeville before Henry Grady had ever thought of them, hence when the dashing young collegian essayed to pass voluminous editorial sentence on a governor or a congressman, it was out of the question.

Grady was trying to marry. He was fired with ambition to take the lead in molding public opinion. He enjoyed writing "from the street and hustings," but he preferred the dignity of a job at a desk. Brain work was one thing to Henry Grady, and "leg work" another. The Constitution was a new concern, having been founded in the summer of 1868, had a full staff, and could not find a regular place for him yet awhile. Furthermore, Henry was ambitious enough to believe that what he was writing, mostly of a political nature, was just about as important as anything in the paper, and had as much right to "front page" position as the other stuff they were printing. He believed that an excursion of the state's leading editors was a big news event, and was worth writing columns every day, perhaps. Consequently, he wielded a loquacious pen. The Constitution's telegraph tolls became enormous when Press Excursion news started from Cartersville and continued through Chattanooga and Rome. Henry was shooting readable material, but they couldn't see it at the office; they cut his dope to the bone and dropped his pen name, "King Hans." In the following fashion did they knock him off the limb in a squib of Sept. 10, 1869:

"We are compelled by pressure upon our space to abbreviate and condense the report of the Press Excursion proceedings. Neither the editors nor the proprietors of this paper were present."

Wow! that should hold any young man, no matter how brilliant or progressive, in entirely reasonable bounds.

"Damn 'em, I'll fix 'em!" muttered Henry, who had been introduced by V. A. Gaskell, of the Atlanta New Era, and J. S. Peterson, of the Atlanta Intelligencer, as the Constitution's "representative" on the editors' jaunt. He shot a wad of his copy at Melville Dwinell, editor of the Rome Weekly Courier, over the signature "Zip." Editor Dwinell ate his contributions with a relish; sometimes they ran several columns long, but it was good reading, and it landed Henry a nice job. He put over three columns Sept. 3, and duplicated with three a week later—quite a contribution to a four-page newspaper.

Right proudly did Capt. Dwinell pave the way for the young literary crusader under date of Friday, Sept. 10, 1869:

"To the Readers of the Courier: With this issue of our paper we present Mr. Henry W. Grady in the capacity of associate editor. The vigor, versatility and polish of his pen has recently been exhibited in his correspondence for the Atlanta Constitution over the nom de plume of 'King Hans,' and we may reasonably hope with his assistance to materially increase the interest of these columns. Feeling confident that this effort to interest and please will be successful, we let Mr. Grady make his own bow to the public.—M. Dwinell."

Mr. Grady's bow follows:

"The above notice renders necessary the infliction of a salutatory upon you. We shall be as brief as possible. We are young and without editorial judgment or experience, yet we hope that the enthusiasm with which we enter upon our new profession and the constant labor with which we are determined to bend to our work may partially, at least, atone for these deficiencies.

"The Courier shall be in the future, so far as our management is concerned, devoted as it has been in the past to the dissemination of useful and interesting information, to the bold as-

sertion and maintenance of correct political opinions and to the development of the best interests of the community.

"We enter the editorial ranks of the state with ill feeling toward none, but with kindness toward all. We shall cheerfully and with vigor co-operate with the press in the furtherance of any project which tends toward good, and we shall endeavor with courtesy and politeness to adjust nicely any differences of opinion which may arise between us and any of our contemporaries.

"Begging in conclusion that the justice you render us may be tempered with mercy, we don our harness and enter the lists.

"Most respectfully yours,

"HENRY W. GRADY."

The young journalist's "bold assertion of correct political opinions" found expression in the same issue of The Courier in the following editorial broadside leveled at Governor Rufus B. Bullock, who also was a guest on the Press Excursion:

"*His Accidency.*"—"'We were delighted with Governor Bullock—he is the right man in the right place, and will do all that any man could do to restore Georgia to her former condition of peace and prosperity.'"—Talladega Sun.

"The above tribute to the accident that now occupies the Gubernatorial Chair, though clipped from a Radical paper and written by a Radical reporter, whose official duty it was to become enamored of the Accident and all of his party, has a considerable significance notwithstanding.

"The truth of the matter is that any man who knows nothing of Bullock's political filthiness will inevitably become 'delighted with him,' etc. We have never, in the whole course of our life, seen a man who was gifted with so great an amount of beguiling blarney as is this man. Present him to a Democrat and the sweetness of his countenance is absolutely appalling; infinite smiles ripple over his cheeks and break in soft laughter on his lips; a thousand and one benevolent sparkles are beamed from his eyes; his nostrils play with kindly palpitations, and—believe me, for I tell ye the truth—his whiskers resolve themselves into a standing committee to invite you just to walk down into his heart and take a place in that large and open receptacle. Oh, his face is tremendously delusive!

"We were presented to him, and went to the presentation primed with about a dozen pardon proclamations, and about three of his reports on the condition of Georgia. We had seriously contemplated taking a friend along to prevent the murderous onslaught, which we were afraid our outraged feelings would urge us to make upon the Accident when introduced to it. And lo! when the crisis came we found ourself basking calmly beneath his radiant countenance like a rose beneath an April sky. A clear voice saluted us with a dreamy kind of tenderness, and we found ourself exclaiming, 'Surely this man is not our enemy!'

"We looked for the famous 'sinister expression' which, according to novelists, invariably resides about the nose and eyes of a villain. But we found it not; the nose possessed a very mild curvative, and the eyes were gushing with cheery good humor. Instantly, as a last resort, we had to commence recounting his crimes, in order to protect ourself against his blandishments, and actually had to come down to the appointment of Foster Blodgett before we could sufficiently hate him to satify our Democratic conscience. How deep down and how effectually does this man hide his rascality!

"So much the more dangerous is he. No man who visits him, without about one-third of his political villainies full in view, is safe. Beware, then, of this mermaid with a siren voice—he will laugh welcome in your face, and then pardon the brute that ravished your sister. He is far more dangerous than Swayze—though the latter is his superior in force—for in the eye of the latter there is a warning that puts us upon guard.

"A child is never hurt by a poisonous toad; it is the bright serpent, with its spots of purple and gold, that charms and slays him. We do not fear the uncouth ruffian that is with hideous leer distorted, but the soft and supple gentleman scoundrel that 'can smile and smile, and play the villain still.'"

Other public officials on the Press Excursion escaped the darts of young Mr. Grady. They included Mayor Hulsey, of Atlanta, Comptroller General Madison Bell, R. L. McWhorter, speaker of the house; and Senators Smith, Candler and Nunnally.

Evidently the following item Grady wrote for The Courier on Friday, Sep-

tember 10, was prompted by a pang of conscience:

"We hereby announce to our readers that we shall not say another word about the Press Excursion. We enjoyed it and 'developed' everything we saw, and now we are done with it. Not another remark shall we make about it. If information about it is wanted by any who may not have seen our notices as yet, we refer them to our back files."

It is significant that on the same day Grady penned the following in response to a jibe from the Savannah News:

"This excellent but sometimes imprudent newspaper makes a bold attack upon us concerning an article of ours on the Press Excursion. We would answer the charges contained therein, but we promised our readers in our last issue not to write anything more concerning the excursion. To this promise our contemporary owes its future salvation. For, were our hands not bound by that promise, we would just tear The News all to pieces! So return thanks, Brother Thompson, for your narrow escape."

As a reporter he showed the same enterprise and aptitude as in his editorial work. On Nov. 12, 1869, he published this:

"*Fights, Robberies, Shooting.*—A sable son of Africa was tickled by a bullet from the pistol of Col. Sam Stewart, because he struck Col. Stewart. Another African was perforated in four places, through the arm and shoulder, by a leaden messenger from Col. Stewart—cause, not known.

"A Mr. Neph was robbed of $500 in money and a $1,000 check last night by a thief who entered his room at the Choice House.

"A few episodical but very interesting fights took place last night among the 'boys.' No serious damage reported. Mr. C. W. Nowlin was robbed of his watch and chain Wednesday night. There were many other fights, robberies and drunks which happened around loose that we wot not of, and that deserve no mention in this paper. Verily, Rome is getting to be as nice a city as Atlanta."

Although Mr. Grady was fond of Capt. Dwinell, he chafed at the supervision over his copy and destinies in The Courier office; it is also related that he became irritated that he was not allowed to expose a petty local political ring, so we find him leaving The Courier July 31, 1870, to assume the proprietorship of the Rome Weekly Commercial. So quietly had his plans been laid that his name appeared on the masthead of The Courier as associate editor and on the masthead of The Commercial as editor on the same date.

Capt. Dwinell then wrote:

"To the Patrons of The Courier:—By the following card it will be seen that a change has been made in the associate editorship of this paper. The relations of the paper with Mr. Grady, who now retires from The Courier to take charge of The Commercial, have been entirely pleasant and we regret to lose his valuable services. We wish him abundant success in his new field of labor. Col. B. F. Sawyer, for some time past editor of the Rome Daily, a gentleman of high literary reputation and considerable editorial experience, takes his place. We have no doubt The Courier will be fully sustained in its previous position as a readable newspaper."

Col. Sawyer's salutatory reads thus:

"I this day assume editorial control of The Courier. It shall be my constant aim to sustain The Courier in



HENRY WOODFIN GRADY, orator, who started his journalistic career in Rome and brought his bride there to reside.

the high position of popular favor it has heretofore enjoyed. Should I succeed in this, I shall be contented, and the patrons of The Courier can ask no more."

Mr. Grady wrote:

"To the Patrons of The Courier: Having been called to another field of labor, my connection with The Courier ceases with this issue. I will say nothing of the sadness I feel in breaking loose from the old Courier—nothing of the honest courtesy and kindness of the proprietor, who has been my friend and counsellor through thick and thin; because these things belong not to the public, nor do they interest the public. But I feel that I would be lacking in gratitude did I not express my thanks to those of you who have encouraged me with your kind words and approving patronage during this, the first year of my editorial life. Tendering you my most sincere acknowledgments, I remain,

"Yours very truly,
"HENRY W. GRADY."

Henry Grady and his younger brother, Will S. Grady, ran The Daily Commercial* as editor and business manager, respectively. Associated with them for part of this time was Col. J. F. Shanklin, the firm name being Grady Brothers & Shanklin. Some of Mr. Grady's best work appeared during this period. Col. Sawyer was a peppery old fellow, and he and Grady had many an epistolary interchange which old timers say came near resulting in a duel, but Mr. Grady's diplomacy turned trouble into smiles.

A free-hearted fellow was Henry Grady. He gave liberally to old negroes to get their anecdotes or stories of their lives, and traversed many an untraveled thoroughfare to obtain a glimpse of types which the average man of his sphere seldom sees in their element. He had been accustomed to everything that money could buy, hence did not deny his friends anything he could possibly bestow upon them. He was fond of candy, and so were the neighborhood children; so was the blushing bride when she finally arrived; a confectioner kept all kinds near the newspaper office, so Henry would now and then run up a bill of $15 or more.

It is noteworthy that, although he started using the nom de plume "King Hans" early in 1869, he did not obtain real authority to do so until two years later. This cognomen was a combination of his first name and the last name of his sweetheart in Athens, to whom we can fancy hearing him say:

"Well, Julia, I will use your name with mine, since you will not let me change it for a while."

Henry worked industriously; he could afford matrimony, or thought he could, in the fall of 1871, and so they were married, and came to the old Wood home, at the northwest corner of Broad Street and Sixth Avenue, to reside. Some say they lived first at the southeast corner of Third Avenue and East First Street, where the office of the Harbin Hospital now stands. At any rate, Henry had been "batching it" here and there, and at one time had boarded with Mrs. W. W. Watters; and his first cousin, Wm. C. Grady, Roman in the iron business, had boarded there at the same time. A Roman who had been his roommate at Athens also acted as a groomsman at his wedding—Col. Hamilton Yancey. Another Roman, Rev. George T. Goetchius, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, had been his classmate through four pleasant years.

The newspaper business is not always remunerative. The Gradys and Col. Shanklin had been publishing a paper that in that day would be called "jam-up." They had bought it in July, 1870, from Mitchell A. Nevin, who appeared to be glad to sell. Soon it was "jam-up" against the wall, so they poured it back into the jug. Mitchell A. Nevin was willing to try it again.

Just when the Gradys relinquished hold is problematical. The Atlanta Constitution recorded that on May 8, 1872, Mr. Grady represented The Commercial and Capt. Dwinell The Courier at the Press Convention in Atlanta. Col. Carey W. Styles had gone in June, 1871, to the Albany News from the editorial chair of The Constitution, and had been succeeded by Col. I. W. Avery, who later wrote an entertaining history of Georgia. On Nov. 5, 1872, The Constitution noted the sale of The Commercial by Grady Brothers & Shanklin to Nevin & Co., and a coup-d'etat by Capt. Dwinell in announcing the addition of Major Chas. H. Smith (Bill Arp) to The Courier staff. The Nov. 10, 1872, is-

*This was Rome's first daily, and it was established by M. A. Nevin. A number bearing date of Friday, June 28, 1871, with the masthead carrying the names of the Gradys as editor and business manager and Col. Shanklin as managing editor, is still in existence.

sue of the Atlanta Herald was viciously attacked by The Constitution for its "sensational New York journalism." Since Mr. Grady started The Herald soon after his removal from Rome, it is more than likely that he left the Hill City and was presiding over the destinies of the new Atlanta paper at this time.

In leaving Rome, this adventurous young journalist and budding orator managed to elude a battery of bill collectors and bailiffs by giving up his trunk. The trunk was finally released and put in storage several months; John Webb, a friend, paid the storage charges and sent Henry his trunk and "wardrobe." The wedding silver escaped, for it had gone temporarily with Mrs. Grady to the home of Dr. and Mrs. Robert Battey at the easternmost end of First Avenue. Hard lines for the young couple, just starting life's struggle, but they never gave up, and lived to speak in a philosophical and humorous vein of their early experiences.

Henry was persistently hounded by this motley pack, to the point where his friends claim he was literally run away from Rome—to make famous another town. These incidents did not embitter him; they came to him as part of the game of life, and when the years had removed from his memory the grim faces of his nemesises, he often commented on his pleasant recollections of the sublimated Seven Hills.

From the top of the editorial and oratorical perch, with the plaudits of the thousands ringing in his ears and his own image deeply graven on their hearts, it was truly a retrospective picture in a golden frame. He thought of the time when he used to scribble news notes on his cuffs, which necessitated changing shirts every day; when "Uncle Remus" came unannounced to Rome and found him riding a "flying Jenny;" when he bought a dozen pairs of scissors and set everybody in the office to clipping an article out of each copy of the paper in order not to offend a lady.

Rome reciprocated this feeling of love by sending a beautiful wreath May 24, 1921, to Atlanta to adorn his monument as orators extolled him; and Romans reciprocate it every day of their lives.

* * *

ROME STORIES OF GRADY.—Mrs. Samuel C. Whitmire, of New York, N. Y., formerly of Everett Springs, tells this one: "Mr. Grady used to visit a relative, a Mrs. Ballenger, at Floyd Springs. A neighborhood story has it that on a trip across the Oostanaula after he had failed to catch any fish he had found a net full that belonged to a farmer living nearby. Going to Farmer Corntassel's house, he said, 'My friend, I have taken your fish and I want you to take my dollar. I know better than to go home without any fish.' He had great consideration for older people, and spent much time talking to decrepit darkies, from whom he received many inspirations for editorials."

A. Rawlins, former mayor of North Rome, and father-in-law of Chas. T. Jervis, relates the following anecdote:

"I came down from North Rome one day to pay my subscription to Mr. Grady's paper when his office was about the middle of the Hotel Forrest block on Broad. I found him standing in a stairway and I announced my intention. He looked at me hard and said: 'Mr. Rawlins, you say you came to pay a subscription?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'Do you really mean that you voluntarily want to pay a subscription to this newspaper?'

" 'That's right.'

" 'Then I must say that you are to be commended as the first man I have met in this community who wanted to do that. I have worn out $49 worth of shoe leather calling on the others.' "

Chas. W. Morris, real estate dealer of 300 W. Fifth Avenue and father of Paul I. Morris, tells this story:

"When I was a youngster, Henry Grady used to buy two cakes of soap every now and then and take me down to the wash-hole at the foot of Fourth Avenue, Etowah River, and go in washing with me. He was chunky and a good swimmer, but not much on diving. This was the shallow place where the downtown boys used to wade across after a session of play at the Gammon home nearby. Mr. Grady also went in at Seventh Avenue on the Oostanaula. Before he married he had a room upstairs near the newspaper plant, on Broad Street in the Hotel Forrest block."

Judge Max Meyerhardt relates this:

"Mr. Grady was editor, reporter and everything that his brother Will (business manager) wasn't. He wore white shirts that he changed every 24 hours because his cuffs were full of newspaper notes taken during the day. He was liberal, even extravagant, and did

not develop much business ability in Rome; he and his bride were fond of candy, and he often owed an indulgent confectioner $15 at a time. He was literally run out of town by bailiffs serving attachments on him, and they even seized his trunk when he left for Atlanta."

J. A. Rounsaville remembers him well because of an unusual incident: "My brother Wes' and I were conducting our warehouse and grocery business when Mr. Grady came by and asked us to give him an advertisement. We told him good-naturedly that his old paper couldn't sell any more goods than we could, and that on general principles we didn't believe in advertising. He went away without saying any more about it, and the next day we were treated to a deluge of cats: every small boy in town, it seemed, brought from one to six cats, and when we asked them why they came, they said we had advertised in The Commercial. We bought a paper and found a small 'want ad' saying, 'Will pay good cash price for cats.—Rounsaville & Bro.' We sent for Mr. Grady and told him it was his duty to stop the applications. He said he could do that only by inserting a half-page ad. We replied, 'All right, but put in the center of it that we don't want any more cats!' "

"Uncle Steve" Eberhart, the slavery time darkey character who entertains thousands at the convention of Confederate Veterans and is a regular member of Floyd County Camp 368, revealed in dramatic fashion Feb. 5, 1921, at the camp meeting in the basement of the Carnegie library that he used to be Henry Grady's valet while the great orator and former Roman was a student at the University of Georgia at Athens.

When Mr. Grady's name was mentioned, "Uncle Steve" jumped to his feet, shouted and clapped his hands, hugged himself until he grunted, and then exclaimed as tears rolled down his cheeks:

"Lordy, white folks, I had the extinguished honor to dust off Mr. Grady's coat and black his shoes. He thought er whole lot of your yumble servant."

"Uncle Steve" was "in college" with the younger Ben Hill and a long list of noted men. He lived in Athens until the dispensary times, he said, and then sought a better town, so settled in Rome. In Rome he fell in with the veterans, put on a stove-pipe hat, and tucked two frying-sized chickens under his arms for a parade. He has been dressing up and cutting up ever since.

Comrade Treadaway told a story on the Grady brothers that brought a laugh.

"Henry and Will had some property in Athens, and Henry sent Will from Rome to sell it. Will sold it and passed through Atlanta. When he returned to Rome, Henry said, 'Well, did you sell the land?'

" 'Yep.'

" 'Where's the money?'

" 'In the bank at Atlanta?'

" 'What bank?'

" 'They called it the Faro Bank.' "

Romans played a leading part in Mr. Grady's funeral, Dec. 25, 1889, in Atlanta. Gen. Clement A. Evans and the Rev. J. W. Lee, former pastors of the First Methodist Church of Rome, headed the funeral procession to DeGive's Opera House, where John Temple Graves, then a Rome editor, was one of the speakers. Montgomery M. Folsom and Frank L. Stanton, Rome journalists, wrote poems to Mr. Grady's memory, and the late Rev. G. A. Nunnally, father of Judge W. J. Nunnally, and then president of Mercer University, pronounced the benediction at a memorial meeting held in Macon.—Feb. 7, 1921.

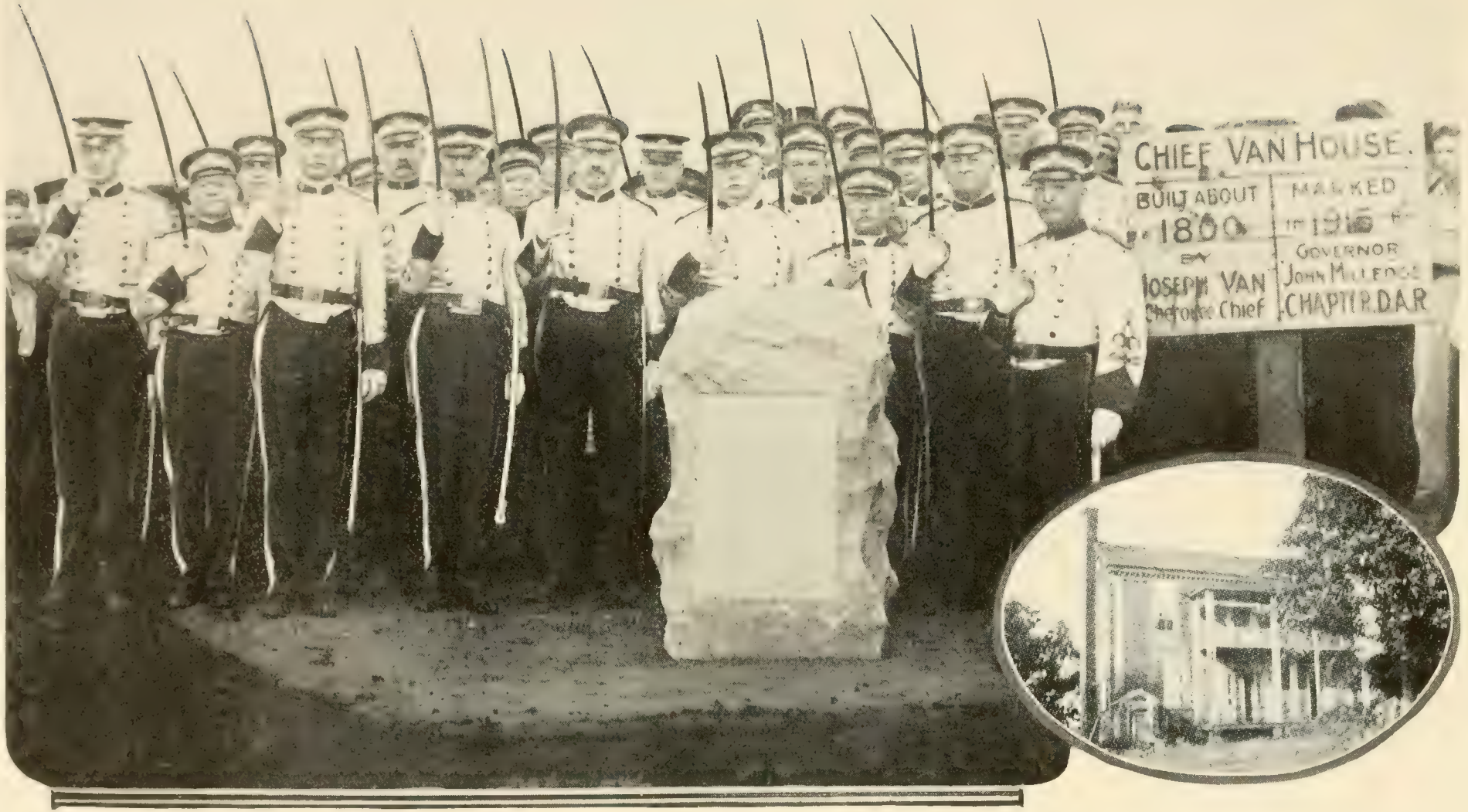
GRADY AS "CORRESPONDENT." —The following letter to the Rome weekly shows Henry Grady in a new role:

"Macon, Ga., Nov. 17, 1869.

"Dear Courier: Arrived here safe. I found it storming heavily, but soon after our arrival it cleared off beautifully and at the present writing the moon finds her full face reflected from a thousand rapidly evaporating puddles that dot the streets. All will be delightful in the morning.

"The city is jammed; every profession or handicraft in the world has many and vigorous representatives here, from the editorial profession down to the profession of pickpocketical—especially the latter. The gamblers, the respectable, genteel class of gamblers, are in full force and atrociously energetic.

"In company with certain other editors, we paid a visit to a fancily furnished saloon, wherein these old gentry plied their craft. The fascination that these places are said to possess was speedily dispelled as far as your humble servant is concerned. I fol-



THE OLD GUARD UNVEILS A TABLET TO JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

The picture shows the Atlanta organization at Spring Place, Murray County, on Saturday morning, October 7, 1922, immediately after Attorney General Geo. M. Napier had spoken and Miss Thelma Pritchett had withdrawn the veil. The memorial was presented by Jos. A. McCord, Old Guard commandant. WSB, Atlanta Journal radio station, broadcasted the Payne song, "Home, Sweet Home," for the occasion. The famous Vann house nearby is shown in the insert. For an account of the exercises, see Page 90. (The Old Guard picture was taken by Walter Sparks).

lowed my companions from table to table; in no case did I see a single man win save those who were evidently connected with the establishment. Teaching Sunday School in the north of Patagonia may be a profitable pecuniary venture, but I feel no hesitancy in asserting that gambling is not. Among the devotees of the tables I noticed many faces that I had seen migrating through Rome about the season of our fair.

"As I did not get back here till after dark, I can report nothing interesting save the cardinal facts which have already been given you by the telegrams.

"The Georgia Press is largely represented—almost every paper in the state. Joe Brown, the fragrant; Bullock, the bewitching; McWhorter, the accident; Hampton, the chivalric; Capron, the Commissioner; and Gordon, the Governor, are in this house, and figured conspicuously in the parlor tonight.

"Men who have attended fairs for years say they never saw a larger crowd than is gathered here now. Thousands of ladies, plenty of shows. enough to eat, too much to do, and more anon.

"KING HANS."
(Henry W. Grady.)

"P. S.—The unanimous opinion is that there is a radical and shameful mismanagement of all things pertaining to said institution. The arrangements are huge, but unwieldly; immense, but muddled. . . . I heard a man exclaim this morning while trying to get his goods entered. 'Oh, if we had them Joneses from the Rome Fair we'd get things straightened out!' Sensible. A villainous storekeeper today refused to take Rome money.* What must be done with him?

"One of the prettiest and most hopeful features of the fair is that the exhibitors all show an anxiety to get their advertisements in The Courier. Success will attend such sensible men! Rome has many representatives here. Messrs. Noble and Cohen are attracting considerable attention.

"K. H."

HENRY GRADY TO GENERAL SHERMAN.—On Dec. 22, 1886, at a banquet of the New England Society at New York, at which Gen. Wm. T. Sherman sat at the speakers' table, Henry W. Grady declared:

"'Bill Arp' struck the keynote when he said, 'Well, I killed as many of them as they did of me, and so I'm going to work!' A Confederate soldier returning home after defeat and roasting some corn on the roadside, said to his comrades, 'You may leave the South if you want to, but I'm going to Sandersville, kiss my wife and raise a crop, and if the Yankees fool with me any more, I'll whip 'em again!' I want to say to Gen. Sherman, who is considered an able man in our parts, though some people think he is kind of careless about fire, that from the ashes he left us in 1864 we have built a brave and beautiful city; that somehow or other we have caught the sunshine in the bricks and mortar of our homes and have builded therein not one ignoble prejudice or memory!"**

* * *

AN OLD TIMER.—Virgil A. Stewart, son of the late Samuel Stewart, Rome's first marshal before the Civil War, and grandfather of our own Capt. Henry J. Stewart, favored us with a call at the office yesterday afternoon that was greatly appreciated. Mr. Stewart was born Jan. 24, 1836, at Rome, consequently is 85 years of age and remembers more than most people around here. He is one of the two surviving members of the Rome Light Guards who went out to fight for the Confederacy in April, 1861, the other being B. James Franks, of Armuchee. Mr. Franks was a recruit, so that leaves "Virge" as the last surviving charter member.

He is a nephew of his uncle namesake, the late Virgil A. Stewart, of Lawrenceville, who under the guise of an "outlaw" joined the band of John A. Murrell and captured that notorious character at the Mississippi River in Arkansas. Murrell's gang operated through the South, as far as Florida, before the removal of the Indians to the west, and the Indians got the credit for many of their villainies. One of their hang-outs in Georgia was at Jug Tavern, now Winder, county seat of Bartow County. Murrell's capture resulted in a trial in Tennessee which put him in the penitentiary for life at Nashville, and he died there. The original Virgil A. Stewart went to Mississippi before the Civil War and warned the people of a contemplated insurrection among the negroes.

When asked how old he was, Rome's

*This must have been some of the printing press money issued by Mayor Zach Hargrove in 1869 to relieve a local stringency.

**Sherman joined in the general tumult provoked by these remarks.

Virgil A. Stewart replied that he was "thirteen." Somebody in the office remarked that he could pass for 60 easily enough, which seemed to please him greatly. He said he did it living out in the open, "catching water moccasins, eels and fish" from the rivers of Rome.

"I see by the paper," remarked Mr. Stewart, "that Judge George Harris, of the Flat Woods, thinks he can walk anybody down in a day that ain't less than 70. You can just tell him for me that if he talks much like that I'll take him up the river banks and back again in a way he won't forget!"

Mr. Stewart relates how a big crowd gathered about the year 1835 to see two Indians hung on Broad Street near Ninth Avenue. Somebody that wanted to see the spectacle lugged him along, although he was only two years old. The Indians were Barney Swimmer and Terrapin, convicted of killing a pale face named Ezekiel Blatchford (or Braselton). They were strung from a piece of timber laid across two limbs, and for a long time afterward the tree bore notches to show the spot.

Mr. Stewart is authority for the following statements:

He was at one time, at 2 years of age, the only boy in Rome; Arthur Hood started the first newspaper, and Howard Jack and a Mr. Walker followed him; William Smith owned the first ferry, which served DeSoto, the peninsula and Hillsboro (South Rome) at the head of the Coosa, and hired William H. Adkins, Sr., to build him the first steamboat, and Matt and Overton Hitchcock to erect the first bridge, a covered affair, where the Fifth Avenue bridge now stands.

Smith owned the land where the Alfred Shorter (D. B. Hamilton) home is on the Alabama road, and kept a crib of corn open to the poor. He built on the hill across the Alabama road from the spring nearby. John Smith, a brother, went to California during the gold epidemic and died there. Chas. Smith, another brother, moved to Cass (Bartow) county and died there.

Mr. Stewart says deer used to run wild through the woods around Rome in the thirties, and that Jim Ragan shot one near the Etowah River and the foot of Third Avenue, about the location of the John W. Maddox place, in front of the old J. A. Gammon home spot.

Mrs. Robert Battey used to have a pet deer given her by her father, William Smith, and she had seen deer jump the fences while the dogs chased them. Her deer became enraged on one occasion, attacked a woman and had to be shot.

* * *

READY WIT OF THE UNDERWOODS.—Many clever stories are told of the "absolution" with which the late Judge John W. H. Underwood, Congressman from Rome before the Civil War and noted humorist and wit, dominated jury and bar. Rome lawyers of the old school like Judge Joel Branham, Judge G. A. H. Harris and Frank Copeland remember well his fine sarcasm, his rare good nature and the quickness of his intellect.

A lawyer whose client had "gone up the spout—guilty" asked Judge Underwood for a light sentence because the defendant was somewhat dull, to which the Judge replied: "Then it will take a heavy penalty to make an impression on him," and gave the man the limit.

At a meeting in Pittsburg of the Tariff Commission to which President Arthur in 1882 appointed Judge Underwood, a Mr. Butler stated that protection would increase the number of furnaces and thus reduce the price of pig iron. "Then," queried Judge Underwood, "you want a high tariff so you can sell your product at a low price?"

At another time the elder Underwood wrote to a friend: "I cheerfully recommend my son, John, for the job of Solicitor General. He has more ambition for office and fewer qualifications than any man I ever saw!"

A story is told locally which illustrates the fine sense of humor and the quick perception of Judge John W. H. Underwood. A Rome man who was in a financial tight went to Judge Underwood to obtain his endorsement.

"If you will sign my note I will go to the bank and get $300," stated the caller.

"Just make it $600," shot back Judge Underwood, "I need that much myself."

Judge Nisbet wrote of the elder Underwood, who was the block of which the son was a chip: "Judge Underwood, the elder, was a greater wit than Sheridan, but unfortunately, he had no Boswell to write his biography or Constitution reporter to publish what he said. He was once engaged in a case, and the judge, after

charging very violently against him, locked the jury up for the night and adjourned the court. After tea the Judge and Underwood were walking on the piazza of the hotel near the courthouse, and heard quite a movement of chairs and feet in the jury room, at which the judge remarked, 'I believe the jury have gone to prayers.' Underwood said: 'I suspect so. Failing to get any light from your honor's charge, they are seeking it from above.'"

Governor John B. Gordon wrote: "When Underwood lived in Elbert, a man was abusing him roundly, and ended by saying, 'Yes, sir, and I understand you were a Federalist!' To this Judge Underwood replied: 'In those times there were but two parties in this country:—Federalists and fools. I was a Federalist and I never heard you, sir, accused of being one.'"

The following story is told of the elder Underwood:

"Cooahullie Creek, near Dalton, was swollen from rains and Judge Underwood and other lawyers were trying to reach a courthouse on the opposite side in buggies. The Judge hauled up in front and was urged on by his companions. He answered, 'No, it is appointed unto man once to die, but it shall never be said of Wm. H. Underwood that he was drowned in Cooahullie Creek.'"

John T. Boifeuillet, of Macon, relates the following:

"In these prohibition times of court trials of liquor violations it may be apropos to tell of an incident that happened when Judge J. W. H. Underwood, the celebrated Georgia wit, was on the Superior Court bench. Certain temperance regulations were in existence. In the hearing of a liquor case the defendant said he sold the whisky on a doctor's prescription, which he was at the time holding in his hand. 'Let me see that paper,' said the judge. It was handed to him, and he read it aloud from the bench.

"'Let the bearer have one quart of whisky for sickness.

'JOHN JOHNSON, M. D.'

"'Yes,' said the judge, 'M. D. in the morning means 'mighty dry,' and in the evening, 'mighty drunk.'"

The following incident is related by Henry Peeples, Atlanta attorney:

"The Tariff Commission appointed to visit the various sections of the country and report on the tariff workings came to Atlanta and sent out invitations asking any one interested to meet with them and point out unjust discriminations as they saw them. Judge J. W. H. Underwood was a member of the commission. When the board assembled in the convention hall of the Kimball House they were greeted by a single man, come to talk over the tariff. For two hours or more he fired question after question at the tariff experts, turned the 'evidence meeting' into a debate between himself and the board and showed those gentlemen just what the situation was in the South.

"'What is your name?' asked the commission of the young man.

"'I am Woodrow Wilson, a lawyer,' he answered.

"Mr. Wilson was a practicing attorney in Atlanta at the time of the visit of the commission, having been there possibly two years.

"Judge Underwood's wit was caustic at times. He once made the following statement to which many persons may agree: 'Debt and death sound very much alike, and there is but little difference between them.'"

UNDERWOOD'S FIRST FEE.—Mrs. Florence Underwood Eastman relates how her father, the late Judge Jno. W. H. Underwood, won his first "legal fee." Her grandfather, Judge Wm. H. Underwood, had been commissioned by John Ross to attend to legal matters connected with the removal of the Cherokee Indians westward. About the same time, Rev. Jno. F. Schermerhorn, of Utica, N. Y., was sent to Rome by the government as removal commissioner. A big pow-wow was held at the home of John Ridge, Cherokee Indian, at "Running Waters." Near here the Cherokees held their Green Corn dances, at which the Indians would gather from miles around, pin corn shuck aprons around their waists, and tie shells containing pebbles around their ankles and dance for hours.

Mr. Schermerhorn and Judge Wm. H. Underwood opened the meeting July 19, 1835, and were preparing for a continuation of the pow-wow at New Echota (New Town), Gordon County, north of Calhoun, where the treaty was finally to be signed (it was signed Dec. 29, 1835), and there was much "paper work" to be done. Judge Underwood and Mr. Schermerhorn pitched into the work. The Judge's son, John, was waiting nearby, watching. "Why couldn't we put the lad to

work?" inquired Mr. Schermerhorn. 'Try him," suggested the father.

Young John caught on readily, worked all night, and next morning Mr. Schermerhorn handed him $50. "Not bad for a starter in legal business!" chuckled young Underwood, as he crammed the bill down into his jeans and ran home.—Jan. 19, 1921.

* * *

A PEN PICTURE OF ROME.*—(H. W. Johnstone, in the Rome Tribune Jan. 26, 1907):

"The man looks back on what the boy saw with his eager eyes before the Civil War. Among the boy's earliest recollections is a group around the old courthouse at court (East First) and Bridge Streets (Fifth Avenue), and the building itself, with its white medallions and red gables reminded him that here was a civilizing outpost in North Georgia which kept watch over the destinies of mankind.

"The corner opposite the courthouse building was a two-story affair with a wide veranda across the front.

"Down the hill from the courthouse on the west side of Broad Street was a two-story hotel known as the 'American House,' with a wide veranda across the front. The postoffice was in this building at one time.

"South of this were the stores of Sanders, Sullivan, the two Ombergs, Henry Smith and R. S. Norton. The first brick store in this block was erected by Sanders, and is now occupied by a hardware house.

"This store, and the yard in its rear, was the scene of an escapade of which the boy may tell you later. It was so near a tragedy that he never divulged his knowledge of it for twenty years!

"On the corner below Norton's was Miles and Riley Johnson's, then came Wimpee's shop, and White's harness store, which stood about where Todd's grocery now is. Thence it was vacant (being low and often ponded), with a bridge walk built several feet above ground to where Lanham's store stands. Here stood the 'Wells Hotel,' and in rear of this was a small frame building, Miss Lizzie Smith's school.

"Farther down Broad Street were other business houses, among them A. M. Sloan's, which stood about where W. H. Coker is now located. Thence it was low and swampy to Oostanaula and Etowah Rivers, the only building being the Rome Railroad depot, which was also used by the boats. This was located about where the Central depot now is. It was an ordinary 'up and down' frame house raised several feet upon piling. The vacant space, several acres, was the 'circus ground.' It was covered with grass and in wet seasons a pond was near the depot.

"At the foot of Broad Street the new bridge connected Rome with 'Lick Skillet' hills, now South Rome. On these hills the stage driver always winded his bugle as signal for passengers and mail.

"Crossing Broad Street at the depot, and coming north, the first building he remembers was the Ketcham House, on the ground now occupied by the Taylor-Norton Drug Co. Back of this was a field, and where Second Avenue now enters Broad Street was a gate, thence along Broad Street was a fence to where J. J. Cohen's store stood—about where Fahy's now is. Thence to Fourth Avenue was vacant.

"The rear of Rounsaville's warehouse covers a spring, the branch from it flowed through Douglas' stable lot, crossed Broad Street, formed a 'pond' and went through a deep ravine into Oostanaula River where Third Avenue ends.

"Hardin & Smyer were on the corner of Fourth Avenue, then came Johnson & Gwyn, next was Fried's, then vacant lots to the Choice House. About 1852 Wm. Ramey established the first livery stable on the site of the present Masonic Temple. A year later Wm. C. G. Johnstone built a vehicle repository where Kay's stable is and a large brick warehouse on the present Baptist church lot.

"Wm. R. Smith's 'Continental Shop' was on the corner above the Choice House. Immediately fronting this was DeJournett's, a two-story frame structure. In the upper story of this building the first Masonic lodge was instituted. Later, under the lead of Wm. Choice, Arm. Harper, 'Billie' Ross, and others, it became 'Thespian Hall.' This was used for theatrical performances and school exhibitions. Across the years the boy can still hear the voice of Billy Hills addressing the 'Conscript Fathers.' The ringing inquiry of Cooper Nesbit, 'Why is the Forum Crowded? What means this stir in Rome?' And the eloquent Jack Hutchings assuring us that he 'came to bury Caesar, not to praise him!'

"Some of the little boys of those days are with us still. I am sure

*The scene goes back to 1856.

Charlie H. could again entrance us with the 'Sailor Boy's Dream,' and Dolph R. could tell us of that disastrous 'Smacking in the District School, not far away.'

"Memory fixes no residences south of Fourth Avenue and east of Second Street, except Cooley's, and one or two near the present site of the Baptist church.

"From Third Street east, to the river, and south of Fourth Avenue, nearly to Second Avenue, was the finest grove of oaks he ever saw. A few of these trees were standing near East Fourth street lately. This was known as 'The Grove,' sacred to political barbecues, and Cupid's delightful archery.

"Between Fourth and Fifth Avenues on the east side of Third Street were two residences facing west, their broad lots extending back to the Etowah river. Fronting these residences, and extending over the hill to the courthouse, was nearly all a grove of field pines. The only residences on this space were Callahan's, where the Episcopal church now is, Duke's, on southeast corner, and Wm. C. G. Johnstone's near the crest, just back of the courthouse.

"On the crest of the hill stood the academy, a long one-story, two-room brick building, its west entrance guarded by an enormous gnarled chestnut tree. If memory is true, this academy was built by subscription under the auspices of S. J. Stevens. While it was being erected Mr. Stevens' school was located on a mound just beyond the Shropshire residence —all woods then—now Forrestville.

"About 1853 Mr. Stevens built an academy in the valley between the residence of Major Ross and Reece's spring. This academy was a two-story frame structure. A long stairway, built outside, gave entrance to the upper school room. This building was burned a few years later. At this school the boy first knew Dick Cothran, Button and Ike Hume, Billie Ross, Tom Berrien, Wm. Hills, Wm. Tuggle, Jack Hutchings and Cooper Nesbit, and among the small lads were George C. Douglas, son of Dr. George B. Douglas, 'Randy' Mitchell, Sam Lumpkin, Thomas Cuyler, T. J. Verdery (whose home was the old residence of Major Ridge, chief of the Cherokees, which stood, and remains on Oostanaula River above Battey's Shoals). Henry Stovall rode his pony to school from his home on the Summerville road, where Mr. Brown now resides—just beyond the old Asa Smith home—now Willingham's.

"The second principal at the Rome Academy was P. M. Sheibley, then a young man of fine appearance and pleasing manners. He was a finished scholar, a firm, competent teacher. His pupils owe to him more than can be expressed here. At this school the boy first knew C. M. Harper, Dolph Rounsaville, John and 'Scrap' Black, Tyler Mobley, and that fine youth who was drowned in the Oostanaula, Albert Jones.

"On the corner of Seventh Avenue stood Simpson's cabinet shop, where sash, doors and blinds were first made in Rome. West of this, on the eminence, stood the residence of R. S. Norton. What a home-maker he was, what a character builder! His sons were often welcome visitors at the homes of the boy's father and paternal grandfather. No finer gentleman ever tinted the 'grey' with the ultimate sacrifice than did Charles Norton! Two of the great marts of the Central West and the iron metropolis of the South feel the impress of R. S. Norton's character, through his living sons. His life-work was a benediction to this city! Even the flowers bloomed rapturously in tribute to his gentleness and care!

"Probably the oldest hotel in Rome stood on the corner of Eighth Avenue. It was constructed of hewn timbers, drawn shingles, split lathes and plaster. On a medallion sign, swinging over the road, was the legend, 'Travelers' Rest—John Quinn.'

"Across Broad Street, fronting 'Travelers' Rest,' was the residence of Judge Nathan Yarbrough. Nestling far back in a shaded yard on southwest corner of Ninth Avenue was the home of Dr. Vernon, whose daughter, Helen, was the first 'belle' the boy remembers, but on the next corner above was a yardfull, where Hon. J. W. H. Underwood resided.

"North of this, extending to the brick residence of Daniel R. Mitchell, located about where John Davis now resides, was a forest of oaks and poplars, enclosing Mitchell's Pond, fit to be 'God's first temples.'

"The square as now bounded by First and Second Streets, Fifth and Sixth Avenues, was a deep ravine, then heavily wooded. On its southwest corner was the Episcopal church, on the northeast was the Methodist 'meeting house.' In the bottom of the ravine

stood the old gaol, built of logs, and the windows strongly grated. Near the gaol was a spring which flowed down the ravine, across Sixth Avenue and Broad Street and into the Oostanaula.

"Ah! what memories—from boy to man!"

* * *

(Mar. 24, 1907.)

The DeSoto chronicles describe the location of the Cherokee capital village as being on a long island—and, according to the Indian legends, the Oostanaula must have divided near Battey's Shoals, the "cut off" passing near the east foot of the Hills o'Ross across the bottom under the present Central railroad trestle to the Coosa. There are indications of this old course even now. Many changes of this nature could, and have, come in the 365 years since DeSoto passed.

Let us go back to the early "fifties" and meet some of the old citizens.

That tall man walking this way is Col. Pennington; he believes in railroads and steamboats. He always carries that cane and umbrella, but never uses either.

Notice that nervous, quick moving man meeting him. He has a habit of bringing his hand to his waist, then swings it out as if to brush you aside, but Thomas Perry is a fine man "for a' that."

That portly gentleman walking up the terrace is Judge Lumpkin. He had that mansion built in 1843. He is big hearted, broad minded and deserves his great popularity. You see John Quinn has changed his sign from "Travelers' Rest" to "Cross Keys Hotel," and, you can buy ginger cakes from Mother Quinn—in the cellar.

That's Mr. Lamkin's grocery store next to the Choice House. Just below it is A. M. Lamb's candy store, adjoining Tom Perry's store, only a plank partition separates them.

That's Jimmie Lee, he owns the fish traps above the ford on the "Hightower." He is the same fellow who nearly drowned Will Adkins.

That flowered silk dress designates Mrs. Sholes. She watches Jimmie's "traps" and tells on every boy she sees near them. None of the boys like her. The boys and girls do not like that fancy dressed man with her—for he trades in negroes—his name is Joseph Norris.

Look out for that short, stout, keen-eyed man with the "big stick." He is the town marshal, Samuel Stewart. That enormous creature following at his heels is "Wolf"—his terrible hound. He never failed to catch boys who did any devilment—but once! Sometime I may tell you of that "once."

That gentleman with the Alsatian face—who talks with his hands—is one of God's helpers in beautifying the earth. We should not forget Dr. Berckmans.

You will notice that Robt. T. McCay's* hardware store is on that corner, the first hardware store in Rome. That stocky, earnest-faced man talking to McCay is an Englishman who is introducing the iron industry in Rome —Mr. Noble.

Those six men sitting on the veranda of the Choice House are more or less politicians, yet each one has an interesting history.

The tallest one with the smooth strong Scotch face is the "Iron King" of Georgia, Mark A. Cooper, a visitor. Next to him is Augustus R. Wright, a Congressman, a great lawyer and an impassioned forensic orator. His gifts have descended, in good measure, to his sons. The tall, clean faced man with the cane is James M. Spullock, one of the finest fingered politicians in the state. He is the man who as United States Marshal for Georgia seized the yacht "Wanderer" and sold her as a condemned "slaver." The "Wanderer" was Charles B. Lamar's private yacht—she was chartered by a party of Northern men to make a cruise. She returned to Savannah loaded with African slaves, was captured, condemned and sold. Her owner, Lamar, was exonerated from all blame, but lost his yacht. The Northern men who made the cruise escaped to New York. This is the nearest the South ever became interested in "slave trade." Most of these Africans were seized and returned to their country.

That stout, jolly gentleman was later a captain under Forrest. His memory will abide principally because he was Henry W. Grady's uncle —Henry A. Gartrell.

The brown-eyed gentleman with black hair and moustache—so erect in carriage—and earnest in manner, was the first Mayor of Rome (the only public office he ever held—except the Confederate marshalship of Georgia). He was appointed Colonel of a regiment of a Partisan Rangers, but was induced to resign it and head the com-

*Father of L. W. McCay, professor of chemistry at Princeton University and native Roman.



STEAMBOATS AND THEIR HARDY "SKIPPERS."

1—The John J. Seay; 2—The Clifford B. Seay; 3—Capt. F. M. Coulter, who built a dozen boats; 4—The Mitchell; 5—Tom V. Marable; 6—The Magnolia, probably the finest steamer on the river; 7—The Alabama; 8—The Gadsden; 9—Capt. Frank Benjamin; 10—Capt. J. M. Elliott; 11—The Resaca, with hunting party and game; 12—The Annie H. in a calm sea. All these vessels succumbed to gales, financial or otherwise.

pany which produced salt for the poor of the state, during the war between the states. He is Wm. C. G. Johnstone (known familiarly as "Black Wm. Johnstone").

The last of the group, who appears so elegantly at ease, could claim distinction in science, politics and literature. He was a physician, a United States Senator, an author of note and an orator of exceptional power. During the war of 1812-15, two young men became close comrades and friends. When they parted it was agreed that their sons should bear the same names. Both were scholars and curiously they selected the names of the great poets. Time passed. Major Clem Powers, of Effingham County, named his three sons Homer, Virgil and Milton. Some years later he named his fourth son Horace.

Meantime his friend had one son born to him, and he was named Homer Virgil Milton Miller. The second wife of Wm. C. G. Johnstone was a daughter of Major Clem Powers, and her meeting with Dr. Miller is a vivid memory.

Picture—Lumpkin, Hamilton, Miller, Wright, Battey, Underwood, Smith ("Bill Arp"), Spullock, with their ladies at our hospitable board—with Gartrell to fire the train—and you can imagine how humor flowed, wit sparkled, whether the subject be politics or literature—and remember, literature was mostly the "leather-bound" classics, also that the ladies often bore the palms.

I do not say such people are not with us. But somehow I do not meet them. I may be "out of date"—but I enjoy recalling the days when honor was kept bright—a mortgage was a curiosity—and slander dared not touch a woman! But I digress—yet I warned you that this—

"Might, perhaps, turn out a song;
Perhaps turn out a sermon!"

Let us again go up the river. We will pass the service cottage erected by Dr. George Battey, "When you and I were young," and stop by those large trees about an hundred paces anent the old Ridge house. I hope the old trees are yet there.

The Ridge house was then occupied by Mr. Verdery, one of whose daughters married Warren Akin; another married Dr. George Battey. The family moved to Polk County, thence to Augusta, Ga.

Under these trees (near the Ridge house) was located the earliest and largest store in this section of Georgia—if not in the whole Cherokee country. It was operated in the name of George M. Lavender, Major Ridge (the chief) being a silent partner. An immense business was transacted and the owners grew very rich. The business was closed about 1837 and in the division Lavender received a large amount in money and property, estimated by some to have been more than a quarter of a million dollars. George Lavender never married. His estate passed to his sisters, one of whom married Ray, whose descendants live about Newnan and Atlanta. Another sister, Edith Lavender, resided on an eminence east of the present North Rome depot. She remained unmarried until about 1847, when a man appeared to take the contract to grade the Rome Railroad. This was Joseph Printup. He secured the contract, but had not the means to operate successfully. Edith Lavender fell in love with the enterprising stranger, married him, and her money enabled him to make his venture a success.

Joseph assisted his brother, Daniel S. Printup, through Union college, New York, and located him here, where his family remain. Major Joseph Printup had no children. Many years ago he was drowned in an insignificant branch near his home. His property, including the "Printup Ferry" estate in Gordon County, passed to the children of Daniel S. Printup.

Dr. Reece, the father of John H. and James Reece, was a delicate gentleman who was surgeon of the regiment of state troops sent here to remove the Cherokees to the banks of the Tennessee. Miles Reece, an uncle of Capt. John Reece, came to Cherokee before his brother. He became intimately conversant with legends and affairs of the Cherokees, and was an encyclopedia of Indian lore.

An anecdote of Chief Ridge will serve to show how Indian traits clung to him.

John Ridge, a son of Major Ridge, resided in Ridge's Valley. Chief Ridge had a handsome daughter; educated, proud and given more or less to vanity. She induced her father to order her a fine coach. It was sent from New York and created a sensation. It was hung on leather swings attached to large "C" springs, the driver's seat being on top.

This outfit arrived just before the

annual "Green corn dance," which was held at Major Ridge's. The coach was ordered to convey Sarah to the dance. The horses were harnessed to it and the negro driver stood ready. Chief Ridge inspected the outfit, even shaking the wheels to be sure they would stand up.

Sarah came out in silks and feathers; her father assisted her to climb the folding steps, closed the steps and door, then walked around to the driver, took the reins and ordered the driver to go back to his field work. Chief Ridge then mounted one of the horses, with the gathered reins in his hands and galloped away to the "Green corn dance."

* * *

DAYS THAT ARE GONE.—Maj. Chas. H. Smith (Bill Arp), sent the following letter to the Rome Tribune of Sunday, Sept. 2, 1894:

"Cartersville, Ga., Sept. 1, 1894.

"To Mr. W. Addison Knowles,
"Editor The Tribune,
"Rome, Ga.

"Dear Mr. Knowles: 'Illium fuit—Illium est,' Rome was—Rome is, but it is not the same Rome we old Romans used to know. Everything is changed but the rivers and Bill Ramey and old father Norton.

"I moved to Rome in 1851, but for several years before that I used to visit there and prospect for a place to move to. I had a brother there practising medicine. It is nearly 50 years since I made my first visit. The Rome railroad was finished to Eve's Station, and the hacks met us there. There were no bridges across the rivers and the ferrying was done at the junctions. All down town was in the woods. What magnificent timber covered the bottom where down town is now!

"I went squirrel hunting there with Joe Norris. Joe was clearing the low ground for Colonel Shorter and had deadened the timber. The road from the ferry was awful. I have seen six-mule teams stall in the gulch that was where the Lumpkin block was afterward built. But you don't know where that is. It is the block opposite the Denson building. But you never heard of Denson. Well, the lowest part of the gulch was right in the middle of the street that comes down Cooley hill and crosses Broad.

"Maybe you have heard of Hollis Cooley. He was an unpretending gentleman; as honest a Yankee as ever lived. I went to school to his sister in Lawrenceville when I was a lad. Hollis Cooley never had a lawsuit in his life, and always declared that there was no necessity for anybody having one.

"Old father Norton said, 'But, Hollis, suppose some rascal was to come along, and knowing your mind about going to law, should lay claim to your house and lot, when then?' 'I would give up to him before I would go to law with him,' said Hollis. 'Yes, and you would play the fool,' said Norton. 'By George, I would law him till his heels flew up.'

"I was remarking about that awful pull up the little steep hill from the gulch to where Major Ayer's store was. But I forgot. The major hasn't got any store. Well, it was about opposite Morrison's livery stable, or Flemming's saddle shop, or Tom Perry's law office, or somewhere there in the middle of the road. It's bothering me awfully to locate things. Bill Ramey will show you where it was. The hill was short and steep and sticky, and I have seen strong teams stall there and the wagon cut back and nearly turn over. Norton's store was then away down town. It was right where it is now, but it was down town, the lowest down of any, and was a little, low, long, narrow, one-story house with the hind end stuck in the hill so deep that you could almost step on the roof.

"There were no houses down town. Old man Crutchfield was building the court house. The Western Bank of Georgia was doing a busting business in that office back of the Choice Hotel —that same little office on the corner as you go up the hill to the court house. Yes, it was doing a busting business, and it busted. Not long after it closed its doors I went there with $7,000 of its money and knocked at the door and demanded payment in bimetallic currency, but there was no response and nobody opened the door. I had to make the demand at the bank's last place of doing business before I could sue. But the dog was dead and my client never realized a dollar.

"By the time we moved to Rome down town was looming up. C. T. Cunningham had a big cotton warehouse on the river bank, and Rhode Hill and Bill Cox were clerking for him. The first time I ever saw Rhode he was having big fun by hiding an egg under Jack Shorter's shirt collar,

and he bet Cox a dime that he couldn't find it. Cox felt all about Jack's clothes, and accidentally broke the egg, and it ran down Jack's back. But Jack got the dime and that satisfied him.

"Rhode found bigger game later on and is now a Peachtree nabob in Atlanta. Cunningham built a nice residence at the end of Howard Street. It is the Woodruff place, and Wm. E. Alexander built the Rounsaville house, and Dr. Battey built where he now lives. Alexander was Norton's partner for a while, but he moved down town and took in Colonel Shorter as a partner. Mr. Norton never moved —neither his dwelling place nor his store. He improved both, but never moved. Before I moved I bought me a very nice home over there on the hill where DeJournett and Treadaway and Omberg lived. You know where that is. No, you don't, either, you are too young to know much about anything—anything antiquated, I mean. Well, it is not far from father Norton's house, the third house from the corner as you go down towards the river. Dr. Smith, my brother, lived in the first and Nicholas Omberg in the second. Old Mother Ragan lived right in front of Norton's, and Sumter & Torbet's machine works were down in the corner of his garden.

"Jim Sumter was one of the best men I ever knew, the best mechanic, the best magistrate, the best mayor, the best alderman, the best citizen and the truest friend. He made for me a large and beautiful walnut book case. We have it now in our sitting room, and I prize it for his sake. It is the only piece of furniture the Yankees left me. It was so big they couldn't move it. They did move the books. They loved to read, but they didn't read their titles clear to my books. About that time the people who were the best off made their homes on the hills. Andrew M. Sloan, who was a big merchant and banker, lived in a one-story house on the hill where Hiles now lives. Dr. P. L. Turnley lived nearby. Mr. Thomas D. Shelton lived where Shorter College stands. Rev. J. M. M. Caldwell and his wife lived and taught school in the house adjacent to the old Methodist church. Old Judge Underwood lived on the Caldwell college hill with his daughter, Mrs. Wilson. The First Baptist church was nearby, on the same hill, and the old graveyard is not far away.

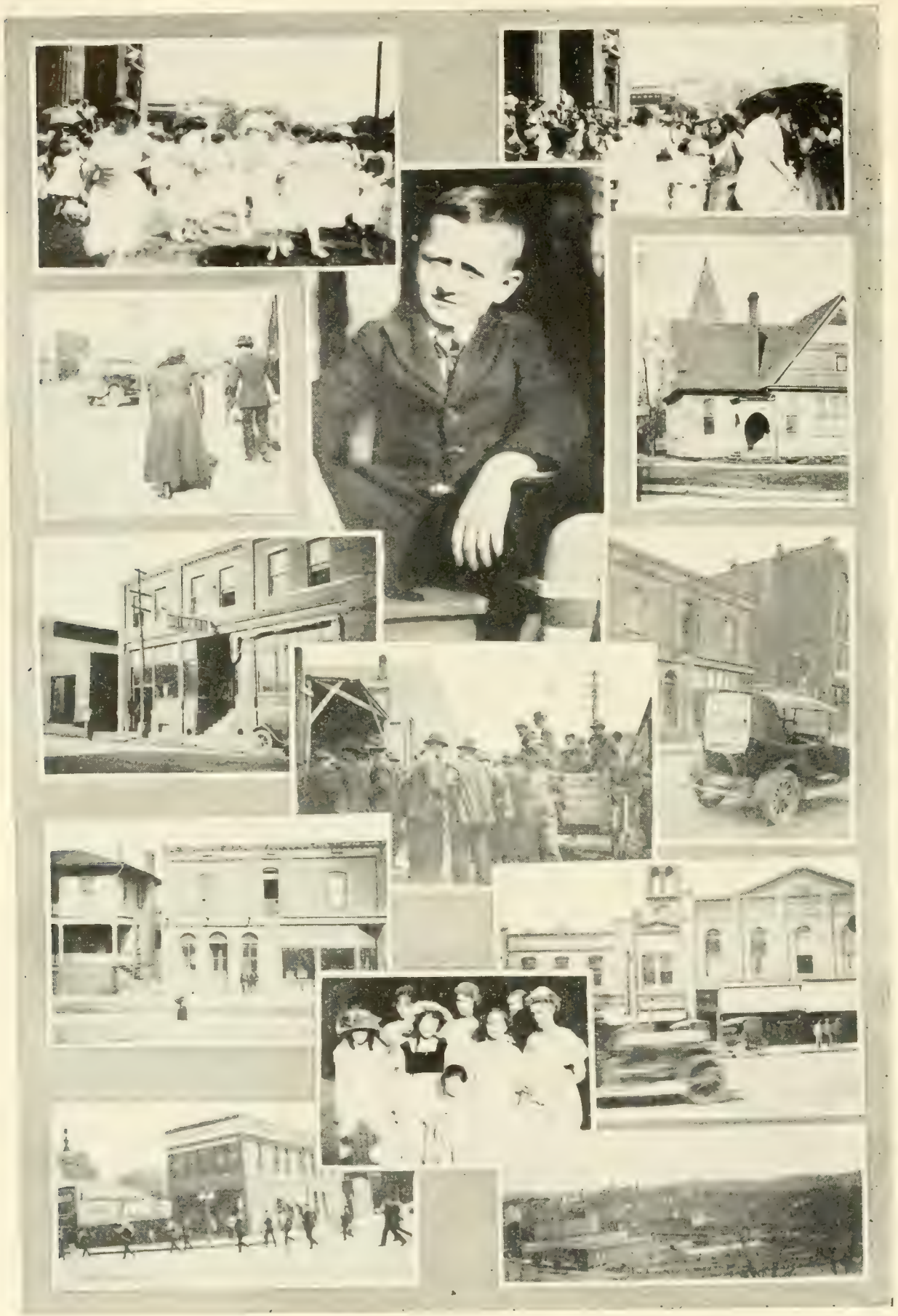
"I shall never forget that graveyard, for one time I was a Masonic pallbearer there, and I did not stoop low enough as we passed under some limbs of the crowded trees, and one of them took off my hat and my scratch with it, and my bald head showed no hair apparent to the crown, and excited too much levity for the solemn occasion. I put the hat on my head with much alacrity and put the wig in my pocket. I have never worn one to a funeral since, nor anywhere else. It is one of the comforts of old age that a man is not expected to have a great profusion of hair, but when he is young a very small vacancy hurts his feelings mighty bad.

"James McEntee had been keeping hotel midway of the block next above the Choice House in 1849, I think, and Colonel D. R. Mitchell acquired the Buena Vista soon after. Old Jesse Lamberth was one of the pioneers, and lived in a little house back of the Odd Fellows' hall building, but he built a better house in front afterward, and lived there for many years.

"Sam Stewart was a very notable character in those days, and had the reputation of being a cool and daring man. His brother, Virgil, helped to give Sam reputation, for it was he who ran down and caught John A. Murrell, the notorious horse thief and highway robber. Sam was city marshal for many years, and kept all evil doers in subjection. He was a good officer, but it is said that every man will sooner or later meet his match, if not his superior. One day Nicholas Omberg broke down the gate of the city pound and took his cow out and drove her home. Somebody had opened Omberg's gate and let his cow out so as to put her in the pound and get the fee for taking up stray cattle. Omberg was dreadfully mad when his wife told him about it, and, as he didn't favor the anti-cow ordinance nohow, he took the shortest way to recover his cow.

"When Stewart found what Omberg had done he got mad, too, and forthwith went to the merchant tailor to arrest him. The Norwegian never winked or quailed, but seizing an enormous pair of shears, he rushed at Stewart like a mad man and ran him out in the street. Stewart said afterward that he had either to run or kill him.

"The city council fined Omberg $50, but he carried the case to the supreme court and gained it. Nic Omberg was a very superior man, and was highly esteemed as a citizen and a Christian gentleman. About the close of the war



MISCELLANEOUS VIEWS RECALLING ROME.

Here may be seen: a 1921 group of girl High School graduates emerging from the Auditorium with their beautiful nosegays; Billy King, 9, Rome's youngest and most famous cartoonist; the Second Avenue (E. Rome) Methodist Church; views around the courthouse; a group of young players; Gay Jespersen's Lindale band; and a tiny glimpse of Rome.

some lawless scouts visited old man Quinn's house one night to rob him. The old man cried for help, and Omberg ran over to defend him and was himself shot down and killed.

"And that causes me to think of Tom Perry, at whose house poor Omberg died. Tom Perry was perhaps the best known and most beloved citizen Rome ever had. He was raised poor and hard, and had but little education. He used to haul wood with steers in the cold winter with his toes sticking out of his old shoes. He migrated from Lawrenceville to Rome before anybody, and when I first visited Rome Tom was keeping bar for a free negro, Wm. Higginbotham. Next he hired to old William R. Smith to sweep out the store and knock around. Next he got to be clerk in the post-office for Nathan Yarbrough. Next he was postmaster and then a steamboat captain. Next he was elected J. P. and held that office for many years. He was the chief promoter of the Masons and Odd Fellows. He was United States commissioner. He was the best friend the widows and orphans ever had in Rome, the best chairman of the street committee. He was always at work doing something for somebody. He wrote much for the Rome Courier and pasted everything he wrote in a scrapbook, and would read it on Sundays. When he had planned any public thing he would write a piece and sign it Vox Populi, and then call a meeting at the court house to put his measure through. If nobody came he called himself to the chair and acted as secretary, and passed a string of resolutions and had them published as the sense of the meeting. He never lost any space in his manuscript. If there was not room for an 'and' at the end of a line, he would divide the word and put the d at the beginning of the next line. He worked up to the full measure of his capacity and was everybody's friend. He looked like a Democrat, for he was pigeon-toed and loose-jointed, and chewed cheap tobacco, but he was an uncompromising Whig.

"When your good father was editing the Rome Courier, Tom gave him aid and comfort as best he could. I remember your father well. He was a courtly gentleman. His company was always welcome, for he was a good talker and never indulged in slang or vulgarity or intolerant assertions. His gold spectacles became his features and added grace to his individuality. You were not then in the land of the living where peace may be sought and pardon found. May you emulate your good father's Christian example and make the world better with your presence.

But I must not monopolize your space. It would take a book to tell of ancient Rome and the citizens who have gone to the undiscovered country. Of William R. Smith and Wm. Smith (Mrs. Dr. Battey's father) and Johnny Smith, a good man who for the love of the beautiful planted water oaks and elms around the churches and along the down town sidewalks. The trees are there yet, and men and women walk and children play under their shade. Then there was McGuire and Hardin, and Quinn, and T. S. Wood, and Isham Wood, and Cohen, and Dr. Patton, and Dr. Starr, and Dr. King, and Dr. Geo. M. Battey, who kept the drug store under the Choice House. Ramsey Alexander was a leading lawyer there when I moved to Rome. Tom came later and so did Judge Underwood. I formed a partnership with Colonel Underwood in 1852 and it continued for thirteen long and pleasant years.

"Then there appeared some lesser lights who kept the little town lively. Old Jake Herndon, for instance, the town loafer, who never lied from malice, but only from habit. He used to tell about the big freshet that came in June, 1840, and covered all the country save the top of court house hill, and how he tied his batteau to a gum tree on top of that hill, and seeing no place for the sole of his foot, he untied it and paddled to Horseleg mountain, and it was hot, devilish hot, and his thermometer rose to 240 in the shade. He always said thermoneter for thermometer. Old Jake had told that lie so often that he believed it. I think he has a son now in the United States navy. If folks do 'laugh and grow fat,' I think that big John Underwood took on his fat from his daily intercourse with old Jake Herndon.

"And there was Old Man Laub, the inimitable cuss who was created just to fill up the cracks, like spralls in a stone wall. He was a little sassy, loud-mouthed rascal, who kept a bakery and cake shop, and some blind tiger and oysters, just below Dr. Battey's drug store. He had two front doors. Over one was painted "Laub's here." Over the other was painted "Laub's here, too." He drove a pair of calico ponies, and was always in a fuss with somebody, and especially with his wife. She would run him out of one front

door wth a broom and he would dodge into the other. Big John's grocery was right opposite across the street, and it was a good part of his business to watch the antics of the Laub family and shake his fat sides with laughter. When I first saw Laub's name and sign I thought that Laub's was something to sell—some kind of fish like oysters or shrimps. I had no idea that it was a man's name.

"Of the notable men who moved away and still live, Dr. Miller was chief. He lived in a cottage where your new court house now stands, and his office was on Broad Street, near the McEntee house. He had a very smart cur dog named Cartouch, who laid in the piazza of the doctor's office and watched for country dogs as they came to town behind farmers' wagons. Forthwith Cartouch would run to assault him, and would whip him if he could, and hurry back before the waggoner could punish him. If the dog was too big and showed fight, Cartouch would hasten back to Dailey's house, which was next door, and get Dailey's big dog and away they both would go and jump on the country dog with irresistible violence. The doctor enjoyed it immensely, and declares to this day that dogs have a language and understand each other. Cartouch would say to Dailey's dog, 'Come and help me, come quick, there's a big country dog out here that I can't manage by myself.'

"But I will now forbear until the spirit moves me again, for I do not suppose there are a dozen men living who will enjoy these memories. This generation is moving forward, not backward.

"Yours truly,
"CHAS. H. SMITH."

* * *

A PROLIFIC BUILDER.—A newspaper squib of 1888 says:

"Jos. B. Patton builds court houses, but does not patronize them, never having sued or been sued on any contract."

Court houses he had erected up to that time included Trousdale County, Tenn., Benton County, Tenn., Russell County, Ky., Chattanooga, Tenn., Center, Cherokee County, Ala., Anniston, Calhoun County, Ala., LaFayette, Walker County, Ga., Gainesville, Hall County, Ga. In the same year he built the buildings near DeSoto park for the North Georgia & Alabama Exposition. Prior to that time and afterward he erected many other public buildings and residences, notably at Rome. In 1892-3 he built the Floyd County court house, one of the most substantial structures anywhere. His work and materials were of such a high order that he made little money. He died comparatively poor, but he has left buildings which for a century more will silently sing his praises.

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"GRANDMA GEORGY'S" "PEN PRATTLE."—Mrs. Naomi P. Bale contributed these reminiscences to the Rome News of Oct. 3, 1921:

One by one they are passing away to give place to new structures, these old landmarks of Rome. When the old Bradbury house on the corner of Broad Street and Sixth Avenue was built, I don't know, certainly more than seventy years ago, such a thing as a "filling station" was not known in the wide world.

This old building has stood the storms of more than three score and ten years. About forty years ago Col. Stokes (grandfather of Misses Estelle and Addie Mitchell) came in possession of it, put the old house in repair. At that time the name "Dolly Varden" was prominent—how it originated I don't know, but the name was stamped on dry goods of every bright color. Col. Stokes had the old house painted and trimmed in bright colors, and it was called "The Dolly Varden."

Later, Mr. J. L. Bass came in possession of it and added the "L" that jutted out toward Sixth Avenue. Neither Col. Stokes nor Mr. Bass ever lived in this house. All these years it has been occupied by tenants. The passing of this old Bradbury house brings to mind other localities of homes now passed into the "yesterdays" of Rome. Just across Broad Street from the Bradbury house, where the Auditorium now stands, lived Dr. King (I think his name was Joshua), a dentist and medical practitioner combined.

The Carnegie Library occupies the old home place of Mrs. Fannie Moore, maternal grandmother of Miss Battie Shropshire.

The west corner of Broad Street and Seventh Avenue, where a "filling station" has been recently built, was once the home of a Mrs. Mitchell. I think she was a dressmaker.

Northwest corner of Seventh Avenue and Broad Street, part of the R. S. Norton lot, once stood a large furniture factory operated by Mr. Sumter. Mr. Sumter made everything from a

pin-tray to a coffin. He was also an undertaker. Made the coffin and buried the people. Coming back down Broad Street where there is another "fililing station" southwest corner Sixth Avenue and Broad Street, stood the home of Mrs. Pierson; later, Col. W. S. Cothran, also Dr. J. B. Underwood and until a few years ago occupied by Mrs. Isham J. Wood. Mr. Waring Best's garage is where Col. Thomas Alexander lived right after the Civil war. On the enclosed lot adjoining the Best garage stood the old McEntee House—the first hotel in Rome. Several years ago this old building was sold to Dr. Robert Battey, who converted it into a hospital and it was known as the Martha Battey Hospital. I think the property is now owned by the Kuttner Realty Company. The old Buena Vista is yet fresh in our minds. This at one time was the leading hotel in Rome, with Mrs. Choice proprietress. The Curtis Undertaking Company (colored) occupies the oldest brick building in Rome. I have been told that the oldest wooden house in Rome is the corner of Fifth Avenue and East Second Street, now occupied by Mr. Ward. Probably Misses Omberg on West First Street are the only residents who occupy their ancestral home of ante-bellum days. The Spullock home on Broad Street, now occupied by Dr. Shamblin, was built about 1857. Judge D. M. Hood's home, adjoining the Spullocks, has been moved nearer Broad Street, the lot divided and a bungalow built. Col. A. T. Hardin also lived here.

Judge J. W. H. Underwood's old home has passed into stranger hands —the house raised, and the homes of Dr. McKoy and Mr. J. M. Lay have been built.

Where Joe Jenkins and Mr. McKew now live was Judge Underwood's garden. Mr. Max Meyerhardt lives on the Quinn lot. The Quinn property was divided into building lots after Mr. Quinn's death and sold. Linton Vandiver, Mr. Keith and Mr. Berry have homes on what was once the Quinn garden. The large brick house now occupied by R. L. Morris was built by Mr. Crutchfield and given to his daughter, Mrs. J. H. Lumpkin, as a bridal present in the early forties. The homes of Mr. A. S. Burney and Mr. Fuller occupy the site of the Cherokee Female Institute, built and managed by Col. Simpson Fouche. Later this building passed into the possession of the Presbyterian church, and was known as the Rome Female College with Rev. and Mrs. J. M. M. Caldwell as president and dean. After the suspension of the college, Dr. J. B. S. Holmes converted it into a sanitarium. The building was burned and the property divided into lots and sold for residences.

The First Baptist church, organized in 1835, yet stands on the corner of Eighth Avenue and West Fifth Street and is now an apartment house owned by Mrs. Griffin. My own home, 601 East First Street, was the cradle of the first newspaper published in Rome —Samuel Jack, editor and printer. It was called the Rome Enterprise. This item was given me by Miss Amanda Jack, a daughter of Mr. Samuel Jack. My home was also the Methodist parsonage before the Civil War. In 1906 the old house went down in ashes and I had it rebuilt on practically the same foundation. My husband purchased it from the estate of Mr. McGuire about thirty years ago. There are yet many old homes in Rome of historical interest. Col. Alfred Shorter, Daniel R. Mitchell, C. M. Pennington, Major Ayer and other prominent men did much in laying the foundation on which Rome now stands. Some of the statements herein given were told me by my father, Wesley Shropshire, Sr., and my uncle, Monroe Shropshire, both of whom came to Rome in 1835. Other items are from my own observations, for I have been in touch with this city for 71 years.

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"GRANDMA GEORGY" RECALLS STAR BOARDERS. — "Thank you very much, Judge Branham, for a copy of 'Sketches and Reminiscences of the Rome Bar,' compiled by yourself. After reading it with the aid of a reading-glass a reminiscent mood laid a canny hand on me and I began to count the faces of some of these lawyers who sat at my table three times a day when I kept boarders on Fifth Avenue where the courthouse now stands. Col. W. H. Dabney was an inmate in my home for several years. He was a quiet, unassuming, pleasant gentleman. When court was in session he ate sparingly—sometimes only a bit of bread and a glass of milk. He often asked me where to find certain passages of Scripture, saying he had need for them.

"Capt. C. N. Featherston and Cols. E. N. Broyles and Dan'l. R. Mitchell were regular table boarders, Judge A. R. Wright a dinner guest when court was in session. All of these gentle-



A FASHIONABLE WEDDING AT A ROME COUNTRY PLACE.

The picture shows the guests at the marriage June 24, 1896, of Miss Josephine VanDyke Inman, of Atlanta, to Hugh Richardson, of Vicksburg, Miss., at the summer home of the Hugh T. Inmans, which was later the home of Jos. L. Bass and now is "Maplehurst," the home of Mrs. A. W. VanHoose. Robt. W. Graves and Miss Julia Bayard, of Rome, are on the bench to the left. Rev. Edward H. Barnett, of Atlanta, the officiating minister, is at the extreme right.

men were very courteous to me and my housekeeper, Miss McCauley. Thirty-two young men sat at my table regularly—business men and clerks. All have passed the Great Divide and 'left me counting on this spot the faces that are gone.'

"In my young days I was often a guest in the house of Judge Wright. He was fond of music, and would lie on a sofa while I would play and sing for him. Sometimes tears would creep through his closed lids, especially when I sang 'Bonnie Doon'—sometimes he walked to and fro in the parlor and called for his favorite songs.

"The curtain of years now veils my eyes, and the drum beats of time have sadly dulled my hearing, but memory lingers and I see again many beautiful pictures, and many sad scenes that have come into my strenuous life of three score and eighteen years.

"God is my Father and He leads me on daily nearer to the City that hath foundation.

"Very truly,
"NAOMI P. BALE."

—Tribune-Herald, June 22, 1921.

* * *

LOVE FOR OLD SLAVES.—The tender bond of sentiment existing between master and slave in the ante-bellum days is an old story, and it has plenty of verification in fact. While it is quite true that there were occasional instances of cruelty and oppression, as a rule master and mistress treated the slaves with great consideration. Few people would want slavery re-established, yet it is interesting to take note of instances in which slaves were treated almost like members of the family by the "white folks."

When the war came, many slaves begged to accompany their masters as bodyguards, and were allowed to go. These faithful souls will never be forgotten by the people of the South.

H. W. Johnstone, of Curryville, Gordon County, relates how "Aunt Mammy Anne," his family's old slave, died at Rome in 1855, and was buried beside the Johnstone family vault in North Rome.

Philip Harper, a 10-year-old boy, was sold Aug. 3, 1854, with three other darkies from John Harkins to Alexander Thornton Harper, of Cave Spring, for $2,275 cash. Quite an attachment grew up between master and slave, which found its highest expression when Mr. Harper was forced to sell Philip in 1863 at the court house in Atlanta. The master attended the sale and promised to buy him back at the first opportunity. Both wept as the auctioneer sold the boy, then 19.

In 1908, when Philip Harper was 64 years old, he wrote Mrs. Harper from Marietta as follows:

"Dear Madame: This missive leaves me as well as I will ever be again in this life. I fear I would have been up there before now, but my old woman keeps so very poorly until I fear to leave her. How are you and all the children? Well, I hope. My dearest associaton as a boy began in and around old Cave Spring. It has been so long since I have been there that I believe I would not know the place, but if the good Lord will spare me a few days longer, I will in real life review my old, old home once more in this life. All the people that I once knew are gone, gone; and I have only a few days—then I shall join them in Heaven. I have thought a thousand times about the last meeting Mr. Alexander and myself had was in Atlanta in 1863 at the court house after the sale was made. Then it was I did my best at crying. He cried, too, but he promise to buy me back.

"I know you will excuse the boldness I take in writing you. When I got sick, you was my doctor; cared for me in sickness. You remember how you cared for me when I got my finger broke?

"WM. PHILIP HARPER."

Mrs. Harper immediately sent the old darkey enough money to come to Cave Spring, which he did, and both of them cried as they reviewed the days that will return no more. As a member of the Harper family expressed it, Philip's appearance was like the return of a long-lost son.

* * *

WES' ROUNSAVILLE'S BOYHOOD.—The following extracts are from the autobiography of Jno. Wesley Rounsaville, who died at Rome Oct. 4, 1910:

"When my father, David Rounsaville, died, I was in my eleventh year; Sister Josephine was six, Brother 'Dolph' five; these, with our mother, constituted the family. The question that faced us was how we were to get a support. Father had been sick a long time and the small amount of money he had accumulated with a view of entering the mercantile business

again was soon spent and we were practically without means. Fortunately, we had a home at Sixth Avenue and East First Street, and this was a great help because we didn't have to pay rent.

"My first work was with a Mr. Bayless, who kept a confectionery store in part of the old Exchange Hotel. I think my salary was $5 per month. Father left us a team which we hired out and from which we collected the hire every night, and this with my pay was our only means of support. Our mother was a very industrious and economical manager.

"About this time a small affair probably changed the current of my life. Mr. Bayless told me one hot day to sweep out the store. I did so to my own satisfaction, but not to his; therefore, he ordered me to sweep it again. I demurred and he punched me with the brushing part of the broom. I deliberately walked into the street and procured a good-sized rock and went into the store and threw it at him with all my might. He ran out the back door and I got my little red calico coat and left, and never went back again.

"Mr. Bayless was a northern man. He continued to do a prosperous business, and finally went into groceries and wholesale liquors. He kept large quantities of liquor in barrels and coffee in sacks, and had them piled up in tiers against the walls of his store. One morning it was announced in the Rome Southerner that Mr. Bayless had sold his large business to Gen. Geo. S. Black and associates. It seems Mr. Bayless bantered Gen. Black into a trade, and sold on an inventory just taken by himself. A check for the money was given by Gen. Black (most likely on the Bank of the Empire State), and Mr. Bayless left immediately for the east. A few days later Gen. Black showed a customer a sample of the fine whiskey, but the whiskey turned out to be water, and the bags of coffee were in reality corn or peas put up so as to deceive. The whole stock was that way, more or less. Gen. Black made a strong effort to locate Mr. Bayless, but did not succeed.

"About 44 years after this happened, I was in New York and getting ready to come home. I stepped into a railroad ticket booth in the hotel and saw a handsome, white-haired gentleman standing behind the desk. I asked the man what was the price of tickets to the South, and he asked me where I wanted to go. I told him Rome, Ga., and he inquired if I lived there. I replied in the affirmative, and he said, 'Do you know Col. Printup in Rome?'

"'I did know him, but he is dead,' I replied.

"I inquired as to where he had known Col. Printup and he said in Rome, more than 40 years before. He stated in answer to my query that his name was Bayless, adding that he had just returned from Australia, where he had gone from Rome, and had never returned in the meantime to this country.

"'Mr. Bayless, do you remember Gen. Black?' I asked. He hesitated a moment, looked me straight in the eyes, and then dropped his head. I said, 'I know you well. I clerked for you when you first came to Rome and opened your confectionery.' 'No,' he answered, 'you are mistaken; I was in the cotton business.'

"I informed him that I was not leaving New York until the next day and would call back to see him. I called several times, but he was not there.

"After leaving the confectionery shop, I went to work for Mr. O. A. Myers, a most excellent gentleman and editor and proprietor of the Rome Southerner. He took me in his office at $5 a month and my clothing. How well do I remember the first thing he gave me—a pair of fine gray cashmere trousers. I thought they were the prettiest things I had ever seen and it seemed they never wore out. Mr. Myers appreciated my efforts so much in my thirteenth year that he sent me out to travel for the paper. I remember one night at Cave Spring, where I spent the day collecting subscriptions until I had a considerable sum of money. I was afraid to go to the hotel, lest I might be robbed or miss the stage coach, which was due to leave for Rome at midnight, so after dark I slipped into the coach, crouched in a corner and waited until the driver climbed onto his box and made off.

"Once I went to Summerville, and saw two men arguing politics in the town square. Buchanan was running for president. One man seemed to have the advantage of the other, and I championed the weaker side, asking the other man a question he couldn't answer. The crowd whooped and yelled, and the man turned on me and said, 'Look here, my little fellow, you

ought to be at home with your mammy!' That year I made $450.

"Mother soon decided that I must go to school on what Little Dolph and I had made, so I went two terms to Prof. Peter M. Sheibley, one of the finest teachers Rome ever had. In 1858 we removed to the farm of Uncle Jimmie Meredith in Broomtown Valley, Cherokee County, Ala., and farmed there until the war broke out. The people were very kind to us, although the young farmers laughed at us because we plowed in gloves and large straw hats, and could not lay off straight rows. I often amused a crowd telling them of schemes I had to make farming easier, like boring a hole in the end of the plow foot, and putting up an umbrella to plow under.

"I also said a man ought to be able to ride while he plowed, and I perfected a three-foot plow that would list land with two furrows, and save the labor of two men and one horse. For irons I used hickory withes and attached them to the front wheels of a two-horse wagon and pulled the contraption with two oxen, Mike and Bright. I demonstrated that this plow would work, but lack of means and the taunt from the Alabama farmers that it was a lazy, mean method, caused me to give it up. Years later I saw men patent this idea and develop it into some of our labor-saving plows of today, and I have always thought my plow deserved the priority.

"Our life in the country was not only a pleasant and happy one, but I verily believe it paved the way for our future success in business. It taught us to work and brought us a knowledge of the people from whom in after years we received our greatest help in building and maintaining our wholesale grocery and cotton business.

"We learned nature and the seasons and the peculiarities of agricultural products of the section. We were taught the value of money, how hard it was to make, and at the character-forming time, instead of carousing on the streets of a city until midnight, we went to sleep soon after supper and slept the sleep of the innocent and the just. In later years we opened our store at daylight and closed it at midnight."

* * *

COST OF A COLLEGE EDUCATION.—The following letter was sent recently by a Floyd County man to his son at college: "I write to send you two pairs of old breeches, that you may have a new coat made of them; also some new socks, which your mother has just knit by cutting down some of mine. Your mother sends you $10 without my knowledge, and for fear you might not spend it wisely, I have kept back half, and send you only five. We are all well, except that your sister has got the measles, which may spread among the other girls. I hope you will do honor to my teachings. If you do not, you are an ass, and your mother and myself are your affectionate parents."—Rome Tri-Weekly Courier, Jan. 21, 1860.

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ROBT. BATTEY'S TROUBLES AT SCHOOL.—At 11 years of age and under date of May 12, 1839, Robert Battey wrote as follows to his mother in Augusta from Phillips-Andover Academy, Andover, Mass. His brother George, 13, was there with him at the time:

"My dear Mother: We received a bundle from you not long since containing a letter, 4 dollars, some cotton seed, a pocket handkerchief, 2 flags, 2 knives, 2 books, the violet and Juvenile Forget-me-not which I thought was very good and interesting. Brother goes to writing school to Mr. Badger and is improving very fast. As soon as he has done his coarse of lessons he will write you a letter so that you can see how much he has improved. Chas. Hall is here at present. We have got a new boarder, his name is Daniel E. Safford. Brother has five rabbits and one of them has or is a going to have some young ones. I have been reading Rolo Learning to Read and Rolo's Vacasion. I like them very much indeed. Last Tuesday we had a company of 100 Latin and English students. They marched up and down town and then they had a reces of about 15 minutes. They had water and molasses and water. After that they marched around again; their dress was simply their Sunday best clothes, a cane and a role of pasteboard with a blue ribbon tied around it. I have found a very great falt in brother, that is, telling things arround town that I never told him, and when he gets caught in telling a lie he says that I told him something like it. His object in doing this is to make folks think better of him and worse of me. Sometimes he is kind and affectionate. I believe you wrote me to tell Mrs. Green when he imposes uppon me, but I do not like to tell her but I do not do anything to

him but stand and bare it. The other day I went down to Mr. Abbott's and bought some sugar to put in some chocolate as I and D. E. Safford used to go over in a field and build up a fire in an old tea kettle for a stove and had an old coffee pot which we found out there which we made our chocolate in. However one day I had the sugar in my pocket and Mrs. Green took it out and said it was hers. I told her it was not for I bought it down to Mr. Abbott's and if she was a mind to she might ask him but after that she got pretty cool about it. I have got a book called My Brother's Letters which I think is a very good book. Give my love to father, Aunt Mary Anna and all other inquiring friends and my best love for yourself. I hope you will write me soon.

"Your affectionate son,

"ROBERT."

Shortly after the death of his father, Cephas Battey, from yellow fever, Robert wrote his mother from Andover (under date of Dec. 8, 1839):

"My dear Mother: I received a letter from Aunt Susan last Thursday morning. Wednesday before last there was a great fire up town. Wednesday before last the book bindery burnt it belonged to Mr. Wm. Waters there has been a subscription for him. Thanks be unto the Lord it was not our house for I was sick. I had eaten something that did not agree with me. Mr. Green had his hog killed last Wednesday. Some body set fire to our chicken house last Thursday. George lost 7 rabbits. My little pigeon is doing very well. Daniel came last Friday. Mrs. Green's flowers are doing very well. Tell me is cousin Miller alive. Tell aunt creasy I am well. Mrs. Blanchard, Rhoda & I all send their love.

"Your son,

"ROBERT."

George added a postscript, saying: "You will see by Robby's letter that we have had a fire. I have been playing chess with Robby and he can play pretty well for the time he has been learning."

* * *

FRANK L. STANTON'S SANCTUM.—The casual visitor to Frank L Stanton's sanctum in the Atlanta Constitution building is deeply and lastingly impressed with the physical aspects of the place; a roll-top desk over in a corner; a swivel chair for the poet which he seldoms "swivels;" a cane-bottom chair for a friend; on the dark, smoky, spider-webbed walls a Lewis Gregg pen sketch of Joel Chandler Harris ("Uncle Remus") and cartoons by Opper and Fox pasted up without frames; a sea of old newspaper exchanges, the accumulation of months, stacked so high on both sides of the desk as to obscure the pigeon holes, which are crammed with letters, papers and poems; the top of the desk burdened with daily and weekly journals from all over the country, and surmounting them a tangled heap of spider nests and ancient dust; on the floor a discarded shower of his literary sheaves; a single electrip drop globe and a clouded window to admit a little more light; a rat's nest in nearly every drawer of the desk.

Stanton is always absorbed in plots for poems and paragraphs; he moves solitarily between office and home; year in and year out he grinds his daily grist, a column known as "Just From Georgia," and his political quips and a serious editorial daily; he is one of the most prolific writers in the United States; he is friendly and reminiscent, but he seldom invites anybody to his den, and when they come they do not consume much of his time. His office is in a rather remote part of the building; not so remote as it is "unsuspected" and undiscovered, for the human stream that flows out of the elevator and the stairway does not pass his door.

In a sense, Stanton is comparable to Sir Walter Scott, who used to throw his manuscript over his shoulder, to be picked up later by somebody and put into print. He exudes so much poetry that it sometimes gets out of his reach in the junk that surrounds him, and does not appear for days, weeks or months afterward. In a sense, he is comparable to Horace Greeley, who wrote such a miserable hand that but one compositor on the New York Tribune could read it. Stanton can write plainly and pleasingly when he takes the time. However, he usually leaves much to the imagination, and unless the printer reads it who is accustomed to his style, there is trouble in the plant.

A story is told of Stanton which will illustrate his accustomed environment:

John Temple Graves, editor of the Tribune of Rome, had hired a new office boy, to whom these instructions were given:



THE INMAN-RICHARDSON WEDDING FEAST AT "MAPLEHURST."

The nuptials of Miss Josephine VanDyke Inman and Hugh Richardson were attended by many well-known people of Rome, Atlanta, and elsewhere. In this picture are seen the wedding party at supper following the ceremony. On the right, standing, with baby, is John W. Grant, Atlanta capitalist and philanthropist, in front of him are the bride and groom and beyond are Mr. and Mrs. Hugh T. Inman, and between them Edward H. Inman. In front of Mr. Inman is Mrs. Grant, formerly Miss Annie Martin Inman.

"One of your duties, son, will be to carry the copy to the composing room. Whenever I write anything, you come in here and get it, and whenever Mr. Stanton writes anything, go in there and take it back. I think Mr. Stanton has some now."

The boy returned in a minute to Col. Graves' desk and said:

"I couldn't make him answer."

"What's that?"

"He just kept on working when I asked him if he had wrote anything."

"Oh!" exclaimed Col. Graves with a twinkle in his eye. "Let's see."

They went to the doorway and peeked in. There sat Stanton with his elbows aspread, his head low and his right hand fighting furiously with a pencil. He had dug so deeply into a mountain of papers that no part of him was discernible below his shoulders. He would make a great effort and out would come a sheet of long hand, suggestive of a doodle-bug playing in a sand hill or a mole starting a direct route to China.

"I forgot to tell you the way you should approach Mr. Stanton. The boy that had your job understood it. You notice the rope on the hook here at the door is attached to the chandelier in the middle of the room. The easiest and quietest way to get in there is to grab the rope and swing from the door to the table beside his desk, where you will be able to get the copy. Then you swing back. The idea is not to disturb his muse. Let's see how well you can do it.'

"Colonel Graves, I ain't lost nothin' in there."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"A man from Mt. Alto just come out, sayin' he wanted a write-up, but saw Mr. Stanton was busy, so just left his box on the table and said he would be back. No, sir, I ain't goin' in there!"

"What sort of write-up did he want?"

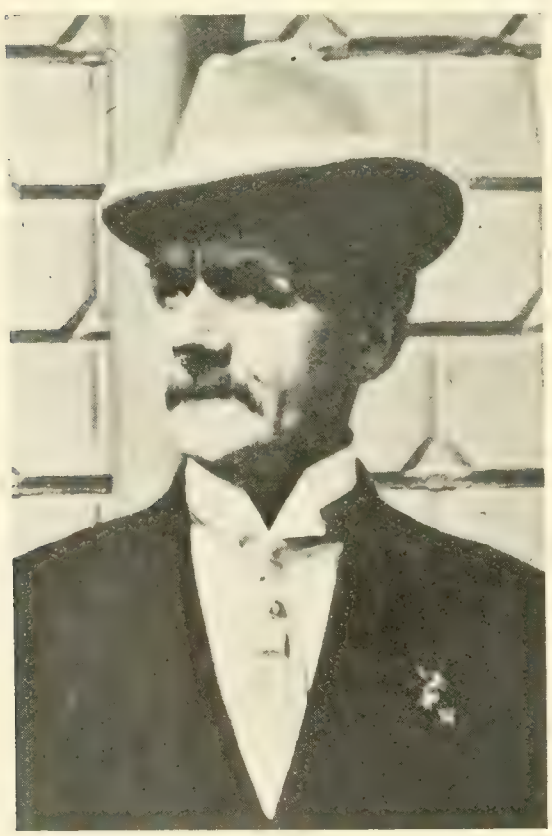
"He said he had broke the record at Mt. Alto for ketchin' the biggest rattlesnake!"

Mr. Stanton was the owner of a small dog which had the distinction of having been named after a famous expression. Sam Jones used to come to Rome and exclaim at his great meetings, "My, my, man—can not you see the error of your ways?" So the dog was named "My-my."

"My-my" was a product of the flood of 1886. He has been born in the Fourth Ward in February of that year; when the high water came, he swam into Rome proper for the first time, and anchored on Broad Street. It was cold and the puppy took refuge in a hallway, where he was found and adopted by Col. Graves, who carried him home to 402 First Avenue. Here the little dog forgot his late experiences, and his humility at the same time. He bit Dr. Henry Battey savagely on the ankle, so that ever after the doctor bowed himself out of the house backwards.

The dog soon became a pet at The Tribune office, and since Stanton fed him and kept him as a "paperweight" on his desk, he soon forsook his original benefactor. Presently Col. Graves' first wife died and they buried her over on Myrtle Hill. Bishop Warren A. Candler came to Rome, called on Col. Graves and proposed that they go to the cemetery for a silent word of prayer. As they approached the tomb, they saw Mr. and Mrs. Stanton, accompanied by "My-my."

"Even my dog seems to have deserted me!" exclaimed Col. Graves disconsolately. "My-my, you must choose this day whom you will serve." So



FRANK LEBBY STANTON, Georgia's lyric poet, who served as night editor of The Tribune of Rome under Jno. Temple Graves.

saying, Col. Graves walked off, and Bishop Candler followed. "My-my" hesitated a moment, swallowed hard, smacked his lips meekly and tucking his tail between his legs, followed the Stantons. Col. Graves declared philosophically, "Thus it is with all earthly friends!"

Stanton soon moved to Atlanta at the instance of Wm. A. Hemphill and brought "My-my" along, and the dog became a prime favorite around his sanctum. When "My-my" died at the age when all good dogs are supposed to die, The Constitution printed his picture and recorded that many of his friends among the children followed him sorrowfully to a decent burial place, and concluded: "My-my was in many respects a remarkable dog, but particularly so because he was the only canine we ever heard of who was knock-kneed in front and bow-legged in the rear."

* * *

FRANK L. STANTON TO HIS MOTHER.*—The beloved Georgia poet once penned this beautiful sonnet:

Thou shalt have grave where glory is forgot,
Thy star all luminous in the world's last night,
Thy children's arms shall be thy necklace bright,
And all love's roses clamber to thy cot;
And if a storm one steadfast star shall blot
From thy clear Heaven, God's angels shall re-light
The lamps for thee and make the darkness write—
The lilies of His love shall be thy lot!
He shall give all His angels charge of thee,
Thy coming and thy going shall be known,
Their steps shall shine before thee radiantly,
Lest thou shouldst dash thy foot against a stone;
The cross still stands; who will that love condemn
Whose mother lips kissed Christ at Bethlehem?

* * *

FROM A SHERMAN SCOUT.—Thos. D. Collins, of Middletown, N. Y., courier, guide and scout of the 20th corps, Army of the Cumberland (U. S.), writes:

"I was at Rome on the night of Oct. 3, 1864, having been sent with orders to Brig. Gen. Jno. M. Corse to move his command at once to Allatoona Pass and reinforce the post there, where Sherman had stored 1,000,000 rations. We reached Allatoona on the afternoon of the 4th; John B. Hood, in command of the Rebel forces, had got in our rear, and on the morning of the 5th, Gen. S. G. French, in command of a division of Rebels, sent us by flag of truce information that if we would surrender, we would be treated well, but if he was forced to attack, every one of us would be massacred. To this, Corse replied after consulting the small force at hand, 'Come and take us if you can!'

"On they came, and I assure you French paid dearly for his assault, and toward night he began withdrawing his forces, or what was left of them. During the battle, a signal was seen flying from the top of Kennesaw Mountain,** telling us to hold out, that help was coming to us. Corse answered, 'I am minus a cheek bone and part of an ear, but am able to whip all hell yet!' Corse had been hit late in the afternoon by a rifle ball and knocked senseless. We thought him killed, but he soon rallied. We suffered severely for the number engaged. My horse was killed in the fracas. The gun I used that terrible day of slaughter stands this moment in my bedroom, and money couldn't buy it. It is an 8-shot Spencer repeating rifle.

"French's troops were heroes, every one. They were in the open and we were behind strong breastworks. They had no chance to dislodge us. French had cut our wires. Americans against Americans, and I am glad to hope that North and South are now one united country."

* * *

THE BARTOWS IN FLOYD COUNTY.—Comparatively few people know that the Bartow family, of Savannah, once maintained quite an establishment at Cave Spring. It is likely that they removed to Floyd County prior to 1850, and that they lived there part of the time for five years or more. Mrs. Bartow moved back to Cave Spring after the death of her husband and her son. The head of the house was Dr. Theodosius Bartow, who was born at Savannah Nov. 2,

*From The Mothers of Some Famous Georgians.

**Signal sent by Gen. Wm. Vandever, who for a time occupied the post at Rome.

1792, and married Frances Lloyd Feb. 26, 1812.

Says The Mothers of Some Famous Georgians:

"After Francis S. Bartow's sad end, Mrs. Bartow returned to her home in Floyd, now endeared to her by many sacred memories, which threw a halo around her pathway, for it lay in shadows the rest of her days since the light of her life, her counsellor and friend, would no more go in and out with words of peace. Her 60th birthday was Nov. 1, 1852, and her son wrote:

"'I now take advantage of the closing hours of this day which completes your 60th year. It has been one of those bland, bright days, more like spring than autumn, neither warm nor cold, and I have thought of the green hills of Floyd and wished myself there, that I might walk with you through the quaint garden and see the sun, as he sets behind the mountains, light up the sky with golden radiance. How beautiful does nature present to the mind the evening of a well-spent life; how few are the dark hours between the mellow twilight, so full of peace and rest and the glorious reappearance of the rosy beams of morning.

"'For you I cannot wish those many years on earth which is the customary greeting. I know enough of life's meridian, of its fleeting joy and constant cares to feel that the happiest home is where the soul is freed. But for me my prayer would be that you who first held me up to the light of day should close my eyes. A selfish prayer, at least, that I may so live that, like you, some golden light may be reflected in my evening days!

"'God's will be done! May He guide you and me and all of us! My heart is with you always!'"

For quite a while Mrs. Bartow's daughter, Theodosia (Mrs. Edward E. Ford), was the principal of a girls' school at Cave Spring. This place became known as "Woodstock," and it was conducted by Mrs. Ford before and after the war; it was once owned by the Nobles, of Rome. The Bartows were the principal donors of the Episcopal church at Cave Spring, and several of the old-time residents remember them with deep affection. Mrs. Bartow died at about 80 years of age. She was a kindly and true Southern gentlewoman, typical of a race that is no more.

GEN. NEAL DOW PRISONER OF A ROMAN.—It is not commonly known that Neal Dow, once Mayor of Portland, Me., and a general in command of colored soldiers during the Civil War, was taken to Libby Prison, Richmond, Va., probably in 1863, by Leonidas Timoleon ("Coon") Mitchell, brother of Mrs. Hiram Hill, of Rome. "Little Neal" Dow, as he was known, had carried his negro troops against the Confederate works at Port Hudson, Mississippi River, La., May 28, 1863, had lost 500 in killed and wounded from his brigade, and himself had been wounded twice. Subsequently he was captured and put in prison at Mobile. Feeling was so intense against him there on account of the fact that he had led colored troopers that it was deemed best to remove him north. A Roman, "Coon" Mitchell, member of the Rome Light Guards of the Eighth Georgia Infantry, was selected to take him.

The route, for sake of safety, was through New Orleans. Gen Dow, dressed as a private, was taken there, and lodged over night at a hotel. Somehow the secret got abroad and a crowd of angry people gathered at the hotel, demanding the body of the prisoner. The proprietor sent word to the room of captive and escort to flee. Mitchell had been guarding his charge and had had little sleep; had not removed his clothing; but in spite of his fatigue he smuggled Gen. Dow out of a rear passageway and caught a train at a way station and landed him at Richmond. Gen. Dow was later exchanged for Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, nephew of Robt. E. Lee.

Gen. Dow got his commission as brigadier from President Lincoln and was regarded as a capital prize by the Confederate hosts. He was a great temperance leader and as prohibition candidate for president in 1880 he received 10,000 popular votes. He died at Portland Oct. 2, 1897, at the ripe old age of 93.

"Coon" Mitchell himself, it will be remembered, was imprisoned shortly after the war by Capt. Chas. A. de la Mesa for his participation in a Confederate uniform in the tableau "The Officer's Funeral" at Rome. Capt. de la Mesa was in charge of the Freedmen's Bureau at that time, and objected to the presentation of the tableau as an insult to the United States flag.

Mitchell was born in March, 1839, hence was 24 when he took "Little Neal" in tow. He died a good many

years ago and was buried in the Soldiers' Section of Oakland Cemetery, Atlanta.

* * *

"GINRUL" VANDEVER AND "THE WIDOW LUMPKIN."—When Maj. William Vandever, of Sherman's Army, took charge of Rome in 1864, one of the early callers at his headquarters (whether by official invitation or otherwise it is not known) was the handsome widow of Judge John H. Lumpkin, congressman, who had died four years before. A stately ex-congressman from Iowa and a splendid gentleman, General Vandever had been cited for bravery on many a battlefield, but he was a married man and there was undoubtedly no justification for the gossip which wagging tongues soon spread concerning his "affair" with Mrs. Lumpkin, who, by the way, had been Miss Mary Jane Crutchfield, daughter of Col. Thos. Crutchfield, of Chattanooga. Mrs. Lumpkin lived on Eighth Avenue in Rome's finest home, five blocks from the General's headquarters.

However, the tongues did wag, and on numerous occasions connected the names of the two in a way that must have been embarrassing to both, but furnished them considerable amusement at the same time.

Enter a mischievous young Rome woman determined to protest in her own way at the Yankee occupation, as General Vendever's carriage passed by.

"Ginrul, Ginrul, may I stop you a moment?"

"Hold up there, Bob; let's see what the lady wants. What can I do for you, ma'am?"

"Ginrul, would you be kind enough to lend me a pianner?"

"Madam, I'm sorry, but I've got no piano."

"Why, Ginrul, I hearn ye had *seven* at the Widow Lumpkin's!"

Mrs. Thos. Hawkins, formerly the beautiful and cultured Miss Pauline Bryant, whose father was prosperous in a comfortable estate on the Cave Spring road, got a pass through the lines and appeared at General Vendever's headquarters ("Bill Arp's" old home on Fourth Avenue) and asked for protection from marauding bands of soldiers. Her husband was away with the "Rebels" and she was practically alone in a great big house. General Vandever courteously offered her a guard, to which she replied feelingly:

"Oh, General, I can not express my gratitude! I can only hope that before you die you will succeed in winning the heart of the Widow Lumpkin!"

Mrs. Hawkins went through trials second to none during the war. After the evacuation of Rome Capt. Jack Colquitt maintained a band of bushwhackers around Rome, Cave Spring and Cedartown who had formerly been members of a Texas unit opposing Sherman's attack on Rome. This band traveled under the name of Colquitt's Independent Scouts. A foraging party of Union soldiers having gone out in wagons toward the present site of Lindale the Scouts ambushed it in front of the Bryant-Hawkins home, killed several men and stampeded the horses. In retaliation Gen. Jno. M. Corse, of Pennsylvania, the Northern commander, claiming Mrs. Hawkins' husband and son had led the attacking party, caused the home to be burned to the ground. It was stated by neighbors that Mrs. Hawkins had time to save only the family Bible; also that a soldier invited her to rescue the portraits of her ancestors, to which she replied contemptuously, "I would not lower myself to accept such an invitation! I will stand here and watch it all burn together! The piano and the funiture and the grandfather clock are equally sacred to me!"

Mrs. Hawkins was then arrested and sent to share the roof and the scanty wardrobe of sympathetic friends.

* * *

STORY OF THE WHITE PAPOOSE.—Mrs. Pattie Wright Stone, of Farill, Ala., contributes the following story of Alexander Thornton Harper, of Cave Spring, who married Miss Elizabeth Whatley Sparks, the girlhood sweetheart of Gen. John B. Gordon:

"On Mar. 28, 1832, there was born in Vann's Valley, near the beautiful Little Cedar Creek, to Thornton Harper and his wife, Frances Long Richardson, a baby boy named Alexander Thornton. On the night of the third day of the child's birth there came a knocking at the door of the Harper log cabin. At that time the valley swarmed with Red Men, and well did the inmates of the forest home know whenever a red knuckle rapped.

"'Oh, dear, dear, it's the Indians,'

Mrs. Harper whispered, and with one hand she drew her baby nearer her breast, and with the other gathered up little Elizabeth, their only other child.

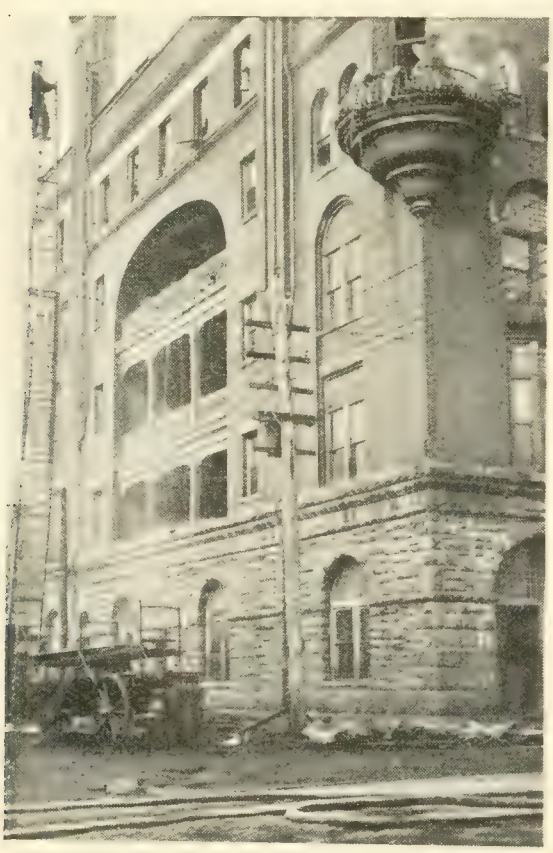
"'Don't be alarmed, "Chick," reassured the husband. 'There is no harm in them.'

"Mr. Harper opened the door and in filed several Cherokees, the leader of whom said with a grunt and in guttural tones, 'Indians want to see white papoose.'

"It was the first white child born in Floyd County.

"'Give white papoose to Indian; Indian hold him in his arms.'

"Mr. Harper, confident of the Indian's good intentions, placed his young son in the Red Man's arms, and then each Indian insisted on holding the baby in turn, and on scrutinizing the little fellow to determine how the Great Spirit had made him so pale instead of red. When the baby told them in his own peculiar way that he wanted to go back to his mother, the Indians knew it was not the sound of the brown papoose. They went away reverently and were swallowed up in the gloom of the nearby forests.



THE HOTEL ARMSTRONG in fire of Mar. 8, 1921. Note burning cupola and fireman at top of ladder.

"Mr. Harper was a pioneer of the highest type, and his savage neighbors admired his humanizing qualities. On one occasion an Indian boy was sentenced to receive 40 lashes for horse theft, and he pleaded that Mr. Harper be allowed to apply the punishment.

"'The valley was full of game and the Indian boys hunted much on their fleet footed ponies. Often they would expend a quiver of arrows at wild turkeys and come home laden with the great black birds; they also killed deer and exchanged the venison for beads and other things the settlers had to offer.

"Mr. Harper built the first house of size in that neighborhood. It was a two-story affair and was known as the White House. Practically all the other establishments were log cabins, with a room on each end and a passageway through the middle, or a single room without hall. He made his plantation blossom with slave labor brought from South Georgia. Presently there were five white papooses instead of two, and when Alexander and Elizabeth had grown up somewhat they used to play with the Indian boys and girls. The boys played a game with thick stones shaped like wheels. These would be rolled across an open space and shot at with arrows, and the side which scored the most hits was declared the winner.

"Once when Alexander and Elizabeth were playing with a lot of pearls and wampum in a bureau drawer at David Vann's home they heard somebody ask Mrs. Vann if she were not afraid the pale-faces would drive the Indian out. 'No,' she answered scornfully, 'right now I could sound the war whoop and a thousand braves would answer from forest and field.'

"Little did she realize how soon the Indians were to march sullenly by for the west as Alexander and Elizabeth hung on the fence and waved them farewell. We have their valleys, rivers and hills and they are gone to the land of the setting sun; but so has the little white papoose gone to the happy hunting ground of Heaven. On Saturday, Jan. 2, 1905, Alexander Thornton Harper died at his Cave Spring home. 'A noble man has gone to that reward promised the faithful in Holy Writ. He fought the good fight, he kept the faith throughout the allotted years of life and now enjoys that bliss accorded the righteous who die in the Lord.'"

A FAMOUS LEAP-YEAR PARTY. The Rome News of Dec. 29, 1920, carried the following story:

Only two more days of Leap Year,—two more days and then a lapse of four long years!

Look before you leap, young ladies of Rome, but leap while ye may! Next year, 1921, is not divisible by four to a nicety, nor is it divisible by twos or couples if the plaints of the hard time croakers are to be taken seriously.

'Twas the same in the old days, and 'tis the same now. The love song is sung in season and out. Fair maids sing it one year in four and handsome men the remaining three.

Back in 1860, just before the muffled drums started beating for the Civil War, there resided in Rome a young bachelor by the name of George T. Stovall, member of one of Georgia's most prominent families, who in addition to being a lawyer, wrote editorials for The Rome Courier.

He was one of the first to fall in the First Battle of Manassas in 1861. His senior editor on The Courier was M. Dwinell, who was also a bachelor, and who went away with Stovall as a second lieutenant in the Rome Light Guards. The Courier having no society editor Jan. 27, 1860, a leap-year party was handled in the editorial column as follows by Bachelor Dwinell:

"It was our pleasure on last Friday night to attend a most delightful party gotten up and entirely managed by the young ladies of Rome. Everything was arranged in excellent good taste and the young ladies played the gallants most admirably. They showed that they not only knew how to gracefully receive the attentions of the sterner sex but also that they can most charmingly bestow them. It was a sweet season of joyous hilarity, mirth and social amusements,—a genuine 'feast of reason and flow of soul.' There are many more young gentlemen than young ladies in the place, and if the former did not all get special invitations, we see no reason why they should be growling about it. The ladies deserve great credit for the pleasing exhibition they made of their 'rights' for the coming year. May they all live long and happily and each be the pure center of sacred household joys."

Having read this squib in the proof, Bachelor Stovall wrote the following:

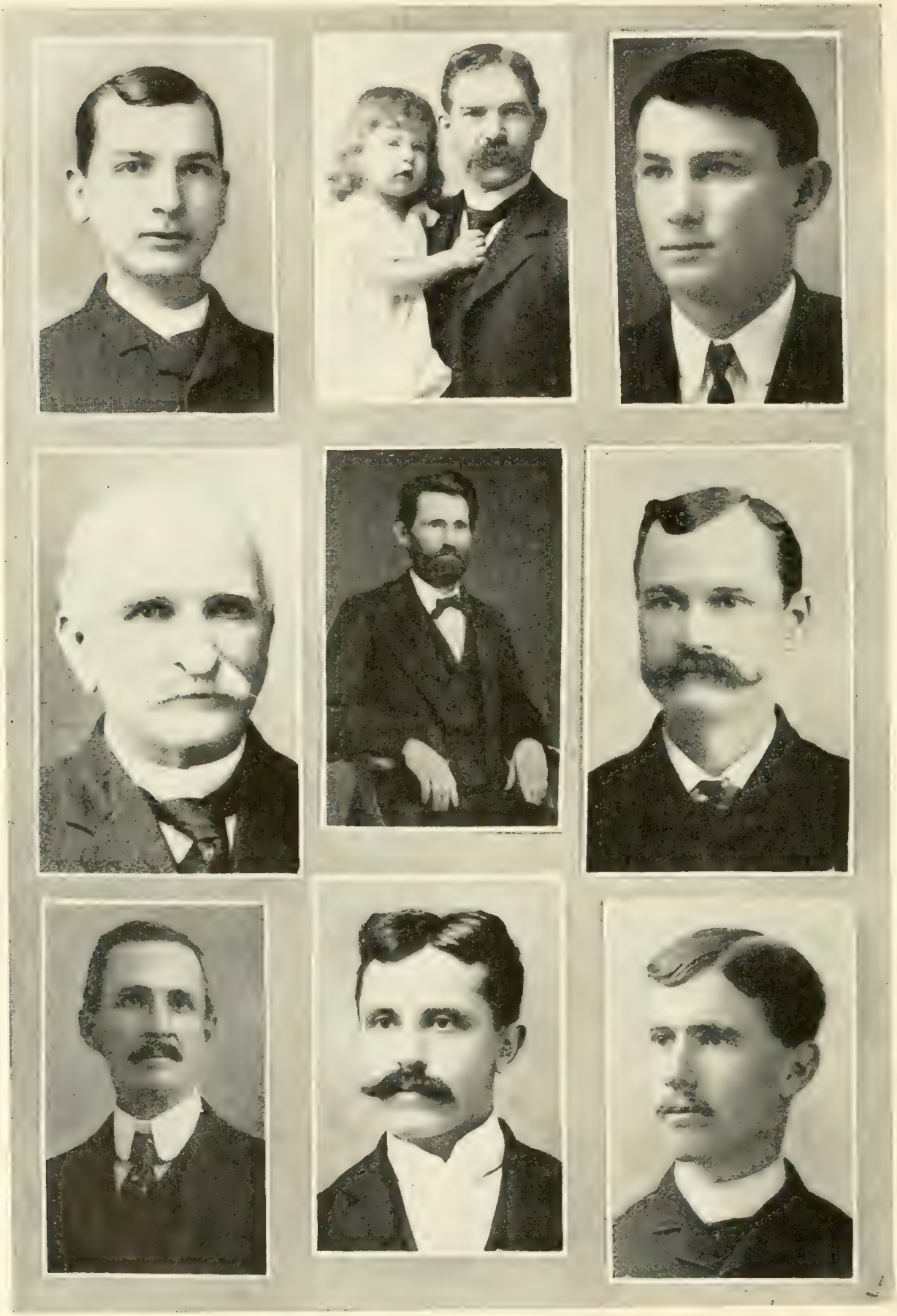
"Now, we wish to say a word or two on the subject. All that sounds very nice and pretty coming from our editorial senior, and although he insists we must not, we will say it, senior in years as well as editorial experience. He can afford to write that way about Leap Year parties when he gets a special invitation to go and has an escort. But there are two sides to every question and we are on the other side of this one, for we did not have a 'peculiar institution' in embryo to come and hand us a sweetly-scented billet doux written in the most delicate chirography, respectfully soliciting the pleasure of our company.

"It is true we did get through the postoffice a sort of general invitation or permission or something of the kind which seemed to say 'If you are not afraid to come by yourself, you can come, or you can stay away, just as you please; if you come you can take care of yourself, and if you stay away, nobody will miss you anyhow.'

"We have never done anything we know of that makes us deserve such treatment. We have never been caught disturbing the midnight slumber of anybody's hen roost or in mistaking another man's pocket for our own. We don't recall ever having said that women were intellectually inferior to Becon, or Newton or Bonaparte or J. Caesar or Pompey or Solomon or Brigham Young or Joe Brown, and we are satisfied we have never compared them to a huge fodder stack with a little piece of ribbon or turkey feather fluttering from the top of it. However much we have thought all this, we have prudently kept it to ourselves; but we vow we won't do so any longer!

"On the other hand, ever since we had heard there was to be a Leap Year party we had been studiously attentive and polite to every one of the 'Dear (Bah!) creatures.' Whenever we have met them on the street we have invariably tipped our hat as gracefully as we knew how and smiled a little sweeter than we ever thought we could before, and ever can again; and in one or two instances we followed them several blocks hoping we might have an opportunity of picking up and returning to its owner a glove or a handkerchief she may have 'unintentionally' dropped.

"And yet, after all this, not one of them offered to escort us to the party; and we waited as patiently as Job until 9:30 that night. Then hope and our fire going out about the same time, we concluded to follow their example and stroll up to the city hall,



A TRULY COSMOPOLITAN ASSEMBLAGE.

In this group are three physicians, a lawyer, a sheriff, a merchant, a mining engineer, a minister and a college professor. They are, left to right, Dr. Harry Huzza, Dr. Geo. R. West, of Chattanooga, and Lyle B. West; Edwin Watters, Rev. R. B. Headden, long pastor of the First Baptist church; Judge Robt. D. Harvey, Jake C. Moore, Robt. D. Van Dyke, of Atlanta; Prof. Jos. Lustrat, of Athens, and Dr. Geo. B. Glover, of Monticello, Fla.

only to see how many and who were there. We very foolishly went in by way of testing the matter a little further, and just as we expected, nobody came to ask us to promenade or insist on our singing Jeremiah, or to play the elephant or any other animal, or to ask us how we were enjoying the evening, or even to inform us of the state of the weather.

"One young lady (bless her sweet soul) did offer to take our hat, and it was such an extraordinary act of attention that we would have given it to her if it had not cost us five dollars and was the last one we had. We were satisfied from what we saw that our senior's rhapsodies are all put on, for he was a most neglected wall flower. It may be called spite or spleen, but to us the whole affair was a perfect humbug.

"We would rather eat sour grapes any time than attend one for half an hour. The man that started the idea of giving up for twelve months the dearest privileges of his sex to a parcel of unappreciative and capricious women deserved a coat of tar and feathers, and on Friday night we had the great satisfaction of burning the wretch in effigy and singing his requiem.

"So far as any advancement of our own from a state of single blessedness to one of double wretchedness is concerned, when we record in our journal the events of 1860 we will simply leave a blank page.

"We think Patrick Henry could have made the expression a great deal stronger if he had said 'Give me Liberty or give me Leap Year!' We only wish it were 1861; we would see how far another Leap Year would catch us in this fix again. As it is we have a notion to spend the balance of this one in Utah. There we reckon the ladies are not so independent. Leap Year indeed!"

Bachelor Dwinell read the proof on the above sally by Bachelor Stovall and tacked on the following:

"Our junior has fully justified the fable of the Fox and the Grapes. We pity him; but since he wrote the above we discover unmistakable signs of convalescence and assure the ladies that he will be in his right mind in a few days."

* * *

CARRYING ON.—The following items from The Rome Weekly Courier, Vol. 20, New Series No. 1, Thursday, Aug. 31, 1865, will give further information on the status of Rome and Romans directly after the Civil War:

To Former Patrons.—Greeting: On the 16th of May, 1864, the last number of this paper was published. The Federal forces occupied Rome on the next day, and since then, up to about the first of last May, it was not deemed prudent for such a 'Reb" as we have been to engage in any permanent business in Rome.

Some three months since we returned to the old office and found it in great confusion. What a pickle it was in, to be sure! Stands, tables, cases, presses, stones and stove pipe, imposing stone, cabinets, racks and everything else all turned topsy-turvy; and then the whole chawdered up and beaten to pieces with sledge hammers and crowbars until the office looked like the Demons from the Infernal Regions had been holding high carnival there.

Of course we felt bad. It looked very much like "Othello's occupation was gone!" It would do no good to think hard things and still less to say wicked words; we at once resolved that as for us and our house, we would arise and go back to the old fold again. Well, the first thing to be done was to take the Amnesty Oath. Now, about that we felt a little like the keeper of a cheap boarding house did about eating crow, after he had forced down a little for a wager. He said he could eat crow, but he "didn't hanker arter it!" We took the oath and have been feeling better ever since. It was probably just the medicine needed. We would advise every citizen of the state to embrace the first opportunity to take the Oath of Allegiance. It is as little as could possibly be asked of us after four years of most determined and earnest effort to disrupt the Federal Nation, and besides it is really our duty to give an honest pledge that hereafter we will give a full and cordial support of that government, which after all our sins against it proposes now not only to pardon (with a few exceptions) but also to spread over us the aegis of its protecting wings.

Having taken the Oath, we went industriously to work and with the assistance of one good printer, by picking up the debris, assorting the type, patching some machinery and buying a little (with borrowed money), we are now enabled to come out with the paper as you see it. It is our determination to publish a first-rate family newspaper, giving the subscriber as

much reliable and interesting information on Commercial, Political and Miscellaneous subjects as the columns will contain. All Military and Government orders and Proclamations that pertain to the people of this section will be published as soon as received. The paper will be neither partisan nor sectarian, but we shall do all in our power to support President Johnson and the Provisional Governor in their present policy of restoring the Empire State of the South to its once proud position in the great family of States.

Wanted—One Thousand Subscribers to This Paper—Our rates are low. The paper will be the best News Paper we can possibly make it. Terms, $1 for three months; $2 for six, or $4 for 12 months. We will take in payment currency or produce, anything we can eat, drink or wear, at market price; also clean cotton or linen rags at 2 cents per pound. No name will be entered on the Subscription Book until the paper is paid for, and the paper will be stopped as soon as the time paid for expires.

Bill Arp.—We are promised a series of communications from this inimitable wit and satirist. Probably we may have one article from him next week.

Important Military Order.—Capt. Kyes, commandant of this post, received a telegraphic dispatch from Gen. Steedman on the 29th inst. ordering that no cotton shall be shipped from this place after that date until further orders. It is supposed that this order is general throughout the cotton states, and that all cotton will have to remain where it is for the present—one object of this order is to prevent the stealing of cotton that is now carried on to such a shameful extent in some sections.

Taking the Oath.—While Capt. Heirs was Provost Marshal, from June 10 to July 26, he administered the Oath to 342 persons; since August 14 Jesse Lamberth, ordinary of the county, has administered it to 770, making the total number up to noon yesterday 1,112, and still they come.

Schools in Rome.—Arrangements are made for a good number of excellent schools for the children of Rome and vicinity. Mrs. Dr. Brown still continues her school at the former place. Mrs. Reeves has returned and will reopen her school on Monday next. See Advertisement. Mrs. Susan Smith is also about to commence another school, and Misses Maggie Riley and Mattie Sawrie each have prosperous schools now in operation. Mrs. J. W. M. Berrien also has a fine school, and Mrs. Jennings, her sister, teaches music. Mr. Nevin has a school for boys that we understand is well patronized and doing well.

Rolling Mill and Machine Shop.—We are pleased to learn that H. M. Anderson & Co. are preparing to rebuild their rolling mill. Messrs. Noble Brothers are also arranging to rebuild their Machine Shops and Foundry, and we hope ere long to hear the genial hum of machinery all along Railroad Street as in times before the war.

Business of Rome.—The business of this place has increased nearly 100 per cent a week for the last three months. We now have twelve dry goods stores, nearly all keeping more or less hardware, crockery and groceries; seven family grocery stores, two wholesale and retail grocery stores, two hotels, three eating saloons, six bar rooms, two billiard rooms, two livery stables, etc., and all doing a good business.

"Home Again."—Nearly all the former citizens of Rome and vicinity have returned and others intend coming soon. Among those who are still absent are Dr. H. V. M. Miller, who is now in Macon but still claims Rome as his home and will soon return; A. M. Sloan, now in Thomasville, but expects to move back in October; D. R. Mitchell and Dr. Jas. B. Underwood, now in Valdosta, intend to return this fall; Wade S. Cothran, now at Valula, is expected soon; Jno. R. Freeman, now at Flat Shoals, Meriwether County, is due before Christmas; Asahel R. Smith expects to move here again in a short time. In fine, nearly every one of the former residents are certain to return, and before long Rome will be herself again.

Must Ladies Take the Oath?—"The orders are very plain on this subject. The ladies are required to take the Oath before taking their letters. By command of Maj. Gen. Steedman, S. B. Moe, Adjutant." The above is an extract of an order received by our Postmaster in reference to ladies re-receiving letters by mail.

Drouth.—This section is suffering from drouth to an extent almost unprecedented. Since July 16 there has been but one little shower here, and then only one-fourth of an inch of water fell. The consequence is that all corn is greatly injured, and the late corn nearly ruined. The garden vegetables and potato crop are nearly cut off.

County Meeting.—A call has been published for a meeting at the City Hall in Rome on Saturday, Sept. 9, to nominate candidates for the State Convention at Milledgeville. The State Convention will be entrusted with the most important and vital interests of the people, and the very truest and best men should be sent from every county.

New Steamboat.—Our friends down the river and many others elsewhere will be glad to learn that fine progress is being made by H M. Anderson & Co. in constructing a new boat for the Coosa River. The boat is being built at McArver's Ferry, and we understand that a portion of the machinery of the old Alfarata will be used.

Specimen Copies.—We send this number of The Courier to many of our old subscribers, in hopes that they will subscribe again. We can not furnish the paper on a credit.

Garrison.—The military force now stationed here is Co. C, 29th Indiana troops, Capt. Kyes commanding.

Hymeneal.—Married on the 20th inst., by Hon. Augustus R. Wright, Dr. Miller A. Wright and Miss Sallie Park, formerly of Columbia. On the 24th inst., by the Rev. Jesse Lamberth, Mr. John Holland to Mrs. S. A. Stansbury; all of this city.

* * *

A WAR-TIME LOTHARIO.—After having attended the Confederate Veterans' Reunion at Chattanooga, Curtis Green, of Oglesby, Tex., came to Rome Saturday, Oct. 29, 1921, to visit his relatives, Mrs. M. B. Eubanks and Ed A. Green; then developed a story of Civil War romance that it is the fortune of few in a lifetime to hear or experience. Miss Sarah (Sallie) Wallace Howard appears as the heroine, and the meeting between the two, for the first time in 57 years, is staged at the home of R. E. Griffin, 101 West Eighth Avenue, where the circumstances are recalled.

In May, 1864, shortly after Rome was first occupied, Gen. Wm. T. Sherman's headquarters for the Union Army were at "Spring Bank," Bartow County, home of Capt. (Rev.) Chas. Wallace Howard, father of Miss Sallie Howard and of Miss Frances Thomas Howard, who in 1905 vividly recounted the family's war experience in a book entitled "In and Out of the Lines." "Spring Bank" was about midway between Kingston and "Barnsley Gardens," the palatial estate of the Englishman, Godfrey Barnsley. The neighborhood was alive with "Yankees," but the confusion incident to the chase after Gen. Jos. E. Johnston's stubbornly retreating columns gave Curtis Green an opportunity to come within 100 yards of Gen. Sherman's headquarters and to speak with Miss Sallie, then a slip of a girl at 18. Mr. Green had been detailed as a spy to obtain information of Gen. Sherman's movements, and he had boldly walked through the lines in a Union uniform, using a stretch of woodland to cover the dangerous distance between his own men and the enemy.

Miss Sallie was incredulous at first, but when he told her in a decided Southern accent that he was a member of the Sixth Georgia Cavalry under command of Gen. Jos. Wheeler, she believed his story, and admiringly declared she was so glad to see a Confederate soldier that she desired to make him a nice present. It was his privilege to choose what the gift should be. Quite possibly he exacted a forfeit expressive of the happiness they felt at meeting, but history must record simply the fact that he asked her to make him a suit of home-spun clothes —not a military uniform, but a habit that might serve him better in gathering information for his chief.

"But, little lady, we have only a minute more to talk," he warned her. "I must hurry back. If you would do your honored father and the Confederacy a service, you will meet me at 1 o'clock after midnight tonight in the clump of pines at the top of yonder hill. Lucky for our cause if the clouds obscure the moon!"

Miss Sallie's heart beat warm for the boys in gray. Her father was battling to save the home from the invader. Her sisters and her mother were dyed-in-the-wool Rebels, and with all the strength at their command they had resisted the efforts of the foe. It was a perilous task but she could not be less brave than Curtis Green, for what is life without liberty and honor? Her smile told him she would be there, and he rushed away, as if to transact some important business at the front of the Union line.

Miss Sallie took into her confidence Miss Fannie, who was 19, and undoubtedly "Mother" Howard knew, for they never kept anything from her. At any rate, the young ladies dressed themselves in dark waists and dark skirts. If they were caught they would probably be shot, but they might escape by pleading that they had ven-



ROMANS AND "NEAR ROMANS" HERE AND THERE.

Wm. M. Hardin, Judge Harry Johnson, Chas. W. Morris, Richard Venable Mitchell and James D'Arcy; Miss Elizabeth Lanier and a group of Romans at "Oak Hill", home of Mrs. Thos. Berry; Col. Hamilton Yancey; George Rounsaville on parade; Little Miss Jean Landrum; Ernest E. Lindsey; Hughes Reynolds and W. S. Rowell in a playful argument; Wm. J. Vincent; Little Miss Patti O'Neill; a Kiwanis Club group helping to dedicate the Municipal bandstand.

tured forth with heavy hearts, unable to sleep, to search for the body of kinsman or friend. These heavy hearts were in their slender, white throats as they approached the most advantageous point in the line. Sentries stalked heavily to and fro at intervals while the snores of the rank and file told that they were at peace with the world for the nonce.

By dodging behind an ammunition wagon here and a friendly tree there the girls managed to get through, and how they did fly up the hill! They had reached the clump of pines before Curtis Green, and they crouched low, and held their breaths; the pine needles seemed to spring up around and half to envelop them. Presently the young Confederate appeared. He was 24 and handsome. He greeted them with a warmth that reflected his admiration of their courage; pressed them to make haste; received valuable pointers on the number of Sherman's men and their disposition; bade them forewell with a promise to call presently for the suit of clothes, and bespoke the tender care of the Almighty in their return to the Howard home. The girls, having found the path one way, trod it safely again, and spelt soundly until morning.

In two days the wool for Curtis Green's suit had been carded and spun. The outfit was ready, but lo! the hero was gone. Private arrangements with fair damsels in war are one thing, and stern army commands are quite another. Curtis Green's unit had been ordered on a scouting expedition near State Line, between Floyd County, Ga., and Cherokee County, Ala., and here he had been cut off and captured. After a considerable stay elsewhere, he was removed Sept. 23, 1864, to a rough wooden shack in Rome which stood at the southwest corner of Sixth Avenue and West Second Street, about 150 feet north of the Floyd County jail and 200 feet east of the Oostanaula River. A drum-head courtmartial had found him guilty of espionage and he had been sentenced to be shot Oct. 4 at sunrise.

The prison was a rudely-improvised affair, either with a loose-plank flooring or a flooring of native earth. It contained a number of other prisoners whose capture had greatly increased their docility, and who did not become actively interested—at least not for themselves—in Green's plan to escape. The prisoners were mustered and counted every hour during daylight, so Green was forced to do his digging quickly.

On the night before his execution was to take place, he was singing that old familiar Confederate air, "The Bonnie Blue Flag:"

"We are a band of brothers,
And native to the soil,
Fighting for our liberty
With treasure, blood and toil.
And when our rights were threatened
The cry rose near and far:
'Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag
That bears a single star!'

Chorus:
"Hurrah, hurrah, for Southern rights
—hurrah!
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag
That bears a single star!"

The corporal of the guard remarked that he would be singing a different tune at daybreak and asked if he had any request or statement to make. The fiery "Rebel" lit into the petty officer with a volley of vituperative abuse of the Union army and cause. Then he went about his digging, and by midnight or shortly after had scooped out with hands and an old soup spoon enough earth to permit of his crawling to freedom. It is only fair to his companions to say that they assisted him with the excavation, and as he was about to make his getaway, snored loud enough to prevent the scraping of his brass buttons against the sill of the jail from being heard outside. A miserable gas lamp at the corner flickered and sputtered; it shed a dim glow about the front of the prison and the sentry box, and cast a comforting shadow down a gulch that led to the Oostanaula River. Through this depression the escaped spy ran, tripped and rolled. He was greatly handicapped because they had handcuffed him in front, but liberty was sweet, and when he reached the river he slid into it and began to swim as best he could, kicking hard with his feet, working his hands together in a sidewise position, and occasionally turning over on his back and churning the water with his feet like the paddle wheel of a steamboat. His escape was soon detected, and the firing of muskets let Gen. Jefferson C. Davis' garrison know something unusual had happened.

When Mr. Green came to Cave Spring at 17 years of age he began swimming regularly in Big and Little Cedar Creeks; he possessed a strong and clever stroke; and he was so familiar with Rome that instead of merely crossing the river and landing at the other side, as his guards be-

lieved he would do, he set out for Black's Bluff, three miles down the Coosa, which in this day and time is considered a fair distance for a swimmer to make with hands free. Here and there he could touch bottom, or he would snake himself on a half submerged log and admire the stars. Finally, after several tedious hours, he reached the bluff, where he knew there were Confederate scouts or natives, and with the aid of a bit of soap supplied by a farmwife, slipped off the manacles from his wrists.

In the meantime, Miss Sallie Howard had been wonderng what could have happened to Curtis Green, and had been keeping the home-spun suit beyond any "Yankee" reach. Eventually her father received a serious wound and was paroled to Athens, and Miss Sallie went there to attend him, charging her good mother that if the Confederate trooper returned, the suit should be delivered to him. One day a dust-covered traveler in a tattered gray uniform rode up on a limping horse. He had surrendered with the Sixth Ga. Inf. in North Carolina and was on his way to Texas, to grow up with the "new country." He was very sorry indeed that pretty Miss Sallie was absent, but said he with a note of hope in his voice, it would be some consolation in view of the eventualities of 1865 if he could take with him the substantial garments she had made with her own hands the year before. It was Curtis Green.

"God bless you, Mrs. Howard!" he cried as he mounted his steed and started for the Etowah ford; "and may your halls and lawn never again be defiled with such a motley throng! I'll keep this suit as long as nature will spare it; and I'll save these handcuffs to remind me of a pleasant voyage around Rome!"

* * *

SAM P. JONES AT ROME.—When Sam Jones was 9 his mother died and his father married Jessie Skinner; and in 1859 they went to live at Cartersville. The young man was being prepared for college, but he developed a wild streak, started drinking heavily and by 21 had practically wrecked his health. Straightening up for a time, he studied law and was admitted to the bar, but never carried his practice far. His devoted father died in 1878 and Sam promised him on his deathbed to reform. His experiences had not broken his spirit and he saw in them an opportunity to benefit his fellow men. A week after his father's death he preached his first sermon at New Hope church, two miles from Cartersville. His first appointment was to Van Wert circuit, where he served three years until 1875, when he was assigned to the DeSoto (Rome) Circuit as pastor of the Second Methodist (now Trinity) church and six small churches through the county, including Prospect Methodist at Coosa. He built his church in the Fourth Ward; when Trinity Methodist was erected, the old structure was moved to 402 W. Fifth Avenue, next door to the Second Christian church, and was converted into a dwelling. It is standing today. He and his wife occupied the lower story of 733 Avenue A, southwest corner of W. Tenth Street, now the home of Varnell Chambers.

Mr. Jones continued to fight the devil and also to tamper with the devil's firewater. He was not sensitive to the extent of excluding his own shortcomings from his pulpit discourses, and often told of this harrowing experience and that, and warned young men to go the other way. Rome was a wide-open barroom town, so Mr. Jones found many human wrecks to shoot at, and an occasional door that swung open for himself. On one occasion the Fourth Ward brethren discovered Mr. Jones unable to proceed with his duties and they wired Rev. Thos. F. Pierce, presiding elder of the district, asking what to do. Dr. Pierce wired, "Tell him to go to preaching." He went to preaching and recovered his mental and physical equilibrium. His lodge brethren expelled him from membership, but years later when his reformation was complete and fame crowned his brow like a benediction he accepted reinstatement with the grace of a prince.

His first revival work was done at the First Methodist church (where the Candler Building now stands) in Atlanta, with Rev. Clement A. Evans, who had previously, in 1879, filled the pulpit of the First Methodist at Rome, but it was not until January, 1883, at Memphis, that his fame began to grow, as thousands hit the "sawdust trail." Thereafter he preached all over the United States and converted countless sinners. It is estimated that he addressed 1,000,000 people a year. Every now and then he would come back to Rome. The South Broad Methodist church sponsored his visit in 1897 and received its share of the proceeds of the collection. No church in Rome was large enough to hold the crowd, so the Howel cotton warehouse was selected.

Romans will not soon forget his powerful arraignment of Satan and his works.

"Shams and the Genuine" was his subject on this occasion.

Several years before this Mr. Jones had come to Rome to conduct a two weeks' revival. On the very first night he painted a glowing picture of the sins of the community. Judge Jno. W. Maddox happened to be presiding officer of the Superior Court at the time, and when he read of Sam Jones' castigations on Rome and Floyd County he laid the matter before the grand jury, with the demand that Mr. Jones be made to appear and prove his charges. The evangelist cut his Rome engagement short. He explained later that he was dealing in generalities which he knew to be true, whether he could prove them or not.

The story is told that one Saturday Mr. Jones left Rome to fill the pulpit at Prospect church, Coosa. There was a narrow gauge railroad known as the Rome & Jacksonville, which was "limited" to the Rome-Coosa region and at the latter point "quit." Mr. Jones drove horse and buggy along the railroad for several miles, muttering that if a train could run on such a track, with the help of the Almighty HE certainly could, and his mare could hit the crossties like the devil in the ten-pin alley of irresolute souls.

Mr. Jones was fond of telling stories incident to his travels. His favorite was the following from an old-time darkey, a compliment he always said was the highest he had ever received:

"Well, Brudder Jones, you sholy does preach like a nigger! You may have a white skin, but I tell you, sir, you has a big black heart!"

Mr. Jones' churchmen and neighbors at Cartersville were accustomed to gather yearly to celebrate his birthday. They had made elaborate preparations in 1906 to welcome him home from a swing through the west. He died Oct. 15, of that year while his train sped homeward, a day before the event, and the rejoicing was turned into a funeral dirge. The brave heart, the massive brain had worn themselves out in the strenuous effort to pilot sinful humanity through the heavenly gates.

* * *

RAZZING MR. GRADY.—Captain Dwinell reproduced the following squib in The Courier of Nov. 26, 1869, and added a touch of his own:

"'*Gloria Mundi*—which, being interpreted, might mean that Rome is to have glory on Monday, the 22d inst., from "G. G. Grady's old-fashioned circus." As there seems to be a considerable number of the Grady family connected with this saw-dust entertainment, we beg leave to inquire if the immortal "six" or the prolific "King Hans," concerning which a vast amount of inky tears have been shed, have been retained. If not, the proprietor has lost a trump card.—Augusta Constitutionalist.'

"Our junior is attending the fair at Macon, and since he is well known as a Hans-ome man, is doubtless thinking more of diamond than of sawdust rings. As to the 'immortal six,' they may be tumbling around somewhere but whether it is 'ground' or 'lofty' tumbling we are not advised."

* * *

ONE WAY TO MAKE MONEY.—"Skinning a flea for his hide and tallow" was a popular occupation throughout the South after the Civil War. There was little to eat and little money. Along came Zachariah B. Hargrove, Jr., in 1869 as mayor, and decided on an easy way to relieve the local money shortage.

"Hell," exclaimed 'Little Zach" with



SAM P. JONES, evangelist, who built a Methodist Church in Rome and became its pastor, later removing to Cartersville.

characteristic directness, "I'll PRINT some money!"

And he did. An expert engraver was hired, and before he had ceased his operations he had ground out $50,000, which was considered sufficient. About the time the last $1,000 was being spent to "ease things," word came from the Treasury Department informing the Rome mayor that the money printing monopoly was located in Washington. After cussing out the "troublesome Yankees," "Little Zach" reluctantly called the money in. Now and then a bill that didn't get caught in the call bobs up and is stuck in a scrap book as a precious relic of those palmy printing press days.

* * *

A PLEASANT HOUSE PARTY.—All kinds of entertainments were enjoyed by the guests of a house party at the F. M. Freeman home at Freeman's Ferry in 1898. A lawn party there, a band-wagon ride to Mobley Park for an evening theatrical performance and dance following, a swell supper at the Armstrong, then the ride by moonlight back to the banks of the gurgling Etowah, formed part of the entertainment

Among the guests were Mrs. J. G. Blount, chaperon; Misses Lou Fleming, Edith Carver, Julia and Edith Smith, Mary Berry, Hazel Adkins, Celeste Ayer, Clara and Ella Johnson, Laura Jones, Orie Best, Mayme Hudgins, Lillian Hurt, Susie Freeman, Lillian Lochrane and "Merrimac" Arnold, and Messrs Harry Patton, W. Addison Knowles, Bernard Hale, Walter Ross, Sproull Fouche, Waring Best, Oscar H. McWilliams, Langdon Gammon, Dr. Wm. J. Shaw, Griff Sproull, Sam Hardin, J. A. Blount, John M. and Tom Berry, Nick Ayer, Paul Jones, Horace Johnson, Julian Hurt, R. S. Best, Wm. McWilliams and Horace King.

* * *

WROTE WHAT HE THOUGHT.—"Nathan Yarbrough, former mayor, was sheriff in 1866-7," says Judge Joel Branham's booklet, "The Old Court House in Rome," (p. 65). "He was a stout, broad-shouldered, red-headed man, abrupt in manner, firm and fearless in conduct and opinion. He moved to Texas many years ago, and died there. His docket shows these characteristic entries:

J. J. Cohen Admr.
Vs.
J. L. Ellis
Judgt. 1866, $22.50.

"Cost paid to J. M. Langston, clerk. Principal and interest of this fi. fa. paid by me at the request of the defendant. He has kept me out of this money two years by lying, and then swindled me out of $10 by lying. Fi. fa. given to him satisfied."—Docket, p. 4.

Robt. T. McCay
Vs.
A. M. Kerr

$93.87 and cost. Nov. 13, 1859. Nulla bona.

"Bad eggs. Both gone up the spout. Kerr has since come to life, and like a good many of us, is kicking to make a living, but can't pay old debts. Let them go with the past. Feb. 3, 1860."—Docket, p. 40.

Magnus & Wise
Vs.
J. J. Skinner
$178 and cost.

"Joe may come to it after a while, but the Radicals have released him. April 13, 1867."—Docket, p. 45.

* * *

JUDGE BRANHAM ON OLD TIMES.—The Rome News of Oct. 3, 1921, carried the following reminiscences from the late Judge Joel Branham:

"The first time I ever saw the city of Rome was in April, 1861, and again on the 20th day of that month. The population then, I suppose, was about 3,500. Sam Stewart was the marshal and had been for several years, and he ruled the discordant elements of the city successfully. He had no pistol. He carried a gold headed cane. When he said stop, they stopped. I wish we had his like again.

"I came from Kingston to Rome on the Rome railroad, then the only railroad to this city. The track was laid on stringers with bar iron a little thicker than the iron tire that goes around a wagon wheel. Holes were punched in the iron and it was spiked down on the stringers. Such a thing as a "T" rail was unknown. The depot stood where the Stamps wholesale fruit house now stands on the north side of Broad Street. The cars consisted of a little engine which burned wood, a baggage car, a passenger car with side seats such as is used on street railroads. The passengers faced one another in this little car. The depot building was as long as the train and no cars stood across Broad Street. Wade S. Cothran was the president. He was a man of magnificent mind,

the most progressive citizen of the city of Rome, and a man of strict honesty. C. M. Pennington, whose house stood where the Country Club now stands, was the superintendent.

"The Shorter block between Broad, Second Avenue and the river was all vacant property except the depot building referred to. It was seven feet below the present grade.

"The Etowah Hotel stood on that parcel of ground now embraced by the Norton Drug Store and all the buildings down to and including the Rome Hardware Store and extended back from Broad Street of the same width to East First Street. The hotel was a wooden building, three stories, with a veranda around it and stood back from Broad Street. I stopped there when I came to Rome to be married on the 20th of April, 1861. It was kept by Geo. S. Black.

"The block between First and Second Avenue, East First and East Second Streets was vacant, and it was also vacant when I moved to Rome in January, 1867. I had a barley patch where the Cooper warehouse now stands and my cow grazed in that barley patch.

"The block on which I now live, 264x400, was vacant except for my residence, then a six-room house, four rooms on the first floor and two above, and a little old dwelling on the extreme corner opposite the Methodist church. In the middle of this block where the Rounsaville warehouse now stands there was a pond of stagnant and green water. In the summer time the frogs croaked their 'jug-o'-rum,' 'jug-o'-rum, 'jug-o'-rum,' an article which we do not now have in that neighborhood.

"Asahel R. Smith, father of Bill Arp, my partner, resided on the lot where the Methodist church now stands.

"The town was originally built on 245, 23rd and 3rd; 276 belonged to Alfred Shorter. It contained the old farm house, a log building in the center of the north half of the block lying between Third and Fourth Avenues and East Second and East Third Streets. Only the farm house and the residence of P. M. Sheibley was on that block. There were no other houses on it.

"Maj. Chas. H. Smith's home embraced all the territory lying between Fourth Avenue, Shorter College alley and East Third and East Fourth Streets. Mrs. Charlie Hight's residence and a number of other residences are now on this property.

"I came through the country from Milner, Ga., with a friend of mine in a buggy in February, 1865. He brought $10,000 buckled around his waist; I had $12,000. We came here to buy land; we didn't buy it; we still have our money. We crossed on a ferry boat. There was not a man to be seen on Broad Street. The town was desolate.

"I came to Cartersville just after the surrender of Lee in a wagon driven by Harrison Watters and owned by Z. B. Hargrove. They were running a passenger line between Atlanta and Cartersville. At Cartersville we took the railroad to Rome. It was then operated by Federal troops, and they were cursing and swearing and drinking on the train in the presence of my wife. Just before I left Macon on this occasion a company of lawyers were gathered at the corner of Zeiland & Hunt's drug store. There was but one dollar of green back in the crowd. Not a single one of us had a cent of money. I said, 'I am going to leave this country and go to a country where there are no negroes.' At this Clifford Anderson, who was afterwards attorney general, laughed heartily. He said it reminded him of a man who was sitting on a cart tongue and the steers were running away with him. Some man cried out, 'Why don't you jump off?' 'Hell,' he says, 'it's all I can do to hold on.'"

* * *

PAYING THE FIDDLER HIS MITE.—The following letter to E. F. Shropshire, clerk of the City Council, from Cave Spring, dated Feb. 24, 1871, will illustrate the penchant many people have of piping "economy notes" unto worthy "scops and gleemen:"

"Dear Sir: Yours of 19h inst., enclosing check for $4, balance due Cave Spring Band for services rendered the citizens of Rome at the Waterworks Celebration, has been received. As that amount does not pay our leader (outside of the other performers), we very respectfully return it.

"The hotel charges are wrong. Only six members of the band stopped at Mr. Graves', which number had two meals each with the exception of myself, who had three meals. He also makes a bar bill which I am authorized by each and every member of the band to say is false.

"Hoping that when the city of Rome again needs the services of a band that

it will procure those of one that will give it better satisfaction, I am, dear sir, as representative of the band,

"Very respectfully yours,
"P. E. ALEXANDER,
"Secretary Star Cornet Band."

"P. S.—Our understanding was that we were to receive $25 and all expenses. P. E. A."

Mr. Shropshire eased the municipal conscience by appending on the outside of the sheet the trite notation, "Cave Spring Band Busted."

* * *

A RELATIONSHIP EXPLAINED.—Since many people are confused as to the relationship between Woodrow Wilson and the Bones family, once residents of Rome, a lady close to them offers the following explanation:

"The Bones family are related to the Wilson family through Mrs. Bones, who before her marriage to Mr. James W. Bones was Miss Marion Woodrow, the sister of Miss Jennie Woodrow, who married Mr. Joseph Wilson, the father of President Woodrow Wilson. Hence Mrs. Bones was Woodrow Wilson's aunt, whom his mother, he and his brother Joseph used to visit when Mrs. Bones lived on upper Broad Street, in the house at 709 known as the Featherston place. When Woodrow Wilson later became a young man he visited Mrs. Bones, then living in East Rome, and his cousin, Mrs. A. Thew H. (Jessie Bones) Brower. It was at Mrs. Brower's home that he met Miss Ellen Louise Axson, who later became his wife in Savannah. At this time the home of Mr. and Mrs. Brower was on the hill just west of the Southern depot, and then was the only house on the hill, and the grounds extended down to the Terhune place (and may have included it) and embraced the ground on which the Tedcastle home was built, now known as 'Hillcrest,' the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John M. Graham. Mr. Brower was interested in the East Rome Land Co., which owned most of East Rome.

"The Brower house was afterwards bought by Judge John W. Maddox, and when the Ragan home was erected next to it, Judge Maddox moved it some distance to the site it now occupies. The present occupants are Mr. and Mrs. Arthur D. Hull, and the location is 6 Coral Avenue. The Browers removed to Chicago in April, 1884."

* * *

WOODROW WILSON'S COURTSHIP.—The chance circumstance of a slack legal practice for a young lawyer quite possibly explains how Rome was put more prominently in the public eye than in any other chain of circumstances since the city's establishment. Woodrow Wilson was born Dec. 28, 1856, at Staunton, Va., hence was 26 years old in 1882, when Judge George Hillyer, of Atlanta, and others signed his license to practise his profession in that city, shortly before he paid a visit to Rome. Judge Hillyer is authority for the statement that Mr. Wilson first practised a short time in the Central building, southwest corner of E. Alabama and S. Pryor Streets, and then on Marietta Street near the southeast corner of N. Forsyth, where the Ivan Allen-Marshall Co. office supply store is now located, and in the second story. At this latter place he was in partnership with Edward J. Renick, later assistant secretary of state in President Cleveland's second administration, and still later special legal representative of the banking concern of Coudert Brothers. He had graduated at Princeton University in 1879 and in law at the University of Virginia in 1880, and after the usual preliminaries of private study a committee examined him two hours in the Fulton County Su-



ELLEN LOU AXSON, as she looked in 1882 during the courtship of Woodrow Wilson at Rome, which included a Silver Creek picnic.

perior Court and decided he was well qualified. Attorney Gadsden, of South Carolina, was chairman of the bar committee, and Judge Hillyer was a member of it.

The shingle of Wilson & Renick failed to produce business in spite of their earnest application, and in the summer of 1882 Mr. Wilson found it convenient to take a two-months' vacation in Rome as the guest of his cousin, Mrs. A. Thew H. Brower, and his aunt, Mrs. Jas. W. Bones, whose husband was maintaining the Rome branch of the well-known Augusta hardware concern of J. & S. Bones & Co. The Bones home was built by Mr. Bones, and is identified today as the residence of S. L. Hancock, in Oak Park, East Rome, southwest of the Yancey place. Some years previously the family had lived on Broad. Half a mile away lived a first cousin, Jessie Bones, who had become the second wife of A. Thew H. Brower. Col. Brower's first wife, Mary Margaret (Minnie) Lester, had died Feb. 6, 1878.

The Bones family were staunch Presbyterians. Mrs. Bones' father was Dr. James Woodrow, a teacher in the old Oglethorpe University at Milledgeville, and whose championship of the Darwinish theory and other advanced ideas after the war caused his suspension by the Presbyterian Synod of South Carolina from the faculty of the Columbia Theological Seminary at Columbia.*

Mr. Bones was a high official in the Rome church, and Woodrow Wilson's father, Dr. Jos. R. Wilson, was a Presbyterian minister at Augusta; hence when Sunday rolled around there was no conflict as to whether the young barrister should attend services, and where. With Mr. and Mrs. Bones and his first cousin, Miss Helen Bones (who became Mrs. Wilson's White House secretary), Mr. Wilson went to the brick church at Third Avenue and E. First Street.

The sermon was not so engrossing that the visitor failed to notice the piquant beauty of a girl with brown eyes and hair that fell in graceful curls upon her forehead, sitting hard by. He looked not once, but several times before the sermon was concluded, and stole a glance or so as the congregation were leaving for their homes. He was so fascinated by this young lady's beauty that he inquired as to who she might be and if by some chance he might not be privileged to meet her. He was told that it was Ellen Louise Axson, daughter of the Rev. Samuel Edward Axson, the pastor, who was living in a cottage on the Third Avenue lot where Jno. C. Glover now resides.

Mrs. Brower found that she could do her Atlanta cousin a good turn, so proposed that they invite Miss Axson and several others to go on a picnic east of Lindale, to a spring which forms part of the headwaters of Silver Creek. The meeting place was at the Brower home, and when young Woodrow asked if he hadn't better take some lunch, Miss Ellen Lou readily suggested that she had plenty for two, and this offer left no room for argument. Others who were invited and went were Edith Lester, 6 years old, now Mrs. Wm. P. Harbin; her nephew, Jno. Lefoy Brower, 4, deceased; Ella, Mary Florence, Harry and Frank Young, of East Rome; and



(THOMAS) WOODROW WILSON, about the time he first saw Ellen Lou Axson in the First Presbyterian Church, Rome.

*The synod later exonerated him by electing him moderator, the highest office in its power; and still later he became president of the University of South Carolina. Thus his own evolutions and theirs were of a pronounced character. Dr. Woodrow taught Sidney Lanier, Southern poet, at Oglethorpe, and Mr. Lanier proclaimed his old teacher the greatest moral influence in his life. Authority: Dr. Thornwall Jacobs, president of Oglethorpe University, Atlanta.

Helen and Marion M. Bones (died Mar. 6, 1888). The distance was eight or nine miles, and two rigs were used; the more attractive of the two for the young folks was Col. Brower's wagon with side seats, in the body of which plenty of wheat straw had been piled; and then there was the buggy, which carried Col. and Mrs. Brower and their baby, and Mrs. B. S. Lester, mother of Edith Lester and of Mr. Brower's first wife.

'Tis said Woodrow and Ellen Lou chose the back of the wagon that they might dangle their feet behind, and away went the future president of the United States and the future First Lady of the Land, caring little whether school kept or law business were remunerative or not.

After bumping along country roads for an hour and a half they arrived at the picnic ground. The lisping of the gentle waters and the droning of the bees in a nearby field of wild flowers furnished the systematic tremolo for the young lawyer's love sonata, and soon they strayed off from the crowd. Lunch time came and all were summoned to the well-filled baskets. All save two were ravenously hungry after a session of romping and wading. These two were industriously searching for four-leaf closers on the pasture greensward; playing "Love-me; love me not" with flower petals; blowing the downy tops off dandelion stems.

"I wonder where Ellie Lou and Woodrow can be?" asked Mrs. Brower, as if aware of nothing.

"I know," piped one of the children; "he's over there cutting a heart on a beech tree!"



A. THEW H. BROWER.

The preliminaries were all disposed of that day and fervent resolutions made if not promises exacted. The fates which had been cruel to Rome smiled upon the dilemma of the young Atlanta lawyer. A freshet in 1881 and swept away the first East Rome bridge (over the Etowah at Second Avenue). The river separated Woodrow and Ellen Lou, so the former borrowed a batteau built personally by Col. Brower, and they not only crossed, but paddled up and down." We hear much of President Wilson's famous typewriter, and of how he would put on his old gray sweater of his Princeton days and peck away at it on the George Washington; League of Nations "dope" ground out on the high seas, as well as Gay Paree and Washington. But again we must go back to Rome. He brought his typewriter with him in 1882 and did some copying for Col. Brower in the Cothran-Brower suit over the East Rome land.

However, all was not so smooth for the youthful lovers as the surface of the crooning Etowah; they would be obliged to wait until the wherewithal was forthcoming. Woodrow came back now and then. A year or two passed and Ellen Lou (who removed to Savannah) went to New York with Anna Lester (older sister of Edith) and Florence Young. The girls were bound for the Art Students' League, to study art and kindergarten work. Mr. Wilson may have been teaching at Bryn Mawr then, and again he mayn't, but he got on the train at Philadelphia and soon joined the young ladies and escorted them to the big city of the East. The three boarded at an establishment similar to the Y. W. C. A. of the present time. Alas! as long as they were here they were supposed to be hard at work and not to receive their gentlemen friends. This rule did not comport with the desires of Miss Axson or Mr. Wilson, so she found more congenial surroundings. She was unusually talented with the brush, and their homes wherever they lived in later years contained numerous evidences of her handiwork. On June 24, 1885, they were married at Savannah, at the home of the bride's grandparents, with whom she was then residing. On visits of Mrs. Wilson to Gainesville two of her daughters were



RECALLING WOODROW WILSON'S COURTSHIP.

At top, left, Mrs. J. W. Bones, Mr. Wilson's aunt; Miss Marion M. Bones, his cousin; Mrs. S. E. Axson, mother of Ellen Lou Axson; Minnie Lester, the first wife of A. Thew H. Brower, at whose home Mr. Wilson met Miss Axson. Next, the West and McDonald homes, built by the Axsons; the Brower and Bones homes; in oval, Axson home in 1882, and Silver Creek, on which a picnic brought the young couple together.

born; there she was the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Louisa C. Hoyt-Brown, mother of Col. Edward T. Brown, of Atlanta and Washington, D. C. Most of the time they lived in the North. From 1890 to 1910 they were residents of Princeton, N. J., the last eight years of which Mr. Wilson was president of Princeton University. Then he was chosen governor of New Jersey, and in 1912 became twenty-eighth President of the United States.

From the executive mansion at Trenton Mrs. Wilson engaged in welfare work throughout New Jersey, and she continued her efforts two years in the White House, where she died Aug. 6, 1914. The grief-stricken husband accompanied her to the Old Home Town and to Myrtle Hill cemetery, there to lay her beside her loving parents. On the hill above the depot stood the two-story frame dwelling where he had first met her, and beyond the hill Silver Creek murmured its old-time love-song as it went tumbling on down toward the sea.

* * *

HOME GUARDS (THE ROME TRUE BLUES).—This military company, with tents pitched July 6, 1884, at Camp DeForrest, Forrestville (North Rome), and Gov. Henry D. McDaniel looking on, received a handsome flag from Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Nevin, containing on one side the Stars and Stripes, and on the other the Georgia coat of arms.

The "ossifers" were Richard V. Mitchell, Jr., captain; Jas. B. Nevin, first lieutenant; Chas. J. Warner, Jr., first sergeant; Louis S. Rosenberg, second; Paul P. Fenner, third; Wm. Coleman, fourth; Jno. W. Bale, first corporal; Herbert T. Amos, second; Wyly Snider, third; Frank Omberg, fourth; Dr. J. M. Gregory, surgeon; Julius S. Mitchell, color bearer.

The "privates," outnumbering the "ossifers" by two, were Dickson C. Stroud, George Snider, Baker and Walter Weems, Gregory Omberg, Henry Adkins, Sam and Max Kuttner, Hugo Spitz, Ed Lamkin, Frank S. Bale, Ben Cooper, Wm. Harbour and Frank D. Edge.

The company's captain tells the following "tales out of school:"

"Most of the boys were very young, and they were quartered in three large tents next to the state troops, who were in annual encampment in Forrestville. During the night a terrific wind storm broke on the camp, making the tents behave like balloons, and causing the True Blues to think of home. A faithful sentry was ordered to round up the scattered members, but could not find them until next morning, and then all were at church in Rome. The captain was found there, too, and after a while the bunch disbanded.

"In the winter of 1884, several months prior to this incident, the ladies gave a bazaar in Noble Hall (the old City Hall) for the benefit of the Rome Light Guards or the Hill City Cadets. A prize drill at night was on the program for Broad Street, with the Guards, the Cadets, the True Blues and a Cave Spring company commanded by Col. H. D. Capers as contestants.

"The True Blues were sure their drill was the best, and when they failed to receive even 'honorable mention,' they left for their armory in considerable disorder. On passing an alley back of the Choice House, they were confronted by a Ku Klux 'ghost' in spooky white. The captain was seized by the 'ghost,' and the company left him for the light of a gas burner down on Broad. If the 'ghost' had taken full advantage of the situation, he could have had more guns and accoutrements than he could have carried. The captain got away by scratching and biting the 'ghost.'"

* * *

AN OBSTREPEROUS MAYOR.—A good many years ago,—it may have been before the Civil War and again it may have been after—Rome had a mayor who often wrestled with "John Barleycorn" and nearly always got "thrown." On this occasion he ate a little lunch and drank a lot of beer and licker at the bar at Fifth Avenue and Broad, and was trying to make it to the next "station" when a policeman accosted him. His "Irish" was now up and he pulled away from the officer, saying, "Don't you know the mayor of this (hic) town?" Then he went back into the saloon and loaded up good; proceeded home with outraged feelings and armed himself to the teeth.

Some said his gun was 30 inches long and weighed nine pounds; others that it was 18 and weighed seven. Anyway, he went back to town looking for policemen, and when he saw two, backed behind a telephone pole and shouted defiance. The officers took him in tow and chucked him into the "jug," where he became so noisy that they confined him in a sort of cage in the rear of the station. He obtained a hose and turned it on himself; Etowah water

sobered him and he called for the turnkey to bring the "Black Maria" so he could go home again in style.

It was said that on one of his sprees he "kissed the candy man's wife," no doubt thinking she was his own; and that he was "put in" on another occasion. When "at himself," said the old timers, he made one of the best mayors Rome ever had.

* * *

A PEACE PRAYER IN 1898—Supplications for international amity did not start after the German Armistice Nov. 11, 1918. In the Rome Georgian of May 28, 1898 (Beulah S. Moseley, editor), we find the following from Capt. Christopher Rowell, a veteran of the Civil War:

"There is much in the pomp of war to attract the multitude; the noise of contending legions, the shouts of victory, of strains of martial music. The outward panoply of war always commands close attention, more of those who are not familiar with the details than of those who in retrospect contemplate the progress of such a state of things. A war waged for humanity's sake would look like a contradiction, but it is through the ordeal of shedding blood that many of the changes in the progress of civilization have been brought about. A war of defense is always justifiable, but a war for acquisition of territory or political aggrandizement, in fact, for any purpose except for defense of humanity's sake, must be of questionable propriety in this so-called civilized age. May we not hope that there will always be a redeeming spirit of law and humanity in war? It may be many days yet before 'grim visaged war shall smooth its wrinkled front,' but we hope it will not be long before our bugles will again sing truce, when the storm cloud of war has fled. It may be that the writer's views of war may not accord with the notions of this utilitarian age; but the time is surely coming when the first streaks of morning shall broaden into the full fruition of the coming day—on some occasion, too, when the great Arch Angel standing with one foot upon the land and one foot upon the sea shall proclaim that time shall be no more."

* * *

BESSIE MOORE'S THRILLING FLIGHTS.—Miss Bessie A. Moore, former society editor of The Rome News, made the first flight taken by a Roman from Towers Aviation Field at the North Georgia Fair grounds, in West Rome, and was perhaps the first woman to fly over the Hill City. This was a day following the dedication of the field, Tuesday, October 11, 1919, by Commander John H. Towers, of the navy. The flight was made at 11 a. m. with Lieut. Kenneth B. Wolfe, U. S. A., in his Hispania Suiss plane, and lasted 30 minutes.

In 1920 Miss Moore participated in a more interesting and sensational flight. Major Lawrence S. Churchill, U. S. A., came up to Rome from Souther Field, Americus, to claim her for his bride. He flew to Rome in his airship and flew away after the ceremony with the blushing Miss Bessie. Let her tell in her own words of what she saw in Rome on the first-mentioned flight:

"Strapped in and ready to go! The feeling is indescribable. While the propeller raises a cloud of dust and sends a stiff wind into your face, your emotions are mixed. You are curious, pleased, anxious, filled with wonder as to how it will feel, if you will be frightened, if you will be sick, and every minute seems like five before you get away.

"We took off facing town. The plane, once started, ran along over the ground, then got smoother. Pleased infinitely, I was anxious to rise, and eager for the sensation that comes when you ascend in your first flight. I had waved my handkerchief to all the spectators and was sitting still waiting for the big thrill to come when we would actually go up, and looking from the side I caught a glimpse of telegraph wires and I knew we were already flying over the Land Company bridge. Then we crossed the river. To the right was Myrtle Hill cemetery. Then I saw Broad Street, and we went higher and higher, sailing toward East Rome at 100 miles per hour. What a sheer exquisite pleasure! I was actually flying. It was delightful. I sat back, surprised that I wasn't frightened, my hands which at first held tensely to the sides of the car, were relaxed. I was flying higher and higher. A thing I had wanted for years had happened to me, and I was supremely glad. Thus I sat, musing and thinking. I was up in an aeroplane. I had no knowledge of fear. The thing I had dreaded, getting sick, had not happened. I never felt better. Then remembering that I wanted to see more of Rome, I came out of my delirium of pleasure, and took a look over.

"I saw a beautiful space of woodland,

a wonderful panoramic view of the country beneath me, a stretch of mountain, blue and purple, whose top melted into the low clouds of a damp October morning. Yes, it was Rome, and how tiny everything was! I couldn't find out where we were, nor did I recognize a single land mark. I knew by instinct it must be far out of the city, and later learned it was quite a distance east of the town. Then we circled around coming in the direction of Rome, but swinging far out toward West Rome.

"It was nothing less than a beautiful canvas painting in tones of green and dull brown. Houses looked like miniature toys, straight, precise little rows of growing things on farm lands took on the aspect of a piece of striped silk, roof-tops of white, red and brown skirting the farm lands, nestled close to the trees, which were tiny green bushes. As I looked in wonder upon the town I knew so well, I laughed to think of a plane as strong and defiant as ours ever being caught or hung up on a tree-top like the little ones I saw. Then we crossed a river, and there was a great stretch of green velvet, much like a carpet. Presently I saw the George Stiles race track in West Rome, and growing directly in the center was a tree which looked larger than any I had seen. Around and around we flew, then back toward town over Shorter College, which looked like a set of child's playing bricks. Circling higher, climbing up, up, up, the car became filled with steam. A fine spray of rain pelted my face and hands and the wind roared by my ears like thunder. I attributed the steam to some exhaust or defect of the engine, but looking down saw a fine white veil between plane and earth and knew we were in the clouds. The indicator registered 2,000 feet. The clouds were damp, cold and refreshing, with flecks of yellow and brown rolling here and there in the white.

"Presently I felt myself hanging entirely to the plane by the support of my belt. I learned later it had been a loop. Looking to the right I saw the great wings of the plane turn higher and higher, and was told afterward we had done some king overs, which is a popular form of stunt. Above the city clock, which resembled a spool of brown thread, we came down in a spiral. I didn't know what particular feat we were performing, but felt the sensation one has when shot down to earth suddenly in a swift elevator. I did not look down as we did these stunts but kept my eye directly on the instruments in front of me. I had previously been told this would prevent the possibility of any sickness.

"We came around to West Rome again. This time we were nearer Shorter College. The girls outside were taking exercise. We could discern that plainly. They stopped to wave their hands as we sailed overhead.

"Then I recognized the circus ring of the Coosa Golf course, and saw a tiny trough of water which I knew was the swimming pool. The club house seemed entirely concealed by a tiny bunch of green bushes. Then over the cemetery we flew. The cemetery seemed flat and scattered with broken china. The extreme summit, where stands the Confederate monument, resembled a nicely browned dough-nut. Then over the Etowah River, a narrow winding strip of brown ribbon, laid in green velvet. I saw the perfect Y where the two rivers form the Coosa.

"I was trying to place a certain queer-looking red brick house, and discovered it was the courthouse, and one inch away from it was Broad Street. None of the blocks in Rome appeared over one inch square. Around we circled again. The third time we came over Shorter we sailed at a low altitude. The girls were wearing white middies and blue bloomers; they looked up and shouted. We were closer than ever before. Then around again. This time above the fair grounds. Towers Field with its big white T could be seen plainly. We were approaching from East Rome. We were getting lower and lower, and just like a huge bird with out-stretched wings we sailed down smoothly, without a bobble, landed in the upper end of the field, and like the same big bird, hopped along the field, until two of the mechanics who had signaled a safe landing ran up and swung themselves on the wings. The engine stopped and we were down. The taking off and the landing, which I had always heard was most difficult, was the easiest, smoothest part of the entire flight."

Miss Bessie took part in a more interesting and thrilling episode Jan. 17, 1920—her flight from the state of single blessedness. Major Lawrence S. Churchill, U. S. A., aspired to be the pioneer in an airplane romance that would thrill Rome. He started in an airplane from Souther Field, Americus, with Lt. Perry W. Blackler as pilot. In an accompanying plane were Lieut. Wolfe, of the aforementioned



ROME AS VIEWED FROM AN AIRPLANE.

A daredevil aviator came buzzing over Rome in the spring of 1921. He was on his way to Texas and was willing to carry up a few passengers for the price of his gasoline. David A. Sparks flew and got some snaps. We see the Municipal Building, the business section, Myrtle Hill Cemetery (in center), the wings of the plane and Shorter College through them, and lastly, the beautiful Etowah.

flight, and Sergeant Jones. The last-named pair landed at Towers Field, where they were received by City Commissioner Ike May, with the keys of the city, and by a curious crowd. The other machine encountered unfavorable winds and was forced to land at Kingston, whence the remainder of the trip was made by Maj. Churchill in an automobile. Lieut. Blackler flew the plane to Rome on Saturday morning of the wedding, and although the atmospheric conditions were unfavorable, he thrilled the bride with a series of barrel rolls over her apartments at the home of Miss Camilla Fouche. Mr. Blackler was killed at Souther Field, Americus, May 10, 1920, when the wings of his German Fokker machine came off while he was executing one of these same aerial contortions.

* * *

THE BOYS IN GRAY.—The recent story by Bessie Moore Churchill in the History Series on the Rome Light Guards in the Civil War was read by a good many people, but by none more appreciatively, perhaps, than Frank Stovall Roberts, a cousin of Judge Joel Branham, who wrote from Apartment 312, "The Cordova," Washington, D. C., under date of January 7, 1921:

"Thank you very much for the story of the Rome Light Guards. Many of the names given in the article are quite familiar to me. I knew many of them, a few having been my schoolmates, though older than myself, back in 1855, 1856 and 1857. Geo. W. Fleetwood was one of them who went to Mr. Stevens' school in these years. (Mr. Fleetwood died last fall in Oklahoma and was buried in Myrtle Hill cemetery, Rome. — Editor). Virgil ('Virge') Stewart was another. H. D. Cothran and "Coon" Mitchell also attended this school.

"I do not recall Captain Magruder, who took the company to Virginia, but I remember, as a boy, Miss Florence Fouche, whom he married. I recall many members of that company: Melville Dwinell, Geo. R. Lumpkin, William ('Bill') Skidmore, Dr. J. M. Gregory (as memory serves, he married a sister of Mrs. Daniel S. Printup); R. D. DeJournett, F. M. Ezzell (he married Miss Lena Sherwood, of Macon, lived in Macon after the war and then went to Atlanta); A. R. Johnson, Chas. B. and George C. Norton, W. F. (Bill) Omberg (went to Mr. Stevens' school, and after the war lived in Louisville, Ky.); A. R. (Arch) Pemberton, 'Zach' Hargrove, M. A. Ross, Geo. T. Stovall (my cousin); Henry A. Smith (he kept a book store before and after the war; I met him once early in the eighties); F. M. Stovall (my cousin, went from Athens to Virginia and joined the Light Guards); Chas. H. Smith ('Bill Arp'), Scott Hardin, and others. Clinton Hargrove was another one I knew. He was a friend of my half-brother, Wm. A. ('Bill') Roberts.

"This story brings up memories of a handsome, gallant and brave lot of young men in Rome. I doubtless knew many more than are named, but nearly 64 years have passed since I lived in Rome.

"The Light Guards had their first taste of fighting at Firt Manassas, Va., July 21, 1861. The Eighth Georgia, under the gallant Francis Bartow, who was killed there, covered itself with glory and gave up many of its best members, including Charlie Norton, Geo. T. Stovall and 'Clint' Hargrove.

"These recollections are very interesting, with a tinge of sadness to those who knew and were associated with these boys long ago. I daresay I am one of the very few of that day who are now living to recall them."

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Mr. Roberts was among the boys of Rome who sent their older brothers and cousins off to war with a shout and who stayed behind and helped their families care for still younger ones.—Jan. 12, 1921.

* * *

A LETTER FROM THE FRONT.—James Madison Gartrell, younger brother of Gen. Lucius J. Gartrell and Capt. Henry A. Gartrell (of Rome), wrote Mrs. J. D. Thomas, then Miss Mary Fort, under date of April 21, 1864, from Dalton. (Mr. Gartrell, it will be recalled, was an uncle of Henry W. Grady).

"I hope in my next to be able to give the details of a grand battle which resulted in the overthrow of Sherman's and Thomas' armies which will tend to a speedy termination of this unholy, unwise and unpleasant war . . . You need have no fears as to the safety of Rome. Those sacred hills will never be polluted by the foul tread of the Yankee soldiery until our army is crushed, which to accomplish Sherman with his present force is quite inadequate.

"The little tobacco bag you gave me is now in daily use. I have quit chewing and learned to smoke a pipe.

"You say you were expecting Henry Gartrell in Macon on the 8th. I should like to hear from the gentleman. If he is as prompt in the discharge of his military duties as he is in answering letters, he must be a splendid soldier. I don't see how Forrest has succeeded so well without him!"

J. M. Gartrell was killed a short time later at New Hope church, near Atlanta.

Capt. Henry A. Gartrell wrote Mary Fort January 1, 1865, from Johnson's Island, Ohio, where he was a prisoner of war:

"A happy new year to you. I was captured near Nashville on the morning of the 17th ultimo. I was cut off, made a desperate effort to escape on the night of the 16th by running over the Federal pickets. At least 20 shots were fired at me from not more than 20 to 100 yards, but with the exception of a wound to my horse and a ball through my coat, they did no harm to me. I am going to write to Gen. Forrest in a day or two asking him to procure a special change for me.

"I employ my time reading and visiting my friends and acquaintances on this ice-bound island. Major Printup is very well. He hasn't heard from home in five months. I never saw a braver soldier than Dick Fort. He and Joe Stillwell could not be beaten the world over. I don't know whether any of my men were captured or not."—Sept. 16, 1921.

* * *

WHO ARE THEY?—The following letter has been handed us by Col. Stewart, for publication. The name of the writer we suppress for obvious reasons.

"Mr. STEWARD.

"As you is the Marshal of this town I thoght I would tell you how I am treated. My husband is lying sick and one of my children to an yesterdy my cow dide, I had to come to town to git a little mele an when I was gone some boys from rome went huntin up the River and found my ducks an shot um—two of um dide this morning an one never come home yit and I ant got but one drake just by his self, a friend of mine said thay was three boys one boy was a big hi boy, and one was a little boy and one was a short thick set boy. if you can find out who was the boys tell them to pay me for the ducks as I have a mity hard time to git along. I ant mad much about it only I can't aford to loose my ducks after the cow dide and the family so sick. please hunt up the boys and tell them how it stands and how pore I am. Respectfully,

"_____ _____."

Col. Stewart informs us he has "hunted up the boys," and knows who they are, and requests us to say that unless they fully remunerate this poor woman for the injury they have done her, he will give their names to the public next week. We hope a sense of justice will prompt them to do this, and that such a case may never happen again in a thousand miles of Rome.

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"TAKEN IN AND DONE FOR."—A young gambler from an adjoining county, who had made up a game of "seven up," in Rome last week, and desired a secret room to play in, was admirably accommodated at the suggestion of our City Marshal, Col. Stewart. The gamester expressed his want in the presence of Col. S., who is a bit of a wag and loves a practical joke as well as any one, and he gave a slight wink to the person enquired of, and at the same time handed him the key of the *Calaboose*. The contract was soon made for the use of a *small office*, of which the gentleman, at that time, had the control, takes the gamester and his friends to the Calaboose—opens the door—and just then happens to think that he has no matches, and he requests the young novice to remain there until he can go and get them. This he consents to do, and they all step out and lock the door after them and leave him there to play solitaire in the dark, until next morning. We hope *this game* will prove to be a profitable one to the young man.—Weekly Courier, Feb. 28, 1866.

* * *

"PARSON" WINN'S "HELPING HAND."—Rev. Genuluth Winn was an old settler who "rode the circuit" of the Methodist church in the Coosa Valley during the Indian days.

Dr. Winn was noted for his aggressiveness in practical business affairs as well as the work of the Lord. He came to Floyd County with the early inhabitants and either bought or drew by lottery large tracts of land in and around Cave Spring, and lived on one of them five miles south of Rome on the Cave Spring road, where he owned many slaves. He was exempt from miitary service and went among the Confederate sodiers exhorting them to express their divine faith by slaying Yankees.

The following story is told of his response to a call for help from a brother of the Methodist persuasion:

D. R. Mitchell, a pillar in the First Methodist church, then located at Sixth Avenue and East Second Street, had picked a hardy settler or two to run his ferries where the eccentric character known to the Indians as the "Widow Fool" had run them some fifteen years before, at the forks of the rivers of Rome. One day a ferryman went to Colonel Mitchell with the story that the "strong-arm" men of a rival pioneer had seized the ferries and driven off the Mitchell men. The old Colonel grabbed his stout hickory stick, called to the ferryman to follow, and gathering up a number of his supporters, charged the invaders on the ferry boat. The fight proved fast and furious. Reinforcements, including a number of half-drunken Indians, having also reached the other side, the Mitchell crowd were about to be worsted, when along happened Rev. Genuluth Winn in a buggy drawn by a somewhat broken-down pony, wanting to cross the river.

Seeing Rev. Dr. Winn, Col. Mitchell yelled, "Help, Bro. Winn! If you never did anything for the Lord and D. R. Mitchell, do it now!"

Dr. Winn sprang out of the buggy seized a long pole from the bank, and handled it so dexterously that in little more time than it takes to tell it he had knocked all of Colonel Mitchell's enemies, including the Indians, into the river, and Col. Mitchell had the ferry for keeps.

* * *

A SAILOR'S ODD "CRUISE."—A touching story is told of a lieutenant of the United States navy who lies buried in Myrtle Hill cemetery. Bayard E. Hand, a step-son of Col. Nicholas J. Bayard, had just graduated from the naval academy at Annapolis, Md., when he fell in love with a beautiful young lady of Virginia. His courtship resulted in an early wedding and the honeymoon was spent in the Old Dominion. The budding young officer was on 30-day leave, at the expiration of which he bade his bride farewell and rejoined his ship, which immediately sailed for South America.

While Lieut. Hand was on his trip, his wife came to visit Col. and Mrs. Bayard at Rome, anticipating that he would return ere long. The ship tied up at Wilmington, N. C., and the officer hurried to Rome to rejoin his young wife. His second leave being up, he departed for Wilmington. In some manner he had contracted pneumonia, and on July 16, 1855, he died at that city. Out of respect for the wishes of Col. and Mrs. Bayard, the Hands agreed that he should be buried in Myrtle Hill cemetery at Rome. Col. Bayard had his tombstone engraved with navy characters, and there he lay in peace several years.

Soon came the Civil War, and in 1864 a band of Sherman's men, reading that Lieut. Hand had been in the service of the United States, decided they would send him to a "better land." They dug up the coffin and expressed it to the National cemetery at Arlington, Va., across the Potomac River from Washington. This high-handed procedure did not suit the fiery Col. Bayard, who after the war went north and brought the body back to Rome at an expense to himself of $300.

An appropriate line decorates the sailor's tomb: "The anchor of his soul was faith in Christ."

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REMINISCENCES OF 1886.—The late B. I. Hughes wrote in The Rome News of Dec. 10, 1920, as follows concerning the experience the First National Bank had in the flood of March-April, 1886:

"At that time we had $55,000 in paper money in the vault, in $5,000 packages, each package containing ten $500 packages. We opened the safe, and found that notwithstanding the water had seeped through two combinations, these packages were so covered with muck that you would not have known they contained money. We washed them off just as we would if they had been brick, and then the question was as to how we would treat the wet currency.

"Finally, we hit upon the plan of building a big fire in the grate and setting in front of it, on a slant, a piece of glass, about three by four feet. The glass was soon hot and we opened up the packages and placed the separate bills on it. The space would take about the number of bills that were in each $500 package, and the heat of the glass and fire was sufficient to dry them out as rapidly as we could place them.

"The result was that in less than an hour, we had dry currency that we could use, and as far as I can remember, not a single dollar had to be sent to the treasury department. The year's business, as we have before

stated, was perhaps the most prosperous that Rome ever saw.

"Altogether, within a week's time, our business was running practically as smooth as before. Wasn't this a wonderful outcome for such conditions?"

* * *

TO ARMS, ROMANS!—There may be more modern speakers than our friend Mrs. Beulah S. Moseley, but few can serve up an introduction better. It fell to Mrs. Moseley's lot to introduce Judge Max Meyerhardt to the League of Women Voters, (Mrs. Annie Freeman Johnson, president), and she said in effect the following:

"I well remember an introduction which Judge Meyerhardt gave to Judge Branham at a meeting of the women of the Order of Eastern Star. 'Ladies,' he said, 'we welcome you to our city with open arms, which is with me merely a figure of speech, but with my young companion Judge Branham is a matter of action.'

"So I say to Judge Meyerhardt that the women voters welcome him in the same fashion. With me that is a figure of speech, but with our lovely president, ———!"—Rome News, Dec. 10, 1920.

* * *

ANECDOTES OF MAJOR DENT.—Maj. Jno. H. Dent lived at Big Cedar Creek, Vann's Valley, two miles north of Cave Spring, and for quite a number of years contributed articles on farming and poultry to Northern agricultural journals and to Southern newspapers. Once upon a time, a Pennsylvania farmer, who had been reading the Major's wise rules for farming, visited Rome and took a hack down to Vann's Valley. The hackman stopped and announced that Maj. Dent lived up the hill in the two-story brick house. The traveler expressed some doubt that the Major resided there (for nothing out of the ordinary was growing), but he went to the door and knocked.

"Is this Major Dent?" inquired the visitor.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I came down from near Philadelphia to see your chicken runs."

"I'm sorry, sir, but I haven't got any chicken runs or chickens either."

"But I've been reading your advice on chickens for several years."

"Oh, I don't write for myself, but for the other fellow!"

Walter D. Wellborn, formerly of New Orleans, now of Atlanta, and brother of M. B. Wellborn, relates how he visited his grandfather Dent many years ago as a boy. Young Walter wanted to go over and see Col. Benj. C. Yancey, a neighbor, and asked his grandfather if he didn't want to go too.

"No, son," replied Maj. Dent. "I admire Col. Yancey very much, but he can talk a saint out of patience."

Walter went over and met Col. Yancey, who was superintending the erection of a barn.

"How is your grandfather getting along, my boy?" asked the colonel.

"He's doing all right, thank you."

"Well, I am very fond of Major Dent, but he bores me to death; he could talk the wings off of an angel."

* * *

PAT CONWAY AND THE "GOAT."— Patrick Conway, said to be residing in Texas, was a well-known and efficient tinner of Rome. In 1890 he contracted to repair the stove in the hall of Cherokee Lodge No. 66 in the Masonic Temple, and also to fix the roof so the weather would not beat down upon the assembled brethren. He was due to start the job one morning, but decided he could mend the stove at night and thus save time. Climbing the long stairway with a repair kit, he opened the lodge room door, when out dashed a white object like a streak of greased lightning, upsetting the stove and sending clinkers and soot all over the floor. The stovepipe must have hit Pat, for he emerged with some fine smudges of soot. It was not known which got to Broad Street first—the biped or the quadruped—but neither hit the stairs many times coming down. Pat lost his hat and didn't stop until he had reached a corner light, there to "review" himself.

It is said Pat never went back for his tools, nor did he mount the roof to complete his undertaking. Asked why by a committee from the Lodge, he said, "Faith, I never bargained for to be chased out by the bloody goat! And now, begorra, he will nivver be caught again, and you will be foriver blamin' me!"

The "goat" was a white bird dog left in the hall by a hunter member.

* * *

A RELIC OF LONG AGO.—Floyd County has a "show place," now somewhat in a state of disrepair, that in some respects suggests Barnsley Gar-

dens in the neighboring county of Bartow. On a ridge about a mile north of Silver Creek Station, Southern railway, near Lindale, is a residence built like they used to build them: cement walls two feet thick, rooms approximately 50 feet square, including reception and ball rooms, and a barn in keeping with the rest. It was the property of Elmer E. Kirkland, of Schenectady, N. Y. Rumor had it that the mansion and the beautiful and extensive grounds would be converted into a country club, but the place was recently acquired by Will Collins, developer of Collinwood Park, East Rome's residence subdivision, and will probably be used for manufacturing purposes.

* * *

GEMS FROM "UNCLE STEVE."—Steve Eberhart, the slavery time darkey whose gyrations around Confederate veterans' reunions with live chickens under his arm always stir up the ebullitions of guilty bystanders and others, yesterday submitted to an interview as he filled a place in the picket line at their meeting at the Carnegie Library.

"Steve, how does your corporosity seem to segashuate?"

"Fine as split silk," promptly returned Steve, who had borrowed that expression in Cedartown.

"Well, Steve, do you suppose your opsonic index would coagulate should the Republican administration at Washington send down here and try to get you to accept an office?"

"It mout, boss, but dere ain't no chance to git dis here Steve to 'cept no place wid dem folks."

"Wouldn't you like to represent your country in the jungles of Africa?"

"Lordy, boss, I's skeered enuf o' de varmints we have right here around Rome. And as fer dem cannibalists, you sholy don't ketch dis old nigger furnishin' de bones for none o' dat missionary stew. Naw, sir, I's bleeged to decline with profound deliberation. Dem 'publicans jes' want de nigger's vote. Steve Eberhart's a lily white Democrat, Steve is!"—Aug. 7, 1921.

Steve Eberhart, the ancient Senegambian who dresses up in flags and feathers, mostly just before Confederate reunion time, has written a card in which he pours out his libations of joy and gratitude to the "white folks" for their generosity in giving him enough money to attend the state meeting at Albany.

Steve hopes the fountain of satisfaction may overflow for his friends and the wax tapers burn brightly on high, while he stews in the sacred unction here below.—May 16, 1921.

"I want to thank the good white people of Rome for sending me to Texas to the Old Soldiers' Reunion. I am thankful. I shall ever remain in my place, and be obedient to all the white people. I pray that the angels may guard the homes of all Rome, and the light of God shine upon them. I will now give you a rest until the reunion next year, if the Lord lets me live to see it. Your humble servant, Steve Eberhart."—1920.

* * *

ONE WEEK A ROMAN.—Harry A. Etheridge, Atlanta lawyer, once said goodbye to Rome after a brief stay. His folks were living on the old Sequoyah "ranch" at Alpine, Chattooga County, when he finished his studies at the University of Virginia. He came home; no opportunity, and wise heads advised him to seek his fortune in Rome. That was about 1891. He became connected with the law office of Capt. Christopher Rowell and



STEVE EBERHART, an old slave who was Henry Grady's valet in college at Athens and is now mascot of the Veterans.

was doing a thriving business for one so young, until something happened, a week later.

Mr. Etheridge's uncle, Wm. J. Northen, was governor at the time. He mentioned the connection to Capt. Rowell, who said, "That's fortunate; I should like to fill a judgeship vacancy. You go to Atlanta and see what a high recommendation you can give me."

The young lawyer agreed; went to see his uncle at the capitol in Atlanta, and presented Capt. Rowell's attainments with the eloquence of a commencement orator. He also shook hands with some Atlanta lawyer friends. The result was that Capt. Rowell did not land the judgeship, but Harry Etheridge landed in Atlanta, and has been there ever since.

* * *

TRIBUTE TO A PRINCE.—A young lawyer, a highly eligible bachelor named Eli S. Shorter, Jr., son of the war-time Governor of Alabama, and nephew of Col. Alfred Shorter, came to Rome perhaps 50 years ago from Eufaula, Ala., to practise his profession. He was a tall, handsome, dashing fellow—a social lion as well as a clever barrister—and he became immensely popular. His acquaintance was wide geographically and many were the invitations which the postman brought to him from out of town, as well as from around the corner.

One day he died of pneumonia, and thus were the hearts of his friends put to the test, nor did they waver. Three beautiful young women appeared in Rome from different points—Augusta, Macon, Athens; representatives of some of the state's leading families they were, nor were they of his kith and kin. All donned mourning as preparations were made to send him home; all softened their grief through their tears; and one, more ingenious than her sorrowing sisters, lifted the lid of the coffin and put something in. It was a lock of her hair.

* * *

A DISCORDANT NOTE AMONG THE METHODISTS. — Orthodoxy with religious sects was more studiously adhered to half a century ago than it is today. For instance, when the first Methodist Church was built at Sixth Avenue and East Second Street in 1850, the members generally gave vent to their religious fervor by shouting; some of them even became exhausted and rolled on the floor. Such a new-fangled device as a pipe organ was not to be tolerated, for was not the natural melody of the human voice sufficient unto the Lord?

Little by little, however, a progressive spirit asserted itself, and artificial notes were held by a faction of the brethren and sisters to be not only desirable, but necessary to a wholesome development of the soul. The progressives were led by a woman—Mrs. Wm. A. Fort, formerly Eudocia Hargrove, daughter of Zachariah B. Hargrove, one of the founders of Rome; the conservatives were led by Daniel R. Mitchell, himself one of Rome's founders, who named Rome, and a donor of the very land on which the church stood, and a liberal subscriber to the building fund. Colonel Mitchell invariably carried a heavy hickory walking cane and was accompanied everywhere he went by a mongrel dog whose elongevity and benchleggedness would dub him in Germany a dachshund. For convenience in attending to his church duties, Col. Mitchell did not always sit with the family, but occupied the corner of a bench or pew in the extreme front of the edifice. Mrs. Fort sat dangerously close by, and on the occasion in question she had brought well wrapped in a shawl and unknown to Col. Mitchell a bulky object.

As the choir lifted up their voices, Mrs. Fort jumped to her feet and began playing vigorously on a melodeon, and singing "Hallelujah!" until the rafters rattled. Colonel Mitchell gave her a withering look, seized his walking stick and stalked out of the church, closely followed by his dog and a number of churchmen who shared his feelings. When the Forts and the Hargroves spoke to the Mitchell adherents again it was to announce (thank you!) that they had affiliated with the Presbyterian Church, and when the Underwoods (born musicians) spoke, it was to declare they had gone to the Episcopal.

Time and a better understanding heal all such rifts among Christian brethren. Colonel Mitchell passed away in 1876 in Florida, and eight years later the "shouting" brothers and the "musical" brothers who were left put their shoulders to the wheel for a brand new church in a different neighborhood, with one of the best pipe organs that could be procured.

The removal, writes Mrs. Naomi P. Bale, "caused much dissension and heartache among the membership.



A GROUP OF PICTURESQUE OLD HOMES OF ROME.

1—"Terrace Hill," John H. Lumpkin (now Robt. L. Morris) home. 2—"Oak Hill," home of Miss Martha Berry. 3—"Alhambra," DeSoto Park, built by Philip W. Hemphill. 4—"Nemophila," the Hoyt home, where Frank L. Stanton brought his bride. 5—A. S. Burney home. 6—"Arcadia," Daniel S. Printup home, in North Rome. 7—"Woodlawn," home of Dr. A. C. Shamblin, built by Judge Jas. M. Spullock, and once owned by Judge Max Meyerhardt.

Many had been led into the light about the old institution's sacred altars. There, too, had marriage vows been plighted, children consecrated by baptism to God; and from these dear portals loved ones had been borne, never to return. Is it any wonder that our hearts clung tenaciously to this old edifice?"

* * *

A FAMOUS SCHOOL TEACHER.—Rome and Cave Spring used to boast a school teacher whose reputation for whipping obstreperous youths spread far beyond the borders of the state. In the days before the war it was left for Col. Simpson Fouche to apply doses of "hickory oil"—a dozen sharp licks in the palm of the hand with a ruler—but when Palemon J. King came along he outdid Col. Fouche at his best.

Prof. King fought through the Civil War and made a fine soldier. He was brought up with straight-laced ideas about obedience and pure book learning, and was always prepared to back up his words with force if need be. His military school was the Confederate army, and his preparation was made at Hearn Academy at Cave Spring.

Plenty of Romans remember Prof. King—"P. J.," as many preferred to call him. He was a powerfully-built man of six feet and 200 pounds, a kindly man, but one who insisted on having his way with the pupils placed under his charge. His hair was thin, but long and white, and he wore a full beard. His coat was a Prince Albert cut, always black; his trousers were black, and his shirt was stiff bosomed and white; his collar standing and his tie usually a loose bow with long free ends; and he wore a sort of gaiter on his feet, with broad toe, and thick soles, and elastic for stretching the uppers over the foot, with straps to pull 'em on. Like many of the people of the time, he blacked his own boots. He carried a white cotton handkerchief in his right-hand hip pocket or hid away in his coat-tails, and on occasion he wore specs that magnified small print for his eyes of blue. He had no time for the frivolities of the day, but religiously read from the Bible each morning some helpful passage to his young charges; and if he laughed it was usually after hours or on some jaunt when he could properly relax. His idea was to let them learn, and if they refused, then—take the "consequences."

Several stories are told concerning the stern though just measures Prof. King pursued. One concerns Hal Wright, who later became a popular and leading member of the Rome bar. Hal was more or less of a wayward and good-for-nothing boy, as the pedagogue viewed him. While going to school to Prof. King at Cave Spring, Hal broke one of the rules, but before Prof. King could get to him with a hickory, he had run out of the building and made good his escape. Prof. King followed, but the young imp of Satan had too much start to be overhauled. From a safe distance Hal placed his thumb to his nose and wiggled his fingers, but he did not go back to school next day. He went far, far away—to Texas, some folks say. Prof. King did not forget that superlatively contemptuous gesture or the infraction of discipline.

In two years Hal decided to come home. His good mother, Mrs. Harriet Wright, herself a teacher who had had experience with mischievous boys, laid the law down to him. "If you return here, I'm going to put you in school again, so you won't be worrying the life out of me," she wrote. Hal was willing, only he was hoping deep in his heart that Prof. King had moved on. Prof. King hadn't.

"Well, 'fesser, I'm back," announced Hal, with a grin.

"All right, Hal, just take that front row desk and I'll lend you a blue back speller until you can provide yourself with a book. Here is a slate, too."

Recess time came and Hal romped like a care-free kangaroo over the school greensward with his playmates, and splashed through the water cress as if nary a moccasin lay hidden there. Finally time came for school to let out for the day, and Hal started sidewise for the door.

"Hold on, Hal, I want to speak with you," invited Prof. King.

Hal declined the invitation, for Prof. King had taken two giant strides to the blackboard, and had brought out from behind it with a savage swish a bundle of hickories with newspapers wrapped around the handles, and mean-looking and long. Hal grabbed his hat and jumped down the steps four at a time. Hal's legs had grown those two years, but so had the determination of Prof. King. The old war-horse ran so fast that his long coattails stood out straight behind and his whiskers parted perfectly in the middle and met again back of his neck. All the boys and all the girls stood

in awed silence, and most of them were pulling for Hal.

Little Cedar Creek, three feet deep and fifteen feet wide, loomed ahead. "No time to hunt a foot-log," reasoned Hal, as he plunged in and came out dripping on the other side.

"I've nearly got the young jackanapes!" exclaimed Prof. King as he followed Hal's lead and lost one of his gaiters in the creek bottom's sand.

Yes, gentle reader, Prof. King caught that boy; caught him under a weeping willow tree, but it wasn't a willow switch he tamed him with, and Hal wept copiously under the weeping willow.

Several years elapsed and Prof. King hired a hall in the Masonic Temple Annex at Rome, and set up his school. There was room for about 20 boys, and some of them were the three Rounsaville brothers, Barry and Louis Wright, Wilson Hardy, Lindley McClure, Hugh Parks, Fred Hanson, Hamilton Yancey, Jr., Eddie Peters, Andrew Mitchell, Victor Smith, Harry Morris, Waldo Davis and Oscar Todd. It was the good year 1895, and all was well until Rob Rounsaville dangled a cork spider with rubber legs over the face of a boy in front. The boy jumped out of his seat and Prof. King caught sight of Rob's wonderful insect.

"Come up here!" thundered Prof. King; "I'll teach you how to make light of my instruction, sir!"

Prof. King reached for a ruler this time, to crack Rob across the knuckles, when George Rounsaville let loose an ink bottle from the rear of the room. The cork flew out of the bottle, and everybody got a little ink, but Prof. King received most of it, as the bottle hit him on the right temple where his hair had receded. Roy Rounsaville was about to hurl an arithmetic but the old gentleman had disappeared down the long hall, yelling "Police!" as he went. The scholars took a recess; no use to hold school any more that day. As usual, the police were somewhere else, and it was ten or fifteen minutes before Prof. King could locate one, or swab most of the ink and blood from his face. By that time the Rounsaville boys had entirely disappeared.

"I know where to find 'em," said Joe Sharp to Bill Jones. Sure enough, George and Rob and Roy were hiding under some bales of hay at the Rounsaville warehouse. The policemen told them to come to police court, and there some kind of justice was meted out—it matters not just how much. George left to join a circus and Rome quieted down. School really broke up.

Not very long after this incident, Prof. King encountered another bit of bad luck, this time of a less deliberate character. He was getting his whiskers trimmed in a barber shop about where the Nixon Music House is located. A careless brick-mason working on the roof above let a brick fall through a sky-light and hit Prof. King on the head. Result: the barber lost the price of a perfectly good trim.

In the spring of 1898, while the Spanish-American war was on, the King School was opened over the Caldwell Printing Company's present location on Third Avenue. A large brass dinner bell rung out of the front window by Prof. King announced that recess was over. The hallway stairs were long and carried the human voice in a sonorous volume into the professor's sanctum and ears. This happened often. The boys emitted cat calls and yells until the old man's life was miserable. After perpetrating a war-whoop or a bleating "Baa-a-a!" they would disappear around the nearby corner. Prof. King's chin would appear at the window, his whiskers quivering. The boys would come to the class room next day in all the robes of perfect innocence.

Across the street in "Poverty Hall" Rev. Hay Watson Smith, a Presbyterian minister, as well as a teacher, had started a select boys' school, and had taken some of the cream of the students away from Prof. King. One day the Smith School boys made use of Prof. King's hall; likely as not they heaved some coal up the steps. Prof. King threw the dinner bell out the window at them, and was about to invade the Smith premises when Wilson Hardy and Barry Wright came across with an apology.

A week after this Hugh Parks got a whipping for whistling in school, and when he whistled again, Prof. King choked him until he grew white in the face. Two chastisements in one day for one boy was not unusual. Many wore a double thickness of pants and an occasional book in the seat.

That was one way, the old fashioned way, of learning, and they all learned to love the courage, the manhood and the ideals of Palemon J. King.

WHIGS IN FLOYD.—Floyd County Whigs met Tuesday, Aug. 3, 1852, at the court house and elected delegates to their state convention, which convened Aug. 17 at Macon. The leading Whigs of the county follow, according to The Courier of July 29:

A. N. Verdery	Jno. Hendricks
J. H. Craven	T. J. Verdery
W. E. Alexander	Wm. H. White
H. A. Gartrell	Robt. T. McCay
Richard S. Zuber	Genuluth Winn
J. J. Yarbrough	T. J. Treadaway
J. D. Ford	Larkin Barnett
Henry Harris	C. L. Webb
Robt. O'Barr	Joel Marable
G. W. Shaw	J. G. McKenzie
W. J. McCoy	Jos. Ford
Wm. A. Choice	W. C. Hendricks
A. G. Ware	Dr. H. B. Ransom
C. M. Bayless	P. Steward
J. S. Ward	Wm. Adkins
G. M. T. Ware	F. D. Locke
Jno. DeJournett	M. W. Johnson
Jno. C. Eve	A. M. Lazenby
Dr. Geo. M. Battey	Willis Bobo
A. B. Coulter	Edmund Metts
Robt. Battey	A. G. Pitner
R. J. Mulkey	C. McCoy
S. W. Stafford	A. L. Patton
B. T. Hawkins	Allen Griffin
Henry A. Smith	Wm. Clark
J. D. Dickerson	T. M. Wood
O. Renaud	B. W. Ross
Alfred Shorter	J. R. Payne
J. W. Gear	F. M. Cabot
C. Attaway	C. T. Cunningham
Jno. Harkins	S. G. Wells
S. T. Sawrie	N. W. Lovell
C. W. Johnson	A. M. Sloan
F. M. Allen	J. Berry
S. Allman	I. Dave Ford
Wm. Ketcham	L. R. Blakeman
C. H. Morefield	Thos. J. Perry.

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A DUEL ON BROAD.—It was sort of customary in the old days to shoot folks you didn't like. The original "Bill" Arp and "Bill" Johnson had been good friends up to about 1863. "Bill" Johnson had asked "Bill" Arp to look after his younger brother, Jeff Johnson, at the front in Virginia. Jeff had got down sick, and here was "Bill" Arp back in Rome on a furlough. The two "Bills" met out in the country somewhere and came to town in "Bill" Johnson's buggy. They went into a saloon next to the old Choice House or Central Hotel, where the Hotel Forrest now stands. After a few drinks, they fell to quarreling. "Bill" Johnson accused "Bill" Arp of neglecting his brother Jeff.

Both of them may have been armed; one account says "Bill" Johnson gave "Bill" Arp the choice of two of Johnson's pistols. At any rate, they went outside, and "Bill" Johnson said, "Now, you walk across the street, and when you reach the sidewalk, you turn around and shoot, because I'm going to be shootin' at you!"

"Bill" Arp was born in Bartow County and had lived nearly all his life in Chulio District of Floyd, and he was game to the core.

"Bill" Johnson waited coolly at the near curb and "Bill" Arp strode bravely across. The firing started. As they shot, they advanced on each other. No cover was between, not even a trash box. L. P. Reynolds, of 216 North Fifth Avenue, Fourth Ward, an eyewitness, says when "Bill" Arp's pistol was empty, he rushed forward to strike "Bill" Johnson with the butt of it. This was not necessary. His antagonist was down and dying from several wounds, for Arp was a crack shot. "Bill" Johnson had counted at least once. He shot Arp in the chest or side and the bullet followed a rib to the back, lodged under the skin and was cut out.

After the war Bill Arp and Jeff Johnson happened to find themselves crossing the Etowah River at Freeman's Ferry in the same batteau. Arp couldn't swim, and Johnson started rocking the boat. Arp shucked off his coat and started rocking until the water began coming over the side. "All right, Jeff," said Arp, "when she sinks I'm going to camp around your neck—I golly!" "Quit that, Bill; don't be a fool!" urged Johnson. Arp ceased rocking and they paddled the balance of the distance in peace.

Bill Arp later moved to Clarendon, Ark, and went to farming again. Mr. Reynolds and Virgil A. Stewart say he fell off a wagon load of corn in 1883 and was killed. Another account has it that he was traveling with a caravan of "prairie schooners," tied up at night, went to sleep under a wagon and had his neck broken when the mules, still hitched to the conveyance, started off suddenly. There he lies, in the forks of the Military and Helena roads—the man who furnished a noted name to Georgia.

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AN INLAND VOYAGE.—We left Rome about daylight on a drizzly Friday morning on board the steamer Resaca, of the White Star line, Captain George H. Magruder in command, with a full crew and the venerable Captain Frank J. Benjamin in the engine room,

said Montgomery M. Folsom in The Rome Tribune about 1895.

Sam Cosper was first mate and Hub Coulter second, and I was the lone passenger. I was weary and worn out, sick and disgusted, and I wanted to get as far from civilization as possible with the means at my command.

Some men would have started for darkest Africa, feeling as I did, but I decided to compromise on darkest Alabama, and I succeeded beyond my own expectations.

We carried as cook and steward two of the most peculiar characters that it has ever been my fortune to run up with—Amy, a matronly negress of the old sort, ready to sympathize with all your sorrows and to offer you a cup of coffee or sassafras tea every time she saw the wrinkles deepen on your forehead, and Dick, a diminutive darkey who might have been anywhere from fifty to one hundred and fifty years of age, just as you chose to calculate.

Dick was about five feet high, of a pale dun color, with a little goatee of scattered whiskers on his retreating chin and a short-stemmed black pipe of the rankest sort that the fiends of nicotine ever dreamed of in their wildest vagaries stuck between his lips, the kindliest, most inoffensive and obliging darkey I ever laid my eyes upon.

There was such an air of humility, without any fawning affectation, about him, such a desire to please and such an air of general obligingness about both Dick and Amy that we made friends on the spot, after Captain Magruder had kindly placed them at my disposal.

As for Captain George Magruder, the good Lord never created a more royal-hearted gentleman, and many were the legends and traditions that he recounted as we stood on the deck looking out over the broad expanse of rippling waters, all agleam with the shimmer of myriad stars, with the searchlight of the steamer wandering from shore to shore of the historic river.

And then how delightful it was to creep up into the pilot house with Sam Cosper and listen to his rich fund of anecdotes and incidents and to hear his merry laugh ring out through the sombre silence above the throb, throb, throb of the engine and the swish of the parting waters.

We had reached the ultima thule of our voyage, Lock 1, 300 miles below Rome, by water. Heaven only knows how far it was by land, for nobody ever traversed it, but we could feel a change in the air which indicated a marked difference in latitude, and, besides, there was a glint of green on the waving willows and a dash of crimson on the maples that showed that we had glided down nearer to meet the springtime.

This was about noon on Saturday. The drifting clouds had passed away and the sun shone hazily on the shaggy mountain peaks that loomed up all around us, for we had reached the point where the wild Sand mountain range crosses the course of the Coosa, and below us for eighty miles the river rushes over rapids and plunges along through narrow gorges and dashes over cataracts, offering an insurmountable barrier to further navigation.

The Federal government has expended many thousands of dollars in the improvements at the three locks, where there is a fall of over twenty-five feet in the river within a few miles, and is still at work, as often as an appropriation can be secured, endeavoring to extend the navigable portion of the stream still farther southward.

If that eighty miles between Lock 3 and Wetumpka could be opened, Rome would have 1,200 miles of waterway through one of the most fertile sections of the south, taking in the granaries of the Coosa valley and the rich cotton fields along those alluvial bottoms, as well as the fine timberlands of the mountain region below.

But oh, how lonely is that out-of-the-way region, peopled only by the lumbermen and "hill billies," as the rural population is characterized by the steamboat men. I gazed on the lock-keeper's house, provided by the government, perched high on a swelling hill above the river, and wondered how he managed to while away his leisure hours.

You see, it is his duty to open the locks twice a day and see that they are in working order, whether any boat passes or not, and otherwise he has nothing to do. But there are plenty of buffalo perch in the river, and during the winter large flocks of wild geese and ducks, so that aside from the solitude of his surroundings, his situation is not an unpleasant one.

Dinner was announced soon after we turned our faces homeward, and we sat down with a relish to a bountiful meal, which we enjoyed as only such



WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE—AND BOATS.

Note at the top the sea-going appearance of the good ship "Sequoyah", built by Troop 2 of the Boy Scouts in "Beaverslide" . Is it any wonder that Rome lads can swim, dive and sail? .sewhere are seen various boats and bathers, the Eagle Troop of Girl Scouts at the Carnegie Library, and boys engaged in games on Hamilton Field. Most of the pictures were taken Sept. 5, 1921.

voyagers are able after a breezy ride in the face of a stiff gale.

Then began the toilsome journey up the river, which is full of shoals and unusually low for the season, which necessitates the most careful navigation to prevent the vessel sticking on the rocks or running her nose into a mud bank. Six miles an hour was the average speed, and I had an opportunity of viewing many points noted in the history of the country.

There was Canoe Creek, coming in from the westward, which glides through the wildest portion of that mountain region, whose inhabitants are cut off from civilization amid the gloomy forests of the mountain sides and the low green valleys, where they raise their little crops and look after their small flocks of half wild goats, razor back hogs and scrub cattle.

Then there was Big Will's valley and Will's creek, lying between the Lookout and Sand Mountain regions, where thousands of acres of wheat lands lie green and glowing with the first touches of spring, and where once the Cherokees had one of their most important towns in the long ago.

A little farther up is Greensport, consisting of a small country store and a shack of a sawmill to cut the timber rafted down from the adjacent mountain slopes; and nearby, the old Federal road, which was opened by General Andrew Jackson during his campaigns against the Five Nations, especially the mighty Muscogees, crosses the river.

As I gazed on the adjacent landings on either side of the river, memories of Talladega, Big Bend and Emucfau came up before me with all the romance attached to those memorable days when "Old Hickory" broke the spirit of those dauntless warriors and haughty chieftains and laid waste their towns, destroyed their crops and forced them to make terms with the hated pale faces.

Ever and anon we passed a ferry with its long wire stretched from shore to shore, and slack enough to permit the boat to pass over it without fouling, and the ferryman squatted in his flat craft, which was tied to the roots of some ancient tree on the shore.

Then we would pass a group of "hill billies," male and female, in picturesque garments huddled together on some overlooking bluff, in various attitudes of listless interest, the girls giggling and gesticulating and the men smoking short pipes or whittling with long-bladed knives on some treasurad scrap of white pine board which had been saved up for that special purpose.

About the middle of the afternoon we reached the quaint old town of Gadsden, at one time one of the most important points in all that country, since it was in the center of the rich lands along the river and supplied a territory extending far down the river and far up into the hills on every hand. Prior to the war, a great deal of business was done at Gadsden, and as the only means of transportation was by the river, the traffic was very profitable to the steamboat owners.

But the building of the Rome and Decatur and Cincinnati Southern railroads changed the face of things. Attalla has taken away much of the trade formerly enjoyed by Gadsden, and Birmingham and Chattanooga are getting the greater share of the business that formerly went to Rome, and steamboating is not very profitable these days.

By the time we had taken on the cargo destined for Rome, twilight had fallen and we were just able to discern a group of raftsmen signaling from the shore when we reached the ancient landing at Turkeytown. They were "hill billies" from away back, and a young lady who embarked at the same place had the dew of the mountain in her deep blue eyes, and the scent of sweet balsam on her clothes, so that I knew she had come down from some homestead, old and gray, in the neighborhood of the House of Rocks.

This curious place is located on the crest of one of the spurs of Dirtseller mountain, just above a circular valley through which flows Yellow Creek, a far-famed fishing stream. It covers several acres, and the towering boulders are scattered around with turrets and pinnacles, and regular streets and alleys between, and looks like a deserted pueblo that had been inhabited by a race of giants.

Near Turkeytown, on a beautiful bluff crowned wieh groves of wild cedar, is the site of the old Moravian mission that was located there more than a hundred years ago. The rock work of an ancient landing place on the river is still to be seen, but why it was built in such a substantial manner is hard to imagine, as that was before the days of steamboats, and before Rome or Gadsden, Birmingham or Chattanooga had been located.

There is a legend that those Moravian missionaries learned the secret of the Raccoon Creek silver mines from the Indians, and that they took out a great deal of ore in the olden days. But they have passed away and few memorials of their existence remain, and the location of the silver mines has passed from the knowledge of men for lo these many years.

From that point up, the river indulges in a series of remarkable bends, now trending away to the southward in a mighty curve; now rushing back to the northward in the same eccentric manner; and in every fold of its mighty sinuosities lie bodies of fertile lands, on which wheat, corn, cotton and other crops are grown.

The amount of chickens and eggs shipped to Rome from this section is enormous and almost incredible. We took on several hundred dozen at various landings during the night, and when morning dawned the bow of the Resaca looked like a large incubator.

As we glided along the river I asked Captain Benjamin if he did not consider it very crooked, as it is only fifty miles from Rome to Gadsden by land and 165 by river.

"Well," said he, "it bends and twists around pretty smartly, but it is nothing to a river on which I boated in my younger days. It was so crooked that sometimes we would have to shut off steam and let her drift because of the danger of fouling the rudder in the forechains at the bow of the boat." Then I went forward and looked out over the water and meditated.

Before we reached Round mountain I had retired to my berth, leaving the forward cabin in full possession of the "hill billies," who were piled and crossed on the floor enjoying a much needed rest. One of them slept with a fiddle under his arm, and I heard Captain Magruder making very emphatic remarks as he picked his way through the throng, and then I fell asleep.

Along about midnight I was awakened by the wailing blast of the whistle announcing the approach to some landing, and just as I opened my eyes I heard an old familiar strain from the front cabin:

"Oh, hop light, ladies, yer cake's all dough;
Hop light, ladies, yer cake's all dough;
Oh, hop light, ladies, yer cake's all dough;
Ye needn't mind the weather so the wind don't blow!"

The fiddler had roused up and was regaling us with his choicest music, and it sounded so much like old times that I was real sorry when I heard the sound of his fiddle growing fainter and fainter as he left the boat at the landing and disappeared in the darkness.

* * *

FOLSOM'S FAREWELL TO ROME.—Montgomery M. Folsom, one of Georgia's accomplished journalists, is believed to have lived about five years in Rome, in which time he was employed as a member of the staff of The Tribune. He wrote much verse and many editorials, as well as the squibs in the day's news. He was a prominent member of Cherokee Lodge 66 of Masons, and for a time lived at the Catholic parsonage on East First Street, between Fourth and Fifth Avenues. He is known to have been on The Tribune Nov. 20, 1892; on Nov. 15, 1896, he was still there. It is believed he left in 1897 or 1898. His path led to Atlanta, where he contributed for some years to the Atlanta Journal and the Atlanta Constitution before his deah. His lyrical valedictory to Romans follows:

"And now a few words at parting, for the day is drawing nigh when I shall turn my face toward other scenes than these that have become endeared to me through many trials and triumphs. Let us sit down and have a plain, old timey talk. You all know how near to my heart I hold you. That includes all. I make no reservation. I came among you without a friend. I want to go away without an enemy. If there be any of you who feel that I have wrongfully used you, I ask your forgiveness. All of you whom I feel have misjudged me I forgive freely. I love Rome and the welfare of her people above all petty personalities.

"Time will efface all the scars. In the golden glory of the beautiful years to come I shall look back with pride and gratitude that I was once a citizen of Rome. I trust that the Great Ruler of the universe will strengthen and sustain me so that you may never have cause to deplore the confidence which you have so generously reposed in me. Your faults are so infinitesimal that they are lost to sight in the contemplation of your virtues. You are an ambitious and a high-spirited people, and fair as the dawn is the horoscope of your future destiny.

"I utter this prediction, and I do it

without flattery, that the day will come when yours will be one of the fairest cities in all the Southland. I have traveled much and during my checkered career I have come in contact with many people. I have never seen the superiors of the good people of Rome and there are more genuine good people and fewer sorry ones to the size of the place than I have ever found anywhere. Your men would hold their own in any community and your women would adorn the highest circles in any sphere.

"When I speak of the women of Rome, a great flood of chivalrous tenderness sweeps over my soul. I have watched them in their works and ways. I have seen their generous kindliness and their deeds of daring, their patience and perseverance, and, above all, the ideals of moral and spiritual elevation after which their daily lives are patterned. Verily, the prediction of the future achievement of the race is well assured with such an exalted motherhood. These are not idle words, but the freely rendered homage of one who claims to be able to appreciate the splendor of their glorious exemplification of true womanliness.

"Oh, I have had a good time in Rome. I have had some troubles, but I am going to forget them. When I think of the innumerable blessings that I have enjoyed during my stay here, the ills are already forgotten. My memory is very defective in regard to troubles, anyway. It is so much pleasanter to remember the things that I have enjoyed. Recalling sorrows gives people mental indigestion and sourness of the intellect. Life is so short that we ought to keep the flowers blooming inside when the frost nips them outside, and pluck up and cast out the weeds as fast as they appear.

"And your preachers. Now, you have caught me. I confess to being a jolly old pagan, for I have not been to preaching often. I have not heard them preach. But you forget one thing. I have felt them preach. I have seen them day and night in the highways and byways, in the privacy of the home and in public places, and what I have lacked in hearing I have absorbed through the pores of my heart, which I never allow to become clogged to the prevention of that receptivity of good influences which keeps the trembling needle of conscience pointing steadily to the pole star of God.

"Oh, you are a good people, a great people, destined to be a grander still, in the beautiful years to come. Call me an idle dreamer, an optimist, if you please. The sons of these gracious mothers shall yet inherit a richer legacy than falls to the share of many of the sons of men. They will inherit that faith and fortitude, that fidelity to duty and perseverance in the paths of progress that are so characteristic of those whose white hands are sustaining their white souls in the uprearing of a fabric that shall stand till time shall be no more!

"Go on in your ways of energetic development. Give free rein to every noble aim and aspiration. You cannot place your ideals too high. Better that you should never reach them than that you should set them so low that when attained you would be mortified to realize that they were so ignoble as not to be worth the toil and trouble. I am following out my own destiny. My life is in the hands of God. All that I ask is that He will strengthen and sustain me in my efforts until my life work is ended this side the river.

"I am sorry that I shall not be the first to discover the fringe of green on the grim old willows on the banks of the Etowah. Think of me when you hear the wild birds singing among their budding boughs. Remember me for the good that I desired to do, and not for the mistakes I made, for they are many. But you will do that. You are all too generous to treasure ill feelings and too high-spirited to be mean and malicious. We know each other, you and I. But here the roads fork. I must be going. So must you. And now God be with you till we meet again!"

* * *

"LORD BERESFORD'S" ADVENTURES.—The period of 1890-1900 was marked by the decline of the steamboat business, due to increased competition from the railroads, and the appearance of the plausible "Lord Beresford," known in real life by the name of Sidney Lascelles.*

"Lord Beresford" was "discovered" in New York City about 1893 by a young Roman named McGuire. He was living in style and to all appearances was a polished gentleman and everything else he claimed to be, including his descendancy from Lord Beresford, the English nobleman. According to his story, he was looking

*One of the Lascelles family in 1922 married Princess Mary, daughter of King George V., of London, Eng.



FOUR BUILDERS.

Left to right, J. K. Williamson, a member of the Rome City Council in 1889; Col. D. B. Hamilton, for many years president of the Board of Trustees of Shorter College and the Board of of the University of Georgia; Foster Harper, of the well-known family from Cave Spring; at bottom, Rev. A. J. Battle, president of Shorter College in the nineties and a minister of the gospel who occasionally filled the pulpit of the First Baptist church.

for an opportunity to invest $1,000,000. Mr. McGuire told him he knew where such an opportunity reposed—at Rome, Ga.

"Lord Beresford" may or may not have had the price of a railroad ticket to Rome; he got to Rome nevertheless, and was immediately taken in tow by the proprietors of the Etna Iron Works. This concern's properties were given in for taxation at about $30,000, but out of consideration of the plight of such an exceptional stranger, he might have half of the stock of the concern for $500,000. After negotiating for a week, during which time he expressed complete satisfaction over his contemplated trade, "Lord Beresford" stated that he would need a bit of "change" to complete his arrangements. He proposed to give his personal check on a London bank for something like $2,000; the Etna interests accepted the check and financed it through the First National Bank of Rome.

Long before the check could reach the astonished officials of the London institution with which no such individual had an account, "Lord Beresford" had bought a ticket back to New York without saying goodbye to his hosts, and he carried with him a diamond ring loaned by a young woman friend of short acquaintance.

J. W. Lancaster, local photographer who had at one time or another snapped nearly every family group in the Hill City, was kept busy several days making copies of photographs of "Lord Beresford" for detective agencies and police stations throughout the country. Eventually the culprit was apprehended in New York, and Deputy Sheriff Dallas Turner went up and brought him back. On the train returning was a Roman who engaged in conversation with His Highness, and was so deeply impressed with his philanthropic pretensions that he declared to his fellow townsman that nothing but good could emanate from this man. Indeed, "Lord Beresford" had friends whose sympathies were so thoroughly touched that they sent flowers to his cell in the Floyd County jail and supplied him with every toothsome viand and literary morsel the heart could wish. The steady stream of visitors taxed the patience of the sheriff and jailor, Jake C. Moore; those stories of the castle in England and of princes and princesses, taken with the lavender in his silk handkerchief and his

exquisite get-up in general, proved irresistible.

"Lord Beresford" appeared to have been looking for money rather than for an opportunity to spend his own. His note book was full of the names and addresses of persons he had met here and there, so he dropped them a line explaining the horrible misapprehension which had led to his temporary detainment. One of his former traveling companions was the late George Selden, head of the Erie City Iron Works, of Erie, Pa., an uncle of the late George D. Selden, until his death recently also head of that concern, and well known to older Romans through business deals at Rome. Mr. Selden wrote a friend to advance "Lord Beresford" a reasonable amount of money. The erudite friend visited the jail, heard from the lips of Sheriff Moore that "Lord Beresford" did not need any additional physical comforts and was an unconscionable scoundrel, and wrote back to Mr. Selden these impressions. It was learned later that Mr. Selden sent him $200 or $300 through another individual.

The prisoner had married a wealthy woman in New York, through whose influence with Atlanta friends and relatives he was freed on bond. While awaiting trial, he opened a bicycle shop on the ground floor of the Armstrong Hotel; the bicycle craze was at its height, and he sold a lot of bicycles in Rome and elsewhere, and probably made part payments on some of them. He gave a Rome boy a nice bicycle and touched his "daddy" for a loan of $600. He always said he would explain the whole affair at the proper time, but when the time came, his excuses were too flimsy; a jury found him guilty of cheating and swindling, and Judge Jno. W. Maddox sentenced him to two years in the penitentiary, or similar term. He was represented by Attorney Linton A. Dean, and prosecuted by Solicitor General Cicero T. Clements. He served part of his sentence in a lumber camp as time keeper and sort of secretary of the gang; and it was said he was so smooth that he would soon have owned the "works" had he not decided to depart and breath the air of freedom. He was captured near Americus and put back again, and finally his sentence ended.

During his confinement he enjoyed considerable leisure, as before, and wrote a humorous paper on his experiences, which he published in pamphlet form at perhaps 25 cents a copy, and which his friends bought eagerly to see what he had to say about Rome. From the memory of one who read a copy the following is quoted:

"I was much impressed by the thoughtfulness of my host and hostess, and also occasionally amused. The good lady inquired of me, 'Milord, at what hour would it suit Your Highness to breakfast?'

"Midam, at 11 o'clock," I replied.

"She had thoughtfully instructed the colored butler to observe the royal etiquette and to follow the royal form, and so he said to me at table:

"'Won't you have some buckwheat cakes, My God?'

"I had exceeding difficulty repressing a smile."

"Lord Beresbord's" wife received evidence of his pranks with other women and quit him; presently he turned up in Fitzgerald and married another with money, and when she died shortly afterward he got about $40,000 of her funds. Everywhere he went he left in his wage a string of shady transactions. His real name and defalcations bobbed up in New York; he went west and got into another peck of trouble, and finally succumbed to consumption at Asheville, N. C., about 1898.

The confidence which certain friends had in "Lord Beresford's" good intentions was expressed in the following incident: After he had made bond and entered the bicycle business, the Merchants' Association had occasion to hold a meeting and elect a delegate to a convention in a far-off city. Somebody seriously nominated "Lord Beresford," and it appeared that he might have no opposition until a member arose and declared if Beresford went, he would resign. This bombshell broke up the plan, and another delegate was chosen.

* * *

HAIR FOR THE HAIRLESS.—In the year 1895 a fraud was discovered that outdid "wooden nutmegs." A salesman appeared who guaranteed that in a month or two he could grow hair on the baldest head. He showed a photograph of his own shiny dome "before using;" and, quoth he, "just look at me now!"

Sure enough, the picture was a hopeless sight; only a lonesome fringe hung around his ears; while on his head as he stood before the prospective "victim" was as fine a growth of hair as could be found. For $25 he would warrant a "cure" to anybody, no mat-

ter how everything else had failed; only $10 was to be paid on receipt of a large bottle of "hair restorer," and the balance was due after the hair appeared in luxuriance.

Quite a number of leading Romans who had almost given up hope added tc the man's worldly store; but along came one noted for his sagacity and ability to detect fakes, and said:

"Stranger, you can't sell anybody in this store. The day of miracles is past. It looks to me like you shaved your head for that picture, and the photographer made you a sleek dome instead of one covered with fine stubble. Get out of here!"

* * *

ROME SUBMERGED: A REAL FRESHET.—When a town is built upon a hill, it must encounter high winds, and when it is built on a river, it must combat high water. Rome has hills on all sides, but the heart of Rome is between two rivers at their junction, and when the high waters come, Romans move upstairs and paddle about as best they can until the recession sets in.

At the Azores Islands the natives are constantly battling plagues which take their fruits and other crops. Now and then a volcano spews forth its hot lava and covers a town; but the natives never give up, and neither do the Romans lose heart when the Etowah and the Oostanaula occasionally break out of bank and race through front yards. For that matter, preventive measures have been taken which greatly lessen the inconveniences; Broad Street has been raised a maximum of eight feet over its former level, and every possible approach to it has been elevated correspondingly. Perhaps once a year, as in most river towns, a little water goes in store basements, so that shifting of "cargo" to an upper "deck" is necessary; the rabbits are all driven out of the low grounds, and the rabbit hunters have a picnic for two or three days. Eventually all the inconvenience will no doubt disappear, for the town is growing in the direction of hills which tower high above any possible rise; and it has even been suggested that some 100 acres at the forks be left clear of buildings in the distant future and converted into a park. Some people think there is no further danger of a serious flood, while others claim that the backage from the Mayo Bar Lock (lock and dam), eight miles down the Coosa, has raised the normal level of the water two or three feet at Rome above the old level.

Suggests Something to Think About.—Things used to be different. There is a legend which says citizens once hitched their canoes on Tower Hill above the old court house. This yarn related to the time the Indians were still around here, and it sounds like Virgil A. Stewart after a feast of ice cream and catfish. Old settlers tell of a freshet in 1881 which broke through the banks at Foster's Bend, Coosa River, some 16 miles below Rome, and washed clear a lot of Indian relics in a mound on the Foster (Moultrie) farm, so that Wesley O. Connor went over from Cave Spring and got a lot of valuable specimens.

Prof. Connor took a one-horse wagon to the same place after the freshet of 1886, and carried it home well filled; he got mortars and pestles, tomahawks, wampum, spear heads, peace pipes, pottery, Indian money and at least a bushel of arrow heads, and also several skulls of warriors bold.

The rain appears to have begun falling Monday, March 29, 1886. It kept up in a deluge for several days, until the waters were at flood stage on Wednesday, March 31, and worse on Thursday. Rome was not the only sufferer. The South suffered, from Virginia to Texas. The towns in the hills did not escape. A number of lives were lost, but none definitely at Rome. Atlanta's waterworks plant and pumping station were seriously crippled and many of her streets made impassable.

The Rome correspondent of the Atlanta Constitution sent messages by wire to his paper as long as the water remained below the operator's transmitter. Then he went out to get a ham sandwich by canoe and left the field to the late Edward C. Bruffey, who was admirably qualified to paddle through it. "Bruff" tells all about it in the last three dispatches quoted below. The items are all from The Constitution and the dates of dispatching and of printing are affixed at the opening and closing of each article, respectively:

Rome Drenched.—Rome, Ga., March 29, 1886.—(Special.)—The heavy rains have swelled the creeks and rivers, and there is great danger of freshets. Advices from the headwaters of the Oostanaula report heavy rains. —Tuesday, March 30, 1886.

Rome Submerged.—Rome, Ga., Mar. 30.—(Special.)—Rome is threatened with the greatest freshet in her history. Since Friday night it is estimated there has been a rainfall of more than six inches, nearly two inches more than preceded the great freshet of 1881. Worst of all, the end is not yet. The rain still continues, and at noon is pouring in torrents. The oldest inhabitants shake their heads gloomily and are despondent.

The Oostanaula River is rising eight inches an hour, and the Coosa and the Etowah are making terrible headway. The water has just reached Broad Street and will be two or three feet from the Rome Hotel to Norton's corner. At the foot of Howard Street (Second Avenue) and in the Fourth Ward it will be deeper.

Early this morning the middle section of the new bridge of the Rome and Carrollton Railway washed away and is now lodged against the piers of the Broad Street bridge. Great fears are entertained for the latter bridge, and men are at work trying to remove the debris.

Broad Street this afternoon presents a busy scene. Merchants are removing goods from their stores and taking every possible precaution against the flood. Being thoroughly forewarned, there will be no damage to the merchandise. At the foot of Howard Street the residents are moving from one-story houses, and those residing in two-story buildings are moving upstairs.

The Superior Court, which has been in session, adjourned until Monday.

Our railroad communication is entirely cut off, no mail having been received or dispatched today.

At this hour, 8:30 p. m., Broad Street from Norton's corner to the bridge is one sheet of water from two to four feet deep. Every leading business house, except for a few between Norton's and the Central Hotel, is submerged. The cotton warehouse, water works, gas house, and a large number of private dwellings are under water. The flood is now within a few inches of that of 1881, which was the highest ever known in Rome, and the rivers are still rising eight inches an hour. It is raining in torrents. We do not know what tomorrow will bring forth. Intense excitement prevails and groups of people are on that part of Broad Street that is still dry. It is feared that many merchants have not raised their goods high enough, though all have raised them four or five feet above the high water mark of 1881. No loss of life is yet reported. The streets are in darkness. Thus far there is little damage except to the railroads.

Nine O'clock P. M.—The rivers are still rising. The water is nearly at the top of the tables in the Western Union office here, and communication can be held but a few minutes longer. The operator is telegraphing while standing on his table and momentarily looks for a break. Your correspondent has just returned from—(At this point the wires refused to work, and communication between Rome and Atlanta ended for the night.—Editors Constitution.—Wednesday, March 31, 1886.

The Delayed Wedding.—Mr. Geo. N. West, of Carrollton, who came to Atlanta two evenings ago, intending to go on through to Rome, where he was to have been married yesterday at 1 o'clock to Miss Mary Lou Colclough, is still in the city. He could get no word to Rome, and the people there have no idea where he is. Nor does he know anything about the people in Rome, except the fact that the home at which he was to have been married is more than ten feet under water.—Thursday, April 1, 1886.

Rome Absolutely Cut Off.—The Constitution made every endeavor to reach Rome yesterday by wire, but without success. The Rome and Carrollton Railway is almost washed away, and the Rome and Kingston road is in almost as bad a fix. The East Tennessee does not know when it can again reach Rome. This absolutely cuts the city off from the world. At last accounts it was ten feet under water in some places, and the water was still rising. The county is water-bound by the flooded creeks and the bridges of its public roads are gone. It is possible that something will be heard from the city today.

There have been filed at the Western Union office in Atlanta over 200 messages from individuals in this city to those in Rome, and all still hang on the hook of the telegraph office in this city, or have been returned. As it is, The Constitution's message of Tuesday night is the last from Rome.—Thursday, April 1, 1886.

An Olive Leaf From the Flooded Hill City.—Rome has been heard from



ROME SUBMERGED BY THE FRESHET OF 1886.

This picture was taken Apr. 1, and is presented here through the courtesy of Mrs. Henry J. Hine. It shows Broad Street and Nevin's Opera House; at the right a paddle wheel boat propelled by man-power, the property of Col. C. N. Featherston. The water was 10 feet deep here, and the Steamer Mitchell, in command of Luke C. Mitchell, steamed by. In spite of the hardships, the Romans maintained a cheerful demeanor.

at last, but the news is only that up to Wednesday night. What is known of the condition of the city comes from an extra edition of the Rome Bulletin, printed yesterday and brought to The Constitution by Capt. Sanford Bell, of the Western & Atlantic Road. It was printed yesterday (Friday) on a little 8x12-inch hand press, and a copy was carried from Rome to Kingston by somebody who succeeded in getting through the country. Here it fell into Capt. Bell's hands. Extracts from it follow:

"On Tuesday morning a bulletin board was placed in front of The Bulletin office. We put up a bulletin: 'Move your goods 12 inches higher than the mark of 1881.'

"We moved everything up except our heavy presses, and took out a large sized Liberty press to Dr. P. L. Turnley's drug store, where this issue was printed. The editor tried long to get a boat, and finally procured one half full of water. He managed to reach the office door about 12 noon, where there was three feet of water. The boat was then nearly full of water, and it was a desperate effort to get it to land before it would sink. With wet clothing and wet feet he caught cramp and had to beat a retreat. By 10 the next morning there was eight feet of water in The Bulletin office.

"It was appalling to go down Broad Street. The water was five feet higher than the flood of 1881.

"Losses and damage:

"Thos. Fahy's, silks, laces, etc., $15,000; Hardy & Co., $5,000; Rounsaville & Bro., $15,000. J. A. Rounsaville got in at the second story and cut a hole through the floor and got out books and papers.

"In nine or ten feet of water a cow and a calf were swimming on Broad Street. Connor O'Rear's stern-wheel boat came along and several men called to the animals to follow. The cow was about to give up when Mr. O'Rear caught her by the horns and towed her to land. The calf swam out. Mules swam after boats past the First Presbyterian Church.

"The young ladies of the Rome Female College came to the Central Hotel in charge of Prof. Sam C. Caldwell and Prof. McLean, and went out riding in two boats.

"Dr. J. B. S. Holmes had to swim his horses out of his stable on Howard Street (Second Avenue).

"Ten homes between the Rome Railroad and the Etowah River floated away. Samuel Lusk, Pink Turner, Will Curr, I. S. Davis, Dr. E. P. Lovelace, Charlie Ansley, Capt. W. T. Smith, Dan Ramsey, M. F. Govan, W. P. O'Neill, Mr. Jones, J. M. Lovelace, Chas. Gammon and C. O. Stillwell lost their houses and most of the contents. John Eve's house floated to the middle of Howard Street and finally went on down.

"A party of gentlemen were watching the Etowah River near Howard Street and saw a house float down. On its roof was a man who was gesticulating and calling for help. Another report said a whole family was on the house.

"A good deal of anxiety was felt for Capt. J. N. Perkins, who was calmly looking out of a second-story window. He and his family were rescued and taken to Broad Street.

"A gentleman said to a Bulletin man: 'I have lost everything. I said to my wife at breakfast time, "When you married me I was worth $3,000 to $3,500. Now, it is all gone!" "Well," said she, "we have four boys and good health; that is all we need!"

"A box car floated away from the railroad into South Street (First Avenue) and was turned upside down.

"The Steamer Mitchell spent some time relieving people in DeSoto and taking them away from their homes.

"A. W. Walton estimates the damage to cotton at $10,000 to $15,000. B. I. Hughes thinks $25,000 will cover the damage to the town.

"The trestle approaching the Rome and Carrollton bridge is gone, as well as the bridge.

"The people in East Rome held a meeting to establish a ferry at the site of the late bridge (over the Etowah at Howard Street).

"It was reported that Mr. Woodruff counted fifteen houses floating by. J. L. Johnson's stable and Mr. Belcher's house in East Rome have gone.

"At 1:15 a. m. a tremendous crash was heard in the lower part of the city, and it was known that the bridge at the lower end of Broad Street was gone. A gentleman at the Rome Hotel said he saw a light on the bridge and it went out just as the crash came, and he heard a man cry, 'Ain't you coming to help me? Are you going to let me drown?' It was rumored that there was a special watchman on the bridge.

"When morning came there was not a bridge on the Etowah but the E. T. V. & G. near Forrestville. The only bridge remaining to Rome is the one across the Oostanaula River at Bridge Street (Fifth Avenue).

"We learn from Capt. E. J. Magruder that there was no watchman on the Broad Street bridge, but there was one at Patton's, who called out to people at the E. T. V. & G. Railroad depot just before the bridge went."—Saturday, April 3, 1886.

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Waters Receding.—Rome, Ga., April 2.—(Special.)—The waters which have been raging in Rome since Tuesday last are receding, and the Hill City people are beginning to smile again. One who has not seen the destitution and desolation caused by the flood can have no idea of the situation. The city is full of water, the streets are hidden from view, and the houses for a quarter of a mile away from the river are surrounded by the yellow, muddy stuff that no more deserves the name of water than does the water from the Atlanta waterworks.

Rome was finally reached by your correspondent after a perilous train trip across the Etowah River bridge, thence by way of Kingston in a buggy. The spectacle that greeted me as I reached the city was one never to be flood can have an idea of the sieuaforgotten. Broad Street from the Central Hotel to the rivers is one sheet of muddy water, while every street running parallel with Broad is covered too. The Central Hotel is the point nearest the stream, and here everybody congregates. A hundred skiffs are moored nearby. Men who have built these water riders are reaping a small fortune by conveying people around to look at the roofs of their houses, or to hunt a house that has floated away. A ride down Broad Street in one of these Venetian gondolas made of Georgia pine makes a cold shiver run down one's back. Stores with closed doors, and goods and boxes floating about greet the eye. Thursday night the flood was seven feet higher than the flood of 1881. Not less than 20 dwellings have been swept away. Late Tuesday night, March 30, the Broad Street bridge, the Howard Street bridge and the East Tennessee Railroad bridge were swept out of existence. Conservative men in Rome place the damage at $300,000, and as much more in the country.

It is reported that a negro woman and her boy have been drowned.

There has been no mail since Tuesday.

A boat with four negroes capsized on Howard Street. They were saved by a party of gentlemen.

The Baptists are determined that the state convention shall be held here as planned. The people will provide generously for the delegates, despite their misfortune.

Fourth Ward is completely under water. Thirty cases of measles had to be moved. One store with a stock of merchandise floated away. Many poor families lost all. The suffering is intense, but for once it is among the rich as well as among the poor.

Howard Street, the Peachtree of Rome, is a sheet of water from end to end, and Brussels carpets, parlor furniture, lace curtains, pianos and bric-a-brac are ruined by the carloads.

John Lovelace was driven from his house and carried nothing out. J. L. McGhee got away no better. Judge Joel Branham has deserted his lower floor and is living on the top floor. One of the finest pianos in Rome was saved here. H. H. Smith was driven out of his handsome residence. Mrs. W. L. Whitely escaped with her life only. William Ramey surrendered his house to the water. Major Fouche and Capt. Stillwell are living away from home.

Bales of cotton, box cars and hogs on rafts are floating about the streets. A bale of hay came down one of the rivers with a crowing rooster on it. The people are cheerful.—Edward C. Bruffey, Saturday, April 3, 1886.

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A Perilous Trip to Rome.—Kingston Ga., April 2.—(Special.)—Tuesday morning, after all trains had stopped running on the Rome Railroad, and the Etowah overflow had covered most of its track, Capt. John J. Seay came up from Atlanta to Kingston on the morning passenger, saying he must get to Rome, where his family and his property were. He and John H. Harris started on this perilous trip in a buggy, while the rain came down in blinding sheets. They drove through water some three or four feet deep for four miles. Reaching what is usually a small stream, near the Barnsley place, and being advised by a farmer that it was fordable, they drove in. The horse had gone only a few steps when he be-



VARIOUS WAYS EMPLOYED TO GET AROUND.

Batteaux are in heavy demand when the water rises. In addition to serving for transportation purposes, they are often used by hunting parties who find many rabbits caught in queer places. An automobile is shown splashing its way along Second Avenue, and others are plowing across a low place in West Fifth. The pictures were taken in the spring of 1921.

gan to swim. The current was so swift it washed horse and buggy down the creek.

Capt. Seay cried out, "Mr. Harris, can you swim?"

"Like a duck," returned Mr. Harris.

"I can't; not a stroke," declared Capt. Seay.

At this moment the horse and buggy stopped against a log. Mr. Harris made a flying leap for a sawmill slab he espied protruding from the water, which he caught and clung to until he could unhitch the horse. Jumping on the animal, he swam to the rear of the buggy, which by that time had again started down stream. Catching on to the wheel, still holding to the horse, Mr. Harris started for the shore.

All this time Capt Seay was sitting in the buggy, wet and shivering with cold, amazement depicted on his countenance at the coolness and daring of his companion.

After the wheels had hit bottom, Mr. Harris made fast the lines and pulled the buggy safely on the bank, Capt. Seay exclaiming, "We are safe! We are safe!"

Messrs. Foots Roode, Judge Sanford, Prof. Agostino, and Mr. Drewry left Rome the same day and came near drowning in a stream. They had to cut their horses loose and swim out, leaving their carriage to float downstream.—Edward C. Buffey, Saturday, April 3, 1886.

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Spirit of the Romans.—Rome, Ga., April 3.—(Special.)—The people are remarkably buoyant in spirit, and as the waters recede their buoyancy ascends little by little.

The flood is the most wonderful and remarkable in the South, but decidedly more wonderful and remarkable are the courage, nerve and equipoise of the people who have suffered.

No city in the world has more energetic, conservative and safe business men than Rome, and every factor in her trade, commerce and society is loyal to his city and devoted to her interests None of them think of deserting her now in the hour of adversity, but on the contrary, the bad luck seems to weld tighter and harder the bond between them and their home. The men are not alone in their determination to stick by the Hill City. The ladies, young and old, married and single, love the town, and with tongue and pen they boast of her advantages. They burden each mail with letters to their friends telling them that Rome is still sitting on her hills, from whence she will continue to rule the commerce of the Coosa Valley.

On the banks of the Etowah stand the warerooms of Battey & Hamiltons. These gentlemen conduct a large wholesale and retail grocery business, and handle many bales of cotton. They probably had 1,500 bales of cotton in the warehouse. Mr. Battey is one of the most energetic men in the Hill City; he has push and pluck enough for half a dozen men, and when he realized the danger he hired a colony of negroes and went to work. He packed his cotton above high water mark, and when the water still came up, he chopped holes through the roof of the warehouse and lifted the cotton out. A great many bales floated out, and steamers gathered them in. The task was a hard one, but nearly all the cotton was saved. The firm's stock of groceries was quite low, but was considerably damaged. Probably Battey & Hamiltons can come nearer telling their loss than any one in Rome, and it is put down by them at $8,000 to $10,000.

Across the street is the new Rome Hotel. The water reached the second story of this building, and as the water went up, the people in the hotel also went up. They have since been living upstairs. Boats ride up to the second-story porch and take on or discharge their cargo of human freight. —Edward C. Bruffey, Sunday, April 4, 1886.

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The water rose to 40.3 feet above normal water level. Judge Joel Branham's law office and residence at the northeast corner of Second Avenue and East First Street is 33 feet above normal, and the water reached his ground floor mantels. Judge Branham hired a negro to help him move upstairs; his fine piano was hitched to the lower stairway. He was due to celebrate on April 24 his silver wedding anniversary with his wife, who was Miss Georgia Cuyler, but the confusion arising from the freshet caused the event to be postponed. The convention of Georgia Baptists was held as planned, a few days after the water went down, and the judge, being a staunch Baptist and favorable to immersion (if necessary) on such an occasion, bought up all the frying-size chickens in the neighborhood and had them cooked for the visitors.

The determination of Romans was aptly expressed by a delegate: "You folks can dispense more genuine hospitality in a sea of mud than anybody I ever knew!"

The mayor of Rome at that time was Samuel M. Knox. He wanted to appeal to sister cities for help. "I can have $5,000 here in 24 hours," he declared. "Don't do any such thing," urged Judge Branham; "it would cost us more than $5,000. We have a lot of Baptists coming, and they won't make the trip if they get scared of a little water. We can take care of ourselves."

The appeal was not sent, and Rome pulled herself together handsomely.

It was an event never to be forgotten. Citizens went looking for their houses and certain straying members of their families. A "freshet scout" came in with the report that a house had just floated by with the owner, an Irishman, on the roof, and complacently smoking a corn-cob pipe. It was stated that the marooner said everything he possessed had been swept down, and his only hope lay in going in the same direction.

Luke C. Mitchell, of the Fourth Ward, is authority for the statement that it was his steamboat, the Mitchell, with himself at the wheel, that steamed up Broad Street, which was about ten feet deep in water. The Mitchell had been tied up at the old wharf on the town side of the Etowah near the junction of the rivers. Capt. Mitchell had just received word that Adolphus Harbour's fine mare was swimming in Mr. Harbour's barnyard in the Fourth Ward, so he determined to rescue her. With Jep Camp as engineer and Hutch Moore along as "able-bodied seaman," he cut up the Etowah to Broad, turned wheel hard left and set his course northward up Rome's main business thoroughfare. Broad was under water as far as Fifth Avenue, so Capt. Mitchell turned to the left at Fourth Avenue, steamed past the City Hall and across the Oostanaula into the Fourth Ward. At Fourth and Broad Virgil A. Stewart and Jas. O. Winfrey tied their batteaux alongside and clambered aboard. The course lay along Fifth Avenue, and close to the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church.*

Cries for help being heard, Capt. Mitchell stopped and took Barnum Elders out of a second story window. On reaching the Harbour place, they found the mare half frozen from the cold, and nearly exhausted. They broke the fence and led her by a halter to a high point near the home of Mrs. Hiram D. Hill, on Avenue C. The mare was shivering, and so weak she could scarcely stand. Mr. Harbour, the owner, now lives at Wimpee's Ferry, Oostanaula River.

Shortly prior to this incident, Capt. Mitchell had manned the Steamer Joel Marable and set out in pursuit of the Selma, Rome & Dalton Railroad wooden bridge down the Coosa River. He ran a line from his pilot house to a bridge stay and reversed his engines; but the Marable was too light and of insufficient power. After playing with the bridge all the way to Coosa (about 16 miles), he cast off and returned to his base. He had less trouble saving a freight car loaded with cotton and provisions.**

B. I. Hughes, cashier of the First National Bank, reported the water over the doors of the vault, and perhaps $100,000 in bills flooded.

He took out the packages, heavily covered with river mud, and spread the bills before a grate fire, and in time had them all dry. The bank did not lose a dollar except in a small lot of new stationery. Mr. Hughes reported further that very few failures resulted from flood losses, and that the balance of the year was full of building activity.

It is worthy of note that two other pranks of nature were played on Romans about this time. A distinct earthquake shock was felt, and two feet of snow, the heaviest Rome has ever had, blocked the horse cars and seriously interfered with other traffic for two or three days.***

Less than a year after the freshet, Judge Branham, Jack King and Wes' Rounsaville were appointed by the city council to go to Washington and bring a government engineer to figure on a levee to keep the water out. They brought Oberlin M. Carter, a brilliant young government employee, and two assistants, whom Judge Branham quartered over his office on Second Avenue. Judge Branham wanted to ask what the survey was going to cost, but

*Frank Holbrook, skipper of the "Annie H." and former city councilman, saw the steamer pass this point.

**Capt. Mitchell states that it is not true that his steamer's waves broke glasses out of Broad Street windows, and that the owners sued him for damages.

***According to the best recollection of Nick Ayer, the well-known weather prophet, the earthquake came Aug. 30 and the snow either Dec. 1 or 25.



DAME NATURE MAKES ROMANS STEP LIVELY.

Like practically all river towns, Rome experiences an occasional freshet, and lucky are those who are perched on the hills. However, the damage is usually small and the inconvenience trifling. Prominent in the pictures are a street car on Second Avenue and the Howel Cotton Co.'s compress on First; an automobile and a cow on Fifth. Two ponies are marooned on an island on West Seventh Avenue.

Mr. King and Mr. Rounsaville thought that might offend the tender sensibilities of Rome's guests, and requested them to render a bill. The bill was $1,500, which the city council thought excessive. The price was finally beaten down to $1,250; council paid $700 of it and let the three committeemen pay the $550.

There were two plans. One was to build a high bank from the edge of the water between the two rivers, and the other to follow the W. & A. railroad down the Etowah and around to the Broad Street station, putting the railroad tracks on the top of the bank. The first was considered too expensive and the point was raised that crawfish would gnaw through the bank and cause it to crumble. The railroad, it is said, failed to concur in the second plan, so nothing was done except to pay the engineering bill and take two interesting maps which the gentlemen from Washington had drawn.

The freshet damage suggests Stanton's lines:

"Dis ole world we're livin' in,
Am mighty hard to beat;
You get a thorn with every rose,
But ain't the roses sweet?"

Not only were the people awakened to the necessity of curbing the high waters, but they declared, "It is time Rome was going out and getting more people, more industries, more prosperity. Let us form an association which will herald to the world the glories and advantages of Rome and Floyd County!"

The idea spread like the measles. Everybody took it up, especially the financial leaders. Result: The Rome Land Co., which dealt in land and a hundred other things. In February, 1887, this company was formed with J. W. Rounsaville as president, Jos. L. Bass, general manager, and Jno. H. Reynolds treasurer. Judge Branham and numerous other Romans joined in, until the $1,000,000 capital stock was well gobbled up in a short time. It was the biggest boom Rome had ever experienced.

In an anniversary book issued October 2, 1888, by the Tribune-of-Rome under the direction of John Temple Graves, editor, and Jno. G. Taylor, business manager, we find the following description of the company's activities:

"The company purchased nearly 2,500 acres of the city's best suburban land, and vigorously began the work of development. The property of the Rome Street Railroad Company was at once acquired, and its lines extended through the lands of the company. Steam motors were installed, and this was the first dummy line ever started in Georgia. Only Baldwin's best motors and Brill's best cars were used, and the equipment was of the finest. These steam trains have been in use here more than twelve months—a part of the time in operation on the main thoroughfares of the city—and they have given eminent satisfaction. Nothing does more to advertise a city of enterprise than the operation of well-equipped dummy trains on its principal streets, and the company, realizing this, will extend its lines into every portion of the city wherever practicable.

"The company bought 2,000 acres of land in a body on the south side of the city, adjoining East Rome, its northern boundary being about a mile from the business center of Rome, and traversed by Silver Creek. The popularity of this land has been established in the sale of more than $50,000 in lots and the erection of a number of handsome homes. Nature has shaped a goodly area on this land for a park. There is a natural basin of several acres in which a lake has been constructed which is fed by five large springs. This park is the present terminus of the dummy line on this side of the city. (Author's Note—Reference is to DeSoto Park, formerly Mobley Park).

"The company owns 500 acres of land in one body west of Rome, three-eighths of a mile from the center of the city, and to make this accessible has recently opened to the public an elegant iron draw bridge across the Oostanaula River at the foot of Howard Street (Second Avenue), at a cost of $20,000, and has also graded and macadamized at its own expense a splendid road to its own railroad depot in the heart of this property. The dummy line will run to this depot before the ides of March have come and gone. The erection of and opening of this bridge is but one of the many valuable works which this company has done for the public.

"A year ago, when the great Piedmont Exposition at Atlanta invited the exhibit of the products and resources of the South Atlantic and Gulf States, Floyd County, for herself, was silent. It was known that to enter so large a field of competition with a shadow

of a hope of championship would require the outlay of large sums of money, supplemented with a vast deal of systematic and laborious work. In the absence of any answer from the county, the Rome Land Co., in the name of and for the county, undertook the task, knowing that should the undertaking prove a success, its credit would go to the county, while a failure would be set down against the company.

"The grand prize of the exposition, offered to the county making the largest and best display of agricultural products, was $1,000 in cash. The valleys of the Coosa, Etowah and the Oostanaula were put upon their mettle, and for the county they bore aloft the banner and captured the handsome award. Also, the first prize for the best bale of cotton was awarded to Floyd, and so it was in the case of hay, wheat, corn, oats, potatoes, grapes, wine, cattle, hogs, etc., etc.

"Great interest centered in the mineral exhibit, a new field for Floyd County. Our best-informed citizens had no conception of the great wealth that lay at our very doors. The mineralogist had to go only a short distance beyond the city limits to gather his materials for the contest. That our county secured the first premium against the efforts of boastful Birmingham, ambitious Anniston, hopeful Gadsden and other pretentious cities and counties naturally aroused the pride of our citizens, the wonder of people in the mineral districts of North Alabama and Tennessee, and the anxious inquiry of Eastern investors. Since the exposition, a large amount of money has flowed into the county, attracted by the superb qualities of the iron ore and manganese exhibited on that occasion.

"Finally, the first premium for the fullest and best display of forest products was awarded to Floyd County. With 42 prizes and premiums, Floyd County scored almost a clean sweep.

"The Armstrong Hotel idea was born in the office of the Rome Land Co., and Capt. R. T. Armstrong, the builder, was attracted to Rome from Birmingham by the activities of the company. The Tribune-of-Rome and a large number of factories may be said to have received their inspiration from the activities of this wide-awake development concern."

*Authority: R. L. Haire, Atlanta, now an engineer on the Birmingham division of the Southern Railway.

THE CALHOUN-WILLIAMSON DUEL.—The people of Georgia and of Alabama and the governors of the two states—Jno. B. Gordon and Tom Seay —were furnished with quite an excitement in 1889 through a duel between Patrick Calhoun, railroad attorney, later prominent in street railway affairs of Cleveland, O., and California, and Capt. Jno. D. Williamson, railroad construction genius, a native of Whitfield County and at the time stated a casual resident of Rome.

The prominence of the principals and the issue between them accentuated the interest in their affair. Mr. Calhoun's grandfather was John C. Calhoun, the South Carolina statesman. Capt. Williamson was also a man of education and remarkable will; he had spent four years in railroad development in Mexico, and had come back to Rome to develop her transportation enterprises, and had started the Rome dummy line as the first in the state. He lived part of his time at the Armstrong Hotel; his interests called him away frequently and he nearly always traveled in his private car.

A tilt before the railroad committee of the Georgia Legislature at Atlanta led to the trouble. Mr. Calhoun stated that Capt. Williamson had solicited him to become leading counsel for the C. R. & C. railroad, hoping to use the Calhoun influence to unload that property on the Central of Georgia. Capt. Williamson was present and denounced this statement as a falsehood. Correspondence transmitted through the hands of friends failed to bring an understanding, and they agreed to fight it out with pistols at the Alabama line. A boundary line was convenient because duelists could often step from one state into another and avoid arrest; incidentally, this was the last duel fought under the old style in the South.

That the duel was not fought on the line was due to the vigilance of Gov. Seay and Gov. Gordon, who kept the wires hot until a number of posses had been formed along the "border." They fought at the point of least resistance after several harrowing chases by the authorities; this was close to the R. & D. tracks, between Lawrence and Farill, Ala., on the Farill plantation, about three miles east of the place where Forrest captured Streight's men in 1863, four miles west of the Georgia line and 18 miles west of Rome.*



FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS THERE IS GREAT FUN.

The children dance in glee when it snows or rains hard enough to send the rivers out of their banks. Wading, bathing and exploring furnish many an adventure. Boatmen of all ages do a thriving business. The third picture shows the Linton Dean home place on the Summerville Road nearly isolated. At the bottom are motor craft "riding easy" at their moorings.

Although great care had been taken to keep the affair secret, the mothers and friends of several Romans who boarded Capt. Williamson's private car when it stopped a minute at Howard Street (Second Avenue) knew that something unusual was going on. A sudden demand was created for locomotives, due to the fact that at Chattanooga junction, about two miles west of Rome, two of the newspaper correspondents, Hurtel and Barrett* were diplomatically kicked off the train, and had to foot it back to town. Capt. Seay and Dr. J. B. S. Holmes assisted in getting Engineer W. T. Dozier off the dummy line and in charge of an engine. R. L. Haire and his brother, Paul Haire, rushed to Forrestville (North Rome) and fired up the "Daniel S. Printup," the first engine built for the Selma, Rome & Dalton railroad. Evidently The Journal and The Constitution were determined not to be "scooped," and each representative had a pocket full of money to charter trains or anything else.

"The Printup" and the Dozier engine (believed to have belonged to the Rome railroad), reached Chattanooga Junction about the same time, and there they found the Williamson engine and coach held up because the engineer was a stranger to the road. The newcomers proposed that they would furnish plenty of engines and engineers just so they were allowed to sit on the soft plush of Capt. Williamson's private coach. The offer was accepted, and the duelling lions and the journalistic lambs lay down together. Capt. Seay and Mr. Taylor came in when the bars were let down.

Fortunately, nobody was hurt by the duel. Mr. Calhoun thought he was to fire one shot, then look above his smoke to see the result, and if there was no hit, to blaze away again. Capt. Williamson's understanding was that they were to fire at will, hence his weapon stuttered five times, also without hitting the mark. Then Capt. Williamson's gun was empty, and Mr. Calhoun held four balls in reserve. What Mr. Calhoun did with his perfectly good four balls is told hereafter. Capt. Williamson had stood close to a slender pine sapling, and Mr. Calhoun's single shot had knocked bark into his face. Undoubtedly the next shot would have laid the Roman out. It was never fired.

Some mischievous persons sought to represent the fight as a sham affair, particularly a "champagne lark." It is true that Mr. Barrett got a bottle of wine from the train porter, and offered the others some going down. It is also true that the physicians ordered their champions to calm their nerves. Maybe some of the stuff was left for the return trip; at any rate, Pat Calhoun and Jno. D. Williamson and everybody else were fast friends ere dark had settled on the expectant countryside. John Temple Graves took the position editorially that the affair was full of honor and that both principals acquitted themselves admirably. The duel was the subject of gossip for a long time; then duelling, already in a hopeless decline, petered out altogether.

For details the reader is invited to wade into the accounts by Barrett and Hurtel. Bruffey came to the duel walking on a crutch and at it got a finger shot off by accident, hence Bruffey relied on his colleague to do the heavy work. Hurtel's story appeared in The Atlanta Journal of Monday afternoon, Aug. 12, 1889. It is preceded by the correspondence between the principals.

THE CORRESPONDENCE. — The following is the correspondence which led to the duel:

I.

Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 8, 1889.

Mr. John D. Williamson, Kimball House:

Dear Sir:—Before the railroad commission of the house of representatives this afternoon, in the discussion of the Olive bill, you characterized certain statements which had been made by me as false. I request an unqualified retraction of this charge.

This communication will be handed to you by my friend, Mr. Harry Jackson,** who is authorized to receive the reply which you may see proper to make. Respectfully,

PAT CALHOUN.

II.

Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 8, 1889.

Mr. Pat Calhoun, City:

Dear Sir:—Your note of this evening has been delivered to me by Mr.

*Mr. Hurtel died in 1921 at Atlanta, and Mr. Barrett (then proprietor of The Age-Herald) at Birmingham in July, 1922. Mr. Bruffey, the other Atlanta scribe, died in Atlanta Friday, November 26, 1920. For many years afterward Mr. Hurtel was on The Constitution, to which he contributed a rare column called "Police Matinee Pen Shots," and was Recorder Pro Tem. of the Atlanta police court when he died.

**Father of Marion M. Jackson, the late Tom Cobb Jackson, Mrs. Wilmer Moore, Mrs. Aquilla J. Orme and Mrs. Shepard Bryan, all of Atlanta.

Henry Jackson. You stated before the committee that I had solicited you to act as general counsel of the Chattanooga, Rome & Columbus Railroad Company, and that my purpose was to unload that road upon the Central Railroad Company of Georgia through your influence. This statement carried with it a reflection upon myself. It was without foundation, and I promptly pronounced it false. So long as this language, used by you, is not withdrawn, I must decline to make the retraction which you request.

This will be handed to you by my friend, Hon. J. Lindsay Johnson.

Respectfully,

J. D. WILLIAMSON.

III.

Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 9, 1889.

Mr. John D. Williamson, Kimball House:

Dear Sir:—Your communication of last evening reached me at half past 9 this morning. I cannot consent to a discussion of the correctness of a statement made by me before the railroad committee of the house, so long as your charge of falsehood stands. I must, therefore, repeat my request that you make an unqualified retraction of this charge.

Respectfully,

PAT CALHOUN.

IV.

Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 9, 1889.

Mr. Pat Calhoun, City:

Dear Sir:—Your note of this morning was delivered to me at 10:45 a. m. My communication of last evening was delivered to Mr. Henry Jackson about 10 p. m., and of course I do not know why it did not reach you before 9:30 this a. m. I have nothing to add to my communication of last evening, except to repeat that I decline to comply with your request for the reason stated in that communication.

This will be handed to you by my friend, Hon. J. Lindsay Johnson.

Respectfully,

J. D. WILLIAMSON.

V.

Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 9, 1889.

Mr. John D. Williamson, Kimball House:

Dear Sir:—Your communication of this date has just reached me. In reply I would ask that you name some place without the limits of the state of Georgia, where this correspondence can be continued.

Respectfully,

PAT CALHOUN.

VI.

Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 9, 1889.

Mr. Pat Calhoun, City:

Dear Sir:—I am just in receipt of your last note. As you know, Atlanta is not my home. I only requested Hon. J. Lindsay Johnson to act temprarily to prevent delay. A friend who has been fully authorized to represent me has telegraphed that he will be here at 6:30 this p. m. I will then communicate with you for the purpose of arranging the continuation of this correspondence outside of this state.

This will be handed to you by my friend, Hon. J. Lindsay Johnson.

Respectfully,

J. D. WILLIAMSON.

VII.

Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 9, 1889.

Mr. Pat Calhoun, City:

Dear Sir:—My friend, Mr. J. King, of Rome, Ga., has arrived, and has been put in possession of contents of the correspondence between us. In conformity with your request in your last note delivered at 1:05 p. m. today, I will meet you in Alabama, at Cedar Bluff, on the Rome and Decatur Railroad, tomorrow (Saturday) afternoon, at 5 o'clock. Unless I hear to the contrary, I shall expect to find you there at that hour.

Mr. friend, Mr. King, will deliver this note.

Respectfully,

J. D. WILLIAMSON.

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The Journal narrative starts here:

Captain John D. Williamson and Mr. Pat Calhoun fought a duel with pistols Saturday night at thirty-five minutes past seven o'clock on the Rome and Decatur Railroad somewhere near the state line, probably in Alabama.

The weapons used were the improved Smith & Wesson hammerless pistols.

Capt. Henry Jackson acted as Mr. Calhoun's second, and Mr. Jack King, of Rome, as Capt. Williamson's second.

Neither principal was hurt.

A Journal reporter* was on the field when the fight took place, having fol-

*Gordon Noel Hurtel.



PROMINENT FIGURES IN THE DUEL.

Top, Jno. Temple Graves, "editorial observer;" Capt. Jno. D. Williamson, principal, and below him, Jack King, his second; Dr. J. B. S. Holmes, who obtained an engine, and W. T. Dozier, engineer; Dr. Henry H. Battey (in skull cap), Capt. Williamson's physician; Pat Calhoun, principal, and below him, Capt. Henry Jackson, his second; Gordon Noel Hurtel and Edward C. Bruffey, representatives, respectively, of The Journal and The Constitution.

lowed the Williamson party from Atlanta. But for the lateness of the hour, nearly eight o'clock, and the remoteness of the place from a telegraph station, the full particulars would have appeared in Saturday evening's extra.

The first authentic news which reached the city Saturday night was wired by The Journal representative, but it reached Atlanta too late to be used.

The Journal reporter, Gordon Noel Hurtel, gives a graphic account of the affair below:

"Follow the Williamson party and don't lose sight of them until the duel is fought or the men make friends," were my instructions when I left The Journal office Saturday morning.

And I carried out those instructions to the letter, as Journal men are known to do.

I boarded the outgoing Western and Atlantic train at the (Union) depot Saturday morning at 8 o'clock and found the Williamson party occupying the parlor car. The party consisted of Capt. Williamson, Mr. Jack King, his second; Judge H. B. Tompkins, and Maj. C. B. F. Lowe.*

Dr. Hunter P. Cooper was on the train, but not with the party, as he expected to act as Mr. Calhoun's physician.

I paid my way to Marietta, and when I learned from the conductor to what point the Williamson party had paid their way I antied up more cash to carry me to Kingston.

At Kingston, Capt. Williamson's private car was in waiting. It was placed next to the engine. I knew this meant a quick cut loose and fast run through Rome to avoid arrest, and to get rid of me, as I had been spotted. When Rome was reached, the train was stopped at the depot, and I ran to the private car and took my seat on the steps. As I expected, the special car was uncoupled and run through town at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Two miles the other side of Rome Mr. Jack King discovered me hiding on the steps. The train was stopped and I was put off like a tramp, and had to count the crossties for two miles through the hot sun.

Dr. Battey boarded the train at Rome to act as Capt. Williamson's physician. Dr. Cooper got off.

In Rome I called upon Colonel John T. Graves, and Mr. Taylor, the city editor of his paper. Mr. E. W. Barrett, of The Constitution, and myself went to work to secure a special engine to follow the Williamson party. We called upon Major Lawrence, of the Rome and Decatur Road. He informed us that the Williamson party had sent to him for permission to go over his road on a tour of inspection, and he replied that he had no engineer to pilot them. The Williamson party was then side-tracked at a junction two miles from the city.

"Having no engineer we cannot let you gentlemen have a special engine," said Major Lawrence.

But a wide-awake citizen of Rome, Maj. John J. Seay, to whom we had told the story, enlisted in our cause, and he procured an engineer from his dummy who knew the Rome and Decatur road.

We got the special engine and started out in a hard driving rain. I had to help turn the engine on the turning board, and got soaking wet.

At the junction we found Capt. Williamson's car. We offered them our pilot and they invited us into the private car, giving us a fine lunch and champagne and cigars. This was the car from which I had been fired like a tramp an hour before.

While waiting for Capt. Williamson's engine to return, the party went into the woods and the captain practiced handling his revolver by firing at a blazed pine tree. The blaze was the height of a man with a round place for the head.

Judge Tompkins would give the command: "Are you ready? One, two three, fire!" And Capt. Williamson would raise his pistol and send five balls into the tree, many shots striking the blazed place.

Somebody ran into the woods and stated that the sheriff of Floyd County, with a deputy, was coming down the track. Hurriedly an arrangement was made and Capt. Williamson and Mr. King ran through the woods, with the understanding that the train was to pick them up two miles down the road.

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*According to the Barrett narrative, it was W. B. Lowe. Capt. Wm. B. Lowe was about this time engaged in railroad construction and was a casual resident of Rome. He was the father of Miss Rebie Lowe, who married Baron Rosencrantz, of Austria. Capt. Jas. W. English, of Atlanta, a business associate and close friend, states that Capt. Lowe was ill when the duel was fought, and in his opinion was not present. Practically all the principals in the duel are now dead. Exceptions are Mr. Calhoun, now a resident of Frankfort, Ky., and Dr. Henry Battey, of Rome.

The sheriff produced a telegram from Governor Gordon instructing him to arrest certain gentlemen. He didn't find whom he wanted, and when the other engine arrived, the party pulled out. Two miles down the track Capt. Williamson and Mr. King got aboard, and we were rolling towards Cedar Bluff, the place of meeting, at thirty miles an hour. As we passed Raynes Station, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, I left a telegram for The Journal, and two hours afterward found that it had not been sent off. The mail is better than telegraphing from a country railway station.

We reached Cedar Bluff at about 4 o'clock, and had to sidetrack for a passenger.

We had hardly stopped at Cedar Bluff when somebody cried out:

"Here comes the sheriff!"

There was a scramble for the private car and special engine, and the order given to "pull out."

We were in Cherokee County, Alabama, and the sheriff was one of those bushy, black-whiskered fellows with a broad-brim white hat on, who meant business.

The private car got off, but the special engine was stopped by the sheriff. However, the car did not get far when it met the regular passenger. Our car had to be backed to Cedar Bluff and into the hands of the bushy-whiskered sheriff.

Mr. Calhoun and Capt. Harry Jackson were on the regular passenger, having come from Atlanta by the way of Anniston. They got off, and there was Ed Bruffey, hobbling behind them on one crutch.

The sheriff made his way to Mr. Calhoun and said:

"Mr. Williamson, consider yourself under arrest."

Capt. Seay, who was known to the sheriff, made affidavit that the gentleman was not Capt. Williamson and Mr. Calhoun was released. Mr. Bruffey represented himself as Pat Calhoun and was arrested, but was released when the station master, who knew Mr. Calhoun, saw him.

The sheriff swore he would hold the special train and engine. Both trains were searched. Mr. Calhoun and Capt. Jackson were locked up in a closet in the private car. Capt. Williamson and Mr. King were in a closet on the regular passenger. An arrangement had been made for as many of the party as possible to leave on this train. When the passenger train pulled out, it carried off Capt. Williamson, Mr. King, Dr. Battey, Capt. Williamson's private secretary, Capt. Seay and myself. The rest of the party were left behind on the private car.

We ran down to Raynes' Station, five miles nearer Rome than Cedar Bluff, and there got off.

The passenger train coming from Rome was an hour late when it reached Raynes' Station. Dr. Cooper was aboard. Myself, Capt. Seay and Capt. Williamson's private secretary got aboard and returned to Cedar Bluff. The bushy-whiskered sheriff of Cherokee County was still on hand, and he had been made to believe that the entire duelling party had gone to Raynes' Station on the regular passenger. He was anxious to know what happened. He was told that mutual apologies had been made and everything satisfactorily settled. This explanation induced him to let the special train and engine move off.

At Raynes' Station everybody got off and the seconds had a talk. The sun was just setting, and I wired The Journal that the fight was about to take place.

While the seconds were arranging preliminaries, there was a loud clatter of horses' feet, and four men on mules and carrying shotguns came in sight.

"Everybody to the train!" came the order.

"If anybody moves I'll shoot!" came from one of the four men, as he covered the crowd with his gun.

This only increased the scramble for the coach and engine.

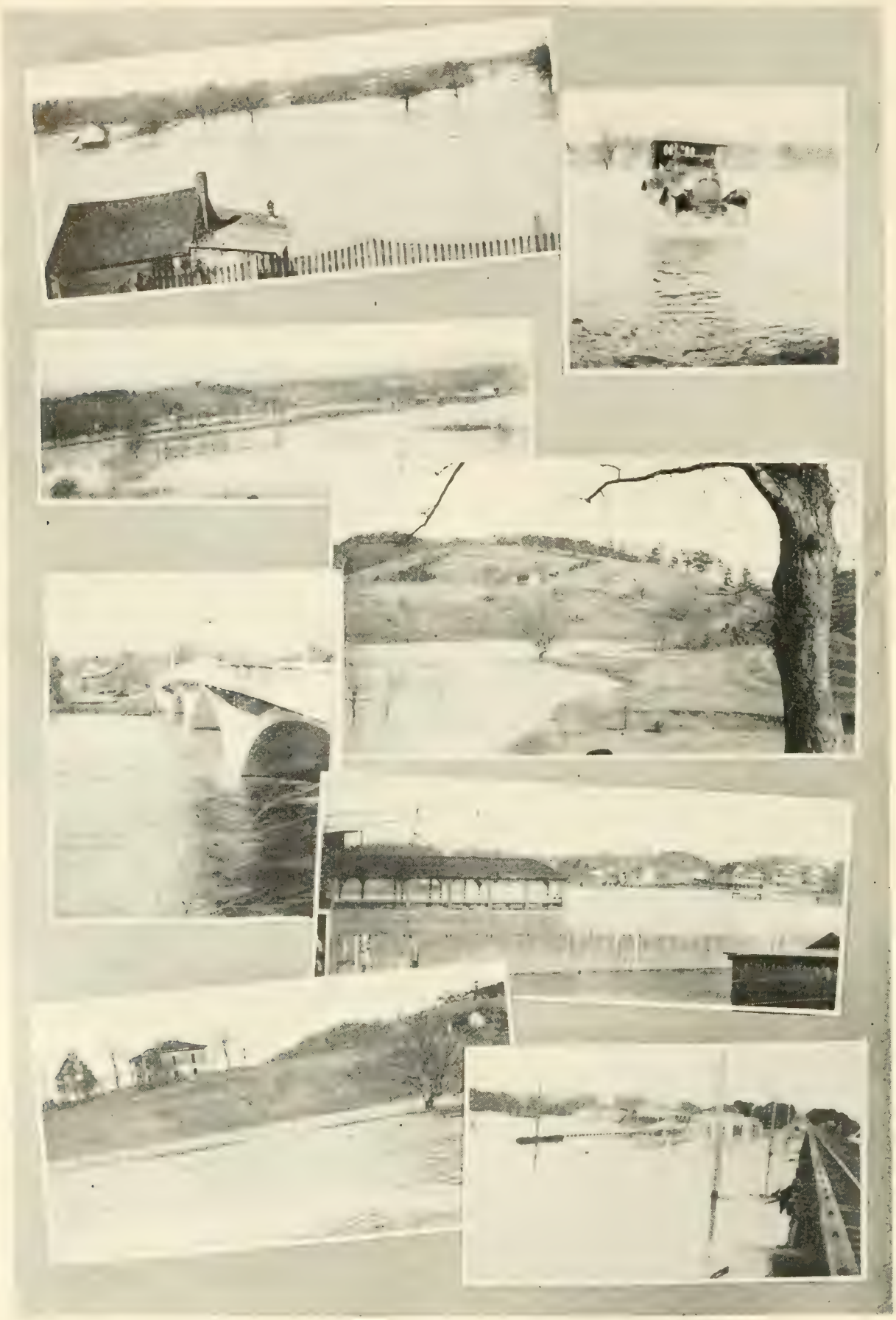
"Move that train and you are a dead man!" came from the four Alabama cowboys, as they brought their guns to bear upon the engineer.

Dodging down in his cab, the engineer pulled the throttle wide open, and away we went.

The special engine was behind, but no effort was made to stop it.

After a run of three miles we stopped by the side of a beautiful green valley, and the party disembarked again.

It was nearly dark and we had left the only telegraph station between Cedar Bluff and Rome behind us. I knew the lateness of the hour and the remoteness of a telegraph station would make it impossible for me to reach The Journal with the news in



SOME DAY MAN WILL CONQUER WATER.

Vigorous steps have been taken by Rome leaders to frustrate the freshets, or get above them. One plan is to dam up ravines far above Rome, and rlease th water when the rivers are low. Another is to have the city grow northward on the hills and use the abandoned river fork land for a park. (Near the bottom of the picture is Hamilton athletic field submerged.)

time for its publication Saturday afternoon.

A greensward was selected as the field, and the seconds were holding their last private interview, when—

"Look out! Everybody on the train!"

The warning was none too soon. Down the railroad the four men with shotguns were coming at a dog trot. Everybody jumped aboard and the train moved off toward Rome before the men got in shooting distance.

Another run of four or five miles was made and we were very near the line which divides Georgia and Alabama.

Once more everybody disembarked and preparations were made for the fight.

A small natural clearing in an oak grove was selected as the spot for the meeting.

Capt. Seay, who was a disinterested party, interfered and tried to make the men come to a settlement. His efforts were fruitless.

It had to be a fight.

No written challenge passed.

Capt. Williamson had the choice of weapons and selected the hammerless Smith & Wesson five-shooter. Mr. King was to give the command as follows:

"Gentlemen, are you ready?"

And without waiting for a reply was to continue:

"One, two, three, fire!"

At the command "fire," each principal was to raise his weapon and shoot five shots and to stop when their revolvers were empty. The command and the manner of firing was not that laid down in the Code, and some objection was made at first by Capt. Jackson. But, as Mr. Calhoun didn't seem to care, the arrangement was accepted as satisfactory. Capt. Jackson thought the men should fire one shot at a time, and that the command should be "Gentleman, are you ready? Fire, one, two, three,—stop!"

At thirty-five minutes past seven o'clock, the principals were placed in position twelve paces apart. Only the principals, seconds, doctors, reporters and Capt. Seay were allowed on the field.

The last rays of daylight were fading out of the western sky, while in the east the full moon was rising above the tree tops. Each man stood facing the other against a background of underbrush. Not a breath of wind stirred the leaves, and the only sound that broke the stillness was the subdued voices of the seconds as they made the final arrangements.

Capt. Williamson stood facing east and Mr. Calhoun facing west.

Mr. King produced two new nickel-plated pistols and Capt. Jackson selected one and went over to his principal to show him how it had to be fired.

When he returned to where Mr. King was standing, a box of cartridges was opened.

Mr. King loaded his pistol and handed it to his principal.

Capt. Jackson found some difficulty in loading his, not being used to that kind of revolver.

"I don't think I can load this weapon," said Capt. Jackson.

"I can, Cap," spoke up Mr. Bruffey, and he took the pistol in his hand.

There was two or three seconds of silence.

"Bang!"

"There, my finger's gone!" and Mr. Bruffey walked off holding up a bloody hand. A part of the third finger of his right hand had been torn away by the ball.

"Let me dress the wound," said Dr. Cooper.

"Oh, go on with the fight," said Mr. Bruffey as he wrapped a handkerchief about his lacerated finger. "A finger don't amount to anything."

Capt. Jackson loaded Mr. Calhoun's pistol and handed it to him.

A black cloud passed over the moon and it was hard to distinguish a person twelve paces away.

At this time I passed close to Capt. Williamson and Mr. Calhoun, to see if there was any quick breathing, or anything to indicate nervousness. But the breathing of both was slow and regular, and there was not a tremor of the body. Two cooler, braver men never stood on the field of honor.

Capt. Williamson raised his pistol slightly.

"Lower those weapons!" came from Capt. Jackson. Mr. Williamson's weapon was dropped.

The affair was getting to be dramatically sensational.

Capt. Seay rushed forward and stood in front of Capt. Williamson.

"As a citizen of Georgia and in the name of the Governor of Alabama," cried out Capt. Seay, "I call upon you to stop!"



THE "PRINTUP," S., R. & D. ENGINE IN THE DUEL.

The captain didn't know which state he was in.

"It's a shame," he continued, "for two such men to stand up and shoot at each other, and this thing must be stopped!"

Capt. Seay had to be forcibly moved out of the way. He then called upon the doctors and the reporters to help him remove the principals and the seconds into the coach and take them back to Rome.

Mr. Bruffey put in with: "Yes, these men are two of the best citizens of Georgia, and it would be a terrible calamity if either of them was killed. Gentlemen, if it will satisfy you, you can each take a couple of cracks at me."

"Gentlemen, must this thing be?" asked Dr. Cooper.

There was no reply.

"Gentlemen, are you ready?" came from Mr. King, and after a second's pause he proceeded:

"One, two, three, fire!"

Six rapid shots rang out on the still night air. Mr. Calhoun was asked if he was hurt and he said, "No." Capt. Williamson was asked if he was hurt and he answered that he was not.

"Load my pistol again," said Capt. Williamson.

Mr. King made a movement to go towards his principal.

Capt. Jackson raised his revolver and said:

"I'll shoot the first man who moves, if I can!"

"I think I have the right to speak to my principal," protested Mr. King.

"I wish Judge Tompkins sent for to see how this shooting shall proceed," said Capt. Williamson.

"I'll kill the man who crosses the line, so help me God!" said Mr. Calhoun as he looked towards Mr. King.

Capt. Jackson said he believed Mr. King had the right to speak to his principal.

Mr. King went to Capt. Williamson and Capt. Jackson conferred with Mr. Calhoun.

Mr. King began to examine Capt. Williamson's pistol.

"What does that mean?" said Capt. Jackson, coming towards Mr. King.

"I am looking to see if my principal's weapon is empty," replied Mr. King. "You can see for yourself."

"That's all right," replied Capt. Jackson.

Then Mr. Calhoun's voice was heard clear and strong:

"Mr. Williamson, I have reserved four of my shots and I now have the right to fire them at you."

"I am ready to receive them," came from Mr. Williamson in a steady voice.

"Mr. Williamson, I ask you to withdraw the statement you used in speaking about me before the legislative committee."

"I will do so," replied Capt. Williamson, "when you say you meant no personal reflection on me by your remarks before that committee."

"My statement before that committee was to impress the legislature with the fact that your railroad was offered to the Central in 1887. I say this with four balls, and I do not wish to take your life."

"When you say you meant no reflection upon me personally then I will retract, but not until then."

"I want you to retract unconditionally."

"You will get such when you tell me

you did not intend to reflect upon my character."

"Mr. Williamson, will you retract?" again asked Mr. Calhoun.

Capt. Jackson interrupted the dialogue with the question:

"Mr. Williamson, have you any respect for me as a man of honor?"

"I have," was the reply.

"Then I say to you as a man of honor that I would withdraw the statement."

"Capt. Jackson, I will not do so until Mr. Calhoun tells me that he meant no personal reflection by his remarks."

"I hold four balls," said Mr. Calhoun. "Will you withdraw?"

"I'm ready for your fire," replied Mr. Williamson with firmness.

Then Mr. Calhoun raised his pistol aloft and said:

"Mr. Williamson, in my remarks before the legislative committee, you did not personally enter my mind. I say this holding four shots in reserve, and when I have fired them in the air I expect you to withdraw your remarks, since I have made this statement."

Pointing the pistol upward, Mr. Calhoun fired the four shots. The flashes of the pistol could be seen.

As soon as the shots were fired, Capt. Williamson said:

"Since you have stated that you meant nothing personal in your remarks, I now withdraw the statement I made before the legislative committee."

Mr. Calhoun walked over to Capt. Williamson and the two gentlemen shook hands.

"Let all this be a matter of the past," said Mr. Calhoun.

"It shall be with me," said Capt. Williamson. "You have shown yourself to be a man of courage and I believe I have."

"You certainly have," replied Mr. Calhoun.

Capt. Jackson then threw his arms about Mr. Calhoun's neck and kissed him.

The party returned to the train and champagne and cigars were in order.

We arrived in Rome a few minutes after 9 o'clock, and that was the first telegraph station reached after the fight. I sent the first authentic news of the fight to Atlanta at that hour.

Cap. Williamson and the other gentlemen who live in Rome got off, and Mr. Calhoun, Capt. Jackson, Dr. Cooper, Judge Tompkins, Major Lowe and myself were sent through on Capt. Williamson's private car, arriving in Atlanta at 2 o'clock on Sunday morning.

NOTES OF THE FIGHT.

Capt. Jackson tells a good story on Mr. Ed Bruffey. He says when they found it impossible to give Ed the shake, they just swore him in. The party had to travel as secretly as possible to avoid arrest. Soon after Bruffey had been "sworn in" he approached Capt. Jackson and said: "Captain, is there any particular lie you want me to tell, or shall I just lie generally?"

The saddest thing of the day was the grief of Capt. Williamson's private secretary at the thought of his employer's having to face death. He remained in the coach during the fight, and when the six shots rang out, he jumped to his feet and exclaimed: "My God! Is he killed?"

Mr. Calhoun did some practising early Saturday morning, and he is said to have turned over a silver dollar three shots out of five.

It is claimed by Mr. Williamson that it did not occur to him that he could reserve any shot, and that was why he fired so rapidly and left himself unarmed.

Mr. Calhoun says he did not hear any bullets whizzing past him. "I felt as calm and cool," says he, "as if I had been making a law speech." And he looked just as he said he felt.

There came near being a serious collision at Cedar Bluff between Capt. Williamson's special and the regular passenger, on which Capt. Jackson and Mr. Calhoun arrived. Had the special had a few minutes more time when it pulled out from the sheriff there would have been a smashup.

About an hour before the fight took place Capt. Williamson was asked by me if he felt any apprehension of what was coming. He said: "I don't any more mind going into this fight than I do going to breakfast. I have no fear of death and I attribute this to my philosophy. A man must eventually die anyway, and to die now is only to hasten matters a few years."

When the duel was over, it was a happy party that boarded the train and made the champagne corks pop. Mr. Calhoun called Capt. Williamson "John," and Capt. Williamson called



ROME DWELLINGS OF HIGH ALTITUDE AND LOW

1—Mrs. C. S. Sparks. 2—Mrs. E. L. West. 3—Col. and Mrs. J. Lindsay Johnson ("Rio Vista," on the Etowah). 4—Barry Wright. 5—John C. Glover. 6—Hugh B. Parks. 7—Richard A. Denny (formerly Capt. John J. Seay and Thos. W. Alexander). 8—Mrs. Henry J. Hine. 9—Judge and Mrs. Waller T. Turnbull ("Saracinesca," Tubbs Mountain). 10—W. Coleman Bryan (J. Park Bowie). 11—J. E. S. Angle (John Montgomery).

him "Pat," and both were on the most friendly terms.

The way he dodged around, jumping from car to car, perplexed the old sheriff as bad as the harlequin in Humpty-Dumpty did Goody Two-Shoes.

They tried to make the old Cherokee sheriff believe the special train carried the mail and that he would be hung for interfering with the mails, but it was no go.

Capt. Jackson, in discussing the duel after it was over, said: "My man showed as noble courage as was ever witnessed on the field, and he had a man of true grit in front of him."

Before going on the field, Mr. King told Capt. Jackson that he was unarmed.

When Ed Bruffey, who has been unable to walk without crutches for several months, left the train to go on the field he forgot his crutches and jumped about in a very lively manner.

And now the fight is over, everybody is satisfied and happy, and will remain so unless the Governor of Alabama opens up a correspondence with the Governor of Georgia.

GORDON NOEL HURTEL.

The Barrett narrative, written in collaboration with Bruffey for The Constitution of Monday morning, Aug. 12, 1889, follows:

Mr. Calhoun and Capt. Jackson are back at home again.

Mr. Williamson and Mr. King are in Rome.

The duel is a thing of the past and the friends of all concerned are pleased at the bloodless result. But those who were upon the field may have to make another trip to Alabama. Gov. Tom Seay wants to see them.

Alabama's chief executive made every exertion to prevent the duel in his state. He telegraphed to every county, and yesterday morning when he ascertained that his officers had been eluded, and that the fight took place near the state line, he was angry.

Gentlemen who were in Montgomery yesterday morning and who reached Atlanta last night say that Gov. Seay says he will have officers sent for all parties interested in the affair, and see that the law is vindicated. Just what will be done remains to be seen.

Mr. Calhoun passed the day at his home and will remain in the city some time. Capt. Jackson has no idea of going away, and if Gov. Seay wants them he will have no trouble in securing them.

On our return to Atlanta yesterday Mr. Bruffey and myself were asked thousands of questions about the Calhoun-Williamson duel—among them if the men really shot to kill? Were the pistols loaded with balls or were the cartridges blank? And hundreds of other such, I may say, foolish questions.

The bravery shown by both parties in the fight was simply unequaled. They are the two bravest men I ever saw, and in the history of this country, it is safe to say, there will never be another such duel.

Had it not been for the darkness, both men would have been killed, for both are good shots. Mr. Williamson apparently wanted to hit Mr. Calhoun before the latter could get good aim, and therefore fired all five of his balls in less than two seconds. He was familiar with his pistol, but his haste was evidently the cause of his wild shots.

Mr. Calhoun, on the other hand, was a perfect stranger to the hammerless Smith & Wesson self-cocker. In fact, Capt. Harry Jackson says Mr. Calhoun not only never used one before but had never had one in his hands, and as for himself, he never saw one until yesterday on the grounds. Capt. Jackson at first protested against the weapons, but Mr. Calhoun said he was perfectly willing to use them. Mr. Calhoun is a dead shot, and while he might have shot to kill, it struck me otherwise.

After the first shots and when the colloquy ensued, Mr. Calhoun simply held Mr. Williamson's life in his hands. He could have killed him at any moment, and it would have been perfectly justifiable under the code. Whether he ever had any idea of shooting again is the question. No one knew then and perhaps no one knows now. Mr. Williamson's cool bravery in telling him to "shoot your remaining four balls and then we will load and shoot again," folding his arms and standing erect to receive the balls, was an exhibition of courage that gained for him the admiration of everyone on the field. Mr. Calhoun's action in firing his four balls into the air was magnanimous and a clear exhibition of the manhood of the man.

When Mr. King started to approach Mr. Williamson during the colloquy and Capt. Jackson leveled his revolver and cried "Hold your position; if you approach I will kill you!"—the scene was dramatic beyond description.

There were on the field besides the principals and the seconds the two surgeons, Dr. Cooper and Dr. Battey, Col. John J. Seay, of Rome; Mr. Dozier, The Constitution's engineer; John G. Taylor, of The Rome Tribune, and Mr. Bruffey and myself.

Everyone thought Mr. King was armed, and expecting a general shooting, there was somewhat of a scramble among the spectators. Bruffey dropped on the ground behind a stump; the others drew back in the woods, and I sought shelter of a pine sapling the size of my arm to the immediate right of Capt. Jackson.

As a scene for a wild and picturesque duel no more strange spot could have been selected than in that small clearing in a clump of woods. It was not more than 75 feet square and was covered with a growth of scrubby bushes. On three sides were great tall trees underneath which was a dense undergrowth. On the fourth side was the railroad track with The Constitution engine and Mr. Williamson's car, containing Judge Tompkins and Mr. W. B. Lowe, both of whom Capt. Jackson refused to allow on the field.

With the puffing engine, the dimly-lighted car, the group in the clearing surrounded by the great, tall trees in the gathering shadows, the scene was a weird one. Then the reports of the pistols, the flames from their muzzles, —next the silence, the colloquy, the four shots in the air, the frightened owls hooting and moaning in the distance—it was a queer, a picturesque, a strange, a grand picture.

Bruffey was twice the hero of the day. Once when he shot his little finger off. Again at Cedar Bluff.

The special engine and the car bearing Mr. Williamson and party and the train with Mr. Calhoun and Capt. Jackson arrived in Cedar Bluff at the same minute. A big, black-bearded sheriff with a pistol in one hand, a telegram in the other, followed by a posse of five armed men, jumped on the platform of Mr. Williamson's car.

"I want Williamson," he gruffly cried to Mr. King.

"I don't know anything about him," Mr. King replied. Then pointing to Mr. Calhoun and Capt. Jackson, who had gotten off their train, "That might be him."

The sheriff immediately ran toward them and grabbed Mr. Calhoun's arm.

"You are Williamson; I arrest you!"

But Col. Seay told the sheriff he was mistaken, and got him away. Then Bruffey whispered to me, "You cover all this. I am going to be arrested and go to jail, and it won't be the first time, either."

Then he said to the sheriff, "Mr. Sheriff, I am Pat Calhoun, but you can't take me."

In a second the cold muzzle of a pistol was against Bruffey's temple. "We'll see!" cried the sheriff, jerking his arm and lifting him off his crutches.

"Well, what are you going to do with me?"

Then Capt. Jackson spoke up and said to Mr. Bruffey, "Pat, you will find your passes in my valise."

"Here," said the sheriff, "this man must be identified." To the crowd, "Is this Mr. Calhoun?"

Then some smart Aleck who had been on the train spoke up and said, "No, sir, that ain't him. He's a bigger man and ain't got no crutches."

The sheriff said in disgust: "You're damned smart, ain't you?" as he released the badly-bunged-up scribe.

But Bruffey's game gave Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Williamson time to hide in the cars and get off. Without it there would have been no duel.

One of the bravest men I ever saw was Mr. Dozier, The Constitution's engineer. He runs a dummy on Col. Seay's line in Rome, and through Col. Seay's kindness I was able to secure his services to run the engine I had obtained. At Raynes' Station a party of officers ran up to arrest the crowd. A big fellow with a rifle went toward the engine, to the edge of the cut in which it stood, and leveled his rifle at Mr. Dozier.

"Stop that train!" he commanded.

"Not today, thanks," answered Dozier, as with a wave of his hand he threw the throttle wide open, without even dodging.

The officer did not shoot and the train moved off.

Col. John J. Seay and Dr. J. B. S. Holmes, of Rome, are trumps. Rushing back to Rome after being put off Mr. Williamson's car in the woods, I went immediately to Dr. Holmes' office to telephone General Manager

Lawrence, of the Rome & Decatur, to have an engine ready for me immediately. Mr. Lawrence replied he had only one engine and no engineer who had ever been over his road. I could have it if he had an engineer, but without one it was impossible.

Dr. Holmes went to the phone and said: "Lawrence, he must have an engine. Arrange it, please, if not for The Constitution, for me."

I left in search of an engineer while Dr. Holmes was talking. I met Col. Seay and told him I must have an engineer at any cost.

"That's just what I have and you shall have him. Here he comes in a dummy now, and he knows the road, too."

"Bring him out to the Rome and Decatur, quick," I replied.

Then I drove out to the depot, told Mr. Lawrence I had a man, secured a fireman as Mr. Lawrence went to his office to write instructions for the engineer. Mr. Seay and Engineer Dozier arrived, jumped in the engine, threw the throttle wide open and we were off running wildly down the track without orders or instructions, but fortunately, the track was clear and we got through safely.

Catching Mr. Williamson's engine and car which were side-tracked at the junction and were not able to move without a pilot, I offered them our pilot, provided we were taken aboard their car, with the understanding that that engine was to pull the car and ours to follow. They had no alternative. It was take us aboard or not get to the dueling grounds on time. They accepted the offer with thanks, but just then the sheriff appeared. We took Mr. Williamson and Mr. King on our engine and were off. Their engine and car followed.

The remainder of the story was told yesterday.

E. W. BARRETT.

The Constitution added the following details:

The Calhoun-Williamson duel was the one thing discussed in the hotel corridors, private parlors and on the streets yesterday from dawn to dark. Minute details of the fight were in great demand. The Constitution's magnificent and complete work excited the admiration of everybody, and the issue of the paper was exhausted long before the noon hour. Twice the edition could have been sold.

On Friday last, when the trouble then pending between the gentlemen became known, members of The Constitution staff were instructed to watch it closely and to shadow the gentlemen connected with it until the conclusion was reached. Their work in yesterday's edition shows how faithfully they carried out their orders. Mr. E. W. Barrett was assigned to the Williamson party. Mr. Edward C. Bruffey was put on the Calhoun party.

This was Friday afternoon about half past 4 o'clock. The Kimball House was then the battlefield and the two reporters hung closely around with ears and eyes open, never leaving the hotel except to follow either Mr. Williamson or Mr. Calhoun. The work was slow, but it was interesting.

Late Friday night it became apparent to those who were conversant with the latest work that the gentlemen were preparing to leave the city. About half past 10 o'clock Capt. Jackson entered the Kimball and went up the elevator. In a few minutes he came down and walked hurriedly out the Wall Street entrance with his shadow close behind him. At the Union Depot he entered a cab and was driven rapidly to his residence. A cab followed closely behind.

Capt. Jackson remained at his residence about 10 minutes, and came out carrying a small satchel. He then re-entered the cab and was driven to the Union Depot. Stopping at the eastern end, he was joined by Mr. Calhoun, who was awaiting him. Together the two gentlemen entered a Mann car and went to a section which had been reserved for them. Mr. Bruffey was on the same train when it pulled out.

No one knew whither the gentlemen were bound, and a careful watch was necessary to prevent a loss. At every station the front and rear entrances had to be watched, and when Captain Jackson emerged from the section at Anniston, followed by Mr. Calhoun, his shadow made himself scarce. Capt. Jackson passed within three feet of Mr. Bruffey in leaving the car, without knowing it. From that time on it was a game of hide and seek. No two gentlemen ever tried harder to evade friends and avoid observation than Capt. Jackson and Mr. Calhoun, and the watch kept upon them was hard work. But Mr. Bruffey was equal to the task, and when the fight came off he was on hand to see it.

Mr. Barrett was not long in ascertaining that the Calhoun party had



ROME'S HISTORIC CLOCK TOWER, AND OTHER SCENES.

The top of the tower is the highest point in downtown Rome, and it has often been sought by romantic young people who wanted to get married in an unusual way. Other views on this page include the office of the Howel Cotton Co., the jail, the N., C. & St. L. (Rome) railroad station (in oval), the City Hall Park bandstand and various machines for locomotion.

left the city and with renewed interest and increased watchfulness lingered about the Kimball, all night long. About 6 the next morning Mr. Williamson left his room, closely followed by Mr. Barrett. The gentleman and his friend walked to the Union Depot and boarded a Western & Atlantic train, Mr. Barrett within reach. At Kingston, where Mr. Williamson's private car was awaiting him, Mr. Barrett's presence was detected, and an attempt was made to give him the shake. But he would not have it, and accepting a seat upon the front platform, made his way into Rome. Outside of Rome, on the Rome and Decatur road, Mr. Barrett was made to leave the train. He felt knocked out, but not defeated. Hurrying back to Rome he sought Mr. Lawrence, superintendent of the Rome & Decatur, and chartered a special engine. But Mr. Lawrence could not furnish an engineer. Then Mr. Barrett "bought" one off a dummy line and in a short time overtook Mr. Williamson's private car. The car was standing upon a side-track and could not move. Mr. Williamson's engineer had never been over the road and the superintendent would not permit the train to move under a man unacquainted with the line.

Mr. Barrett's engineer, however, knew the road. When he pulled out of Rome, Mr. Barrett was in a hurry, and ordered the engineer to turn the machine loose. By those who were on the engine the ride was described as having been wild, reckless and dangerous. But Mr. Barrett was willing to take all chances. Realizing that Mr. Williamson could never reach the field without his help, Mr. Barrett approached Judge Tompkins, saying:

"You cannot get there without my assistance. Now, if you want to fight that duel, I will take you to the grounds upon one condition."

"What is it?" asked the judge.

"Give me and my party seats in your car."

Judge Tompkins did so and Mr. Barrett was at the fight.

The last line of the duel heading in yesterday's Constitution, stating that Mr. Williamson makes retraction, conveyed a wrong idea. The fact was that Mr. Williamson withdrew his remarks when Mr. Calhoun stated that in his statements before the legislative committee Mr. Williamson personally did not enter his mind.

Capt. Jackson explained as follows to the editor of The Constitution under date of Aug. 11:

"In your issue of yesterday, under the heading "To Meet in Alabama," appears this language:

"'Capt. Jackson carried with him a pair of dueling pistols which were believed by those who saw them to indicate that the worst is anticipated.'

"Your reporter is mistaken. I did not carry with me a pair of dueling pistols. I have never had a pair of dueling pistols in my hand, and have never seen but one pair in my life.

"In the report in your issue of today there are some inaccuracies in matters of detail which I do not deem it necessary to correct. Reference to the dueling pistols is made only because I wish to correct the public impression that I am supplied with such weapons. My connection with these matters has always been in the interest of peace and humanity. Though sometimes necessary to prevent certain bloodshed, duels are always to be deplored by no one more than yours,

"HENRY JACKSON."

Under the caption "Hardly Fair to the Duelists," John Temple Graves commented as follows in The Tribune of Rome:

The idea is prevalent that public opinion is generally right, and this view has some foundation in fact; but a certain public opinion which has of late been expressed through the columns of the daily press must be noted as an exception to the rule.

There are few newspapers in this country that believe in dueling, and The Tribune is not one of them. It is a practice which few people can contemplate in the abstract with approval, but it appears to us that the daily press, in its eagerness to condemn the practice, has done serious injustice both to the courage and the character of two brave and honorable gentlemen, and has failed to give proper emphasis to one of the few really noble episodes that ever occurred in a duel in the South.

The writer of his personal knowledge has been aware for many years that Pat Calhoun was one of the coolest and bravest men that this country has produced. There have been few Americans possessed of more unquestioned nerve and coolness, and these qualities, rising higher than a mere absence of fear and indifference to dan-

ger, are born of a loftiness of purpose and a devotion to interest which completely dominate the mere issues to person and to life. In this view, Mr. Calhoun is a man of phenomenal loftiness and self-abnegation in danger, and this statement did not need the episode in Alabama to prove it, but has been tested upon other occasions of equal trial, and is characteristic of a family of brothers whose history and record, if told to the world, would read like a romance of daring and manly resolution.

Without knowing anything further of Mr. Williamson than the report of the duel which reliable witnesses have given to the newspapers, The Tribune has expressed its opinion of his courage and resolution in similar terms; but if one should found his opinion of these gentlemen upon the current comments of the newspapers, he would believe that they were both cowardly in their natures and fraudulent in their effort to palm themselves off as brave men before the public.

There were just three things that any thoughtful and truthful man ought to realize in the attitude of Mr. Calhoun upon the field of combat. In the first place, if fear had silenced his weapon when Mr. Williamson began to shoot, it is scarcely probable that he could have recovered his equanimity in time to address such calm, tranquil and commanding words to the adversary who confronted him. Mr. Calhoun's character and record justify the view that he was a man who, with his adversary's life in his hands, hesitated to make the sacrifice upon a misunderstanding, and that his humanity triumphed over his indignation and vengeance and he parleyed for the life that he had a right, under the code, to destroy.

An even stronger view is in the fact that Mr. Calhoun endeavored to establish before that duel terminated the truth of the assertions which he had made before the legislative committee, and endeavored to fix upon the records that would go from that battleground the correctness of his position and the argument he had sought to make for the cause. And this view is also sustained in the minds of those who know him by the knowledge of his absolute and self-sacrificing devotion to all the great interests that he has from time to time represented. A third view, also probable to those who know the nature of the man, was that Mr. Calhoun having coolly received the fire of a courageous antagonist, determined, with his own life safe, to seek a nobler revenge in sparing the life that he had a technical right to take, and to give back to the man whom he thought had insulted him the life which might be spent in usefulness hereafter.

The Tribune, that has something more than a casual acquaintance with these parties, believes that either one of these views might have actuated Mr. Calhoun, and that all of them did actuate him as he stood there upon this famous field of honor.

Moreover, while it does not approve of duelling, this paper is frank to express the belief that a more genuine, honorable and bona fide duel was never fought by brave men with better faith, or terminated in higher honor than this.

* * *

THE VERDERYS AT CASSVILLE.—Mrs. Susan Verdery Prather, of Atlanta, tells in the following manner the touching story of how Thos. J. Verdery, her brother, and other members of the family happened to be buried at Cassville, Bartow County, once a flourishing town, now little more than a memory:

"My sister, Mary Verdery, married Col. Warren Akin in 1849 at 'Chieftain's,' on the Oostanaula River, near Rome. He was a widower, his first wife having been Miss Eliza Hooper, daughter of Judge Jno. W. Hooper. When Miss Eliza died, a year after their marriage, she was buried in the cemetery at Cassville. In the early fifties, Col. Akin built a home in the suburbs of Cassville. Two colleges, the Cassville Female College, built by the Methodists, for young women, and the Cherokee Baptist College, built by the Baptists, for the young men, were situated on either side of his handsome home.

"Col. Akin was 36 years old when he married my sister Mary, just turned 18 years. He was a kind brother and son-in-law, and was devoted to the Verderys. After Brother Thomas was killed at Fredericksburg, Va., in 1862, Col. Akin insisted that he be buried at Cassville, and this was done. During the war the Yankees burned the colleges and Col. Akin's home. They took special delight in destroying the Akin place because Col. Akin was a member of the Confederate Congress; he had refugeed to Oxford, and later to Elberton. After the war, Col. Akin built a home in Cartersville, near Cassville, and resided there. My mother was visiting the Akins when she died,

and since she had expressed the wish that she should rest beside Brother George, her wish was complied with.

"Three years later—in 1875—when my father, Augustus N. Verdery, and his sister, Mrs. Pleasant Stovall, of Athens and later Augusta, were living with us in Atlanta, they went to visit the Akins. My father died there and was buried beside my mother and my brother. My aunt, Mrs. Stovall, lived with us some years longer, and before she died said, 'Please bury me by my dear brother Augustus.' She was laid at rest beside him. My sister, Virginia (Mrs. Dr. Hezekiah Witcher, of Cedartown), who died in 1900, and Oriana were buried with the family at Cassville in accordance with their requests."

* * *

JUDGE WRIGHT AND COL. SHORTER'S COTTON.—Partners often fall out and go their respective ways thereafter. In ante-bellum days Judge Augustus R. Wright and Col. Alfred Shorter owned the bridges of Rome, and charged folks to cross them. An estrangement developed between the two men, and at a speech in Cedartown, Judge Wright paid his respects to his former associate by declaring, "Alfred Shorter shears his sheep and turns them out to grow more wool."

The break did not come until after the war, for we find these old Romans in substantial agreement on business matters during the conflict. Col. Shorter owned fertile farms in Alabama, Mississippi and Georgia, conducted several mercantile establishments, and each year grew better off than the year before. He had no time to waste, no bump of folly, no extravagances, few luxuries; he had plenty of time for business, plenty of money for education and charity, lots of desire to listen to hard common sense. He could see an advantage or a disadvantage in a trade in a minute, and was extremely cautious about going into enterprises; but once he was in, he put forward all his energies until success was assured. It has been said that the only man who ever worsted Col. Shorter in any kind of a large business transaction was Judge Wright.

Col. Shorter was above age (58) when the Civil War broke out; he made arrangements to help the Confederacy financially, and in the darker days just prior to the occupation of Rome in 1864 by the Union army, refugeed to a safer place in Thomas County. Naturally he couldn't carry his cotton with him, nor did he have time to dispose of it. Judge Wright was in the Confederate Congress, helping in an executive capacity to direct the war. The judge crossed the Potomac from Richmond on some kind of a pass and laid before President Lincoln the question of Col. Shorter's cotton and Southern cotton in general, saying he wanted to save as much of it as possible from destruction by the Yankee army. Mr. Lincoln was deeply moved and gave Judge Wright a pass back through the lines, but said in effect: "I am sorry I can't furnish you men to transport it, but if you can arrange that detail, I will probably be looking the other way."

Judge Wright had access to Rome and Col. Shorter's cotton. Alexander Thornton Harper, of Cave Spring, had made "contact" with the latter through the trust Col. Shorter reposed in him. The authority to dispose of the cotton was somewhat in doubt, but it was war times, and Judge Wright took the bull by the horns. Sherman was fast swooping down upon Rome with an appetite for material things, so Judge Wright loaded the cotton on freight cars, clambered aboard and set out for Savannah or other convenient mart, and there disposed of it on a "commission" basis.

Cotton was extremely valuable then, worth nearly a dollar a pound, and it was said Col. Shorter's lot brought around $50,000. Judge Joel Branham was authority for the statement that Judge Wright was twitted about Col. Shorter's cotton in a post-bellum political campaign, and with characteristic directness replied, "Well, if I did steal Shorter's cotton, I left him enough to go on!"

Col. Shorter was satisfied that he got anything at all, for otherwise the cotton would have been appropriated by the Yankee army to turn against the South, and he is said to have remarked that under ordinary conditions neither Judge Wright nor any other man could do him up in a deal, and if Judge Wright would continue to transact business with him in peace times, he would consider the association highly desirable.

* * *

THE TRAGIC DEATH OF VON GAMMON.—Few events have touched more profoundly the hearts of Romans than the death of Von Albade

Gammon* following a football game played at Brisbine Park, Atlanta, Saturday, Oct. 30, 1897, between the University of Virginia and the University of Georgia teams.

Von Gammon was born Dec. 4, 1879, at Rome. His paternal grandfather was Col. Wm. Gamble Gammon, Tennessee farmer and banker, who died in 1895 at Rome and was there buried. His maternal grandfather was Maj. Jno. T. Burns, State Attorney General in 1869, who moved to Texas. His father was Jno. Aiken Gammon, Rome clothing merchant, and his mother was Rosalind Burns. An uncle was Wm. Melville Gammon, the first chairman in 1916 of the city commission. His older brother, E. Montague Gammon, was for several years principal of the Rome City Schools, and is now teaching at Savannah. Wm. G. Gammon, a younger brother, was killed more than 20 years ago at Cartersville after playing a game of baseball with the Rome team, by falling under a freight train. Will lies buried in Myrtle Hill, Rome, by the side of Von.

The Gammon home was a comfortable two-story frame structure at 420 Third Avenue, one block west of the Etowah river and a wash-hole which drew the Gammon boys and their young friends like a magnet. The home was on the upper edge of a lot that extended about 100 feet below the dwelling to the old Rome railroad tracks, and to the rear 300 feet to an alley. At the lower corner front, under a large sycamore tree, were two parallel tennis courts, which were always full of players, and at the upper side was a green-carpeted bank which held the "audience." Nearby was a grassy spot where the boys tried their skill at wrestling, French and American style. Of his age, Von Gammon was the best wrestler; in fact, he was best at everything he tried—a typical young Greek god, and admired extravagantly as such without an exception anywhere. "Ros," his youngest brother, sometimes known in fun by the nickname of the "Polk County one-eyed giant," was the best wrestler in his class, and game little Hunter McClure was not far behind him.

The parents of the Gammon boys provided them with the latest things in the athletic line. On the back porch were the parallel bars and the punching bag and boxing gloves; a downstairs locker kept skates, baseballs, bats and mitts, football togs and bathing suits, tennis racquets, etc.; and any boy who came without his own could dig into the Gammon collection and have what was there. In the back yard was the high-jumping and pole-vaulting apparatus, and nearby could be found the 16-pound shot which Von and "Monty" used regularly in practice. In the barn was located the flying trapeze for wet weather use. Once a year the barn was cleaned out, the boys of the neighborhood brought their shinny sticks, moved bales of hay and sacks of feed, and mowed down rats. In 1896 they killed 40-odd in 15 minutes.

The favorite game for the crowd was shinny, the forerunner of hockey and golf. Two sides tried to knock a wooden block through goals with wooden sticks. This game was played in a vacant lot near the Gammon place, across the railroad. Occasionally the tennis courts were cleared and all engaged in the games of "foot-and-a-half," "follow-the-leader" and "stinga-ma-ree." The grand climax came in two ways. Somebody would yell, "Let's go in washin'!" That was enough to break up any game except the one Mrs. Gammon favored, expressed in this query as she appeared at the end of the porch:

"Boys, do any of you eat pineapple sherbet?"

Yum, yum—what good frozen things Mrs. Gammon did make, and nearly every time chocolate or cocoanut cake went with it! Truly, the Gammon place was the "honey pot" for the boys of Rome. The East Rome gang came occasionally, the Uptown gang, the South Rome gang and the West Rome gang; but the Downtown gang lived there, almost. The "mascots" of the Downtown gang were Archie McClure and Sam (Robt.) Maddox. Among the members were Walter, Wade and James Cothran; Barry and Laurie Cothran, Bob Harper, "Pat" Cline, Jim Jones, Ed., Linton, Dick, Frank and Jim ("Skinny") Maddox, Glover, Pierce, Ralph, Morgan and Frank McGhee, Carl Yeiser, Millard Parrish, Marshall Scott, Linton and James Vandiver, Ralph Carver, Claire J. Wyatt, Mayfield and Wm. Wimberly, Tom Quinn, Manning Marshall, Donny Hancock, Joel B. Peniston, Will Hoyt, George Pitner, Lindley and Hunter McClure, Wurts, Langdon and Hal Bowie, Cliff Seay, Claude and Johnny Saunders, Muff, Rob and Fox Word, George, Roy and Rob Rounsaville,

*He was christened thus and the name appears on his headstone, but he preferred to call himself Richard Von Gammon.

Will, Joe and Duke Fahy, Arthur and Bolling Sullivan.

If other parents wanted to get rid of their boys, Mrs. Gammon was always glad to "mother" them. She was a tall lady with a fine head of auburn hair, a most kindly smile, a fine sense of humor and a whole-soulness that made her a friend to every boy. On her lawn and under her watchful eye a splendid spirit of sportsmanship and play was developed; and in a large degree she was responsible for the spirit that Romans have shown in the years that have followed. She urged her boys to do their best, no matter the consequences, and on every athletic field they excelled. "Monty" was known as the "strong man" of Rome. Some six feet six inches tall, he could throw the hammer or put the shot farther than anybody in town. At the North Rome Park field day in 1895 or 1896 he threw the hammer so far that it hit Capt. J. W. Ewing between the shoulders. Capt. Ewing was carried from the field in a cab, but soon recovered. Von exhibited his strength that day by lying on his back and lifting "Monty" (feet in hands) entirely off the ground.

Many a boy now a man remembers how "Monty" and Von took him in their arms, standing six feet apart, and tossed him from one to the other through the air, caught him safely and flung him back and forth. Von was of such heroic build and nature that many held it the highest privilege to stand in his presence, that they might do his bidding, or simply be free to admire his noble qualities. He never smoked, drank, cursed or got out of humor; he never lorded it over a boy of weaker build or took advantage of a fallen foe; his parents were in comfortable circumstances, but not wealthy, hence he was not proud of purse, nor would all the money in the world have changed him from the manly boy that he was.

Bicycling having been taken up enthusiastically by the young people of both sexes, a racing club of amateurs was formed at Rome, and it included Von Gammon, Frank Bowie, Will Fahy and others. Von got away with the most prizes. That was in 1896 and the summer of 1897. On August 24, 1897, Von was due to have raced with the amateurs in Atlanta, but hurt his leg in practice and was unable to compete. R. D. Jackson won. In the professional class, Bobby Walthour, later national champion, defeated Anderson, and M. A. Elliott won the mile handicap in 2:07 1-5. The Rome Tribune of Friday, Oct. 1, 1897, reported: "Mr. Von Gammon left yesterday afternoon to enter the University. He will go into training for the football team and will add great strength to it."

The year before, in the fall of 1896, Von had entered the freshman class at the University of Georgia, Athens, and had made the football team as quarterback. He was regarded as one of the University's most promising athletes. In the autumn of 1897, W. Reynolds Tichenor, who had played quarterback at Auburn the year before, entered Georgia. "Tick" was so small he could play quarter only, and Von's driving power was needed at fullback,



VON ALBADE GAMMON, who died Sunday, Oct. 31, 1897, from injuries received Oct. 30 in a Georgia-Virginia football game in Atlanta.

so this change was made, and they were playing those positions when Von met his death. "Tick," now an attorney in Atlanta, and for many years a football referee, states that Virginia had scored 11 points and Georgia 4 when the accident happened. Virginia had the ball, and sent a mass play over Georgia's left tackle. Von was playing behind the line, and he went under the play like he had been thrown from a catapult. When the players had been disentagled, Von was unconscious, and a substitute slipped upon him "Tick's" Auburn sweater. Miss Mary Connally, now Mrs. John Spalding, sent him a carriage blanket. He was taken from the field to the Grady Hospital, where he lingered 11 hours, and died at 3:45 a. m., Sunday, Oc-

The game went on; Geo. Price* was shifted from right guard to fullback, and S. Ed. Bayless, of Kingston, placed at right guard. Virginia won it by the score of 17 to 4. After the game the Georgia players realized the condition of their comrade, and among a few of the alumni and supporters the cry of foul play was heard; a small crowd went to the Virginia hotel headquarters inquiring, "Where's Collier; we want Collier!"

Such an imputation, according to Mr. Tichenor, was entirely unjust. There was no foul play; the field was hard and it is likely that Von's head hit the sun-baked clay as he fell under the struggling players, or it may have been that his head was kicked by somebody's shoe, just as likely by one of his own teammates. Tichenor also received injuries which necessitated his removal.

The diagnosis of the doctors showed a fractured skull and concussion of the brain in the case of Von Gammon. He died at 18 years, in the flush of young manhood, and mourned by everybody. His father was with him a few minutes before the end, and his Spartan mother arrived shortly afterward.

Seldom had news cast such a pall over Rome. The word was received as the good people were on the eve of entering the churches for their devotional services, and the announcement was made from the pulpits. James Cothran carried the sad intelligence to the central church neighborhood and broke it to Von's sweetheart, who expressed her great grief through her tears. The body was removed to the residence at 4:55 p. m., Sunday, where many friends gazed for the last time on the fine features of their hero; then the funeral was held at 11 o'clock Monday morning, Nov. 1, 1897, from the First Presbyterian Church, the pastor, the Rev. Geo. T. Goetchius, officiating, assisted by the Rev. S. R. Belk, pastor of the First Methodist Church, and the interment was in the Branham addition of Myrtle Hill cemetery.

A number of college friends accompanied the body to Rome, and members of the Bachelors' Club (or Poverty Hall Boys) acted as pallbearers between the station and the home, and as honorary pallbearers at the funeral. They sent a beautiful floral wreath, "Gates Ajar," a feature of which was a dove of pure white hovering over the lilies. The boys of the Virginia football team also sent a handsome offering, and the coffin was transformed into a bower of roses, carnations and their accompanying green. Offerings came from Atlanta and from the students at Athens and Auburn, Ala.

The active pallbearers were Edward E. Pomeroy, Sam Carter, Jim Mell and Ed Lyndon, representing the University of Georgia; and Walter and Laurie Cothran, Charlie Hill, Reuben Towers, Clifford B. Seay and Bolling Sullivan, from Rome. The balconies of the famous old church were well filled, as well as the ground floor; a larger crowd had never attended a funeral in Rome, and few eyes were dry at the conclusion.

Von's teammates, led by the captain, Wm. B. Kent, occupied a pew in the center section near the front. The other players present were J. Threatt Moore, H. S. Walden, Brooks Clark, V. L. Watson and Lawton ("Cow") Nalley. Col. Chas. M. Snelling represented the University faculty.

Dr. Goetchius was so overcome that he made his remarks very brief; but they expressed the feeling of every sorrowing heart. He had in mind the sad fate of his own son, "Arnie" Goetchius, who a year or two before had been killed when he skated off a balcony, as a student at the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, at Auburn. Misses May and Carrie Clark and Messrs. Horace King and Dick Cothran sang "Some Sweet Day." A vast concourse of people rode or trudged to the cemetery. The water sprites of the Etowah, the Oostanaula and the Coosa piped a melancholy requiem far below, and the spirits of his ancestors and the ancestors of his friends opened up their arms and received

*Now connected with the insurance office of J. L. Riley & Co. in the Candler Building, Atlanta.

him with a warm embrace as he entered their beautiful subterranean retreat.

The following faced each other in the game:

Georgia—	—Virginia
Clark, A., l. e.	Martin, l. e.
Walden, l. t.	Collier, l. t.
Clark, B., l. g.	Templeman, l. g.
Bond, c.	Wallace, c.
Price, r. g.	Davis, r. g.
Kent, (Capt.) r. t.	Marsh, r. t.
Watson, r. e.	Estes, r. e.
Tichenor, q. b.	Walsh, q. b.
Jones, l. h. b.	Hill, l. h. b.
Moore, r. h. b.	Carney, r. h. b.
Gammon, f. b.	Morrison, (Capt.) f. b.

According to the Atlanta Constitution of Oct. 31, 1897, Von was injured in the middle of the field, on the left hand side, at the beginning of the second half. After six and a half minutes, Hill, of Virginia, scored the first touchdown by bucking a yard. A touchdown counted four and a goal two at that time, and Templeman's goal made the score 6-0 in favor of Virginia. After a punt to near the Virginia line, Morrison punted and the ball hit Walden, of Georgia, in the breast, and rolled back of the line, where Capt. Kent, of Georgia, fell on it for Georgia's only score of the game. Tichenor failed at goal, and the score stood: Virginia, 6; Georgia, 4. From Georgia's 15-yard line Morrison kicked a drop-kick goal, which made the score 11-4. The half ended in a few minutes more. In the second half, Hill scored on an end run from the Georgia 25-yard line, and Templeman kicked goal. There was no further scoring, and the final was 17-4. After Von's injury, Tichenor retired; he got two hard clouts on the head, and Harmon Cox took his place and played a good game. Kent made the longest run of the game, 40 yards, on a trick play in the first half. The accounts stated that the play was rough and injuries were frequent; that Georgia played gamely, but was outclassed by the heavy Virginians.

Georgia's coach was Chas. Hallan McCarthy, old Brown fullback and now a college professor residing at Brookland, D. C. Glenn Warner, later Carlisle Indian school coach, had coached Georgia and Von Gammon the year before. Hugh Jennings, of Brooklyn's ball club, later of Detroit, was coach of the baseball team. Frank R. Mitchell was manager. A Mr. Izard was referee for the Virginia-Georgia game, and Wm. Martin Williams, "Tick's" Auburn roommate and Commissioner of Internal Revenue under appointment by Woodrow Wilson, was umpire. Hatton Lovejoy, of Georgia, and a Mr. Smith were linesmen, and Fred Morton, of Athens, timekeeper. Dr. Bizzell, of Atlanta, and Dr. Samuel C. Benedict, of Athens, attended Von on the field, and Dr. William Perrin Nicolson attended him at the Grady Hospital.

Georgia's sponsors, driven in a carriage behind four beautiful black horses, were Misses Dee Murphy (Mrs. Boykin Robinson, of New York, N. Y.) and Leontine Chisholm (Mrs. Walter P. Andrews, of Atlanta), and Virginia's sponsors were Misses Callie Jackson and Catherine Gay (Mrs. Inman Sanders, of Atlanta).

The Rome boys in college when Von Gammon met his death were: From the freshman class (1901), Wm. D. Hoyt, Jr., C. P. Morton and Robt. Yancey; from the junior class (1899), Laurence A. Cothran and J. Bolling Sullivan; from the senior class (1898), Benj. C. Yancey; and from the law class, R. P. White. Von had entered the class of 1900 the year before, but on account of some conditoins and late entry in the fall of 1897 was repeating some of his work and was classed with 1901.

The Rome Daily Argus of Sunday, Nov. 14, printed this from Savannah:

"Captain Morrison, of the Virginia football team, writes a letter to the Savannah Press in reply to statements of its correspondent that the Virginia men deliberately tried to injure the Georgia players.

"Capt. Morrison denies this charge and sends extracts from a letter written to him by Capt. Kent, of Georgia, thanking him for considerations shown the memory of Von Gammon, and wishing the Virginia team much success.

"Morrison says the injuries sustained by Tichenor and Gammon, of the Georgia team, were entirely accidental and deeply regretted by the Virginia team."

Martin V. Bergen, Jr., old Princeton player and then coach of Virginia, wrote to a friend in Atlanta under date of Nov. 1, 1897, from Charlottesville, Va.:

"The game was clean, hard played, but yet not a rough, foul game. Our men had been instructed to play fairly and did so, and you have my word on the fact that I saw no hitting at



THE HOME OF VON GAMMON, 420 THIRD AVENUE.

The Gammon place was the mecca for the young men of Rome, who gathered to test their physical prowess in numerous ways. Tennis, weight exercises, wrestling and boxing were enjoyed here, while at the foot of the avenue was the wash-hole which drew more boys than any in town.

all, and no kneeing or such work.

"Gammon was hurt while we had the ball, attempting to make a tackle, which precludes any probability that we were to blame. The play was a straight formation play.

"We have done all we could to express our regret—sent flowers and messages, and our men are all broken up personally, as I am.

"I write you this partly because I thought you would like to have my assurances of the character of the game and the absolute absence of either premeditated or actual rough play or intentional injury to men."

The Georgia team and others disbanded for the season. In the last session of the Georgia Legislature a bill had been introduced outlawing football, but it had failed of passage. Now a new attempt was made. A legislator said: "The boys at Athens will have to cut their 'wool' and sell the 5-cent cotton out of their pants." The bill would no doubt have been successful but for the intervention of Von Gammon's mother, who stated publicly that a mishap to an individual should not be allowed to cut off the pleasure and profit of thousand of youths, and she declared to friends that she would sacrifice her other boys, if need be, to the cause of such body-developing and character-building contests.* The Georgia Legislature had railroaded through an anti-football bill by a vote of 91 to 3, the Senate passed it Nov. 18 by 31 to 4, and it was up for Gov. Wm. Y. Atkinson's signature when Mrs. Gammon wrote the executive a letter which stayed his pen. An Atlanta dispatch to the Rome Tribune of Dec. 9, 1897, said:

"The bill was passed soon after the killing of young Von Gammon, and the legislators felt that they were avenging his death by so promptl making future accidents of a similar nature impossible. But it turns out that Von Gammon came from a Spartan family and that neither his relatives nor friends are seeking that sort of vengeance.

"It is the dead man's own mother who has induced the governor to veto the bill. Mrs. Gammon in her peti-

*Mrs. Gammon's tenacity of purpose is illustrated by the following incident of nearly 20 years ago: One of the largest and most beautiful trees in Rome is an elm which grows out of the far sidewalk in front of the Gammon home, and also in front of Judge Jno. W. Maddox's abode. A telephone lineman came one day to cut off some limbs to make way for wires. Mrs. Gammon requested him to "spare the tree,"—it was dear to her boys and everybody in the neighborhood. He said it was necessary to cut the limbs, and went away. When he returned with his saw, he found Mrs. Gammon sitting under the tree in a chair, with a double-barrel shotgun across her lap. The man went away again, and stayed away.

tion says that football was her son's favorite game, and that if he could be consulted he would join in the request of his fellow students for the veto of the bill.

"In her letter this heroic mother calls the governor's attention to the fact that two of her sons's schoolmates. Will Reynolds and Arnie Goetchius* have recently met accidental deaths, one by falling over a precipice and one by falling down stairs. She asks if it is not equally sensible for the legislature to abolish precipices and stairways on account of those deaths as it is to abolish football because of the death of her son.

"Letters from all parts of the country have poured in upon the governor, and the state has also been thoroughly aroused. It has been argued that if football is prohibited at the Georgia University and the other colleges of the state, these institutions will be unable to compete with the big schools of the north, where football is played.

"One of the most forcible arguments for the veto is contained in the following paragraph from Mr. Gammon's letter to the governor:

" 'You are confronted with the proposition whether the game is of such a character as should be prohibited by law in the interests of society. In answer, unquestionably it is not. In the first place, the conditions necessary to its highest development are total abstinence from intoxicating and stimulating drinks—alcoholic or otherwise—as well as from cigarettes and tobacco in any form; strict regard for proper and healthiest diet and for all the laws of health; persistent regularity in the hours of going to bed and absolute purity of life."

Jas. B. Nevin, Jno. H. Reece and Wm. H. Ennis were Floyd County's representatives in the legislature that year. They made strenuous efforts to defeat the legislation after Mrs. Gammon had written Mr. Nevin as follows from Rome under date of Nov. 2, 1897:

"Dear Mr. Nevin: It would be the greatest favor to the family of Von Gammon if your influence could prevent his death from being used as an argument detrimental to the athletic cause and its advancement at the University. His love for his college and his interest in all manly sports, without which he deemed the highest type of manhood impossible, is well known by his classmates and friends, and it would be inexpressibly sad to have the cause he held so dear injured by his sacrifice. Grant me the right to request that my boy's death should not be used to defeat the most cherished object of his life. Dr. Herty's article in the Constitution of Nov. 2d is timely, and the authorities of the University can be trusted to make all needed changes for all possible consideration pertaining to the welfare of its students, if they are given the means and the confidence their loyalty and high sense of duty should deserve.**

"Yours most respectfully,
"VON GAMMON'S MOTHER."

For several weeks the enemies of football trained the guns on the game through the newspapers, and its defenders replied. The Athens Banner, the ancient paper published at the seat of the University of Georgia, declared, "We do not favor a game where brutality steps in and usurps the place of athletic development; it was a display of savagery which tarnishes the fair names of both of the great universities represented in the contest."

The Charleston News and Courier declared:

"Football is worse than 'hazing' and 'prize fighting,' both of which are prohibited in all well regulated colleges.

*Arnie Goetchius was on roller skates when he fell to his death. He was a good student and well liked by his classmates and the boys of Rome. Will Reynolds had gone with his family to White Cliff Springs, Tenn., near Athens, for the summer vacation, and one Sunday afternoon while out walking with Miss Mattie Rowell and others of Rome he ventured too near a precipice and plunged to a ledge perhaps 100 feet below, taking with him Miss Rowell's parasol. Two mountaineers climbed down the steep mountainside, tied Will's lifeless body to a pole and carried it between them to the top. In order to catch an early morning train for Rome, the funeral party were obliged to go down to the valley in hacks at night, by the light of pine torches and lanterns. Will was one of the most popular young men in Rome, and hundreds of sorrowing friends attended his funeral from the First Presbyterian Church. A sad circumstance connected with the tragedy was that his mother had intended leaving with her children on the day after the accident for a visit to her old home at Jacksonville, Ala.

**The reference is to Dr. Chas. H. Herty, for whom old Herty Athletic Field at Athens was named, and who wrote as follows: "It stands as a fact which cannot be contradicted that active physical exercise is an absolute necessity. Even in cases of sickness, one of the best treatments a physician can give is to take exercise. Over three hundred young men confined to their books, with no well directed exercise, would in a year or two present a pitiable figure. It is in consequence of this that college faculties are forced into all kinds of schemes to give regulated and active exercise to their students. Some colleges, in order to avoid the rough forms of field sports, have large grounds for physical exercise, as well as thoroughly equipped gymnasiums. Even then certain forms of field sports are necessary."



ALL'S FAIR AT THE NORTH GEORGIA "EXPOSITION."

Claude H. Porter addressing "tremendous audience" on "Peace"; part of the Home-coming crowd in the grandstand; Gov. Thos. W. Hardwick and Lee J. Langley after barbecue and "Bevo"; George G. Stiles, noted horseman; a group containing Gov. Hardwick and a party of hospitable Romans; Lee J. Langley, Mrs. A. B. S. Moseley and Telamon Cruger Smith-Cuyler; elsewhere, the young carnival performers.

Young men go to college to make useful citizens of themselves, not cripples. There are numerous 'manly' sports and athletic exercises which do not involve risk of lifelong injury or death as the price of indulging in them. If we must have football riots for the popular entertainment—pugilistic mills and bull fights and bear baitings being forbidden—let them be committed to professions. They are not adapted to the proper character and ends of college training. They should be prohibited to their students by every college faculty without waiting for an untimely funeral to make the necessity of such action more obvious than it is already."

Other press comments, as reproduced by Editor W. A. Knowles in the Rome Tribune of Nov. 9, 1897, follow:

"The Georgia legislature should by all means at its present session pass a bill to prohibit football in this state." —Jackson Times.

"Mrs. Gammon bears no ill-will toward the game because of her son's death, and requests that his death be not used to defeat the most cherished object of his life. She would have the game go on. But the lives of other worthy sons are to be considered. It seems impossible to prevent brutality in the game by revision of the rules, hence the only thing to be done is to prohibit the game."—Savannah News.

"Editor Stovall's opinion of football would be more expert and valuable if he had been bunged up in a game. He says:

" 'No, I never played a game of football in my life and have no special interest in the matter. But if I had a son and he were afraid to go into a game because of the dangers of injury, I should be ashamed of him. I am sure young Americans are made of sterner stuff. Are we ready to ordain tiddle-de-winks and lawn tennis as national games?'

"If the son happened to be brought home mutilated or dead, we suspect that our friend would look at the matter differently. There are plenty of ways other than brutal sport for a young man to exhibit his courage, endurance and pluck."—Augusta Chronicle.

Gov. Atkinson vetoed the football bill on Dec. 7, 1897; no attempt to revive the measure was made and it expired with the ending of the session of the Legislature soon afterward. The governor was moved by Mrs. Gammon's letter and his own belief that the progress of the world necessarily brings suffering to a few.

In his veto, Gov. Atkinson said:

"Football causes less deaths than hunting, boating, fishing, horseback riding, bathing or bicycling. If we are to engage in legislation of this character now under discussion, the state should assume the position of parent, forbid all these sports to boys, make it a penal offense for a boy to engage in any of them, and for any parent to permit his child to engage in them. The government should not usurp all the authority of the parent. Yet this legislation is a long stride in that direction.

"It would be unfortunate to entirely suppress in our schools and colleges a game of so great value in the physical, moral and intellectual development of boys and young men.

"The president of the university of one of our sister states said to me: 'If these young men were not permitted to expend their exuberant spirits and excess of youthful energies in this way, they would find vent in carousals, debaucheries and dissipations.'

"Chancellor Day, of the University of Syracuse, a Methodist institution, says: 'I do not feel like joining the universal outcry against the game. Football is encouraged by the faculty of Syracuse University. During my three years of office there has not been a serious accident on our field or to our team. I believe that some such game as football which contains elements of roughness and danger is necessary to the development of many young men in university, college and seminary. Its future, I am told by lovers of the game, is tending toward more open playing.'

"Football would fail of one of its chief ends, in my estimation, if it did not teach the young men self-control. A man who goes through a season of being trodden upon and knocked down deserves fairly a diploma in the art of self-control. It is valuable discipline. Football in the university has been a source of gratification to the faculty and trustees. We rejoice at the high standard of scholarship kept up by the men in active play. One man who played the game during his entire course was able to keep up his

work to the extent that the administration selected him as instructor in our institution after graduation."

On Wednesday, Dec. 12, 1895, a group of friends of Von Gammon decided to play a free admission game of football on Christmas Day, Dec. 25, at the North Rome Athletic Park. Cliff Seay was referee, Laurie Cothran umpire and Barry Cothran timekeeper.

The line-ups:

Harper, c	Word, c
Spiegelberg, q. b.	Saunders, q. b.
McGhee, r. g.	Jones, r. g.
Wynn, l. g.	Jones, l. g.
Mitchell, r. t.	Quinn, r. t.
Huffaker, l. t.	Morris, l. t.
Maddox, r. e.	Smith, r. e.
Maddox, l. e.	Parrish, l. e.
Ledbetter, r. h. b.	Rounsaville, r. h. b.
Fahy, l. h. b.	Cline, l. h. b.
Vandiver, f. b.	Williamson, f. b.

Substitutes—Turner and Maddox.

Although the fond parents were bowed down with grief, there were many consolations in the loss of their devoted son. Mrs. Gammon caused the news of Von's death to be printed in the native language in every civilized country of the world. Into her scrapbook went the many written expressions of sympathy. The faculty and students of the University met at the chapel, under the leadership of Chancellor Boggs, and resolutions passed there were signed by Harry Dodd (now of Atlanta), president of the Athletic Council; Paul H. Doyal, (of Rome), president of the Demosthenian Literary Society; Macon Dudley, vice president of the Bicycle Association, and Harmon Cox (of Atlanta and Chicago), for the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity. Von was then a member of the freshman class (1901), and its committee—Robt. Yancey, of Rome; C. H. Story and J. A. Scruggs—also passed resolutions.

A student correspondent wrote The Tribune from Athens Dec. 15 that Von was one of the most popular men in college, and that he had just been elected president of the Bicycle Association, and was a member of the Phi Kappa Literary Society and the Sigma Alpha Epsilon college fraternity. And he added:

"Rome is as usual well represented. Rome boys have always stood well at the university and the ones there now are endeavoring to keep up their good reputation. They will be home for the holidays Dec. 23.

"There are at present eight boys from Rome attending the college. These are: Ben C. Yancey, '98, Chi Phi fraternity and member of Phi Kappa Literary Society; Hugh White, '98, Sigma Nu fraternity and Phi Kappa; J. B. Sullivan, '99, Sigma Alpha Epsilon and Phi Kappa; Paul H. Doyal, '99, Sigma Alpha Epsilon and Phi Kappa; Robert C. Yancey, '01, Chi Phi and Phi Kappa; Will Hoyt, '01, Chi Psi and Phi Kappa, and C. P. Morton, '01.

"Among the offices held by these boys may be mentioned: Editor in chief of 'The Georgian,' business manager 'Red and Black,' manager tennis team, manager track team, president Phi Kappa Society, 1st lieutenant and sergeant major in the battalion, two members of athletic council, editor in chief of 'Pandora,' vice president bicycle club and other smaller offices.

"Two Romans belong to the literary club and two are on the track team; they took one first, one second and three third prizes in the field day a week ago."

An exceedingly graceful act was performed by the authorities of the University of Virginia, the surviving members of the 1897 football team and others in subscribing $500 for a bronze plaque to Von Gammon and his mother. This memorial was presented in the University of Georgia chapel at Athens Saturday morning, Nov. 5, 1921, 24 years after the game in which Von played. It was given into the hands of Chancellor David C. Barrow and Prof. S. V. Sanford by an official of the University of Virginia, and Prof. Sanford has since acted as its custodian, pending selection of a particular spot to place it for all time. The plaque is circular in shape, about three feet in diameter, and shows the son gazing with love and admiration into the face of his mother. Among the Romans present at the exercises were Walter S. Cothran, J. Ed Maddox, Wilson M. Hardy, Barry Wright, Paul H. Doyal, Jas. P. Jones, Thos. D. Caldwell, Sam S. King and Thos. E. Clemmons.

Incidentally, Virginia and Georgia played another football game that same afternoon on Sanford Mead, before a big crowd, and the Red and Black of Georgia triumphed over the Old Gold and Blue of Virginia by the record score of 21 to 0.*

*Georgia had held Harvard two weeks before at Cambridge to a 10-7 score.

WRIGHT WILLINGHAM'S CIRCUS.—Romans all—or 500 of them—gathered at the Municipal Building Saturday, Jan. 1, 1921, on call of John M. Vandiver, president of the Chamber of Commerce, who thought a mass meeting and some oratorical prescriptions might make the farmers and everybody else feel better over bad times.

"There is too much pessimism!" asserted B. I. Hughes.

"There is not enough plain grit!" declared R. C. Sharp.

"All pull together," suggested Henderson Lanham.

"You don't know any hard times," said Judge John W. Maddox. "At the end of the Civil War we had nothing in Chattooga County but a broken-down steer that was not worth the Yankees' trouble to take away."

The Rev. Elam F. Dempsey, pastor of the First Methodist Church, and the Rev. A. J. Moncrief, pastor of the First Baptist Church, were listening attentively from comfortable seats on the platform. Somebody shouted that it was time to give the bean-spillers a chance to be heard. No names were mentioned.

Mr. Vandiver diplomatically ignored the suggestion by conferring in an undertone with a stage "confederate," after which he announced that Wright Willingham would speak. Col. Willingham's first shot woke the ministers up.

"My friends, I ain't much of a prohibitionist, myself. I can fight better and talk better with a little encouragement in me. Gaze at my friend Dr. Dempsey here on my right; he has been getting fat drinking tea. And as for old Dr. Moncrief there, he looks like he never had a drink in his life! Ha-ha!"

When the rude guffaws of the audience and the embarrassment of the ministers had subsided, Col. Willingham continued:

"Judge Maddox may think just because it didn't hurt to lose a leg in the war that a man's swollen jaw in the present contains no pain. My jaw hurts and there's no use to deny it. I'm just about as careful tackling this situation as I was going after a bull dog out at George Stallings' house during our own war here recently, when I was weak from influenza. I went to George's place in the sticks one night; had quite a time climbing fences, crossing race tracks in getting near the house, and when I thought I was there a great big dog came bow-wowing down the front walk in my direction. I could tell by his voice he was a bull dog. I was too weak to fight or run. There was only one way in the world, my friends, to stop that bull dog, and that was by diplomacy. With a prayer on my lips I stooped down and with all the graciousness at my command, I said, 'Here, doggie, here doggie, nice old doggie!'

"I got away with it, and in 1921 I'm going to be as diplomatic as I know how until I feel lots stronger than I feel now."

Col. Willingham caused considerable merriment several weeks later by diagnosing religious creeds in a speech.

"My picture of religion up toward old Shorter hill is the picture of the shouting Methodists. I ain't ready to embrace that. And coming on down toward Broad Street we find the orthordox Presbyterians. Why, my friends, the Presbyterians are so orthodox that you couldn't pierce their orthodoxy with a Beg Bertha shell!"

* * *

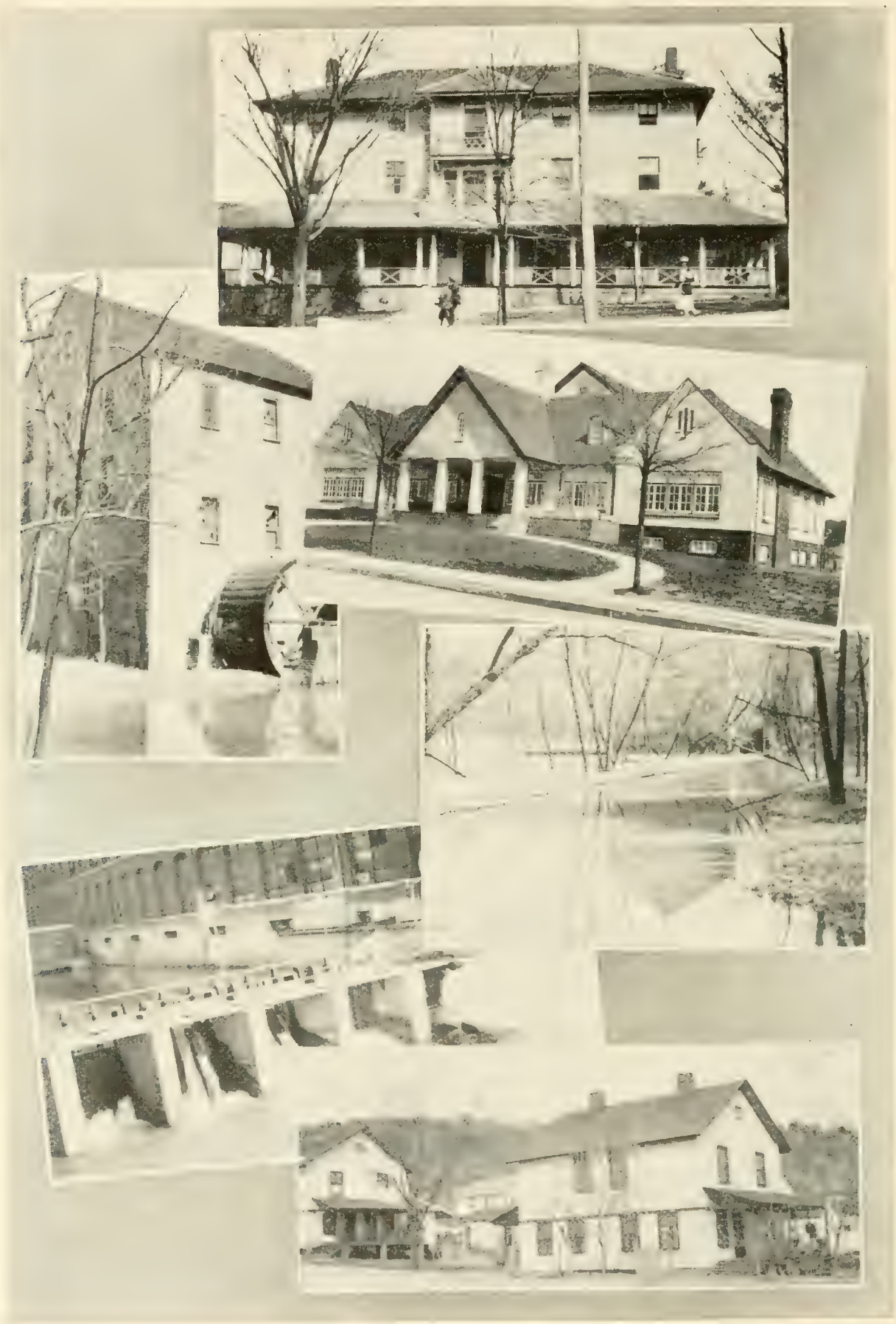
ROME'S WAR MAYOR.—The Tri-Weekly Courier of Jan. 3, 1861, presented the following official count for the election of Dec. 31, 1860:

For Mayor—Dr. Thos. Jefferson Word, 156; Zachariah Branscome Hargrove, Jr., 138.

For Council—The Winners—A. R. Harper, 192; W. F. Ayer, 186; Chas. H. Smith, 172; Oswell B. Eve, 153; Jno. M. Quinn, 152; Nicholas J. Omberg, 148.

For Council—The Losers—Jno. W. Noble, 147; J. G. Yeiser, 144; A. Caldwell, 141; J. H. McClung, 134; Robt. T. Fouche, 122; J. W. Wofford, 104.

Dr. Word was re-elected mayor in 1861 for 1862, and his record was such that his friends championed his cause a third time; but he declined, saying that since no man had ever been mayor of Rome three times in succession, he would not care to break the precedent. Dr. J. M. Gregory was accordingly elected without opposition Dec. 29, 1862. His aldermen from the First Ward were J. C. Pemberton and Jos. E. Veal; from the Second, Albert G. Pitner and Wm. T. Newman, and from the Third, J. H. Cooper and Chas. H. Smith. Others who were put forward for Council and Aldermen were Reuben S. Norton, Robt. T. Hargrove, Jno. W. Noble, Dr. Joshua King, Gen. Geo. S. Black and Wm. Ramey.



LINDALE, A THRIVING FLOYD COUNTY TOWN.

From the top, the Lindale Inn; the Auditorium, erected by the Massachusetts Mills of Georgia in honor of Lindale's sacrifices in the World War; the old Hoss mill, now deserted; beautiful Silver Creek, which divides Lindale in half and flows through the mill property, as shown in the next; homes of mill employes, who are encouraged in every way to develop better citizenship.

Encyclopedic Section

ARMSTRONG (CHEROKEE) HOTEL.—This noted structure stands at the southwest corner of Second Avenue and East First Street. It was built and opened by R. T. Armstrong, of Birmingham, Ala., at a cost of nearly $150,000. The first floor walls are of gray granite and the four stories above of brick. It is owned by the Rome Hotel Co., of which concern the J. A. Rousavilles are the principal stockholders. For several years subsequent to 1900 the hotel was called The Cherokee, but recently the original name has been used. As long as the younger generation can remember its ground floor has sheltered a barber shop—first, Ned Huggins' (Ned was also sexton of the First Presbyterian Church), and now Slaughter McCain's —where enough hair and whiskers have been cut to fill the Armstrong. In the corner Dick Cothran conducted a brokerage business for quite a while.

Some of the glories of The Armstrong were recounted by W. S. Rowell in The Tribune-Herald of March 9, 1921, as follows:

"The partial destruction by fire of one section of the Armstrong hotel early yesterday morning injures for a short time a building that has stood as an ornament to this city for more than 30 years.

"When this hotel was constructed and opened, it was the largest and finest in Northwest Georgia. It was a veritable capitol, as hotels went in those days. It pushed Rome at one swoop from a town into the proportions of a city.

"The annual banquets of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association were long famed for their feasting and their oratory.

"Among those famous orators and notable men who have held forth here were Senators A. O. Bacon, A. S. Clay and Hoke Smith, of Georgia; Senator Broussard, of Louisiana; Congressman James Tawney, of Minnesota; John Temple Graves, Gordon Lee, Judge Wm. T. Newman, Seaborn Wright, Senator Burton, of Ohio; Congressman Jno. L. Burnett, of Alabama; Wm. J. Bryan, of Nebraska; David B. Hill, of New York, and a host of others that we cannot now recall.

"The dining room of the hotel has been used as a ball room by the local cotillion club, since its organization, and many other clubs and dance organizations used it.

"When the hotel was first opened a large number of Rome's wealthiest and most prominent families left their homes and resided there. For a while it was the center around which the social life of Rome revolved.

"Many times since its construction the hotel has been on fire, but always heretofore the fire department has been able to control the flames. The inside architecture of the hotel was peculiarly sensitive to fire, being such as readily drew a draft to any part of the building. This class of hotel construction is now out of date."

* * *

BELGIAN COLONY.—In 1848 Gen. Louis Joseph Barthold LeHardy (Viscount de Beaulieu), dissatisfied with political conditions growing out of the liberation of Belgium from the United Neitherlands, left Brussels at the head of a company of Belgians to found a colony in the United States, for the purpose of engaging in agricultural pursuits. The old General and those members of his household who joined him were idealists to whom the songs of birds and bees in trees and clover constitued much sweeter music than the hum-drum strife of the Old World, so they turned their faces southward on reaching America's friendly shores.

It is quite likely that they disembarked at New York, asked for new country, were directed to Charleston and there sent by a Rome "Scout" to the heart of Cherokee Georgia. Rome was a place of some 3,000 inhabitants, and it stood out as the largest settlement in that corner of the state and a city which must grow fast.

General LeHardy was a man accustomed to army life and the hardships of the outdoors; his training had been along democratic, practical lines, and he welcomed an opportunity to remove the restraints of political obligations like a bird released from the cage. He turned his estate into cash and financed the colony across the Atlantic. In the party were his son, Camille LeHardy, and family; his nephews, the sons of his brother, Compte Adolph LeHardy—Eugene LeHardy, 21, and J. C. LeHardy, 17; Louis Henry Carlier, a civil engineer and Camille LeHardy's brother-in-law; Prof.

E. Gaussoin and daughter, Miss Elise Gaussoin, whom Henry Carlier married after they reached Rome; a Miss Robert (pronounced like the French), who later married Max Van Den Corput, of Cave Spring, (Max Corput and Felix Corput, his brother, were also Belgians); and a number of others, perhaps a total of 25. General LeHardy, Camille LeHardy and Louis Carlier selected a farm tract three miles east of Rome, where in a lowland dip there was an abundance of fresh water bubbling from a dozen springs. This was on the Etowah River and included a productive botton land full of arrow heads and bits of pottery, evidence that an Indian village was once there located. Included in their settlement were several men and women of the agricultural class. The others scattered; Eugene and Julius ("Jules") went to work in Rome, while a few of the Belgians set out stakes between the eastern foot of Mt. Alto and the Coosa River. Dr. L. M. E. Berckmans, another Belgian, was attracted to Rome by the exploits of his friends, the LeHardys, but he did not arrive until about 1870.

The farming Belgians raised truck and fruit, especially grapes, and they sent their goods to the Rome market in little wagons drawn by ponies or mules. Everything they offered for sale was fresh and wholesome and put up in good style; the apples in nice boxes, the grapes covered with mosquito netting, and their prices were as low as could be found. The law permitted of making wine out of grapes, and considerable wine was made.

As in most cases where aristocrats attempt to go back to the soil, however, the colony plan was not a success financially. The titled Belgians undoubtedly did their utmost with Dame Nature, but Her Highness, treated to the picture of the grandeur of palaces and of refined tastes and temperamental dispositions, did not smile her favor upon them. The story is told that a fastidious young Belgian was in the habit of driving an ox cart to Rome, the while he was dressed in a summer suit of snowy whiteness, suede gloves and patent leather shoes.

After some seven years, disintegration of the colony, individually and collectively, set in. General LeHardy and Camille LeHardy and family left for Charleston, where they lived until 1858, when they returned to Brussels. Dr. J. C. LeHardy went to live in Savannah. Eugene LeHardy departed Jan. 2, 1861, for Europe to buy supplies for the Confederate Government, and was there marooned until after the Civil War.

But a circumstance was eventually to arise which was to pile sorrow upon disappointment for the doughty Belgians. Camille LeHardy, it will be recalled, had married Rosine Marie Terese Josephine Carlier, a sister of Henry Carlier. Relations between the brothers-in-law were apparently pleasant enough to permit Mr. LeHardy to go back to Belgium and leave the country place in the care of Mr. and Mrs. Carlier. Quite possibly Mr. Carlier never expected Mr. LeHardy to return, so that when he and his family did come back after the close of the war, friction arose between the two men over possession of the place. They continued to live together, but it was a house divided. According to the story told by Mr. LeHardy, Mr. Carlier would frequent throw rocks at him from the woods, and otherwise nag him and members of the LeHardy family. Finally one day Mr. LeHardy heard a commotion in the barn, and, rushing to the scene, found Mr. Carlier astride of and pummeling Henry LeHardy then 17. Mr. LeHardy went to the house and got a gun, and, poking it through a crack in the barn, fired and killed Mr. Carlier, whose body was laid to rest in Myrtle Hill cemetery. Mr. LeHardy's peaceful disposition, his unblemished reputation and the attendant circumstances caused a jury to render a verdict of acquittal.

The tragedy occurred in the summer of 1870 and about eight years later Mr. LeHardy removed his family to Eagle Cliff, Lookout Mountain, near Flintstone, Walker County, Georgia, where he died March 6, 1888. He was the last of the Belgians at Rome, Eugene LeHardy, his cousin, having died there Dec. 27, 1874, and having been put to rest in Myrtle Hill.

* * *

BERRY INFANTRY.—A Civil War company organized by Col. Thos. W. Alexander, commanding officer, and named after Capt. Thos. Berry, Mexican War veteran and father of Miss Martha Berry, head of the Berry Schools.

On the eve of its departure for camp near Griffin, the company was presented with a handsome battle flag by Miss Florence W. Underwood (Mrs. E. M. Eastman), a daughter of Judge John W. H. Underwood.



NOTED GUESTS AT THE BERRY SCHOOLS.

1—Dr. Howard A. Kelly, of Baltimore, Md., in group on girls' campus, May 5, 1921. 2—Princess Caroline R. Radziwill among girls. 3—President Theodore Roosevelt, Oct. 8, 1910, —a Republican with a background intensely Democratic. 4—Miss Alice Nielsen in a group. 5—Dr. Albert Shaw, of New York, editor of the American Review of Reviews, and Mrs. Shaw, on visit Apr. 22-26, 1921. 6—A group containing Miss Helen Keller.

BOOTEN & HARKINS' CAVALRY COMPANY.—The following officers were listed in the Tri-Weekly Courier of Apr. 20, 1862:

Daniel F. Booten, captain; John Harkins, 1st lieut.; A. J. Bearden, 2d lieut.; N. C. Napier, 3d lieut.; M. A. Ross, orderly sergt.

* * *

BROAD STREET "INHABITANTS."—Now and then an old-time chronicler comes back to Rome and takes note of the many changes in business locations. In order that the present occupants may "write their own," the following list of establishments and individuals (furnished by R. V. Mitchell)* for 1922, is herewith set down. The chronicler starts at the foot of Broad (Etowah River) and walks northward through North Rome. On his left at 1 and 3 Broad is the market produce establishment of Stamps & Co., after which the 100 block starts, and continues to Second Avenue; the 200 block starts at Second and ends at Third, and so on.

Left Hand Side—100 (*Shorter*) *Block.*

101—Holder Coal & Lumber Co.
101½—Rome Musical Center.
103—J. P. Reid Wholesale Grocery.
105—
107—Gibson & DeJournett, wholesale grocery.
109—Montgomery & Co., wholesale grocery.
111—Scoggins Furniture Co.
McGhee Cotton Co.
113—R. J. Ragan, wholesale grocery.
115—
117—
119—J. L. Brannon & Co., wholesale grocery.
121—Arrington-Buick Co.

200 (*Noble*) *Block.*

201—First National Bank.
Rome Chamber of Commerce, Floyd County Farm Bureau and Boy Scout headquarters (in rear).
205—Rome Book Store Co.
107—McGhee Tire Co.
209—Floyd County Bank.
209½—Drs. M. M. McCord and Carl L. Betts.
211—Griffin-Cantrell Hardware Co.
213—
215—Newark Shoe Store.
215½—Frank W. Copeland, Nat Harris and Wm. H. Ennis, attorneys.
217—Wyatt Book Store.
219—McGinnis & Welch, lunch room.
221—Edward A. Farley, clothing.
223—S. H. Kress 5 and 10-cent store.
225—Elite Motion Picture Theater.
225½—Drs. L. F. McKoy and J. I. Todd, dentists.
227—Citizens' Bank.
227—Will S. Hawkins, tailoring and haberdashery.
229—M. M. J. Mendleson, tailor.
231—Nixon Hardware Co.
231½—McCrary & Co., photographers.
233—Strand Motion Picture Theater.
235—H. B. Parks Co., crockery.
237-239—W. M. Gammon & Son, clothing.
241-243—Owens & King, gents' furnishings.
243½—Dr. J. S. Daniel, dentist.
247—Daniel Furniture Co.

300 (*Nevin's Opera House*) *Block.*

301—Piggly Wiggly, retail grocery.
303—Allen Jewelry Co.
Dr. Geo. B. Wood, optometrist.
305—Johnston Hardware Co.
305½—Drs. J. Turner McCall and J. H. Mull, physicians; Dr. A. F. Daniel, dentist.
307-309-311—Ira A. Watson Salvage Co., dry goods and groceries.
311½—Quick Lunch stand.
313—F. W. Woolworth Co., 5 and 10-cent store.
315—Porter Phillips, soft drinks.
323—Second Precinct Police rest room.
325—Rome Supply Co., electric outfits and plumbing.
327—E. A. Leonard, dry goods.
329—Walker Electric & Plumbing Co.
331—Henry Powers, shoes.
333—Fred M. Henderson, retail grocer.
333½—Todd & Hickman, tailoring and pressing.
335—Rome Shoe Hospital.
337—Palace Barber Shop.
337½—Drs. Geo. B. Smith and Wm. J. Shaw, physicians. Shoe shine parlor and news stand.
339—McGinnis', cigars, soda, lunch.

400 (*Old City Hall*) *Block.*

401—Lanham & Sons' Co., dry goods.
Eugene Logan Kandy Kitchen.
403—Broadway Motion Picture Theater.
407—Friedman Co., dry goods.
409—Paris Cafe.
409½—W. P. Bradfield, contractor.
Wilkerson Realty Co.
411—L. H. Esserman, dry goods.
413—Boston Shoe Store.
Liberty Shoe Shop.
Lewis Barrett, barber shop (c.).
417—Watson Shoe Store.

*The telephone directory has also been freely consulted.

419—Culpepper, Storey & Co., gents' furnishings.
419½—Rome Tribune-Herald.
421—M. Rosenberg, dry goods.
423—Watson's grocery.
425-427—Esserman & Co., dry goods and shoes.
429½—Drs. R. H. Wicker, Henry A. Turner, Roland D. Russell and A. W. Wright, physicians.
431—Sam McKinney, meat market.
431—Fifth Avenue Drug Co.

500 (*Hargrove-Bosworth*) *Block.*

501—National City Bank.
503—L. W. Rogers Grocery Co.
503½—Industrial Life and American National Life Insurance Companies.
505—Buehler Bros. Market.
511—Purity Ice Cream Co.
Isom Jones' Restaurant (c).
Guarantee Shoe Repair Shop.
Asa Johnson's Barber Shop (c).
513—Rome Co-operative Drug Co. (c).
Dr. C. T. Cain, physician.
515—Rome Fish Produce Co.
517—Paul Henderson, grocer.
525-533—Best Motor Car Co.
535-537—Woco Oil Co.

600 *Block.*

Standard Oil Co., gasoline and oils.

700 *Block.*

700—Gulf Refining Co., gasoline and oils.

1600 *Block.*

Atkinson & Jolly, general merchandise.

———

Right Hand Side—100 (*Etowah*) *Block.*

100—Chero-Cola Bottling Works.
100½—Shrine Club and Dance Hall.
102—Consolidated Grocery Co.
104—McCord-Stewart, wholesale grocery.
106—Mann Bros., meat market.
108—People's Cafe (Tony Vincenzi).
110—I. M. Adams, meat market.
110½—E. R. Fishburne, watch repairer.
112—
114—Rome Hardware Co.
116—A grocery warehouse.
118—Empire Lunch room.
120—Sam Bredosky, shoes.
122—New York Shoe Stores.
124—American Lunch Room (c).
126—Fred Huffman, shoe repairer.
128—Harris & Vann, meat market.
130—Norton Drug Co.
130½—Drs. Ross P. Cox, J. C. Watts and A. C. Shamblin.

200 (*Veranda-Yancey*) *Block.*

200—Curry-Arrington Drug Co.
202—Bartlett Automotive Co.
204—Miller Shoe Co.
206—Lesser Bros., dry goods.
208—L. W. Rogers, retail grocery.
208½—Dr. J. D. Moreland, dentist; Dr. J. J. Farmer; H. E. Beery, attorney.
210—The Bee Hive, dry goods.
212—Burnes-White Mercantile Co., wholesale grocers.
212½—Henson Pressing Club.
214—Wm. J. Pilson, Jr., groceries.
216—Holder's 5 and 10-cent store.
218—Misses Hawkins, millinery.
220—
222—Busy Bee Cafe.
224—Central Barber Shop.
226—Exchange National Bank.
Burney's Department Store.
228-230—
232-234—Fahy's Store, dry goods.
236-238—J. Kuttner, dry goods.
238½—Dr. A. A. Orr, dentist.
240—Cantrell & Owens, shoes.
242-244—Miller's Cash Store, dry goods and clothing.
246—R. L. Williamson Jewelry Co.
250—S. P. Coalson Co., general merchandise.

300 (*Medical Building-Masonic Temple*) *Block.*

300—Hale Drug Co.
300½—Drs. Henry H. Battey and Robt. O. Simmons, physicians; Dr. T. L. Morgan, dentist; Henry Walker, lawyer.
302—
304—Wyatt Jewelry Co.
306—A. Pintchuck, tailor.
308—City Supply & Vulcanizing Co.
Brown Transfer Co.
310—Reagan's Barber Shop.
312—Graves-Harper Co., coal.
E. J. Moultrie, real estate.
314—New York Hat Shop.
316—Rome Pawn Brokers.
Sam Williams' lunch room.
Shoe shine parlor.
318—Miller's Electric Shoe Shop.
324—Misses Belle & Estelle Cato, millinery.
324½—Claude H. Porter and W. B. Mebane, and Jno. W. Bale and Joe Lesser, lawyers; Judge Geo. S. Reese, justice of the peace; Clarence J. Mull, lawyer.
326—E. S. and Paul Nixon, music store.
328—Singer Sewing Machine Co.
330—Reese's Garage.
332—E. R. Fishburne, watch repairer.
334—Orr Art Studio, photograph gallery.
W. A. Mullinix Shoe Shop.
334½—Jno. P. Davis, real estate; Jno. Camp Davis, lawyer; Jas.



A STUDY IN BETTER CITIZENSHIP.

"Human products of the soil" at the Berry Schools, Mt. Berry (via Rome), in Floyd County, Ga. At the top is the boys' band, which is a "wind-jamming" organization without a peer in the state. In the center is a field day group receiving medals from the girls, and the onlookers are the children of Georgia farmers. In the oval is the champion baseball team.

P. Jones, lawyer; C. N. Featherston and C. Irving Carey, lawyers; Linton A. Dean and Lamar Camp, lawyers.
338-340—Jervis-Davidson Co., drugs and tea garden.
334-340—(In Masonic Temple).

400 (*Lumpkin-Empire*) *Block.*

400—Southern Bell Telephone & Telegraph Co. Exchange.
408—McCartha Bros. Garage.
410—Blue Ribbon Shoe Shop.
A. Victor, confectionery and lunch room.
412—Rome Bakery.
414—R. A. Jones Marble Co.
416-418—McBrayer Bros. Furniture Co.
420-422—McDonald Furniture Co.
424—Franklin Auto Supply Co.
424½—Willingham, Wright & Covington, lawyers.
428—Harvey-Given Co., real estate.
430—Hotel Forrest Building.
The Flower Shop.
Hotel Forrest Barber Shop.
Sam J. Davis, real estate and insurance.
Woodmen of the World, W. A. Keown, clerk.
Hale-Brannon Co., real estate.
Frank Salmon Piano Co.

500 (*Buena Vista*) *Block.*

500—Parsons & Ward, life insurance.
Updegrove Marketing Co.
502-504—Howell-Cantrell Furniture Co.
506—Misses McGinnis, millinery.
508—Howell-Cantrell Undertaking Co.
510—Hape Sing Steam Laundry.
512—Franklin Meat Market.
514—Rome Cafe (c).
516—Rome Pressing Club (c).
518—Smith-Malone Barber Shop (c).
520—Auto Repair Co.
522-524—E. E. Lindsey, automobiles.
526—O. W. Curtis, undertaker, (c).
Drs. Eugene W. Weaver and J. W. Sams, physicians, (c).
528-530—Curtis Cafe (c).
532-534—Daniell's Garage.
E. L. Adams Motor Car Co.
J. H. Carroll Auto Repair Co.
536—Keith-Gray Grocery Co.

600 *Block.*

600—Texas Co., gasoline and oils.

800 *Block.*

800—Rome Railway & Light Co.

1000 *Block.*

1010—W. G. Duke, grocery, (c).

1100 *Block.*

1100—Florence Restaurant (c).
Dozier Undertaking Co. (c).
P. D. Q. Dyeing & Cleaning Co. (c).

1300 *Block.*

1310—Howell Grocery Co. No. 2.

1500 *Block.*

1502—Harvey Chair Co.
Standard Marble Co.
1506—F. M. Scott Coal Yard.
Byrd's Engine Mills.
J. W. Mullinix, shoe shop.

1800 *Block.*

1806—Harper Mfg. Co.

1900 *Block.*

1904—Harry Brooks, grocery.

On South Broad Street, South Rome, may be mentioned the following establishments, nestling close to Myrtle Hill cemetery:

East Side.

103—Colegate-Calloway Confectionery and Ice Cream Parlor.
113—Beard & Helton Garage.
123—Thos. Warters Cigar Factory.
133—C. O. Walden, grocery.
102—Dry Cleaners (c).
Ever-Ready Garage.
104—Sims' Barber Shop (c).
206—H. J. Klasing Carriage Works.
310—Frances Berrien Hospital.
420—August Vincenzi, fruits and groceries.
601—Howell Grocery Co., No. 1.

* * *

BURIED TREASURE.—There are various tales of buried treasure and frenzied hunts around Rome. Northern soldiers dug into an old cemetery in North Rome, later abandoned. Now and then somebody gets an idea old Dr. Berckmans was rich, and disturbs the ruins of his retreat on Mt. Alto, as they do the sacred precincts of Gen. Burwell's deserted home near Hell's Hollow. Virgil A. Stewart tells how his father, Samuel Stewart, used to receive from the Indians gifts of pieces of gold, lead and tin which they could produce at any time by going out on the trail for four hours. White men often tried to follow the Indians to these treasure beds, but the redskins were too nimble for them, and the secret is supposed never to have been discovered.

James Foreman, an Indian, was brought back from the west after the war by the Nobles to locate precious metals and ores. He searched some time, but claimed the face of the country and the forests had changed, and he could not find anything. The forks of the rivers were thought to be a

good direction point, but this did not help him.

James went to gardening for Mrs. Robt. Battey. She showed him one day how to set out okra seed. When the plants came up they were too close together, for which Mrs. Battey rebuked him. James was half full of "fire-water," and he replied with a fiendish grin, "Do you know I'm an Indian?" She replied, "Do you remember my father, William Smith? He often whipped Indians bigger than you!"

James soon went back to his tribesmen. He told Horry H. Wimpee while he was here that Coosa meant "rippling water" or "where two waters meet," Oostanaula meant "mother of waters" or "clear water," and Etowah meant "muddy bottom." These meanings are doubtful. "Etowah" is said to mean "high banks."

Will Mitchell tells of a spooky hunt for buried treasure. Looking wistfully from a window of the North Rome Public Schools one day when he was a boy, wishing he could be out where the birds were singing so sweetly, he saw two men drive up to the front of the school lot and measure off a certain distance from a tree, and then measure from another tree. Inquiry next morning of a negro family living near the school disclosed that at midnight two men had driven up in a buggy and gone to digging by the light of a lantern, and sure enough—by looking down the hole Will could discern plainly the print of a tin or steel box which had been removed.

A Cherokee Indian, Holland, came to Rome between 1874 and 1880, probably from Indian Territory, looking for minerals. He may have been the Indian who went to the Sproull place on the Kingston road and told Capt. C. Wm. Sproull that he had a chart which showed where buried treasure was located and would give him half if they found anything. The Indian stepped off distances from certain large trees, made cross marks on the ground and finally came to the blacksmith shop. His chart showed that the treasure was supposed to have been hidden under the anvil. The anvil was moved and the Indian and a negro dug a deep hole, but without success.

* * *

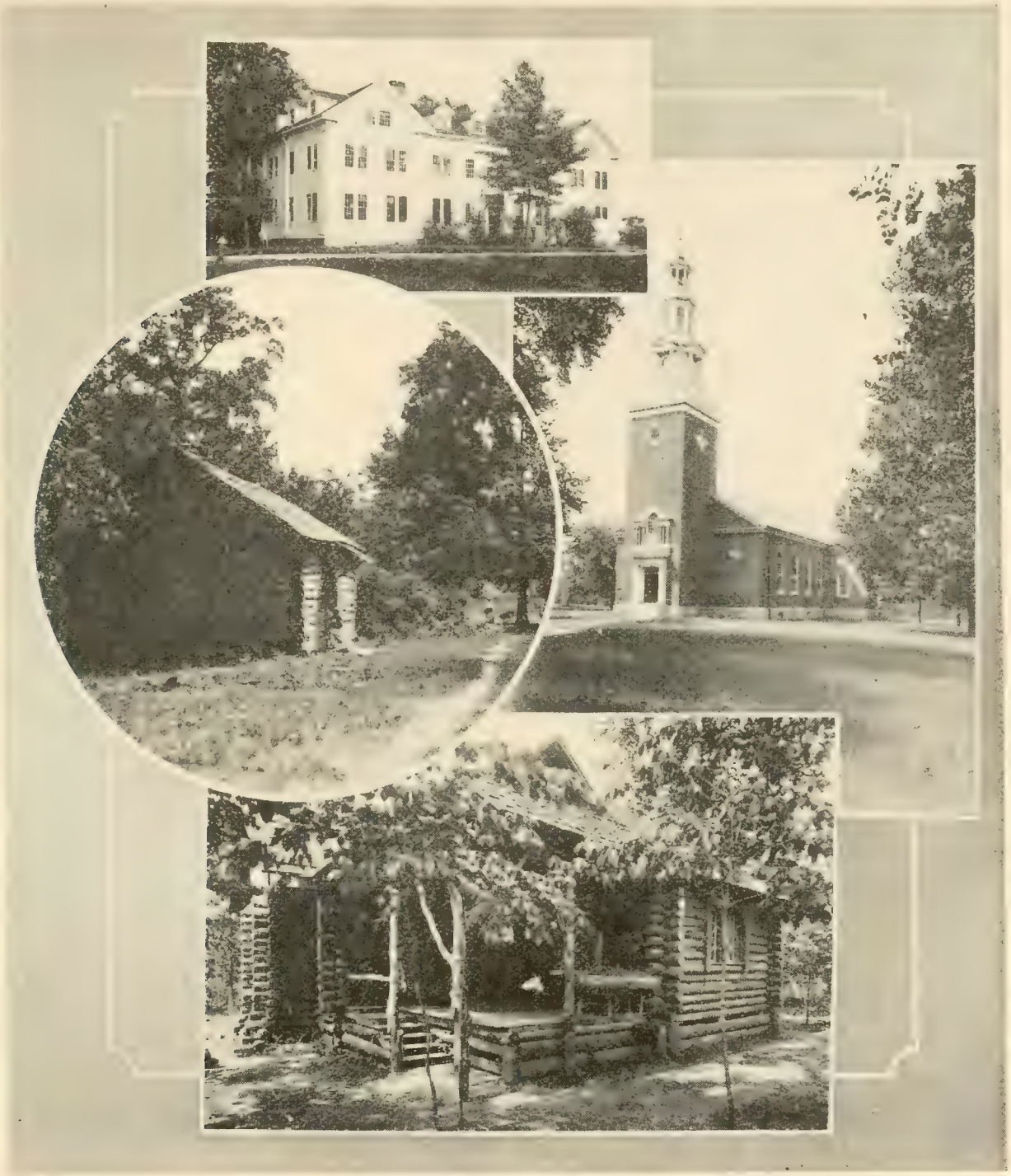
CARLIER SPRINGS.—On the Chulio road, three miles east of Rome. Here in 1848 Gen. L. J. B. LeHardy, Camille LeHardy, Louis Henry Carlier and others started a Belgian colony, with the idea of housing other colonists from Belgium if the venture proved a success. The Belgians built a two-room log house and several outbuildings, and lived there perhaps seven years. Around the springs was a tract of 100 acres which extended to the Etowah River. J. J. Cohen acquired it later, and sold to Geo. M. Battey, who about 1890 sold to his father, Dr. Robert Battey, who died there in 1895. S. R. Cockrill, a graduate of Cornell University, now conducting a truck farm on the Alabama road near the North Georgia Fair Grounds, bought the place from Mrs. Martha Battey, having lived in a cabin on a part of it for some years previously. The present owner is Mrs. Ella Tarvin.

In a two-story frame house on this place Mrs. Battey established about 1894 a small school for the neighborhood children, and maintained it at her own expense. Sunday School under Methodist auspices was held on Sundays. The day school later was taken over by Floyd County and called the Battey Heights School, and in time was removed to another building in the neighborhood.

There is a suggestion of the old world on this place for which the Belgians were not responsible. Many years ago Godfrey Barnsley, the Englishman who developed Barnsley Gardens near Adairsville, brought from the grave of Napoleon on the Island of St. Helena a willow switch which he transplanted on his Bartow County estate. Some years later he presented an off-shoot of this willow to Mrs. Battey and she planted it on or near a pond at Carlier Springs, and there it is today in the form of quite a willow tree.

* * *

CARNEGIE LIBRARY.—Erected in 1911 with funds donated by Andrew Carnegie, of Pittsburg, Pa.; 7,000 volumes; nearly 5,000 members; main story and basement devoted to meetings of the U. D. C., Floyd County Camp 368 of Confederate Veterans, the Junior Music Lovers' Club, Woman's Club, Girl Scouts and other organizations and conventions. Librarian since establishment, Miss Helen Underwood Eastman; board of trustees, Judge Max Meyerhardt, president; Mrs. J. Lindsay Johnson, vice president; W. Sinclair Rowell, secretary; Mrs. Jno. C. Printup, Mrs. J. A. Rounsaville, Mrs. Perrin Bestor Brown and Prof. Byard F. Quigg. Located on city property on west side of Broad Street be-



SCENES ON THE BERRY SCHOOL CAMPUS.

At top, a dormitory built by the boys; in oval, the log cabin on the Thos. Berry place, where the idea of the institution originated in small classes taught by Miss Martha Berry; the handsome chapel, inside which is a blank tablet to be engraved at the anonymous donor's death; at bottom, the "shack" where Col. Roosevelt, Wm. G. McAdoo, Dr. Albert Shaw and a host of noted men and women have been entertained.

tween Sixth and Seventh Avenues, next to and north of the City Auditorium.

* * *

CAVES AROUND ROME.—The best known cave in Floyd County is at Cave Spring, sixteen miles southwest of Rome. From this flows a spring that is an important part of Little Cedar Creek, and from which the town is supplied with pure, sparkling water through a ram, at practically no cost. Entrance is effected in a steep, rocky bluff immediately above the point whence the water issues, and still higher is a second opening, lined with rusty brown boulders. It is possible to go quite a distance down on a ladder. Water and beautiful stalactites and stalagmites are found; it is

said there are small blind fish in the miniature lake of the interior. Thousands of people visit the cave yearly from all directions.

On a ridge equidistant between the old Lytle Park in South Rome and De-Soto Park, back of the home of J. Nephew King and on his land, is what used to be known as Jonas King's cave. This is easily entered and candles or lamps reveal a large, irregularly shaped compartment, at the bottom of which flows a small stream. There are several smaller compartments connected by tunnels which must be crawled through on the stomach. At certain intervals during the Civil War this cave was used as a "magazine" for the storage of gun powder made from the salt peter in Bartow County, and for other war materials. At one time also the magazine had been located on Myrtle Hill cemetery near the section which now contains the mortal remains of 277 Confederate soldiers. The entrance of this cave is in a small oak grove and is free from obstructions.

Rome's so-called "salt peter cave" is about half a mile north of Reece's spring, in North Rome. This is obscured by a heavy growth of underbrush in the center of a cultivated field. Small boys say the Oostanaula River, perhaps a mile and a half away, can be reached through the cave, but nobody has ever ventured to explore it to that extent. In 1854 it was called Nix's Cave by White's Historical Collections of Georgia.

Mitchell's cave, named after Daniel R. Mitchell, is located in the face of Whitmore's Bluff, nine miles up the Oostanaula River. A cool stream of water flows out of it and treakles laughingly down the mountainside to the silvery Oostanaula. White's Collections called it Woodward Cave and stated it was once a noted cache for stolen goods.

Another cave of some interest can be found on Black's Bluff, three miles down the Coosa River. It was explored more than a year ago by a group of Boy Scouts.

A large cave is located in Turkey Mountain, northeastern end of Texas Valley, and another of some size in Texas Valley is on the farm of the late J. J. Fisher.

William Salmon's place, quarter of a mile south of Armuchee Creek, on the Summerville road, contains a cave.

When Rome was first settled a cave was found in the northern part of Myrtle Hill cemetery, and Indian relics and skeletons were discovered.

On May 23, 1922, a cave was found on the Peek place 1,000 feet south of Bird Station, quarter of a mile from the Polk County line. It was explored by County Engineer Kieffer Lindsey and County Commissioner J. E. Camp, who found it to be 30 feet deep and 20 feet wide at the bottom. The walls were smooth and composed of hard shale rock, and they tapered into a cone-shape toward the top. Mr. Lindsey was the first man who had ever entered it, for the earth at the opening had just given away when he was called. He threw a lighted newspaper to the bottom. The paper exhausted the oxygen, so when he went down by rope his lantern was extinguished. His opinion was that the place had been a lime-sink and the lime had worn away through erosion, leaving an underground chamber as perfectly formed as the cupola of a knight's castle.

* * *

CAVE SPRING, MONTGOMERY M. FOLSOM ON.—"At last we ascended a rising ground, from which we could see the tapering spires and arching roofs of the most beautiful town in Georgia. There sat Cave Spring like a happy school girl, framed in a setting of green and gold, with the deep blue sky and the purple hills of the Coosa in the background; Little Cedar Creek bubbling melodiously at her feet; the vine-clad summits of the hills rising overhead; the streets winding leisurely along through verdant bowers, under spreading branches and over grassy levels; each happy home nestled cozily among the yards and gardens, orchards and vineyards. It was a scene once beheld never to be forgotten."

* * *

CAVE SPRING, HENRY W. GRADY ON.—Henry W. Grady, traveling with the Georgia Press Excursion between Rome and Selma, Ala., wrote as follows for the Sept. 10, 1869, issue of the Rome Weekly Courier: "Our first stop was made at Cave Spring, and all hands made a flying visit to the cave, and to many of the party it was quite a show. From the cave, many visited the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, and all united in pronouncing Cave Spring one of the most beautiful spots in all the land. but were at a loss to understand why the railroad did not pass through the town. I will not repeat the sad story of old fogyism that was related to us as a rea-

son. Suffice to say, property suddenly became valuable, right-of-way a terrible obstacle, and the boss of the road simply made a little curve, and went around our forest village."

* * *

CAVE SPRING, COL. JNO. L. MARTIN ON.—Col. Jno. L. Martin wrote as follows of Cave Spring in the Anniston (Ala.) Hot Blast in 1888:

"There is no more beautiful intervallation in all the Blue Ridge chain of mountains than Vann's Valley, and its most charming scenery is in and about Cave Spring. No one, unless he be a dullard, can look upon the outstretching panorama of Vann's Valley without being lastingly impressed with its marvelous picture, in which there stand forth most striking beauties of wooded mountainside, groves of majestic trees, greensward on whose bosom rest in gentlest touch most inviting shades, and through which, like loved bands of silver, there merrily run babbling streams of pure water, fresh from the dark depths of the sternal hills.

"Cave Spring and its surroundings is one of the most picturesque and pleasant spots in the world. It is a spot where nature has lavished her deftest charms with captivating wealth, and is, like Auburn of old, the fairest village of all the plain. Its natural attractiveness is almost peerless. Some day when the younger generation takes charge, grand hotels, bathing houses, fountains and parks will draw to this spot each succeeding summer thousands of guests, every one of whom will become a lover." (The colonel evidently meant "nature lover."—Author.)

* * *

CHEROKEE ARTILLERY (LATER CORPUT'S BATTERY).—The following were the original officers of this concern, organized early in 1861:

Captain—M. A. Stovall.
First Lieut.—J. G. Yeiser.
Second Lieut.—J. H. Lawrence.
Third Lieut.—Max V. D. Corput.
Fourth Lieut.—C. O. Stillwell.
First Sergt.—T. D. Attaway.
Second Sergt.—J. M. Bowen.
Third Sergt.—G. N. Sandifer.
Fourth Sergt.—A. S. Hamilton.
Fifth Sergt.—Wm. Noble.
Sixth Sergt.—J. B. Clark.
First Corporal—T. F. Hooper.
Second Corporal—D. G. Love.
Third Corporal—Jno. S. Holland.
Fourth Corporal—R. M. Farrar.
Fifth Corporal—S. Magnus.
Sixth Corporal—G. B. Butler.
Surgeon—Dr. Robt. Battey.

* * *

CENTRAL GROVE DISTRICT.—This part of Floyd County was settled in 1854, Jimmie Duke and his family being the first settlers. Mr. Duke bought 160 acres of land at the intersection of the O'Brien and Central Grove roads for a gun valued at $25. His son, Lumpkin Duke, was a prominent man in the neighborhood and raised a large family, the boys of which engaged in the saw mill business. Two of his sons, Lumpkin and Tom Duke, are now living in Rome and are still engaged in the same kind of work.

Jim Duke's brother, Green R. Duke, settled on what is known as the Green Duke place in 1860. His son, Martin M. Duke, who is now living in this neighborhood, is the oldest living descendant of the original settlers. Martin M. Duke gave the land on which the Central Grove School was built in 1900. The institution was known as the Duke School House for many years. Mrs. Henry O. Littlejohn, one of his daughters, lives near the school. Another early settler was Joel Stowe, who was a noted barbecuer. Assisted by William A. Littlejohn, he barbecued the meat for the joint encampment of the Confederate and Union veterans at Chickamauga 35 years ago. W. A. Littlejohn, his stepson, lives near Central Grove School. Jesse P. Ayers, who settled on what is known as the Math Beard place, was another one of the pioneers. He was the father of Mrs. Georgia Allen, Frank and Ab. Ayers, all still living in this community. Some of the present residents who are doing work of interest to the public are R. L. Brown, who taught when the school was located where Mountain Springs church now stands and is now county surveyor; W. Ed. Beard, who has been bailiff for a number of years; W. P. Bradfield, who is one of the county commissioners and has been instrumental in giving this part of the county its share of good roads; Willis Griffin, a strong advocate of Tom Watson, who was reared in this settlement; Henry O. Littlejohn, who served the Berry School for the longest continuous period of any of its employees, in charge of much of the carpentry work and the superintendent who built all of the log houses; C. Ira Butler, who is prominent in church and Sunday School work, and a song leader; and M. A. Hughes, who

found on his farm the Indian relics displayed at the North Georgia Fair in October, 1921; O. L. Titrud, who came from Minnesota in the fall of 1907 to teach agriculture at the Berry Schools and held that position for eight years, helping to lay the foundation for the agricultural work of the school. He was the first president of the Floyd County Farm Bureau and is now a member of the Advisory Board for Glenwood District. He has developed a laying strain of Barred Rock chickens; is a breeder of Holstein cattle, and has developed a variety of white cob yellow dent corn. Mr. Titrud was one of the division presidents of the Georgia Sunday School Association for a number of years and was succeeded by Fair C. Moon. He is now secretary of the County Sunday School Association, and has been superintendent of the Central Grove Sunday School ever since the church was organized. He is also lay leader of the Rome circuit of the Methodist Episcopal church. Central Grove School District has been prominent in the work fostered by the county agricultural and home demonstration agents. The following people have been especially interested and helpful in the home demonstration work: Mrs. W. A. Littlejohn, Mrs. C. I. Butler, Mrs. H. O. Littlejohn and Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Titrud. Lillie Bell Butler received the first scholarship here to the Athens short course in canning work. Beulah Buchanan Titrud won a scholarship for poultry work. Lois Littlejohn won two scholarships for home demonstration work. Among the boys who received prizes were Albert Littlejohn, for Pig Club work; Jack Beard and Benson Butler, for Corn Club work, and Clyde Titrud for Calf Club work. Central Grove won second prize for community exhibits at the North Georgia Fair of 1921. There are two Methodist churches in this locality, Mountain Springs church, which was moved from the Summerville road about 1900, and Central Grove, organized June 28, 1914.

* * *

CHILDREN'S FREE CLINIC.—Since Floyd County was the leader among Georgia provinces to adopt the Ellis Public Health law, unusual interest attaches to the early results. The law was adopted in 1915 on the approval of two successive grand juries, and the County Board of Health was then organized and Dr. M. M. McCord chosen county commissioner of health from a field of twelve applicants from over the state. The board was composed of Jno. C. King, chairman, as county superintendent of schools; J. G. Pollock, by virtue of his office as chairman of the County Board of Roads and Revenues; and Dr. Wm. P. Harbin, elected by the grand jury. Active work of the health office began Jan. 1, 1916. Appreciating the need of a thorough canvass of the county, Dr. McCord applied to the Treasury Department at Washington, D. C., for a corps of public health medical experts to prepare a survey. Opposition was met at first, but it was overcome, and from March to November a staff working under the direction of Maj. L. L. Lumsden, U. S. A., gathered data for a survey.

Every home, school, church, factory, dairy, cafe, drug store, hotel, grocery store, meat market and slaughter pen was visited and an examination made looking to the prevention of communicable disease.

Dr. McCord was ex-officio medical inspector of the public schools, and he made frequent visits and delivered a series of lectures on sanitation and personal hygiene. Of 6,000 children examined, it was found that 40 per cent of them had serious physical defects, either curable or correctible through medical or surgical skill or dental attention. Card index records were kept and reports made to parents. Every effort was made to the end that each defective child should report to dentist or physician. On checking the cards the second year, Dr. McCord found that while several hundred children had received attention, one-third of the defectives were unable to pay for professional services and had had nothing done. He therefore associated with him one of the teachers in the public schools in a plan for a free clinic. Civic organizations and citizens contributed the necessary money and a competent nurse was put in charge of the Children's Free Clinic in Municipal Building quarters. The experiment in Floyd County proved a fine investment and received warm approval all over the state. Dr. McCord resigned in 1919 and he was succeeded by Dr. Eugene O. Chimene, who resigned in 1921 to go to Greenville, S. C. Dr. B. V. Elmore, an experienced health official of Blountstown, Fla., was elected to the vacancy, and still fills it. Dr. Elmore has been relentless in his war on germs, mosquitoes, flies and their ilk, and is doing his part to maintain the reputation of Rome and Floyd as the healthiest parts of an unusually healthy section.



WHERE EVERY BOY LEARNS A TRADE.

At top, the blacksmith shop of the Berry Schools, and a group of earnest workers. All metal part repairs for the farm are made here. At the bottom is the wood shop, over the other. This is in charge of Mr. Nesbit, an experienced carpenter and wood worker, who teaches his boys to make hall trees, lamp stands, book cases, cabinets, and furniture of all kinds. This place is a stranger to loafers and shams.

CITY CLERKS.—The first mention of City Clerks comes in a Rome Weekly Courier of 1852. As deputy clerk Chas. H. Smith issued an official notice under date of July 15. It is safe to assume that Mr. Smith soon thereafter wrote and talked himself into a clerkship. D. Clinton Hargrove was clerk in 1860, Reuben S. Norton in 1865, and Henry A. Smith (mayor in 1870-1) just after him. The others, according to the best recollections and records available, were Ed. F. Shropshire, 1870-1; Henry C. Norton, 1873-83; Wm. Seay, 1883-7; Mitchell A. Nevin, 1887-April, 1894; Halstead Smith, April, 1894-1906; J. R. Cantrell, 1906-12; Hugh McCrary, 1912-17; J. M. Cooley, April 1 to Nov. 1; Sim F. Magruder, Nov. 1, 1919 (incumbent).

J. H. McClung was City Treasurer in 1860 and his annual salary was $25.

The City Clerk (Mr. Hargrove), drew $100, and the marshal, Samuel Stewart, $650 for all his time.

* * *

COOSA. — A village on the right bank of the Coosa River, eleven miles west of Rome, at the southern foot of Turnip Mountain and one mile southwest of Judy Mountain; center of the North Carolina District, which, with the exception of Rome and Cave Spring, pays more tax than any other district in the county. Nearby are the farms once or now owned by the Camps, Montgomerys, Quins, Turners, Deans, Sheltons, Catheys and McArvers, on which is raised some of the finest cotton in the South, and where great quantities of wheat were produced in the old steamboat days. Some people erroneously call the place Coosaville.

It was via Veal's Ferry at Coosa that the Confederate Army of Gen. Jno. B. Hood crossed the Coosa River after the fall of Atlanta in 1864, leading Sherman's Army in a hot pursuit through Texas Valley and in the direction of Resaca and Dalton.

Coosa was first known as Missionary Station. In January, 1821, Rev. and Mrs. Elijah Butler were sent to this spot by the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society of South Canaan, Conn., and they set up a mission house for the religious and educational instruction of the Indians. After eight years of arduous toil Mrs. Butler died there at 31 years of age, and was buried in front of the present home of Cicero Evans. A large wild cherry tree has grown up directly over her grave. Dr. Butler's activities among the Indians led to a charge by the Georgia authorities that he was inciting them to revolt, and he and Rev. Samuel A. Worcester, of Vermont, who was stationed at the mission at New Echota, Gordon County, were sentenced to serve four years in the Georgia penitentiary, and served a year and four months. The United States Supreme Court had reversed the lower court, but Georgia disregarded the decision. The missionaries were released on their promise to leave the state.

An old description of Coosa by an appreciative visitor of 1888 reads: "Coosa does not boast any brownstone fronts towering spires, but when it comes to rolling up a tremendous Democratic majority, good living, solid comfort, or getting up a free show, or anything from a North Georgia fair to an old-time barbecue, you can set her down as a file leader at the head of the column."

* * *

COURTS—The Inferior courts of before the Civil War gave way to the Superior and County (now City) courts. The first County Court of Floyd was organized in conformity with a general law passed Mar. 17, 1866, by the Georgia Legislature.* Rome was in the Tallapoosa Circuit of the Superior Court from 1864 until 1869, when the Rome Circuit, still existent now, came into being.** Dennis Hills was the first clerk.

From Judge Joel Branham's booklet, "The Old Court House in Rome," (ps. 6 and 7) the following material is taken:

The Superior Court judges for the Tallapoosa Circuit were L. H. Featherston, 1864-7; Jno. W. H. Underwood, 1867-9; Jno. S. Bigby, 1869.

The judges of the Rome Circuit were Francis A. Kirby, 1869-70; Robt. D. Harvey, 1870-73; Jno. W. H. Underwood, 1873-82; Joel Branham, 1882-8; Jno. W. Maddox, 1886-92; Wm. M. Henry, 1892-94; Waller T. Turnbull, 1894-96.***

The County Court judges were D. Mack Hood, 1866-70; Wm. Barclay Terhune, Mar. 24, 1873-1874; Richard R. Harris, July, 1874-1879; Junius F. Hillyer, May 30, 1883-Sept. 27, 1883.

In 1883 the County Court became the City Court by an act passed Sept. 25 and 27,**** and the judges who served were Richard R. Harris, 1894-98; Jno. H. Reece, 1898-1903; Harper Hamilton, 1903-10; W. J. Nunnally, May to October, 1910; Jno. H. Reece, 1910-15.*****

Jesse Lamberth served as Ordinary of Floyd County from 1861 to 1868, when he was succeeded by Henry J. Johnson, who served 25 years, until 1893.******

The Solicitor General of the Superior Court from 1882-6 was J. I. Wright, and of the County Court from 1866-70 Jas. P. Perkins; from 1873 until Octber, 1874, Dunlap Scott, and from December, 1874, until 1879, Col. Hamilton Yancey.

*Acts, 1865-6, p. 64.

**Acts, 1869, p. 20.

***Since 1896 and to the present time the judges have been Moses R. Wright (incumbent) and Jno. W. Maddox.

****Acts, 1882-3, ps. 534-5.

*****W. J. Nunnally again became judge in 1915 and held the office until Sept. 13, 1922, when he was succeeded by Jno. W. Bale.

******Henry J. Johnson was the father of the present ordinary, Harry Johnson, who succeeded Jno. P. Davis, Judge Davis having succeeded the elder Johnson.

The clerk of the Superior Court from 1867-70 was Adolphus E. Ross.*

Nathan Yarbrough was Sheriff in 1866-7, and he was followed by Col. Jno. R. Towers. The justices of the peace in 1867 were Thos. J. Perry and Samuel Johnson.

A list of the lawyers of the period covered by Judge Branham's account will be found elsewhere herein.

Judge Jno. W. Maddox, former Superior Court justice, died at Rome Thursday, Sept. 28, 1922, aged 74, and was buried Friday in Myrtle Hill cemetery, Rome.

* * *

CREEKS OF FLOYD COUNTY.—The principal creeks of Floyd County:

Armuchee, probably the largest;** made up of East Armuchee and West Armuchee both rising in Chattooga County; flows southeasterly and empties into Oostanaula River at Pope's Ferry and the farm of Mrs. Bessie Battey Troutman.

Big Cedar, the second largest; headwaters in Polk County; flows northwesterly and empties into Coosa River one mile east of the Alabama line.

Big Dry; rises on the southern side of Lavender Mountain, flows southeasterly through the Berry School property and empties into the Oostanaula about three miles north of Rome.

Little Dry; rises in West Rome, flows easterly through the Flat Woods and empties into the Oostanaula at the Linton A. Dean place, near the Summerville road, one mile north of Rome.

Lavender; rises south of Rock Mountain, in Little Texas Valley, flows northeasterly through the valley and empties into Armuchee Creek a mile above Armuchee.

Heath; rises southeast of Simms' Mountain, flows northeasterly through Big Texas Valley and empties into Armuchee creek 2 miles above Armuchee.

Woodward; rises in Gordon and Bartow Counties, flows southwesterly and empties into the Oostanaula half a mile (by land) south of Pope's Ferry.

Jimmy Long; rises near Hermitage, Ridge Valley, flows westerly and empties into the Oostanaula a mile north of Harper Station.

Dykes'; named after Dr. G. J. Dykes, who came to Rome in 1836; rises on the southern side of Armstrong Mountain, flows south and empties into the Etowah River about a mile above Freeman's Ferry. It is fed by the large spring at Morrison's Camp Ground and other springs.

Barnsley; rises south of Armstrong Mountain, flows south through the western edge of Bartow County and empties into the Etowah in Bartow, three miles east of Bass' Ferry.

Spring; rises in Chulio district, runs northward to the Etowah between Freeman's and Bass' Ferry.

Spring; rises in Chulio district, runs northward to the Etowah between Freeman's and Bass' Ferries.

Silver; rises in Polk County six miles northeast of Cedartown, flows northward into the Etowah River midway between the East Rome and Broad Street bridges, at Rome.

Lake; rises four miles east of Cedartown in Polk County, flows generally northwestward and empties into Big Cedar Creek near Chubbtown.

Little Cedar; rises near Etna in Polk County, flows northeastward and empties into Big Cedar Creek near Vann's Valley Station.

Spring; rises in Indian Mountain, Polk County, practically on the Alabama line, flows northward into Floyd, then westward into Alabama and empties into the Coosa River near Yancey's Bend.

Mud; rises four miles west of Cave Spring, flows northwestward into Alabama and empties into the Coosa near Kirk's Grove, Ala.

Webb; rises near Landers and the Southern railroad, Vann's Valley, flows northwardly through the valley and empties into the Coosa at the W. Green Foster-Van Dyke farm, four miles northeast of Livingston. One of the headwaters of Webb Creek is the Cress Spring on the farm of Wm. S. Gibbons, Cave Spring road.

Cabin; rises south of Simms' Mountain, western end of Lavender Mountain, flows southwardly and empties into the Coosa about a mile east of Coosa and Veal's Ferry.

Beach; rises a mile northeast of Judy Mountain, flows south, then west, and empties into the Coosa at Turner's Bend.

Burwell; rises on the old home place of Capt. Wm. Moore near the North Rome depot, Southern railway, flows west and empties into the Oostanaula quarter of a mile north of Rome.

Horseleg; rises three miles north of Horseleg Mountain (Mt. Alto), flows

*See Memorial of Feb. 2, 1891, in Minutes No. 25, p. 1.

**Authority: County Engineer Kieffer Lindsey.

eastward through Shorter College property and empties into the Coosa one mile west of Rome.

Note: Exact accuracy is not claimed for the above descriptions. The map principally consulted was the "Rome Quadrangle" of the U. S. Geological Survey, which is very helpful. A more elaborate map, but of a different character, is the soil map published by the Federal Department of Agriculture, Washington, many copies of which have been sent out by Congressman Gordon Lee.

* * *

DARKEYS OF ROME, OLD-TIME. —Among the "segashuating corporosities" of the older colored folk of Rome may be mentioned the following, as mostly supplied by Richard Venable Mitchell:

Lewis Barrett: "Veteran barber, while an old timer, he says he is never too tired to entertain his friends."

Jack Battey: "The body-guard of Dr. Robt. Battey in the Civil War. Jack had charge of 'Fleeter,' Dr. Battey's faithful mare, which safely swam with her master across the Potomac River at night in 1863 in the Gettysburg campaign. 'Fleeter' was given shortly afterward by Dr. Battey to the Sproull boys on the Kingston road, and was put to plowing, which she had never done before. She was a small gray mare, almost white, and a fine pacer; she went through the Battles of First Manassas, the Wilderness, Gettysburg, Richmond and others, without a scratch, although a cannon ball once knocked dirt upon her and Jack and an iron gray pack horse which Jack rode. Jack died in 1912 at Chattanooga. He had been employed in a hotel restaurant by Sam P. Light. On one occasion he had a terrible fight with another cook over the question of who could make the best chicken chop suey. He was a contemporary of two other servants of Dr. Battey: Jim Hagan, who drove the one-horse wagon, and 'Aunt Cheney,' an old slave. 'Aunt Cheney's' only picture was taken by W. Kennedy Laurie Dickson, assistant to Thos. A. Edison, while he was sojourning in Rome in 1890 after a siege of work on the motion picture invention."

Gus Carlton: "Retired blacksmith, with age about 95, and slightly bowed from bending over the hind hoof of many a 'jarhead.' Resides on Tower Hill and is now blind."

Chubb Family: "These darkeys were farmers around Chubbtown, near Cave Spring and the Polk County line, whose industry and thrift enabled them to accumulate considerable property, gins, mills, houses, etc. They are law-abiding, respected by the whites and generally good citizens. Their master set them free before the Civil War."

Allen Collier: "His occupation is that of a cook. He knows how to prepare something that will satisfy one's bread basket. His wife, Alice Collier, washed many a garment in her younger days, but as she was suffering from the white swelling, she retired about 15 years ago and has always lived with her old man. She never knew she was an offspring of one of Col. Alfred Shorter's slaves. Allen does not belong to the aristocratic Shorter crowd, however."

Charlie Coppee: "Retired drayman. Some eight years ago Charlie quit and has since been doing pretty much as he pleases as a butler in a good family on West Eleventh Street, Fourth Ward. He is 80 years old. His team consisted of a small flat-top wagon drawn by a slow-moving 'hard-tail.' He leaped to this city in 1885 from Athens. When he talks to you he squinches out of one eye and smiles out of one side of his mouth. He can still do a plantation breakdown if you give him a young enough partner and a shot of mean licker. In size he is very low and stumpy, but can cover ground. His home is in the rear of the place where he works."

Lou Cothran: "For 25 years cook and nurse for the Moultrie family and now nurse of the Ernest E. Lindsey children."

Ellen Pentecost Daniel: "A slave of Col. Alfred Shorter. She died in October, 1914, at the ripe old age of 73. One of the most appetizing cooks in her day. She was my nurse and I understand held the bottle for quite a number of Romans, all of whom remember her affectionately. Poor old soul; she never rusted, but wore herself out."

Steve Eberhart (or Perry): "Profession, whitewasher. Steve came to Rome about 20 years ago from Athens, where he was the slave in the war of Col. Abraham Eberhart. He is the mascot of the Confederate Veterans of Rome, and in his attempts to attend every reunion of the Boys in Gray collects a lot of money under various false pretenses, and gets away with it. Some of his whitewash might well be used on himself, for he is as black as African midnight and nearly as



OLD-TIME DARKIES WITH THEIR "HABITS ON."

The South owes much to its ante-bellum population, and will always remember them with deep affection. In this group we get a glimpse of a number of well-known characters caught here and there. Included are the old sprinkler sprucing up the yard of the First Presbyterian church; Steve Eberhart in a "fowl escapade," "Aunt Martha" Stevenson, "Aunt Cheney," Augustus Sams, Bob Lake and others.

small as a chinquepin, but he carries himself with an erectile strut that immediately becomes a dissembling shamble when he wants to pass around the hat. At reunion time he puts on his artillery uniform of red and gray, and lays a barrage of profanity that withers every new-fangled darkey that crosses his path. Under his arm is his pet rooster, borrowed from a convenient hen-house, and such feathers as are missing from the fowl's tail can be found in Steve's beaver hat. Steve is on the shady side of 80. His sideline is collecting clothes from the white folks so the women can wash 'em, and on his shiny dome he can balance a bag of clothes nearly as well as a watermelon. He is of the aristocracy, having been just after the war valet at Athens to Henry W. Grady and Ben Hill. He is a powerful orator, with 'Fiddling Bob' Taylor's ability to cry on occasion, and if his education had not been cut short by Mr. Grady's graduation from the University, he might have been the Daniel Webster of his race. While he has never been ordained as a minister, he can preach with the best of them. He served with his 'marster' in the war on the west Coast of Florida, and there learned how to fish."

Lena Hudson: "Age about 70; occupation, sick nurse."

Ned Huggins: "Retired Armstrong Hotel barber and retired sexton of the First Presbyterian church. His good word was always 'Call again.'"

Bob Lake: "Bob is only middle-aged but has old-fashioned ways. He still works when there is a chance to make an honest living. At Christmas time he helps the Rotary Club distribute baskets to the poor, and totes home a well-filled basket for himself. He is the handy man at Judge Harper Hamilton's on East Fourth Street, but for 30 years has 'drayed' for the Simpson Grocery Company and is an expert at handling salt meat with a cotton hook."

Henry Little: "Farmer; bachelor; his home is one quarter of a mile north of the city limits, near the old Ridge place, on the Oostanaula River road. His complexion is slate color and hair and mustache a dark gray; he is tall, comports himself like a soldier and has a pleasing address. Henry still wears his clod-hoppers at 73, and says he can see a boll weevil as far as any man, but is wise enough to try corn and wheat."

Pomp Lovejoy: "Faithful standby janitor of the N., C. & St. L. passenger depot for 37 years. He swears he never used an oath or an alcoholic beverage. Is a native of Floyd Springs and resides in 'Tim-buck-too,' where he has a fine home."

Mack Madison: "An old-time farmer who can always get together a mess of vittles like ham, cracklin' bread, pot licker and turnip greens, in spite of the boll weevil and potato bugs. He is a shy old rascal, and when he comes to town, which is not often, he keeps out of the way of the police. If you eye him too closely or try to question him, he gets off like a rabbit through a brier patch. He has a sweet tooth, so keeps a bee gum, and is as industrious as anybody in the hive. Once he ignored a summons to court, and two officers brought him in. Asked by a friend why he finally went, he said his legs got in motion and his body had to go too."

West McCoy: "Retired plasterer; uncertain age. He winks out of one eye because he has lost the other. He sits around on garbage boxes and holds out his hand for a penny, saying, 'It takes only 100 to make a dollar.'"

Pomp Moseley: "Lives with his wife, Lucy, 72, in South Rome. Always connected with the furniture business, and he hung many a shade and stretched many a carpet before the days of rugs and waxed floors. He carries his age of 76 as lightly as a man of 40, and withal is as quiet and polite as a basket of chips, being one of the Shorter slaves. He carries a yard stick for a cane, to advertise his business."

Carrie Mullen: "Lives on Gibson Street and is 80 and highly respected."

Flora Payne: "Cook for the Wade S. Cothran family. Long since gone to her reward."

Harrison Payne: "Retired teamster; occasionally is seen at the curb market with his spring wagon full of vegetables at reasonable prices. His nag is an old-fashioned high stepper, but now somewhat broken down."

Hamp Pentecost: "The bodyguard of Col. Chas. M. Harper during the Civil War. He was one of the blue-blooded darkeys of Rome, having belonged to Col. Shorter, and was faithful to the last. For a long time he was assistant boss of Ed. L. Bosworth's dray line, and could always be depended upon."

Taylor E. R. Persons: "Died at the age of 72. He was discovered in 1882 by City Clerk M. A. Nevin, who re-

quisitioned his services to fight cobwebs and dust at the old City Hall, and to plaster up rat holes. He was a stout darkey and was often called upon by the police to help put an unruly character into the 'jug.' He made such a favorable impression upon Rev. Jas. W. Lee that when Dr. Lee was transferred in 1885 to the pastorate of the Trinity Methodist church in Atlanta he made a special trip to Rome and borrowed Taylor to fill a sexton's place. Taylor did not come back to Rome until Dr. Lee tried to take him to Missouri. On returning, he assumed his old posion, and when the City Hall was moved to its present location, he went along, and served there until age caused him to be 'let out.' He took a vacation once in 1898, and remained away until after the Spanish-American War, where he acquired quite a military presence. It gave him great pleasure to crack his heels together and salute any of the white folks who asked him a favor; and he was well cared for in his old age. He was a pillar in the Upper Broad Street Colored Methodist Episcopal church."

Jim Ponder: "Has been dead about 20 years. Used to haul slops from the Battey Infirmary. He was a sort of doctor among his people; buried buzzards in large frying pans, and when the grease ran out used it to cure rheumatism."

Tol Reed: "Had a white beard and could cover lots of ground. His nephew was hanged near the old Rome railroad above the Southern crossing about 1900, and he was run out of Rome and is supposed to have died in Atlanta. He sometimes went by the name of Dr. Potter. He was a mortar mixer and boasted loudly that he helped build the Armstrong Hotel. His hobby was fine horseflesh, on which he was an authority."

Alice Richardson: "Resident of Pennington Avenue."

Anna Richardson: "Once residing in West Rome, but moved away to a better opportunity in Atlanta."

Palmer Rix: "Retired from farming to gardening; aged 76, and still active on his trade. He resides near the Oostanaula on West Second Street, to the height of where the stream when it is too full does not quite reach and disturb his comforts."

Andy Robinson: "Aged 90 and resides at 605 W. Second Street. He remembers the founders of Rome and the Indian chiefs; says Col. Chas. H. Nelson gave passes to Ross and Ridge and moved 500 Indians from Cave Spring to Red River, Ark., in wagons."

Augustus Sams: "Business is woodchopper and age about 80. He chops wood all around the country, and for the want of a conveyance sometimes walks to Cedartown for a job, and then walks back. He will not quit chopping wood except to go 'possum hunting or to eat a watermelon. He wears a black felt hat with a curve in it, only needs a turkey feather to make him look like a Dutch admiral; and he carries his lunch in a crocus sack. He has a keen sense of humor, but occasionally when outraged rears back on his dignity like an angry porcupine."

Mary Sheppard: "Aged 80; resides on Blossom Hill."

"Mink" Sims: "A darkey of 25 years ago who hunted and fished a great deal, but was never known to hit a lick of work. He used to sing a song that started 'Rabbit and the Hash,' and which brought in the polecat, the jaybird and the other birds and animals of the menagerie."

"Tip" Smith: "Passed to the other world Jan. 25, 1911, at the age of 77. He was an old slave who had belonged to Maj. Chas. H. Smith ('Bill Arp'). After he got his freedom, he took up the trade of carpet and mattress stretcher and house cleaner, and made a very useful citizen. He hung shades, did wall-papering and generally helped many a housewife of Rome. At entertainments he was indispensable, whether it was freezing the pineapple sherbet or handing the guests their hats and coats; and many a grateful Roman said if he could have 'Tip' around at the final trumpet call, he would not bother to summon an undertaker. 'Tip' lived in peace and African plenitude on the gentle slopes of Blossom Hill."

Martha Stevenson: "She is short and dark and wears a turban. For a long time she cooked for Mrs. Seaborn Wright, then served Mrs. Bessie B. Troutman at Pope's Ferry, then was cooking for Mrs. Robt. Battey when Mrs. Battey died and now is indispensable at Mrs. Evan P. Harvey's. She is nigh onto 75 and spry as a cricket, but occasionally complains of the misery in her side."

Mark Taylor: "Veteran barber, long since dead. Ned Huggins started with him as a bootblack, and he trained many others in the tonsorial art. Mark never used vulgarity or profanity, nor would he allow any roughhouse in his shop."

"Shem" Thomas: "Not particularly old, but exceedingly old-fashioned. Janitor at Darlington School. Though not a millionaire, he gave $25 to the Greater Darlington Endowment Fund in 1922. He is sure to pass through the pearly gates."

"Uncle Towns:" Never seemed to have any other name, but worked many years around yard and flower garden of the I. D. Fords on Second Avenue. He wore a heavy gray beard, and his old back was bent from much cutting of grass and pruning of shrubs. He bore a closer resemblance to a certain large creature of the jungle than anybody in Rome. His fondness for little children was well known, but such as he didn't like he would scarce with a fiendish grin."

Lewis Venable: "The male cook of Dr. and Mrs. Robt. Battey on First Avenue. Every time the Rome railroad trains would pass, Lewis would climb to the barn roof, dressed in a Japanese gown, with a crimson sash around his waist and a feather-decorated silk hat on his head. Thus arrayed, he would dance to the delight of train crew and passengers. He has long ago gone to his Heavenly Master. He was hired by the Venable family of Atlanta before coming to Rome."

Annie Walker: "About 80; lives on Reservoir Street."

Caleb Walker: "Perhaps the oldest person in Rome; born in 1824, as well as he remembers, and is consequently 98. He began to feel a bit old last year, and cut him a hickory stick in the neighborhood of his home at 114 Chambers Street, Sixth Ward; but he can get about like a cricket when he sees greenback or coin for light carpentry work. He has always been fair and square, and is thoroughly confirmed in his ways of thrift and honesty. He claims to have been a soldier in 1864 and 1865, though in just what capacity he does not make clear."

William Walker: "Not less than 80, but gets about like a man of 45. He is a retired plasterer and his earthly home is in Hell's Hollow. He says he has mixed lots of Etowah River sand and slack lime for buildings in Rome, has always served the Lord and expects to make the acquaintance of St. Peter instead of the devil."

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DEBTS OF LONG AGO.—Members of the City Commission and others who speak in whispers of Rome's awful $40,000 overdraft might do well to peek into the records for the year 1875, when $450,000 hung above the heads of the city fathers like the quivering Sword of Damocles. Included in this was $100,000 in Memphis Branch Railroad bonds; $100,000 in North and South Railroad bonds; $107,500 in water works bonds; $65,000 in currency bonds; $32,000 in floating debt bonds; and accrued interest making up the balance. In 1877 and 1878 this debt had been reduced to $337,100, and in 1884 it stood at $312,000. The annual income from all sources in 1888 was about $60,000 and expenses under prudent management about the same.

Says an old clipping of 1888: "Since the new bonds were issued in 1877, never has the city been an hour in default in meeting her interest. Every obligation to creditors has been promptly met, and so firm is the standing of the city in the financial world that not even her 5 per cent bonds can be purchased at less than par, and her other bonds command from 1.06 to 1.16.

"A large part of our city debt arises from investments in railroads that were never built. The hearts of Rome's people always went out to those who proposed to develop her resources and asked her aid. To say that she was imposed upon is putting it lightly. But she has never faltered; she has cheerfully undertaken to pay this $200,000 for which she has never received one dollar's benefit, and now goes on to fight greater battles. Victory has crowned her on every field, and still beckons her on."

* * *

DESOTO, SUBURB OF.—Named after Ferdinand DeSoto, Spanish cavalier, who is supposed to have pitched camp on the spot in June, 1540, for about 30 days. Located west of Rome proper and across the Oostanaula River. The heart of it is known as the Fourth Ward, containing about 160 acres of land, most or all of which was owned up to 1835 by John Ross, the Indian chief, then became the property of Jno. B. Winfrey. Mr. Winfrey sold 60 of the 160 acres to Dan'l. R. Mitchell and 60 to Col. Alfred Shorter. The part bought by Col. Shorter contained the John Ross home, which stood in the rear of the site of the J. M. Bradshaw home at 505 Fifth Avenue. To the Ross house in 1845 Col. Shorter brought the J. M. M. Caldwells, and they taught school there for some time prior to establishment of the Rome Female College on Eighth Avenue.



PRACTICAL LESSONS IN DEMOCRACY.

Here are views which will demonstrate that Berry School boys work hard and fruitfully. Miss Martha says the sons of the rich must eventually profit by the wholesomeness of some form of manual labor. At the top is the Mountain Farm school for small boys, who are seen in the oval; the lake, the cow barn, the well-drilled milkers and a Ford tractor in a furrowed field are also presented.

DeSoto was once a separate town from Rome, and came into the city corporation under an act of the Legislature of 1884-5 which abolished its charter. Most of the DeSotans fought inclusion strenuously, and to win out, Rome was forced to grant liberal tax and improvement concessions. The contract in the bill was drawn by Attorney J. I. Wright, of the law firm of Alexander & Wright. It provided that no saloon license should ever be granted in DeSoto. The population then was about 500, and now it is estimated at about five times that figure. The land is flat and low, and the citizens handle themselves very nimbly when the rivers overflow.

DeSoto has furnished some of Rome's leading citizens. It was the birthplace of Milford W. Howard, of Los Angeles, Cal., formerly Congressman from Fort Payne, Ala., who used to wield a powerful axe in the forests nearby that he might sell wood and complete his education. Its mayor for several terms was D. R. Mitchell, the grocer, who was a nephew of Col. Danl. R. Mitchell, one of the founders of Rome. J. H. Lanham was once the postmaster.

DeSoto (or the Fourth Ward) contains Hamilton Athletic Field; the North Georgia Fair Grounds; the Trinity Methodist Church (founded by Rev. Sam P. Jones); the Jones residence; the Fifth Avenue Baptist and Second Christian churches; the Fourth Ward Public School, and the homes of J. A. Glover and Mrs. Hiram Hill, also a thriving business section on Fifth Avenue at the Oostanaula River bridge. The Stone Quarry hill, Summerville Road, was used by the Confederates and was known as Fort Attaway.

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ELKS' CLUB (B. P. O. E.)—Rome Lodge No. 694 was organized July 25, 1901, and surrendered its charter June 14, 1918. Its motto was "Fidelity, brotherly love, justice." At one time it boasted a membership of 250. At the time of ceasing operations, it had the following names on the "Red, White and Blue Roll:"

A. A. Antognoli	Isaac May
A. E. Anderson	Geo. H. Magruder
J. P. Broyles	J. D. McCartney
W. T. Brown	Robt. H. McGinnis
Hiram M. Bobo	R. V. Mitchell
Wesley O. Connor,	Wm. J. Nunnally
J. S. Cleghorn	R. Sewell
J. Ed. Camp	Ray G. Stewart
W. M. Carey	Hart H. Smith
Lloyd Damron	Joe H. Sulzbacher
Paul Duke	Joe Spiegelberg
Wm. H. Ennis	Wm. Siglin
Augustus A. Fite	W. J. Shaw
E. A. Green, P. E.	Roy R. West
John M. Good	A. C. Williamson
F. L. Godwin	R. H. West
Nathan Harris	Phil S. Wilby
Horace C. Johnson	Moses Wright
J. N. King	Ben Watts
Clifton H. Lansdell	R. W. Watts
Moultrie S. Lanier	Arthur West

The death roll showed the following names: 1903—Maj. Wm. A. Patton, Sr., and Gordon Tatum; 1904—J. H. Sanders; 1905—J. W. Grant; 1906—Halsted Smith, Sr.; 1907—M. C. White, J. C. Lewis, Wm. J. West; 1909—C. N. Patterson; 1910—Mark G. McDonald, Robt. Yancey and J. H. Roberson; 1911—E. B. Marshall, J. L. Young, W. B. Everett, B. F. A. Saylor and C. A. Woods; 1912—M. B. Gerry, Wurts W. Bowie, A. S. Gresham, W. Chinnick, Gordon Wheeler; 1914—Dr. Thos. R. Garlington; 1915—J. Lindsay Johnson, Sr., Arthur R. Sullivan, Jr.; 1916—Thos. Evins; 1917—N. J. Steele; 1918—Geo. H. Magruder.

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FIRE COMPANIES IN 1888.—"The fire department of the city of Rome consists of three companies: Rainbow Steam Fire Engine Co. No. 1, Mountain City Steam Fire Engine Co. No. 2, and Citizens' Hook & Ladder Co. No. 1. The membership of the whole is 165 men—the most gallant and courageous in the city. As an illustration of their promptness and discipline, an instance is characteristic of the department: An old fire trap in the rear of a saddle shop on Broad Street, containing about 2,500 bundles of fodder, caught fire, and whilst all the ends of the bundles were burned, not a whole bundle was destroyed. The work of extinguishment was done so quickly by one company that the other company, 400 yards off, was cut out from fire plugs and could not throw any water upon the fire, much to their chagrin. Each of these rival companies accuses the other of keeping men at the reel houses, ready to turn out for a fire. Further proof of their gallantry and skill is seen in the fact that the actual losses from fire in the city of Rome have not averaged $1,500 per year for the last ten years. This fact is the more remarkable because it is a volunteer department, the members themselves bearing a goodly share of the expenses of their organizations. Not a single Georgia pine building of one story has burned to the ground in 15 years. In 1884 the fire loss was

$2,580; in 1885, $167, and in 1886, $6,780.

"Each of the companies has substantial trophies of the victories gained in speed contests abroad, and no city in the country can show as effective a fire service by any paid department." —Tribune of Rome, Anniversary and Trade Number, Oct. 2, 1888.

* * *

FIRESIDE DEFENDERS.—This Civil War company was organized Aug. 4, 1861, at Spring (or Silver) Creek, near Lindale, by Robt. H. Jones, who later became a wagon and buggy manufacturer at Cartersville. There were 95 original members and 26 recruits; total, 121. Mrs. John Reese sent the boys away with a stirring speech and the gift of a beautiful flag. She was well qualified for this duty, as may be judged by an incident of a few years before. Mrs. Reese was the wife of a well-known physician; as a girl she was Elizabeth Hills, granddaughter of old Dennis Hills, a "down East Yankee" from Leominster, Mass. She was sent to school in New England at the age of fifteen. One day in chapel or class a teacher addressed the pupils on the subject of slavery in the South. "The Southern people," declared the teacher, "drive the poor negro to the plow, and shut him up in a crib and feed him raw corn."

Little Miss Elizabeth jumped to her feet, her face aflame with indignation, and cried, "That is a lie!" She was allowed to return home to continue her studies, and she became one of the most steadfast advocates of the Southern cause.

By way of putting fire into the Fireside Defenders, Miss Elizabeth said:

"Soldiers of the Fireside Defenders: On behalf of the ladies of Silver Creek and vicinity I am before you today to ask the acceptance of this flag. You are all aware that every nation on earth has its ensign. This, my brave friends, is the ensign of the Southern Confederate States of America. It is needless for me to retrospect the history of this nation, to tell you why the flag of the Union no longer floats over the land of sunshine and flowers or why the crashing of musketry and the booming of cannon is heard in our border states. Suffice it to say that our cause is a just one, and on presenting these colors to you, you have a testimony of the spirit which governs the women of the South.

"Be assured we disdain as much as yourselves the idea of becoming slaves to the oppressors of our land, and should it become necessary there is not a free woman in the Southern Confederacy who would not dispute the ground inch by inch, and who would not die in the cause of liberty and justice.

"To you as the first agents in the hands of an all-wise Father we consign these colors. Never, never, my friends, permit it to trail in the dust; never lower the flag in servile submission to the ruthless invaders of our homes, our liberties and our most sacred rights; never furl these ample folds, not until liberty shall be perched upon this banner.

"There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations. He it is who will give might to your arms in the deadly strife. The battle is not to the strong in numbers alone. It is to the just, to the right, to the brave. Oh, do not permit our enemies to forge chains to bind in degradation our posterity. With hearts within and God overhead, press onward higher and higher. Wave these colors, and that God in whom we trust may permit every soldier of the Fireside Defenders to return under the protection of this banner is our prayer to God. We shall rise incessantly in your behalf and we entreat you to yield your hearts and lives into His charge, and if it be your doom, as it has been for many near and dear to us, to meet death on the battlefield, in a nation's heart shall be written your epitaph, 'History shall prolong, posterity shall bless the valiant arms and noble spirits who fought, bled and died to purchase for us liberty and freedom.'

Oh, flag of the South, still thy way,
Undimmed the ages untold,
Over earth's proud nations the stars display
Like morning's radiant changes unfold;
Oh, flag of Dixie's noble band,
Oh, flag of the South, still peerless, shine,
O'er earth, remotest lands expand,
Till every heart and hand entwine!

The Fireside Defenders went to camp twelve days after they were organized. Their first stop was Big Shanty, Cobb County, now known as Kennesaw. Thence they went into training at Columbus, and thence to the front in Virginia. They became Company G, 22d Georgia Regiment of Infantry, and Capt. Jones, their commanding officer, was advanced to colonel of the regiment.

At the surrender April 9, 1865, at Appomattox, Va., the following members laid down their arms:

Capt. G. W. Thomas, Sergt. W. B. Judkins, and Privates J. W. Judkins, Jno. S. Black, Wm. Morris, Ephraim Morris, Jason Morris, Wm. J. and T. N. Vincent, H. N. and Alfonzo Queen, Jos. A. Sharp, Wm. M. Gossett, Wm. A. Witcher, E. E. Burkhalter, Wm. R. Mountcastle, J. M. Fuller, J. W. Miller, I. N. Teat, T. J. Gossett, W. J. Pope.

Starting in 1895, the survivors held annual reunions at the Primitive Baptist Church (now the First Presbyterian) at Lindale. On this occasion they were addressed by Paul Reese, son of Dr. and Mrs. Reese. Capt. Harry P. Meikleham, superintendent of the Massachusetts Mills at Lindale, gave them a bit of ground 10 feet square, on which they erected a monument which bears the names of the company's officers. Capt. Meikleham also stands for a yearly barbecue, but there are only three or four left to eat it now, and they include Jos. A. Sharp and Wm. J. Vincent, of Rome.

* * *

FLOYD.—(From the Rome News, Wednesday, April 6, 1921.)—Floyd County was named for Gen. Jno. Floyd because his Indian victories made it possible for white men to settle in comparative safety in the region around Rome, according to Judge Junius F. Hillyer, who has furnished the following sketch on this intrepid leader, after an exhaustive search of books.

"Gen. Floyd was born in South Carolina, came to Georgia early in life, and settled in Camden County, where he died June 27, 1829. His father was Capt. Chas. Floyd, a conspicuous soldier in the Revolutionary War, who wore on the front of his helmet a silver crescent with the inscription, 'Liberty or Death.'*

"Gen. Floyd was a member of the Georgia Legislature in 1803. Among his associates in that body were James Jackson, John Milledge and Josiah Tatnall. Tatnall County, Jackson County and Milledgeville in the state of Georgia bear respectively the names of these, his associates, and Floyd County bears his name.

"He was elected to Congress from Georgia in 1826, and served two years. He was appointed brigadier general of the Georgia Militia in 1803. His service with this command established his reputation for military skill and inflexible patriotism. On one occasion the savages surprised a fort where 300 men, women and children, except 17, were cruelly put to death. Gen. Floyd was recognized as the proper man to suppress and avenge such wrongs. Accordingly, Gov. Peter Early selected him to command the Georgia troops in an expedition against the Creeks and Choctaw Indians, who for some time had been troubling helpless frontier settlements of Georgia and Alabama. Co-operating with Gen. Andrew Jackson, he waged a destructive war against the savages, who were defeated and permanently dispersed with great loss. The three famous battles of this campaign were fought at Autossee, Tallassee and Camp Defiance in Alabama. In one of these battles Gen. Floyd was severely wounded, but refused to retire from the field. His civic honors furnished proof of the high esteem in which he was held by his contemporaries. His success in the military service to which he was appointed fully vindicated the judgment of Gov. Early in making the appointment. The ability he displayed more than sustained his reputation and at the same time illustrated the energy and force of his character.

"As a private citizen, Gen. Floyd is accredited to us by the historians as a man of lofty ideals and unspotted integrity, unscrupulous in moral distinctions, honest with a warm and generous nature. His military success no doubt contributed to the peaceful termination of Georgia's Indian problems. Soon after, in 1829, as stated. Gen. Floyd died; and then in 1833, the Georgia Legislature, as was fit, gave to Floyd County his name. It was eminently appropriate that the newly-made county, carved out of Georgia territory, should bear the name of Floyd, after her battle-scarred hero, whose recent victories had redeemed that territory from the Indian peril, thereby as if by magic transforming a semi-barbarous frontier into a veritable Arcadia of civilization, and capitalizing its dormant treasures into untold millions of wealth for its denizens and the commonwealth at large.

"The citizens of Floyd County are justly proud of their county because of its intrinsic merits; its incomparable situation and climate; its natural and acquired resources; and of its honorable history. The county hopefully faces the dawn of a new era, in which it is to solve greater problems and win

*Now in the possession of a grandson several times removed, Wm. G. McAdoo, of New York, formerly Secretary of the Treasury, and son-in-law of Woodrow Wilson.



A PEEK AT THE BERRY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

At top, mountain lassies at old-fashioned spinning wheels, and below, making rugs at the looms; boys building a house for the girls; the greenhouse; in oval, Miss Ida M. Tarbell and Miss Martha Berry, with students; at bottom, the rustic chapel, designed by a neighborhood character who thus expressed his interest in this seat of learning; the dining halls, which seat about 200.

greater victories, in which its honored name is to put on new luster and to become more and more glorious."

The Weekly Georgian, Savannah, printed the following squib under date of Saturday, July 6, 1839: "The late Gen. John Floyd.—The intelligence of the death of Gen. John Floyd has been received in this city. At one period of his life Gen. Floyd had the honor of representing his state in the Congress of the Union, and was always respected and esteemed in every station which his confiding fellow citizens invited him to occupy."

Officers of the First Regiment of Savannah, John Millen, chairman, and Jno. W. Anderson, secretary, passed resolutions of respect under date of July 3, 1839.

Gen. Floyd served in the Twentieth Congress, 1827-9, with Tomlinson Fort, Chas. E. Haynes, Wiley Thompson, Richard Henry Wilds, Wilson Lumpkin and Geo. R. Gilmer, the last two of whom as Governors of Georgia fought hard for the removal of the Indians to the West.

Lucian L. Knight, in Vol. II, Georgia's Landmarks, Memorials and Legends (ps. 27-28) tells of a famous duel fought by Gen. Floyd with a Mr. Hopkins in Camden County. Mr. Hopkins had been challenged, so it was his right under the existent code to name the weapons, and he stipulated that they should first shoot from a distance with shotguns, and if that did not bring a conclusion they would advance with pistols, and if that failed, they would fight with their Bowie knives. At the first or second stage Mr. Hopkins was so badly wounded that the duel was halted. Gen. Floyd's sons, Gen. Chas. L. Floyd and Captain Richard S. Floyd, also fought duels.

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FLOYD COUNTY LEGISLATORS.

(From the State Department of History, Atlanta.)

Members of the State Senate: 1833-35, James Hemphill; 1836, William Smith; 1837, James Wells; 1838, William Smith; 1839-40, Joseph Watters; 1841-43, William Smith.

From 1845 to 1853, there was a grouping of counties into districts (old system), and Floyd was put in the Forty-Seventh District. There were four Senators during this period, two of whom were from Floyd: 1845-6, Thomas C. Hackett; 1851-2, Joseph Watters.

From 1853 to 1861 there was a return to the former basis of representation, each county electing a Senator: 1853-4, Jesse Lamberth; 1855-8, Terrence McGuire; 1859-60, Daniel S. Printup.

Since 1861 Floyd has been in the Forty-Second District, and during this time she has furnished the following Senators: 1861-2, D. R. Mitchell; 1865-6, C. H. Smith ("Bill Arp"); 1868-72, John T. Burns; 1877, James R. Gamble; 1880-1, R. T. Fouche; 1886-7, L. A. Dean; 1888-9, James W. Harris; 1890-1, W. T. Irwin; 1898-9, R. T. Fouche; 1905-6, W. S. McHenry; 1911-12, W. H. Ennis; 1917-18, R. A. Denny; 1922-23, Jno. Camp Davis.

Members of the House: 1833, John Ellis; 1835, John H. Lumpkin; 1836, John Ellis; 1837-8, Jesse Lamberth; 1839-40, A. J. Liddell, Wesley Shropshire; 1841, Philip W. Hemphill, Alfred Brown; 1842, A. Tabor Hardin, John Townsend; 1843, Jeremiah L. McArver, A. Tabor Hardin; 1845, Nathan Yarbrough; 1847, Wm. T. Price; 1849-50, Isaac N. Culbertson; 1851-2, Wm. T. Price; 1853-4, M. H. Haynie; 1855-6, W. B. Terhune, M. H. Haynie; 1857-8, J. W. H. Underwood (Speaker), W. R. Webster; 1859, Thos. W. Alexander, Z. B. Hargrove; 1861-2, Z. B. Hargrove, Geo. S. Black; 1863-4, Melville Dwinell, Kinchin Rambo; 1865, G. W. Thomas, W. A. Woods; 1868-72, Dr. M. R. Ballenger, Dunlap Scott; 1873-4, Jno. R. Towers, Fielding Hight; 1875-6, John W. Turner, D. B. Hamilton; 1877, Jno. R. Freeman, John H. Reece; 1878-9, A. J. King, John H. Reece; 1880-1, John W. Turner, Seaborn Wright; 1882-3, Seaborn Wright, W. G. Foster, Walker W. Brookes; 1884-5, J. Lindsay Johnson, J. W. Turner, J. M. Walker; 1886-7, J. M. Walker, C. N. Featherston, Richard A. Denny; 1888-9, J. W. Turner, J. W. Ewing, J. Lindsay Johnson; 1890-1, J. W. Turner, W. C. Bryan, John J. Seay; 1892-3, E. P. Price, W. C. Bryan, W. J. Neel; 1894-5, John H. Reece, Robt. T. Fouche, Moses Wright; 1896-7, Jas. B. Nevin, J. H. Reece, Wm. H. Ennis; 1898-9, Richard A. Denny, J. Lindsay Johnson, W. C. Bryan; 1900-1, Jno. C. Foster, W. A. Knowles, Seaborn Wright; 1902-3, W. S. McHenry, W. A. Knowles, Wm. H. Ennis; 1905-6, G. B. Holder, Claude H. Porter, Seaborn Wright; 1907-8, Seaborn Wright, Linton A. Dean, R. L. Chamblee; 1909-10, Claude H. Porter, G. B. Holder, Barry Wright; 1911-12, John C. Foster, G. D. Anderson, Walter Harris; 1913-14, John C. Foster, Barry Wright, W. J. Nunnally; 1915-16, G. D. Anderson,

John W. Bale, A. W. Findley; 1917-18, John W. Bale, Seaborn Wright, James W. Russell; 1919-20, John W. Bale, Harper Hamilton, R. H. Copeland; 1921-2, Harper Hamilton, Jno. Camp Davis, Jas. W. Salmon; 1923-4, Lee J. Langley, Jas. P. Jones, J. Scott Davis.

* * *

FLOYD INFANTRY. — Organized at Rome in March, 1861, by Jno. Frederick Cooper, son of Hon. Mark Anthony Cooper, of Cass County, and father of J. Paul Cooper, of Rome, and Walter G. Cooper, of Atlanta. It started with 46 men; good-byes were said May 10, 1861, for the boys were going straight to Virginia.

An item in The Courier said: "The Infantry were escorted to the station by the other companies then forming. The train moved off amid the cheers of the crowd and the thunders of artillery."

The original officers follow: Captain, Jno. F. Cooper; first lieutenant, D. C. Hargrove; second, John H. Reece; third, R. W. Echols; first sergeant, Harvey M. Langston; second, G. G. Martin; third, Henry Burns; fourth, L. P. Bryant; fifth, John Osley; first corporal, T. B. Moore; second, J. P. Duke; third, Harvey Shackelford; fourth, Henry Cohen. Before the company left, D. C. Hargrove joined the Light Guards, and was killed July 21, 1861, at the First Battle of Manassas.

Equipment was poor, and only 46 of the following 74 privates went out with the first contingent: Wm. T. Allen, J. D. Alton, Joel Bagwell, B. P. Barker, T. J. Barber, Frank Bean, R. O. Beavers, Jr., Wm. Bishop, Julius Borck, W. C. Brantley, J. J. Buchanan, J. M. Burns, F. M. Burrow, J. L. Callahan, W. J. Chastain, M. E. Cooper, Howell Davis, W. J. Drennon, J. H. Drummond, J. H. Dunn, J. H. Echols, T. C. Estes, L. H. Farmer, L. J. Farmer, B. L. Ford, M. B. Formby, W. E. Fowler, A. J. Cordon, J. M. Cordon, J. M. Green, Geo. W. Griffith, W. A. Hammett, A. W. Harshaw, Wm. Henderson, W. Henderson, W. J. Hidle, W. R. Hidle, J. L. Holbrook, F. N. Hopkins, J. D. Hubbard, Adolphus Jonas, C. D. Lumpkin, Edward Maness, J. F. Mandry, A. F. Manning, T. R. Martin, Wm. McGuire, T. M. McKinney, L. Morrow, S. J. Nowlin, J. H. Overby, F. A. Owings, John Padget, J. L. Phillips, D. A. Pool, G. B. Quarles, A. J. Reed, John Reeves, C. B. Rogers, J. W. Selman, J. P. Smith, W. A. Smith, Geo. Somers, J. B. Stallings, J. H. Steadman, R. M. Stephens, H. A. Stone, Jack Tate, G. M. Tolbert, J. T. Wamack, R. I. H. Warren, A. White, F. R. Woodel, Thos. Wright.

Among the Manassas casualties were W. T. Chastain, George Martin, A. W. Harshaw, F. M. Mandry, J. T. Warmack and J. H. Dunn, killed; Capt. Cooper, Oswell B. Eve and Thos. J. Hills, mortally wounded. Capt. Cooper was shot in the knee or the leg, and refused to submit to amputation. Complications set in and he died several weeks later at Culpepper, Va. Mr. Hills died about two weeks after the battle. He had been superintendent of the Sunday School at Running Waters,* the John Ridge place north of Rome.

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FORREST MONUMENT.—Broad Street at Second Avenue; about 20 feet high, with reduced figure of Gen. Forrest at top. Presented to Rome by the United Daughters of the Confederacy, assisted by other organizations, and unveiled Friday, Apr. 23, 1909, by Sarah Elizabeth Bass; presentation speech by Judge Jno. W. Maddox; acceptance by Mayor Thos. W. Lipscomb; prayer by Rev. C. B. Hudgins, rector of St. Luke's Episcopal church, and Rev. Chas. C. Jarrell, pastor of the First Methodist church; present: Governor-elect Jos. M. Brown, Congressman Jas. A. Tawney (Minn.), Jno. A. Moon (Tenn.), Jno. L. Burnett (Ala.) and Gordon Lee (Ga.). The monument inscriptions feature the capture of Gen. Abel D. Streight's force Sunday, May 3, 1863, at Lawrence, Ala., by a handful of men under Gen. Forrest, and the march of the prisoners to Rome.

* * *

FORT JACKSON RESERVOIR.—When the old waterworks system built by the Nobles, consisting of the pumping station near Fourth Avenue and the N., C. & St. L. railroad and the tower on Neely School Hill, was abandoned, the modern reservoir on Ft. Jackson and the pumping station a mile below on the Oostanaula River were constructed. This work was done in 1892 and 1893 while Sam S. King, Sr., was mayor, and Louis J. Wagner was City Engineer in charge. Wm. J. Griffin was chairman of the waterworks committee, made up of Chas. W.

*Rome's Sunday School superintendents have met with sad fates in war. Geo. T. Stovall, of the First Methodist, was killed at First Manassas, and A. Walton Shanklin, head of the same institution in 1917, was killed in France in 1918 as a soldier of the World War. apt. Melville winell, who preceded Mr. Stovall as superintendent, came out unscathed.

Underwood and W. H. Steele in 1892 and of J. F. McClure and Wm. A. ("Blue Billy") Wright in 1893. The filter plant was opened for use Jan. 27, 1900. The original cost was $20,000.

City Manager Sam S. King furnishes the following information:

The Fort Jackson plant has been increased steadily until it is made up of seven filters; one 2,000,000-gallon settlement basin; one 1,000,000-gallon settlement basin; one 500,000-gallon clear water basin; one emergency stand pipe of 18,000 gallons (the city clock tower); two 2,000,000-gallon compressed steam pumps; one 4,500,000-gallon electric drum centrifugal pump; 36 miles of cast-iron water mains; 269 hydrants for the fire department's use; 3,200 water services (individual and company taps, etc.); also chlorine apparatus, alum tanks, pumps and other necessary apparatus.

Sam M. Frye is the superintendent at Fort Jackson reservoir, and Jno. T. Sessler is the engineer in charge of the pumping station at the Oostanaula River. Both are constantly on their jobs to give Rome one of the best flows of pure water to be found anywhere. The Municipal swimming pool near the jail puts an extra tax upon the apparatus, but the officials say they can stand the racket. If it were not for the pool, perhaps, more water would be needed to bathe the children at home.

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FOSTER'S INFANTRY.—This Civil War organization was formed in Floyd County down the Coosa River by Col. W. Green Foster in 1861. The following account is taken from a Rome Tribune account of about 1910:

"A feature of the recent Memorial Day in Rome was the tattered old battle-flag carried by the thin gray line of veterans. The flag's dingy folds show a crimson stain, the blood of one of the color bearers, who fell, shot dead, across the flag.

"The colors were carried through the war by Co. D of the 65th Georgia. This was the company and regiment of Col. W. G. Foster. That officer enlisted in 1861, and was made second lieutenant. Later he became captain. In 1862 there was a reorganization into six companies of infantry and six of cavalry, which were called Smith's Legion of the First Georgia, Partisan Rangers.

"In 1863, after the campaign through Kentucky, there was again a reorganization, and they were assigned to Walker's division of the 65th Georgia, and later still to Cheatham's division, Gist's brigade. The general was killed at Franklin, Tenn., and then Col. Foster was put in command of the brigade and remained in this position until the surrender. He was in line for the rank of brigadier general, but never received his commission.

"The hardest fighting of the regiment was at Franklin, Tenn., where the color bearers were killed. After the first fall, Col. Foster picked up the colors and was almost instantly shot through the arm, and the staff of the flag was shot off. Private Davis then picked up the colors, and carried them along until the flag was stuck on the breastworks captured by the regiment.

"At the surrender the color-bearer tore the colors from the staff, and stuffed them in his boot, thus keeping possession of them. They are still in the possession of the surviving members of the company, and are an object of reverence to all, and especially to those who know of their history.

"The company and regiment saw much hard fighting in this vicinity. Its roster included many familiar names, some of whom are still living, and others whose memory is perpetuated by their descendants. The general engamenets of the regiment and the roll of Company D follows:

Perryville, Ky., Big Creek Gap, Tenn., and Snake Creek Gap, Tenn., 1862; Chickamauga, Ga., Missionary Ridge, Tenn., Ringgold, Ga., (Nov. 27), 1863; Mill Creek Gap (May 9), Dug Creek Gap (May 8), Resaca, Ga. (May 15), Lay's Ferry (May 15), New Hope Church, Pickett's Mill (May 27), Allatoona, Ga. (Oct. 5), Kennesaw Mt. (June 27), capture of Degress' Battery (July 7), Franklin, Tenn. (Dec. 1), Nashville, Tenn. (Dec. 15), 1864; surrendered at Greensboro, N. C., 1865.

Officers: Captain, W. Green Foster; first lieutenant, J. F. Morton; second lieutenant, F. T. Griffin; third lieutenant, A. C. Hawkins; orderly sergeant, H. Hammond; second sergeant, C. V. pass; third sergeant, H. P. Crossman; fourth sergeant, J. P. McDonald; corporals, H. V. Bruce, J. W. McDonald, Jos. Davis, J. L. Worthington.

Privates: A. D. Anderson, D. D. Anderson, S. J. Anderson, L. H. Austin, M. Alfred, J. W. H. Burnes, F. Brewer, D. M. Coleman, J. E. Cook, I. Chapman, F. A. Chapman, C. Cordle, D. P. Copeland, W. H. Collier, R. C.

Cox, E. Carter, H. Carter, W. M. Crocker, E. M. Dyer, Jno. Davis, B. M. Davenport, Jos. Espy, J. H. English, Thomas Edge, W. M. Fincher, A. V. Ford, C. Green, R. S. Glasgow, V. A. C. Harbin, J. N. Hendricks, Eli Hubbard, J. T. Holtzclaw, W. D. Hawkins, T. J. Harris, J. V. Huff, R. Jackson, D. J. Kenney, W. M. King, J. A. Lyons, J. D. Lynch, W. A. Martin, D. A. Miller, Eli Miller, A. P. Milam, T. Maroney, W. Nelson, P. M. Nelson, R. F. Patman, F. M. Penson, W. D. Penson, W. Phelps, W. C. D. Phelps, J. L. Reese, J. J. Reese, Isaac Ramsey, H. A. Roe, W. T. Selman, J. J. Smith, W. T. Strickland, Charles Snow, W. R. Shipley, R. Sherwood, Jno. Talley, T. J. Wortham, F. M. Watters, J. W. Watters, S. B. Worthington, J. H. Worthington, C. Worthington, Robt. Worthington, John Worthington, Jack Worthington, Samuel Worthington, G. B. Whitehead, F. W. Young, T. V. Young, S. H. Zuber, J. B. Zuber, J. L. Gravit, Jim Webb.

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HARBIN HOSPITAL.—This institution, of which Rome is justly proud, was established in 1908 with twelve beds by Drs. Robt. Maxwell Harbin and William Pickens Harbin, brothers. In 1917 a new fireproof 40-bed, four-story structure was opened, and the original building was converted into a nurses' dormitory. This dormitory, by the way, was once occupied as a residence by Henry W. Grady, who brought his bride there from Athens. It is located at the southeast corner of Third Avenue and East First Street, directly opposite the First Presbyterian church; and beside it on Third Avenue is the hospital proper.

In 1920 three additional stories and other enlargements were added to the main building, raising the bed capacity to 75, and making in all a seven-story building. The architects were R. S. Pringle and the late W. T. Downing, of Atlanta, with M. J. Sturm, hospital architect of Chicago, as consultant, and the concrete engineers were Spiker & Lose, of Atlanta.

The building is a marvel of sturdiness, architectural beauty and completeness, and is highly symbolic of the character of work performed by the staff. It contains every modern improvement and convenience, such as vapor heating and electric light signal systems, silent calls, running hot and cold water in every room, linoleum on cement floors in corridors, noiseless closing doors, three complete operating rooms, large sun parlors on three floors, private telephone exchange with telephones in private rooms, etc. The safety gate elevator runs from basement to roof garden. The kitchens are models of cleanliness and the cuisine is in charge of an expert.

The structure represents practically all the savings from hospital income and professional fees during the life of the owners, with obligations to last five or ten years, and the idea of service to patients has been put ahead of the idea of material gain. Romans who understand the spirit of the institation are as proud of it as of anything that Rome boasts.

Disinterested opinions, however, are even more convincing. The 1922 report of the American College of Surgeons on hospital standardization places the Harbin Hospital among three others in Georgia which stood the test conducted in 1921. The others were the Georgia Baptist and Grady hospitals in Atlanta and the hospital of the Medical Department of the University of Georgia at Augusta.

Harbin Hospital was given a rating of 100% at the first inspection, and Dr. Franklin D. Martin, director general of the American College of Surgeons, wrote as follows from Chicago under date of Dec. 27, 1921:

"You are aware of the fact, no doubt, that your hospital appears on the 1921 list of hospitals meeting the minimum standard of the College. This recognition by the College is, we feel, a well deserved one. Hospital standardization, in essence, is the desire for welfare of the patient felt by the combined medical and hospital professions —a desire put into action and made practicable. Your splendid work and the fruits of it, which are apparent in your community, must afford you more gratification than the stamp of our approval ever can. However, it gives us real pleasure to recognize and to commemorate the stand for better hospital service which you have made.

"There are yet further advances to be made in the hospital, just as in medicine itself. With the co-operation of the medical and hospital professions, however, these advances cannot fail to be realized."

On the attending staff are Drs. R. M. and W. P. Harbin and W. H. Lewis, and on the associate staff Drs. Wm. J. Shaw (President), Ross P. Cox, Geo. B. Smith, J. Turner McCall, J. C. Watts, A. C. Shamblin and M. M. McCord. Dr. W. P. Harbin is also physician to the Berry School.



AN INSTITUTION WITH A FINE RECORD.

The Harbin Hospital, erected by Drs. Robt. M. and Wm. P. Harbin at Third Avenue and East First Street, is not only one of the handsomest structures in the city, but it has scored practically perfect in the rigid test conducted by the American College of Surgeons, and is one of four Georgia hospitals with the highest rating.

Miss Blanche Rakestraw, to whom much of the credit for the success of the institution is due, is superintendent; Miss Agnes Gattis is superintendent of nurses; Miss Velma Owens is night supervisor; Miss Sophie Pintchuck is technician of the clinical laboratory; Miss B. L. Roberts is technician of the X-ray laboratory; W. C. Bell is secretary and treasurer; Miss Nell Sloan is bookkeeper; Miss Christine Smith is historian; Mrs. C. Bryan is dietician, and Miss Bessie Carlson is reception room clerk.

J. Paul Cooper, whose numerous gifts to public enterprises have placed Rome under lasting obligations, several years ago bought 100 mg. of radium at a cost of about $11,000, which he placed at the disposal of the hospital, and which has greatly facilitated the treatment of numerous complicated cases.

* * *

HIGHLAND RANGERS. — This Cave Spring company of 66 cavalrymen left for the Civil War front from Broad Street, Rome, on Saturday, Apr. 5, 1862, according to the Tri-Weekly Courier of Apr. 8. The muster roll follows:

Officers: M. H. Haynie, captain; B. C. Montgomery, first lieutenant; A. Y. Harper, second lieutenant; E. S. Grimmet, second lieutenant; E. Leslie, first sergeant; J. Simmons, second sergeant; S. Reynolds, third sergeant; M. Bobo, fourth sergeant; F. Milligan, fifth sergeant; J. V. Bobo, first corporal; J. C. Herrage, second corporal; D. M. Dempsey, third corporal; S. K. Hogue,

fourth corporal; W. H. Herrage, ensign.

Privates: J. W. Abrams, R. W. Baker, R. Barker, J. H. Dean, V. H. Dean, Y. P. Dean, B. W. Dempsey, A. Dollar, H. J. Dollar, W. Dollar, C. C. Ellis, D. E. Elmore, J. Elmore, J. Q. Ferguson, G. G. Gill, J. A. Graham, J. T. Greenwood, M. T. Greenwood, J. J. Hamilton, J. Hayes, H. Herrage, J. Higgenbottam, W. W. Hunt, G. B. Johns, M. Knight, J. McKibbins, J. McKelvy, W. H. Montgomery, J. Oliver, Jno. T. Prior, T. M. Putnam, Wm. N. Pricket, B. H. Reynolds, D. Reynolds, J. M. Reynolds, H. Richardson, M. J. Richardson, B. R. Simmons, W. J. Simmons, E. W. Sanders, W. B. Sanders, M. H. Shoemake, Geo. T. Watts, W. C. West, J. H. Wharton, L. W. Wharton, J. B. White, J. W. Wilkins, N. W. Williams, W. A. Williams, O. R. Witcher, T. Witcher.

Another company of Highland Rangers, from Rome and vicinity, numering 96 men, was listed in The Courier of Saturday, Apr. 12, 1862. It is likely they had been sent to Camp McDonald at Big Shanty (Kennesaw) a few days before, for they joined in the cross-country chase the same day after Andrews' wild raiders. The muster roll:

Officers: J. L. Kerr, captain; J. M. Pepper, first lieutenant; R. S. Zuber, second lieutenant; S. M. May, ensign; L. R. Wragg, first sergeant; J. M. Webb, second sergeant; Davis Long, third sergeant; L. Weathers, fourth sergeant; J. R. Penny, first corporal; L. W. Webb, second corporal; J. W. Witzell, third corporal; W. G. Neyman, fourth corporal.

Privates: V. S. Allen, Z. Y. Allen, C. Anderson, J. F. Ashworth, Gilbert Atwood, J. H. Aycock, W. L. H. Barnett, J. Y. Briscoe, Y. R. Brown, J. J. Buchanan, T. S. Burney, A. L. Capps, S. B. Carley, W. D. Cheney, J. S. Clements, M. L. Clontz, M. Cooley, Francis M. Coulter, C. S. Cox, John Cox, R. J. Cox, C. Cuzzart, J. P. Davidson, A. H. Davis, Jr., S. L. Davison, E. Dennington, S. Dennington, S. B. Ellis, A. G. Felmont, J. A. Franks, J. H. Graves, A. S. Griswell, M. P. Hall, H. C. Hardy, A. B. Henson, A. Holcombe, W. J. Holmes, E. Huckeby, W. H. Johnson, W. H. King, J. W. Lawrence, Barnett Leak, Moses Lockelen, R. T. Logan, W. S. Lumpkin, W. A. Lyle, R. R. McGee, Z. McGuffee, A. W. Metcalf, C. S. Montgomery, B. C. Moore, Samuel Moore, L. Morris, Willis Morris L. Morrow, P. M. Y. Mydlin, M. L. Overby, J. W. Padgett, Willis Pannel, Robt. Phillips, W. H. Pruitt, L. Rabun, W. M. Rabun, Ransom Raunes, Jno. Reeves, J. M. Reynolds, E. M. Robinson, J. J. Robinson, H. R. Smith, T. Z. Smith, A. Sorrell, N. B. Terry, Jas. Tomlinson, S. Tomlinson, G. W. Warren, J. K. Warren, W. H. Watters, Alex West, J. Y. Wilson, D. H. Wimpee, G. W. Wimpee, M. A. Wimpee, T. N. Wimpee, E. K. Winnett.

* * *

HILLS O' ROME, THE SUBLIMATED SEVEN.—Sir Walter Scott must have been standing on a hill admiring the place of his birth when he piped in the sixth canto of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" the following:

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
'This is my own, my native land!'
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?"

For to properly appreciate a place means not alone to grind faithfully through the years; not, in the case of Romans, to ply merely between home and busy Broad; but to climb the heights and there obtain a perspective which nature offers only to those who are willing to climb. Nature's masterpiece is well calculated to beget a spirit of progress, pride and achievement, yet how many have ever viewed it? Everybody in Rome has seen Mt. Alto, Lavender and New Shorter Hill from Rome. How many have seen the far more picturesque sight of Rome from Alto, Lavender or Shorter Hill? Poets, bestir yourselves! Belated climbers, forsake the low ground and mount the heights!

Here are the seven hills, mostly within the city limits, concerning which Rome yields nothing of beauty to her worthy namesake on the historic Tiber:

Tower Hill, supporting the majestic clock tower and the Neely grammar school.

Old Shorter Hill, with its castle-like spires, once supporting Shorter College, whose buildings now fly the flag of the Rome High School.

Lumpkin Hill (Eighth Avenue), which looks down on the old Seventh Avenue cemetery and Rome from close range.

Blossom Hill, North Rome suburb, which swirling freshets ne'er disturb

soms in spring time furnish a sweet aroma for the breezes to waft over Rome.

Fort Jackson, historic in its battle trenches, and from which North Rome resembles a pearl in a setting of platinum, and the Valley of the Oostanaula stretches away to the north like the velvety approach to the palace of a king.

Mt. Aventine, the ridge of mysterious name which parallels the purling Etowah in South Rome.

Myrtle Hill, where sleep the patron saints of Rome, who beckon in tender tones for all to come and rest when their earthly tasks are done.

* * *

INDIAN CLANS.—There were originally seven clans in the Cherokee Indian nation: Wolf, Deer, Paint, Longhair, Bird, Blind (or Long) Savannah and Holly. John Ross belonged to the Bird clan, Major Ridge to the Deer, Clement Neeley Vann and David Vann probably to the Wolf. The customs relevant to the clan system fell into disuse shortly after 1800.*

The seal of the Cherokee Nation was a double circle with a seven-pointed star (each point representing a clan) in the center; between star points and inner circle was a wreath; in the space between circles were some Sequoyan characters, in the center of which were the letters "cwy." Prosperous members of the various clans today use this seal on their stationery, and surmount it with a wolf, bird or other object referring to their particular clans.

* * *

INDIAN DISTRICTS.—The Committee and Council of the Cherokee Nation in 1820 divided the remaining territory into eight districts, and Chas. R. Hicks, principal chief, approved them, according to The Laws of the Cherokee Nation, published by the Cherokee Advocate Office, Tahlequah, Indian Territory, 1852. The districts were Amoah, Aquohee, Challoogee, Chickamaugee, Coosewatee, Etowah, Hickory Log and Tahquohee. Challoogee, Chickamaugee, Coosewattee and Etowah included Floyd County, and several of them cornered at "Forks of Coosa." The descriptions are:

1—The First District shall be called by the name Chickamaugee, and be bounded as follows: Beginning at the mouth of Armuchee Creek, on Oostanallah River, thence north in a straight course to a spring branch between the island and Rackoon Village; thence a straight course over the Lookout Mountain, where the heads of Wills and Lookout Creeks oppose against each other on the Blue Ridge; then a straight course to the main source of Rackoon Creek, and down the same into the Tennessee River, and up said river to the mouth of Ooletiwah Creek, and up said creek to take the most southeastern fork; thence a southern course to the mouths of Sugar Creek, into the Connasauga River, and down the said river to its confluence with Oostennallah River, and down the same to the place of beginning.

2—The Second District shall be called by the name Challoogee, and be bounded as follows: Beginning on the mouth of Rackoon Creek, in the Tennessee River, and down the said river to the boundary line, commonly called Coffee's line, and along said line where it strikes Wills Creek, and down the said creek to its confluence with the Coosa River; and thence embracing the boundary line between the Cherokees and Creeks, run by Wm. McIntosh and other Cherokee Commissioners by the respective nations, running southeastwardly to its intersection with Chinibee's Trace, and along said trace leading eastwardly by Avery Vann's place, including his plantation, and thence on said trace to where it crosses the Etowah River, at the old ford above the fork, and down said river to its confluence with Oostennallah River, and up said river to the mouth of Armuchee Creek, and to be bounded by the First District.

3—The Third District shall be called by the name Coosewattee, and bounded as follows: Beginning at the Widow Fool's Ferry, on Oostannallah River where the Alabama Road crosses it, along said wagon road eastwardly, leading toward Etowah Town to a large creek above Thomas Pettit's plantation, near to the Sixes, and said creek northeastward to its source; thence a straight course to the head of Talloney Creek, up which the Federal Road leads; thence a straight course to the Red Bank Creek, near Cartikee Village; thence a straight course to the head source of Potato Mine Creek; thence a straight course to the head of Clapboard Creek; thence a straight course to the most southern head source of Cannasawgee River, to strike opposite to the mouth of Sugar Creek into the Cannasawgee River, and to be bounded by the First and Second Districts.

*Authority: Dr. Emmet Starr, Oklahoma City, Okla., a member of the Wolf clan.



4—The Fourth District shall be called by the name of Amoah, and be bounded as follows: Beginning at the head source of Cannasawgee River, where the Third District strikes the said source; thence eastwardly a straight course to Spring Town, above Hiwassee Old Town; thence to the boundary line run by Col. Houston, where it crosses Sloan Creek; thence westwardly along said line to the Hiwassee River; thence down said river into the Tennessee River, and down the same to the mouth of Ooletiwah Creek, and to be bounded by the First and Third Districts.

5—The Fifth District shall be called by the name of Hickory Log, and shall be bounded as follows: Beginning at the head of Potato Mine Creek, on the Blue Ridge, thence southeastwardly along the Blue Ridge to where Cheewostoyeh path crosses said ridge, and along said path to the

head branch of Frog Town Creek, and down the same to its confluence with Tahsantee; thence down the Chestotee River, and into the Chattahoochee River, and down the same to the shallow wagon ford on said river, above the standing Peach Tree; thence westward along said wagon road leading to —— Town, to where it crosses Little River, a fork of the Etowah River, and down the same to its confluence with Etowah River, and down the same in a direct course to a large creek, and up said creek to where the road crosses it to the opposite side, and to be bounded by the Third District.

6—The Sixth District shall be called by the name Etowah, and be bounded as follows: Beginning on the Chattahoochee River, at the shallow wagon ford on said river, and down the same to the Buzzard Roost, where the Creek and Cherokee boundary line intersects the said river; thence along said boundary line westward to where it intersects Chinibee's Trace, and to be bounded by the Fifth and Third Districts, leaving Thos. Pettit's family in Etowah District.

7—The Seventh District shall be known by the name of Tahquohee, and be bounded as follows: Beginning where Col. Houston's boundary line crosses Slare's Creek, thence along said boundary line southeastwardly to the Unicoy Turnpike road, and along said road to where it crosses the Hiwassee River, in the Valley Towns; thence a straight course to the head source of Coosa Creek, on the Blue Ridge above Cheewostoyeh, and along said ridge eastwardly, where the Unicoy Turnpike road crosses it, and thence a direct course to the head source of Persimmon Creek; thence down the same to the confluence of Tahsantee, and with the Frog Town Creek; and to be bound by the Third, Fourth and Fifth Districts.

8—The Eighth District shall be known by the name of Aquohee and be bounded as follows: Beginning where the Seventh District intersects the Blue Ridge, where the Unicoy Turnpike road crosses the same, thence along said line to the confluence of Nanteyalee and Little Tennessee River; thence down the same to Tallassee Village; thence along said boundary line westwardly to where it intersects the Unicoy Turnpike road, and to be bounded by the Seventh District.

The districts were to hold their councils or courts as follows:

The first Mondays in May and September for Chickamaugee, Coosewattee, Hickory Log and Aquohee, and the second Mondays in May and September for Amoah, Etowah and Tahuohee. (Challogee was omitted).

It would appear from a rough tracing of these boundaries that the following places would be included as set forth:

First District (Chickamaugee): Dalton, Villanow, Curryville, Sugar Valley, Floyd Springs, the Pocket, Chickamauga, LaFayette, Rising Fawn, Chattanooga, Ooltewah, Tenn., and a few towns in upper DeKalb and eastern Jackson County, Ala.

Second District (Challoogee): All of Floyd County west of a north-and-south line running through the forks of the rivers at Rome: South Rome, East Rome, West Rome, Lindale, Silver Creek, Cave Spring, Mt. Berry, Armuchee, Rice's Spring, Coosa, Livingston, etc., and Cedartown; all of Chattooga County and a narrow part of lower Walker County; all of Cherokee, the central part of DeKalb and the upper parts of Cleburne and Calhoun Counties, Ala.

Third District (Coosewattee): The



LEE JEFFERSON LANGLEY, lawyer and writer whom the voters of Floyd elected to the Legislature Sept. 13, 1922.

main part of Rome between the rivers, and all the towns north of the Etowah River as far east as Cassville, including Adairsville, Barnsley Gardens, all of Gordon County and Murray and such of Cohutta Mountain as is in Gilmer County.

Fourth District (Amoah): The smallest section of the eight, lying north of the First District, and including practically all of James and Bradley Counties, Tenn., and one-eighth of Polk in the western part.

Fifth District (Hickory Log): Cartersville and the eastern third of Bartow County, three-fourths of the northern parts of Cherokee and Forsyth, and one-fourth of the northern part of Milton, all of Pickens and Dawson Counties, all except one-tenth, the northwestern corner of Gilmer; the southern part of Fannin, the southern tip of Union and the western half of Lumpkin, with Dahlonega. This district follows such part of the old treaty boundary, the Chattahoochee River, as lies north of the shallow ford on the river in the lower end of Forsyth County northeastward to Dahlonega.

Sixth District (Etowah): All that section south of the Etowah and northwest of the Chattahoochee, including the southeastern section of Floyd County, Kingston and the southwestern quarter of Bartow County, and the eastern half of Polk, the lower tip of Forsyth, nearly all of Milton, the lower fifth of Cherokee, parts of Chambers, Cleburne and Randolph Counties, Ala., and western parts of Heard and Troup (to West Point), and all of the counties of Cobb, Paulding, Haralson, Douglas, and Carroll in Georgia.

Seventh District (Tahquohee): Most of Polk County, Tenn., the lower part of Cherokee and the southwestern part of Clay in North Carolina, the northern half of Fannin County, the eastern half of Lumpkin, northern of Hall, western half of Towns and White, and nearly all of Union in Georgia.

Eighth District (Aquohee): The northwestern part of Habersham, eastern half of Towns, western half of Rabun, Western North Carolina west of the Little Tennessee River, including most of Macon, Clay and Cherokee Counties in North Carolina.

In general, the Cherokee territory at this time embraced all of the northwest portion of the state, known as Cherokee Georgia, bounded on the southeast by the Chattahoochee River and its tributaries in Northeast Georgia; the southwestern portion of North Carolina as far east as the Little Tennessee River; the Southeastern portion of Tennessee south of the Hiawassee River and east and south of the Tennessee, bordering on Fannin, Murray, Whitfield, Walker, Catoosa and Dade Counties in Georgia; and westward in Alabama to the Tennessee River and Attalla and Gadsden on the Coosa, and thence following the Cherokee-Creek boundary line run by Wm. McIntosh and others, and then Chinibee's Trace and the Cherokee-Creek line to the Chattahoochee River near Columbus.

* * *

INDIANS, INDIVIDUAL.—Following is a list of Indians who composed part of the mammoth assemblage which congregated at Running Waters, near Rome, July 19, 20 and 21, 1835. By consulting the list of Indian districts and the towns in them, it is possible to fix approximately the local range of many red-skins and identify the "Rome Indians," who lived in Challoogee, Chickamaugee, Coosewattee and Etowah districts. Little Meat is known to have lived at Cave Spring, Woodward and Ground Mole (or Ground Hog) at Pinson Station, Tah-chan-sie



ROBT. H. CLAGETT, managing editor of The Rome News and a constructive force in the movement for a bigger Rome.

in Floyd near Adairsville, and Wm. J. Carter ("Urekus" or "Wild Cat") in Sugar Valley, Gordon County.

District of Amoah.

Wolf Murphy	Knob
Lame Dave	Beaver Toter
Sitting Down	Shadow
T. Foreman	Crowing Chicken
Thos. Bigboy	Turnabout
Dog	Bullfrog
Crowmocker	Bridgemaker
N. Sanders	Shoe
Going Snake	Tail Up
Mink Watts	Rock
Quart Whisky	Thick String
Tesatesky	War
Young Duck	Bellows
Man-spoiler	M. Waters
Sleeping Deer	Squirrel
Mouse	Horsefly
In-the-water	Crying Wolf
Four Killer	Tobacco
Pheasant	Path-killer
Spade	Housekeeper
Outrunner	Beat-about
Didapper	Jos. Foreman
Bark	S. Candy, Sr.
Chinubby	Jas. Ross
Scraper	Cheater
Capt. Watts	Geo. Hicks
Geo. Fields	Poor Bear
Sign	Muskrat
Rib	Waterbird
Dew	Caesar
Dew-in-water	Toad
Thief	Hurricane
Wolf	Crazy
Young Pup	Sapsucker
Woman Killer	Black Fox
Rambling	Clamacre
Running Wolf	Hawk
Shadow	Treader
Turnover	July
Elijah	Pigeon
Mouse	Goose
Deer-in-water	Soldier
Smoke	Chips
Going-away	Shell
Flint	Jay Hicks
Sparrow Hawk	Jack Bushyhead
Bigmusle	

District of Aquohee.

Sweet Water	Geo. Blair
Jesse Grass	Horse-fly
Young Turkey	Throw It Down
Spike Buck	Otterlifter
Ned Christy	Chunoaka
Lookout	Jno. Christy
Nicoochi	Stooping About
Bear-Sitting-Down	Crawler
Going-back	Rising Tower
Lightning Bug	Ridge
Daylight	Bear Meat
Bear Drowned	Young Chicken
E. Buffington	Mashabout
Spring Frog	Listening
Axe	Crow
Shoe	Little Dog
Situaga	Wm. Foreman
Jno. Rogers	Jug
Catcher	Conazeen
Dragging Canal	Snow Bird
Waxie	Eagle
Old Rabbit	Sofskie
Bony	Overtaker
Shot-bag	Cloud
Chulihaw	Turnover
Swinged	Sent-for
Swimmer	Duck
David England	Snakie
Headout	Big Head
Lizard	Fodder
Grog	Cup

District of Challoogee.

Chas. H. Vann	Jim Bear Skin
Stephen Harris	Raincrow
Parch Corn	Milk
Uma-tois-ka	Robin Baggs
Pigeon Roost	Snuga
Oos-ca-wattie	Jas. Chambers
Arch Campbell	Guess
Eating-up	Log
G. Baldridge	Four-killer
Fishtrap	Geo. Sanders
Twister	Laughatmush
Folly	Torchtoter
Manstanding	Garfish
Standing Inside	Kooiskooi
Hitinhead	Chickasaw
Leaking	Jumper
Razor	Geo. Campbell
Tallow	Runabout
Jno. Rogers	Ground Hog
Big Feather	Arch Simpson
Money Crier	Chas. Justice
Robin Brown	Bat
Threadtoter	Turtle Fields
Richard Guess	Dirtseller
Going-to-sleep	Raven
Jaybird	D. Raincrow
Elijah Moore	Bread Butter
Chewaga	Owl
Geo. Chambers	Hair Tied
Bear Toat	Beans Pouch
Stay-all-night	Thos. Watts
Robbin	Screech-owl
Stephen Foreman	Six-Killer
Wm. Grimit	Wind
Writer	Something
Natburntup	Mushroom
Wagon	Sequata
Eataha	Mose Lee
Tramping	Beavertail
Musk-melon	B. B. Wisner
Cornsilk	Lifter
Cabbage	Bullbat
Spring Frog	Pat
Trunk	Fox Frying
James Gunter	Pay-up
Catchem	Jas. Lusley
Thief	Saml. Gunter

Dew	A. Lowry
Beat-about	Bald Head
J. Spencer	Bread
Jno. Blackbird	Swallow
	Partridge

District of Chickamaugee.

Thos. Taylor	Tom Fox
Jno. Vann	Jas. Sanders
Young Glass	Otter
Pathkiller	Runabout
Samuel Buck	Landseller
Tarapin Head	Leaf
T. Rallinggourd	Stump
Thos. Manning	Crying Wolf
Smoke	Spirit
James Lowry	Chinaquayah
Johnson Murphy	Wash Lowry
Doublehead	Chilhowie
Withcalooski	Going Snake
Whirlwind	Noonday
Hawk	Tyger
Chinabi	Peacock
Manstriker	Buzzard
Gander	Otterlifter
Shade	J. Ratlinggourd
Chuiska	Three Killer
Scrapeskin	Lewis Bark
Goodmoney	Little Barrow
Mole	Turkeytoter
Red Bird	Jas. Brown
Peter	Jno. Baldridge
Sitting Bear	Moses Campbell
Saquah	Ned Bark
Standing Crane	Singer
Big Kittle	Cold weather
Jas. Taylor	Cloud
Sleeping Rabbit	Swan
Robt. Benge	Sitting Bear
Speaker	Robin
Dick Foreman	Ta-chan-sie
Tanchichi	Canadawaski
Jas. Taylor	Watt
Tracker	Osage
Hunter Langley	Chas. Manning
Black Fox	Chuit
Drowning Bear	Ashhopper
Olisitunki	Fodder
Corntassle	Grog
Arch Lowry	Owl
Rock	Key
Sparrowhawk	Scaffold
Rustybelly	Water Lizard
Littlemeat	W. Griffin
Osulanah	Dreadfulwater
Alanitah	Big Nose
Letusstop	Wallace Vann
Horns	Eight Killer
Lion	N. McDaniel
Blue Bird	Stud Horse
Sooksarah	C. McIntosh
Messenger	Peach
Chichi	Zallowska
Pelican	Spring Frog
Nath. Hicks	Jno. Benge
Dick Taylor	Sukatowie
Levi Timberlake	Bushyhead
Big Dollar	Walegoolie
Dick Benge	Five Killer
	Rich. Taylor, Ja.

District of Coosewattee.

Avery Vann	Money Sealer
Collin McDaniel	Hang Foot
Terrapin Striker	Wm. Lowry
Daylight	Chow-send
John Wayne	Doing-so
Mortar	Ta-es-kee
Baesling	Stand Watie
Ga-Ta-la-na	Jim-Six-Killer
Tailor	Huckleberry
Chu-no-lus-ka	Carnton Hicks
Fool	Standing
Housekeeper	John Watie
Turkey	Wat Liver
Tom Gillespie	Two Heads
Walter Ridge	By-him-self
Isaac	Ground Hog
John Ridge	In-the-field
Matthew Moore	Oo-tata-ti
Harry Scott	Six-Killer
Bear Meat	Turn Over
Edward Adair	Major Ridge

District of Etowah (Hightower).

Leach	Goy-a-chesa
Take After	Crawfish
You-as-so-walta	Shutter
Armup	Moses
Ice	Boiled-down



GEO. M. BATTEY, JR., associate editor of The Rome News and author of "A History of Rome & Floyd County."

Peach Shooter
Cow-e-chur-kah
Pumpkinpie
Pound-it-over
Handshaker
Let-it-fall
Ground Hog
John Wayne
John Eliot
Flax Bird
Walte Gutte
Seed
Talassee
Chipple
Grapes
Big Tongue
Buffalo-fish
Pouch Laugher
Epaw-wessus
Melter
Catch-him
Standing Wolf
Red Bird
Water Hunter
Push-off
Jack West
Frozen Foot
Eagle Setting
Swinger
Viper
Thos. Petit
Lets-hunt-em
Bundle
Little Deer
White Path
Bran
Humming Bird
Seen-them
Walking Stick
Bird Hunter
Shell
Big Burn
Catcher
Nelson West
Fog
Chu-no-ha-ha
Bone-carrier
Smallwood
Guts
Gusty
Little Terrapin
Woman Killer
Knitts
Kick-up
Wah-hatchie
Bushy
Pipe
Stee-kee
Corn Silk
Hairy-Breast
Rib
Dirt-Thrower

Samuel Mayo

District of Hickory Log.

Buffalo Pouch
Goodman
C. S. Adair
Takingout
Teacher
Take-out-beans
Blanket
Eye
Chin
B. F. Adair
Walkingstick
Dirtpot
Sparrow Hawk
G. M. Walters
Crying Bear
Swimmer
Humming Bird
Mixture
Flying Fish
John Proctor
Spaniard
Spy
Fallingpot
Climbing
Jim Proctor
Walter Daniel
Goodgals
Rattling Gourd
Big Boy
Pushim
Mose Drowning
Blackhorse
Cotton
Jack Winn
Tobacco Purse
Wm. Rogers
Sampson
Bird Cutter
Tassle
Raining
Falling
Dirty-belly
Nofire
Hawk
Guess
Capsou
Prince
Takeitout
Santaga
Geo. Still
Eel
Drawer
Bean
Luck
E. Towns
Naked
Stop
Beginning
Mink
Doghead
Pincheater
Trash Gatherer

Jas. Daniel

District of Tahquohee.

Bunchlegs
Hogfish
Mistake
Flaxbird
Raincrow
Hogshooter
Biter
Ear
Little Bone
Whip
Spirit
Cat
Getup
John Rogers
Kinkyhead
Knockmi
Buzzard
Rising Fawn

Miscellaneous.

D. J. Hook, Turkey Town; J. Saunders, Talloney; A. Ratley, Teu River; Jno. Adair, Oothcalouga; Jos. Rogers, Sawana; Ezekiel Fields, Teu River; A. Adair, Oothcalouga; R. Rogers, Sawana; Jas. Vann, Talloha; Johnson Thompson, Pine Log; B. F. Thompson, Sala Coa; J. F. Adair, Two Run; Wastuwaha, Old Town; Jas. McNair, Connasauga; D. Foreman, Candy Creek; Stephen Ray, Candy Creek; J. Rogers, Chattahoochee; Jack Sourmush, Two Run; J. L. McKay, Will's Valley; Elijah Hicks, New Echota; Black Fox, Oothcalouga; Henderson Harris, Forks of Coosa; D. McCoy, Red Clay; Willy Bigby, Candy's Creek; J. A.Thompson, Pine Log; Bird Harris, Sawana; Jno. Fields, Sr., Turnip Mountain; John Williams, Rock Creek; Geo. Candy, Mouse Creek; G. W. Adair, Sala Coa; J. C. Towers, Oothcalouga; Jas. Vann, Connasauga; Jno. Blythe, Long Savannah; C. McNair, Connasauga; Yese-taes-a, Turnip Mountain.

* * *

INDIAN TRAILS, ROADS AND STAGES.—Most of the Indian trails of Cherokee Georgia have been obliterated or swallowed up in the improved roadways of today. In the early part of the nineteenth century the so-called Federal Road was built from Tennessee through sections of Georgia. This is mentioned as part of the route of Gen. Sherman's army on its march from Resaca to Bartow County in 1864, and now and then there are other references to it, notably by the Indians. Quite possibly it passed near Dalton and generally followed the route of the Western and Atlantic Railroad.

Mrs. J. L. Walker, of Waycross, contributes the following on certain old trails and roads:

"There is rich romance linking Georgia's old roads and trails with the dim past, for many of them ran by the curiously-gabled villages that dotted the countryside, and the huts of priests and the wigwams of the Indians were seen along the way.

"The possessions of most of the early settlers consisted of a few acres of cleared ground, a log hut and a wife and children. The lives of the pioneers were filled with thrilling experiences, and the wives were quite as brave. The existence of the women was anything but peaceful, for while the men worked in the fields they guarded every inch of the ground close around the home. Tragedies were common; the trusty rifles were often taken down from above the door to bag a wild cat, an Indian or a bear. When the men went to town, the women and children usually had to go too because of fear of wild beasts and Indians, and together they traveled the old trails.

"In the lives of stage coach travelers, stopping places were quite important. Taverns and post houses were a necessity, because horses had to be changed and travelers rested and fed.

"The Blue Pond road in Floyd County followed the Coosa River into Alabama and on to Sand Mountain. This was named after Blue Pond, in Alabama, and probably corresponds to the Alabama road of today. Earlier it was known as the Creek path, after the Creek Indians of Alabama and Georgia.

"Oostanaula or Hightower Path ran eastward from Alabama along the northern boundary line between the Creeks and the Cherokees, as fixed by Gen. Coffee in 1830. It crossed Shallow Ford on a tributary of the Etowah in the upper northwest corner of Cobb County, near Acworth; passed through Marietta, the northern ends of Fulton and DeKalb Counties; through Dunwoody, Norcross, Cross Keys and into Gwinnett County and Bay Creek in Walton; through Logansville and crossed into Oconee County via High Shoals; through Watkinsville; and thence over the Oconee River into Clarke County and Athens.

"Etowah Path led from the village of Two Runs, in the southern part of Gordon County, to Suwanee Old Town in Lumpkin County.

"The chief north-south stage route was from Milledgeville, then the capital of Georgia, to Nickajack, Tenn., near the Ga.-Ala.-Tenn. "corner," and a branch connected with Rome. At Eatonton there was another branch to Athens, via Madison. If the traveler wished to go by Athens on the way from Milledgeville to Nickajack he must travel 255 miles, striking Vann's Ferry (on the Chattahoochee River in Hall County), Blackburn's (on Etowah River), Etowah and Coosawattee Town. Weekly stages were run from Milledgeville to Athens and reverse, and the fare was $6.25."

Sherwood's Gazetteer (1829) tabulates the Milledgeville-Nickajack route as follows:

	Miles.
Milledgeville to Eatonton	21½
Eatonton to Madison	22
Madison to Athens	27½
Athens to Vann's Ferry	47
Vann's Ferry to Blackburn's Ferry	20
Blackburn's to Harnage Ford on Long Swamp Creek	15
Harnage's to Coosawattee Town	28
Coosawattee Town to Mrs. Scott's	34
Mrs. Scott's to Daniel Ross'	18
Daniel Ross' to Willson's at Nickajack	22
Total	255

The stage started from Milledgeville on Tuesdays for Athens and returned on Saturdays. A few miles might be saved on the way to Nickajack by leaving Athens on the right and passing through Clarkesborough, Jackson County. The Gazetteer states



WM. SINCLAIR ROWELL, referee in bankruptcy, editor of The Tribune-Herald and Kiwanis Club member.



FEDERAL AGENTS AND A "MOONSHINE" STILL, 1921.

that Vann's Ferry, 11 miles west of Gainesville, Hall County, was on the Federal road.

An old Rome newspaper stated that Mr. and Mrs. J. M. M. Caldwell put up at the McEntee House, Broad street, Rome, in February, 1845, having arrived by the Covington stage.

* * *

INTERNATIONAL ORDER OF GOOD TEMPLARS.—Shortly after the Civil War a number of lodges of this organization, founded by James G. Thrower, of Atlanta, were established at Rome, and included many of the Hill City's leading men who were opposed to liquor. Among the local units were Sacred Promise Lodge No. 125, headed by C. G. Samuel; Forrestville Lodge No. 106, and Mothers' Hope Temple No. 14. Among the leaders were Judge Waller T. Turnbull, Rev. L. R. Gwaltney, Major Z. B. Hargrove, Judge J. W. H. Underwood, Judge Joel Branham, Dunlap Scott, Col. Thos. W. Alexander and Chas. H. Smith ("Bill Arp"). The Cold Water Temple w composed of young men, with W. R. Fenner as secretary. "Water only!" was its motto. The Grand Lodge of Georgia convention was held at Rome Oct. 9, 1872, and more than 200 lodges were represented.

On June 6, 1860, a local organization known as the Sons of Temperance held a meeting at Rome. Chas. H. Smith was president, and the other officers were J. H. McClung, G. B. T. Moore, R. Ferdinand Hutchings, R. W. Echols, W. A. Barron and T. W. Swank.

In spite of the refusal of this noble handful to drink, Rome's barrooms continued to multiply, until in 1900 there were thirteen on Broad Street, or an average of one for each block. Soon thereafter for a few years, due to the efforts of Seaborn Wright and others, the barrooms were voted out and a dispensary put in. "Package goods" were passed out from the east side of Broad Street midway between Third and Fourth Avenues.

The following additional general information is furnished by one of the prohibitionists:

The prohibition bill was passed by the Georgia Senate July 14, 1907, by a vote of 34 to 7; in the House it pas July 31 by a vote of 139 to 39. Gov-Hoke Smith signed the bill on the 31st, declaring "This is the happiest day of my life!"

* * *

LAKES AND PONDS. — While there are no lakes of size in Floyd County, there are a number of bodies of water that furnish sport in summer for boaters, bathers and fishermen, among which may be mentioned:

DeSoto (Mobley Park) lake, which is to be enlarged for the boys of the Darlington school.

Updegrove lake, Armuchee Creek, near the Dalton road.

Wright & Powers' lake, Calhoun road, one mile north of the city limits of North Rome.

Young's mill pond, Kingston road, eight miles northeast of Rome.

Hackney's pond, half a mile north of Big Dry Creek, on the Summerville Road.

"Woodstock" lake, two miles south-



GEORGIA'S FIRST GOVERNOR AND A "POET LAUREATE."
At left, James Edward Oglethorpe, leader who established the colony, and Sidney Lanier, whose verse won him world-wide fame.

west of Cave Spring, on a place once owned by the parents of Col. Francis S. Bartow.

"Talalah" lake, between "Woodstock" and Cave Spring, the property of Robt. Swain Perry, of Philadelphia.

Rotary lake, Horseleg Creek, Shorter College, the dam of which was donated by the Rotary Club of Rome.

Berry School lake, on the Berry campus.

The Mountain Farm School lake, also on the Berry grounds at the foot of Lavender Mountain.

Sullivan pond, on the John M. Graham place, "Hillcrest," East Rome, near Silver Creek.

Crystal Springs Mill pond, Armuchee Creek.

The Tarvin pond, at Carlier Springs, two miles east of Rome.

Jas. P. Jones' lake, below Black's Bluff.

There is a natural fish pond three miles north of the court house on the Kingston road, owned by Mitchell Moran (col.), 65 years of age and a great-grandfather, and a resident of Floyd County for 37 years. The pond is fringed with trees and is an acre and a half large. It is fed by two springs at the north end; there is no visible outlet, and it is supposed the water goes underground to the Etowah River. The pond is stocked with small fish—mainly bass — and Mitchell charges folks a quarter to catch all they can.

W. A. Smith has a pond at 1920 N. Broad Street.

A number of others might be mentioned which are not much more than puddles. A few which are well remembered to skaters in winter and fishermen in summer have dried up, notably a large pond in East Rome near Silver Creek, between the Anchor Duck Mill and the Etowah River, and a pond in North Rome drained in 1864 by the Northern army.

Dr. Jno. F. Lawrence is planning a pond at "Glen Alto," his country development at Radio Springs, Coosa River road, and several others expect to dam up their streams so as to make places for year-round pleasure on an adequate scale.

* * *

LANIER CIRCLE.—This literary and musical organization, like the Round Table Club of before the Civil War, was established on old Shorter College Hill. A newspaper clipping from The Rome Tribune of May 1, 1895, gives the officers as follows: Dr. A. J. Battle, president of Shorter College, president; Miss Mabel Hillyer, vice-president; Miss Martha Berry, treasurer, and Mrs. Christopher Rowell, secretary.

The Circle was named after Sidney Lanier, poetical song bird of the South, and Montgomery M. Folsom, the Rome poet, wrote a clever poem to Lanier and presented it to the club. Since Lanier had once said he considered music and warm fire, next to wife,

children, a house and friends, essential to home life, music was introduced under the drection of Mrs. W. S. McHenry, and the rest of each evening's program was devoted to literary papers and discussions. Mrs. Jno. H. Reynolds and other leading Rome women used to belong to the Circle, and many pleasant and profitable sessions were held, until interest that had been devoted to it gradually diffused and flowed—alas!—into various enterprises less devoted to aestheticism.

* * *

LEHARDY SPRINGS.—Some confusion arises between this term and the term "Carlier Springs." The place three miles east of Rome commonly known as "Carlier Springs," was owned by Gen. L. J. B. LeHardy and his son Camille LeHardy, but Louis Henry Carlier kept it during the Civil War. J. Paul Cooper offers the following explanation:

"Eugene LeHardy bought the plantation afterward owned by Dr. G. W. Holmes, consisting of three land lots, on part of which I now live. The spring itself was on another land lot, originally belonging to the plantation which the East Rome Town Company bought and developed. Before that purchase, however, the owner of that plantation had exchanged a corner lot, amounting to five acres, containing the spring, giving it to LeHardy in return for about the same area lying in one of LeHardy's lots up toward Tubbs' Mountain. There is the small spring now owned by Dick Cothran. All this appears from the county records.

"Colonel LeHardy had at that time, so far as I know, only a log cabin, built on the hill almost exactly where my house is located, and not where Martin Grahame afterward built. There was a tenant house between LeHardy's settlement and the spring, in my boyhood days, though whether it existed there in LeHardy's time I do not know. It was occupied by Pete Cato, and near that spot Martin Grahame built his house. The old cabin had burned and the place grown up in young timber before I bought the land on which I live. The scars of the burning, however, were on the trees which stood near my first residence, one of them having closed over and been occupied by a swarm of wild bees. I found near the place where the old cabin stood a sweet briar rose, evidently planted there by LeHardy. A small root of it is still growing on the place."

Dr. Henry LeHardy, of Chattanooga, writes:

"As well as I remember, my father, Gen. L. J. B. LeHardy, owned two lots of land, on the Spring Creek road, about three miles east of Rome. The spring was a large one, flowing between some big rocks, and was situated in a fine grove of trees—oaks, hickories, sweet gums and cedars. Eugene LeHardy owned a farm somewhere between Rome and my father's plantation. I never saw his farm and could not say what kind of a spring was there. My father's spring was known to us as LeHardy's and is the one that is often called the 'Carlier Spring.'" (See Carlier Springs).

* * *

LOCAL NEIGHBORHOODS.—Colloquial terms have been applied to a number of sections of Floyd County. Before the war there were regularly organized voting districts known as Wolf Skin and Dirt Town, which later bore more dignified titles.

Booger Hollow is about two miles south of Lindale.

Lick Skillet is a part of South Rome.

Pop Skull is on the Alabama road, west of Oak Park and Fairbanks.

Possum Trot is between the Berry School buildings and the foot of Lav-



EUGENE LeHARDY de BEAULIEU, of Rome's Belgian colony, who went to Europe to buy supplies for the Confederate Army.

ender Mountain, on the Berry farm.

Tim-buck-too is on the Calhoun road adjoining the city limits in North Rome.

Blue Gizzard and Beef Tongue are neighborhoods in Texas Valley.

Chubbtown is a settlement of prosperous and respectable negroes four miles southeast of Cave Spring, at the Polk County line.

Hell's Hollow (now sometimes called Reservoir Hollow) is a colored section 200 yards north of Ninth Avenue, three blocks above the old Seventh Avenue cemetery.

Beaver Slide is on the north bank of the Oostanaula River in the Fourth Ward, above the Fifth Avenue bridge; bounded on the west by Avenue A.

Goat Hill got its name from a herd of goats and is situated in East Rome, near Carlier Springs.

Blossom Hill is one of the principal colored residence sections of Rome. It is an eminence that affords a fine view of the surrounding country, and is in the path of real estate development to the north. It is several blocks north of Eighth Avenue.

* * *

MAYORS OF ROME.

Explanatory Note.—Rome was incorporated Dec. 21, 1847, by act of the Georgia Legislature at Milledgeville, and it is certain that the city government was not set up much before 1849. Prior to this time—from and after 1835, when the town was established—the "intendant" (superintendent) and the town marshal held undisputed sway. There is some question as to who certain of the mayors were before the Civil War, since various records were destroyed by fire and the names were never replaced. However, the following roster, perfected by various "old settlers," is believed to be the nearest approach to a complete list in existence. According to Virgil A. Stewart, one of Rome's oldest citizens, the first mayor was Dr. J. D. Dickerson, a druggist, who came from New Orleans, La., and who returned there later. Others have made the same statement, and their version is accepted in preference to that of an individual who claims the distinction for Wm. Cook Gautier Johnstone (better known as Wm. Johnstone), a merchant and banker. Henry A. Gartrell was mayor in 1860. He ran against Geo. P. Burnett in 1859 and it is believed was elected. At 33 years of age Thos. W. Lipscomb became Rome's youngest mayor, in 1908. Ben C. Yancey was second youngest at 35 in 1912, and he is said to have been the only native-born mayor Rome has ever had. Sam and Jack King, however, were natives of Floyd County. The commission form of government was instituted in 1915 and the late W. M. Gammon became the first head of the City Commission. During part of 1863 Capt. Jacob H. Hoss served as military "governor" for the Confederacy.

Dr. J. D. Dickerson, 1849-50; Jas. P. Perkins, 1851; Nathan Yarbrough, 1852; 1853(?); Wm. C. G. Johnstone, 1854(?); 1855(?); 1856(?); Robt. D. Harvey, 1857; J. M. Sumter, 1858(?); Henry A. Gartrell, 1859(?); Henry A. Gartrell, 1860; Dr. Thos. Jefferson Word, 1861-2; Dr. Jno. M. Gregory and Capt. Jacob H. Hoss, C. S. A., 1863; Geo. P. Burnett, 1864; Jas. Noble, Jr., 1865; Daniel S. Printup, 1866; Chas. H. Smith, 1867-8; Zachariah B. Hargrove, 1869; Henry A. Smith, 1870-1; Hugh Dickson Cothran, Sr., 1872; W. F. Ayer, 1873-4; Judge Jas. M. Spullock, 1875; Thos. W. Alexander, 1876-7; Mitchell A. Nevin, 1878-79-80; Samuel Morgan, 1881; Jas. G. Dailey, 1882; Daniel S. Printup, 1883; Jack King, 1884-5; Samuel M. Knox, 1886-7; W. F. Ayer, 1888-89; Almeron W. Walton, 1890-1; Samuel S. King, 1892-3; Jno. D. Moore, 1894-5; Samuel S. King, 1896-7; Jno. J. Seay, 1898-9; Thompson Hiles, 1900-1; J. Dave Hanks, 1902-3; Chas. H. Lavender, 1904-5; Judge Jno. W. Maddox, 1906-7; Thos. W. Lipscomb, 1908-10; J. W. Hancock, 1911-12; Benj. C. Yancey, 1912-13; J. Dave Hanks, 1914.

The "First Commissoners."—W. M. Gammon, 1915; Chas. S. Pruden, 1916; D. W. Simmons, 1917-18.

Chairmen of Commissions—Jno. M. Vandiver, 1919; Isaac May, 1920; Ernest E. Lindsey, 1921-2 (incumbent).

* * *

Mayors and Councilmen, 1866-1894. (From Tribune clipping of 1894.)—The first mayor after the war was James Noble, Jr., who served in that capacity in 1865.

In 1866, Daniel S. Printup was mayor, and the following were his councilmen: Jesse Lamberth, T. J. Perry, Samuel Gibbons, J. H. Cooper, Sam Noble and John M. Quinn; H. A. Smith was clerk.

In 1867-68, Chas. H. Smith (Bill Arp) was mayor and Messrs. Lamberth, Perry, Jas. Noble, Sr., D. M. Hood, J. W. Hooper, Jr., and J. C. Pemberton were councilmen.

Major Z. B. Hargrove was mayor in 1869. In that year T. J. Perry, C. H. Smith, J. C. Rawlins, Jas. Noble, J. M. Gregory and J. J. Cohen were the councilmen.

Henry A. Smith was mayor in 1870-1871, and Hugh Dickson Cothran, Sr., in 1872.

In 1873, Major W. F. Ayer was mayor and G. W. Holmes, T. McGuire, R. V. Mitchell, W. L. Whitely and A. T. Hardin were councilmen; Henry Norton was clerk.

Major Ayer was also mayor in 1874 and had with him the following councilmen: T. McGuire, R. V. Mitchell, C. H. Smith, C. G. Samuel, J. E. Veal and R. J. Gwaltney; J. F. Shanklin was clerk.

J. M. Spullock was mayor in 1875. Jesse Lamberth, J. G. Dailey, W. M. Shropshire, Geo. Bowen, J. L. Camp and Wm. West were councilmen. J. W. Meakin was elected councilman during this year to fill an unexpired term.

In 1876 the council was composed of T. W. Alexander, mayor; R. S. Norton, J. G. Dailey, Wm. West, J. C. Rawlins, J. W. Bones and J. W. Meakin. J. F. Shanklin was clerk. This was the council that issued the bonds which are soon to be redeemed.

In 1877, T. W. Alexander remained as mayor, with the same council except that Messrs. Frank Woodruff and W. F. Ayer succeeded Messrs. Dailey and Meakin.

City Clerk M. A. Nevin was elected mayor in 1878 with the following strong council: J. G. Dailey, C. T. Clements, Jas. Noble, Halstead Smith, John J. Seay and T. J. Williamson. W. W. Seay was the clerk.

This council served until 1880, when Mayor Nevin was again re-elected with the following council: T. J. Williamson, Jas. Noble, P. H. Hardin, E. H. West, Jack King and W. L. Whitely.

In 1881 Major Sam Morgan was elected mayor and Messrs. Jas. Noble, E. H. West, T. J. Williamson, M. M. Pepper, W. M. Towers and J. W. Williams were elected councilmen. This council elected Col. Nevin clerk, and he has served in that capacity down to the present day.

J. G. Dailey was the mayor in 1882, and with Judge Dailey were James Wyatt, R. A. Denny, R. T. Hargrove, Joe Printup, R. H. West and F. Woodruff as councilmen.

Col. D. S. Printup was mayor in 1883, and J. F. Shanklin, Jack King, R. A. Denny, R. T. Hargrove, Sam Knox and A. W. Walton were the councilmen.

Jack King was mayor in 1884. Mr. King had as his council W. H. Wardlaw, W. H. Adkins, M. C. Mathis, S. M. Knox, C. T. Clements and R. T. Hargrove. Mr. Hargrove resigned and W. T. McWilliams was elected to fill his unexpired term.

In 1884 the charter was so changed that councilmen and mayors were to serve two years and could not succeed themselves. The following year Mayor King and Councilmen Adkins, Knox and McWilliams retained their positions and Messrs. T. J. Williamson, W. M. Towers and H. S. Lansdell were elected to succeed Messrs. Wardlaw, Mathis and Clements.

Sam. Knox was elected mayor in 1886. J. C. Printup, S. S. King and J. T. Vandiver were elected councilmen. Shortly before this election, the Fourth Ward was admitted into the city and at this time J. W. Mitchell and W. A. Wright were elected to represent her.

The charter was again changed so councilmen were to be elected every year, one from each ward to serve two years, and in 1887 W. H. Adkins, A. W. Walton, W. T. Smith and J. I. Wright were elected to succeed Messrs. Williamson, Towers, Lansdell and Mitchell.

The council of 1888 was composed of W. F. Ayer, mayor, and W. H. Adkins, W. W. Seay, A. W. Walton, H. S. Lansdell, W. T. Smith, Jack King, J. I. Wright and H. D. Hill.

In 1889, Messrs. J. C. Printup, M. C. Mathis, John J. Seay and John D. Moore were elected to succeed Messrs. Adkins, Walton, Smith and Wright. This was Mayor-elect Moore's first service and his election was somewhat of a surprise, as he defeated J. W. Mitchell, who was at that time considered one of the strongest men in the Fourth Ward. While serving in this council, Mr. Moore demonstrated his "backbone," if we may so express it, by standing single handed by the mayor in fining the violators of the prohibition law, where the entire council was against him. H. D. Hill had previous to this time resigned from the council and J. K. Williamson was elected to succeed him.

The election of 1890 was very exciting, the candidates for mayor being Messrs. A. W. Walton and W. W. Seay. The Fifth Ward had just been admitted and added enthusiasm to the race.



AT SAM GRAHAM'S BARBECUE, 20 YEARS AGO.

Among the "merrymakers" can be seen Oscar McWilliams, John Graham, Rob Rounsaville, Reuben Towers, Laurie Cothran, Mortimer Griffin, Ed. Maddox, Rob Yancey, Bolling Sullivan, Mel Gammon, Rob Graves, Walter Cothran, John C. Reese, Wm. A. Wright, Capt. Jno. J. Seay, Moses Wright, Dr. T. R. Garlington, Foster Graham, Wilson Hardy and Horace Johnson.

Walton was elected with the entire ticket and the council this year stood:

Mayor, A. W. Walton; councilmen, J. C. Printup, J. R. Cantrell, M. C. Mathis, S. M. Knox, John J. Seay, S. S. King, John D. Moore, J. W. Mitchell. Messrs. M. M. Pepper and D. Turner were elected to represent the Fifth Ward. In 1891 C. W. Underwood, W. H. Steele, J. L. Camp, C. W. Morris and T. J. McCaffrey were the councilmen elected.

In 1893, Mayor King and his ticket were elected, defeating Mayor-elect Moore, but in 1894, it is Moore's inning.

The councilmen since 1894 follow:

1894—First Ward, A. B. McArver; Second, W. J. Neel; Third, H. G. Stoffregen, Sr.; Fourth, Walter Harris; Fifth, T. J. McCaffrey.

1895—First Ward, Geo. F. Chidsey, Jr.; Second, Sam M. Lowry; Third, Joel Branham; Fourth, J. A. Glover; Fifth, Tom L. Cornelius.

1896—First Ward, Dr. Lindsay Johnson; Second, Thompson Hiles; Third, J. A. Gammon; Fourth, Wm. J. Gordon; Fifth, J. D. Hanks.

1897—First Ward, Frank J. Kane, Sr.; Second, W. T. Jones; Third, Richard A. Denny; Fourth, Chas. W. Morris; Fifth, J. Dallis Turner.

1898—First Ward, A. B. McArver; Second, D. B. Hamilton, Jr.; Third, B. T. Haynes; Fourth, Walter Harris; Fifth, Tom J. Reese.

1899—First Ward, C. E. McLin; Second, Albert G. Ewing, Jr.; Third, Hunter H. McClure; Fourth, Hiram D. Hill; Fifth, J. Robert Cantrell.

1900—First Ward, Frank J. Kane; Second, Chas. S. Pruden and D. E. Lowry, Sr.; Third, Chas. B. Wilburn; Fourth, Asbury Randle; Fifth, J. Dave Hanks.

1901—First Ward, Wm. M. Towers, Sr.; Second, Harper Hamilton; Third, Chas. H. Lavender; Fourth, Harry W. Williamson; Fifth, P. H. Vandiver.

1902—First Ward, John M. Graham; Second, Chas. S. Pruden; Third, Jos. B. Owens; Fourth, Hugh McCrary; Fifth, J. G. Pollock.

1903—First Ward, John C. Printup; Second, A. B. Arrington; Third, J. W. Hancock; Fourth, Chas. W. Morris; Fifth, Jas. B. King.

1904—First Ward, Robt. W. Graves; Second, John M. Graham; Third, Harry C. Harrington; Fourth, Asbury Randle; Fifth, P. H. Vandiver.

1905—First Ward, F. H. Moore; Second, A. B. Arrington; Third, J. W. Hancock; Fourth, Harry W. Williamson; Fifth, J. G. Pollock.

1906—First Ward, Frank J. Kane; Second, Jas. M. Lay; Third, Chas. H. Lavender, Fourth, Geo. A. H. Harris; Fifth, J. Dave Hanks.

1907—First Ward, J. W. Russell; Second, Chas. B. Goetchius; Third, J. W. Hancock; Fourth, Harry W. Williamson; Fifth, J. G. Pollock; Sixth,

.....; Seventh, Peter D. Burks and W. M. Gammon.

1908—First Ward, E. W. Best; Second, D. B. Hamilton, Jr.; Third, Isaac May; Fourth, Luke C. Mitchell, Jr.; Fifth, P. H. Vandiver; Sixth, Frank W. Copeland; Seventh, Thos. L. Lloyd.

1909—First Ward, Wm. DeLay; Second, Wm. P. Harbin; Third, Frank M. Irwin; Fourth, Walter Harris; Fifth, Cary J. King; Sixth, Frank W. Copeland; Seventh, Frank B. Freeman.

1910—First Ward, Sam J. Powers; Second, Richard M. Johnston; Third, Isaac May; Fourth, J. K. Williamson.

1911—First Ward, T. Berry Broach; Second, Luke G. McDonald; Third, Frank M. Irwin; Fourth, Dan O. Byars; Fifth, P. H. Vandiver; Sixth, Frank W. Copeland; Seventh, Wm. L. Daniel.

1912—Aldermen: Frank S. Barron, E. W. Best and Rufus W. McClain.

1913—First Ward, T. Berry Broach; Second, Philip J. Mullen; Third, L. F. McKoy; Fourth, J. W. Keown; Fifth, P. H. Vandiver; Sixth, Frank W. Copeland; Seventh, Wm. L. Daniel.

1914—Aldermen: Cornelius Terhune, Chas. T. Jervis and C. O. Walden.

1915—Commission government instituted. W. M. Gammon, first commissioner; Ernest E. Lindsey, second commissioner; A. B. Arrington, Frank B. Holbrook, J. P. Jones, commissioners.

1916—Chas. S. Pruden, chairman; 1917-18, D. W. Simmons, chairman; 1919, John M. Vandiver, Second Ward, chairman; L. F. McKoy, First Ward; Isaac May, Third Ward; C. F. Gaines, Fourth Ward; R. Earl Young, Fifth Ward; W. C. Atkinson, Sixth Ward; H. B. Cruise, Seventh Ward, commissioners; 1920, Isaac May, chairman; L. F. McKoy, First Ward; Harper Hamilton, Second Ward; Hugh Burnes, Fourth Ward; Ben Gann, Fifth Ward; W. C. Atkinson, Sixth Ward; Henry B. Cruise, Seventh Ward, commissioners. 1921-22, Ernest E. Lindsey, chairman; L. F. McKoy, First Ward; Isaac May, Third Ward; Hugh Burnes, Fourth Ward; Ben Gann, Fifth Ward; W. C. Atkinson, Sixth Ward; H. B. Cruise, Seventh Ward, commissioners.

Soon after the death in 1922 of Commissioner Burnes, W. H. Burnes, his father, was elected; and Geo. Berry Hawkins was elected to succeed Isaac May, resigned.

* * *

MILLER RIFLES.—The following sketch and roster were obtained through courtesy of Jno. W. Quarles, whose father, Frank W. Quarles, was an original member. This record was filed with the Floyd County ordinary in August, 1898, in compliance with a state law passed just prior to that time:

The Miller Rifles left Rome about May 15, 1861. It was one of the ten companies forming the Eighth Georgia Volunteer regiment as organized in May at Richmond, Va. The company was named in honor of Dr. H. V. M. Miller, of Rome, one of the most distinguished physicians in the south.

Col. Francis S. Bartow was in command and Lieut. Col. W. M. Gardner, of Rome; Maj. T. L. Cooper and Adj. J. L. Branch regimental officers.

The regiment was ordered to Harper's Ferry, Va., and joined the forces commanded by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. It was one of the few regiments which bore the brunt of the fighting in the first battle of Manassas, July 21, 1861, in which the loss in killed and wounded was fearful.

The regiment served through the war in a brigade commanded first by Gen. Jones and later by Gen. George T. Anderson, better known as "Tige" Anderson. They formed a part of Longstreet's corps in the army of Northern Virginia, and participated in nearly every battle in which Gen. Lee's army was engaged, and surrendered with him and the army on April 9, 1865, at Appomattox, Va. Of the sixteen officers when the company was organized, only three were living at the time the above record was filed: Col. John R. Towers, A. C. Morrison, first corporal, and F. L. Miller, musician.

The Miller Rifles was afterwards known as Company E, Eighth Georgia Regiment Volunteers.

Original organization officers:

Captain—John R. Towers, promoted to lieutenant colonel and then colonel.

First Lieut.—Edward W. Hull (resigned December, 1861).

Second Lieut.—Dunlap Scott, promoted to first lieutenant and then captain.

Third Lieut.—A. R. Harper, promoted to major, First Georgia Cavalry, and then lieutenant colonel.

First Sergt.—Oswell B. Eve, died of wounds received at First Battle of Manassas.

Second Sergt.—J. M. Berry, discharged for wounds received at First Battle of Manassas.

Third Sergt.—Curtis C. Campbell, died of disease, September, 1861.

Fourth Sergt.—J. L. Skinner, by reason of substitution.

First Corporal—Augustus C. Morrison, now living.

Second Corporal—Thos. J. Hills, died of wounds received at First Battle of Manassas.

Third Corporal—B. F. Price, died of disease in September, 1861.

Fourth Corporal—Frank Lathrop, killed at First Battle of Manassas.

Musician—J. H. Miller, died of disease.

Musician—F. L. Miller, living at time of filing this record.

Surgeon—Dr. A. M. Boyd.

Chaplain—Rev. V. A. Bell.

Sec.-Treas.—Dr. J. F. Duane, killed at First Battle of Manassas.

Privates—

S. H. Adams
W. J. Andrews
Jas. W. Arp
S. B. Asbury
T. W. Asbury
John Bailey
Von A. Bell
Edw. Bishop
A. G. Bobo
R. N. Bowden
A. M. Boyd
Wm. J. Cannon
S. A. Chambers
John H. Cooper
W. T. Cornelius
Jas. I. Davis
John Davis
E. R. Diamond
W. B. Diamond
E. Donnough
E. M. Eason
T. T. Eason
W. T. Evans
John C. Eve
N. J. Fain
L. L. Floyd
W. L. Foster
M. L. Funderburk
H. T. Garrett
Thos. J. Glenn
E. P. Griffeth
W. A. Hardin
Chas. M. Harper
D. C. Harper
H. C. Harper
R. J. F. Hill
C. W. Hooper
Gabriel Jones
Wm. A. King
W. H. May
Joe McKenzie
W. S. McNatt
John Minton
Jas. L. Mitchell
Thos. Mobley
J. M. Montgomery
J. E. Moore
Tyler Motes
J. T. Oswalt
Wm. Parks
Geo. W. Payne
R. D. Price
J. L. Pyle
F. W. Quarles
F. M. Reynolds
J. W. Robertson
John H. Silvey
W. H. Skinner
T. C. Sparks
J. M. Taylor
W. J. Taylor
S. C. Trout
Wm. P. Trout
W. W. Ware
A. J. Wilkins
R. F. Wimpee
S. B. Wimpee
W. S. Wimpee
M. M. Wright
L. G. Yarbrough

Recruits Received in 1861—

B. P. Barker
H. A. Brice
R. P. Brice
W. B. Dawson
J. T. Ellis
T. C. Estes
E. P. Freeman
Wm. M. Greer
John Hill
A. C. Huntington



WILLIAM JOSEPH ATTAWAY, Floyd County boy killed in the World War in France as a volunteer member of the U. S. Marines.

B. A. Johnston
M. J. Johnston
Wm. M. Mobley
Alex Moore
John Osley
Hamp H. Penny
J. M. Pledger
Jordan Reece
W. F. Rice
J. M. Sparks
W. M. Sparks
Robert Wade
B. F. Whitehead
T. S. Williamson

Recruits Received in 1862—

Seaborn Bolt
E. W. Clyett
J. R. Eason
J. A. Estes
J. A. Frix
W. W. Garrett

R. A. Graham	J. E. Lee
E. P. Hankins	J. M. Martin
J. A. Hardin	B. F. May
R. F. Harvey	W. H. McCroskey
W. H. Harvey	F. F. Norton
J. V. Henry	Daniel Parks
W. R. Henry	James Perry
David Hill	A. J. Read
J. M. Hill	T. K. Reeves
S. R. Jones	B. F. Reynolds
Wm. H. Jones	Samuel Roberts
Wm. Harris Jones	Thos. J. Self
M. S. Judkins	D. R. Towers
B. P. Lanham	H. I. Ware
S. J. Lanham	L. W. White

C. P. Whitehead

The following sixteen laid down their arms at Appomattox:

W. T. Cornelius	W. H. McCroskey
E. M. Eason	Joe McKenzie
J. T. Eason	A. C. Morrison
Thos. J. Glenn	Geo. W. Payne
Lt. C. M. Harper	Hamph H. Penny
H. C. Harper	Col. J. R. Towers
B. F. Johnson	Wm. P. Trout
M. S. Judkins	A. J. Wilkins

The record shows that of the 145 men enlisted in the company from first to last, only 37 were living at the time the record was filed. Fourteen were killed in battle, seven died of wounds and 29 died from disease during the war. Only sixteen were present at the surrender; 42 had died since the war. In tabulated form the record shows up as follows:

Killed in battle	14
Died of wounds	7
Died of disease	29
Surrendered at Appomattox	16
Died since the war	42
Surviving members	37
Total number enlisted	145

* * *

MILLS.—Following is a partial list of grist mills in Floyd County, as furnished by R. V. Mitchell:

Barrett's, at North Rome bridge, near Southern railway.

Culpepper's, on John's creek, "The Pocket," northern end of the county.

Rounsaville's, Chambers Station, east of Lindale.

Shores', Summerville Road, Armuchee Creek, on old Armuchee route.

Dick Zuber's, Horton place, Floyd Springs road, Armuchee creek.

Richardson's, Alabama road at junction of the Central railway and Rome and Attalla branch of the Southern.

John C. Foster's (formerly Thomas') Foster's Mill road, four miles north of Cave Spring, on Big Cedar Creek.

Bryant's, Chulio Road at Smiley S. Johnson's place, six miles east of Rome, on Spring Creek.

Tom C. Ayer's, Spring Creek, Chulio district.

Nichols', Fifth Avenue bridge, Fourth Ward, once owned by Daniel R. Mitchell.

Echols', at Crystal Springs, Summerville Road, Armuchee Creek.

Young's, on the Kingston Road.

One of the most picturesque in the county is on Silver Creek at Lindale. It was known in the old days as Hoss' mill; it has a large metal wheel which turns no more; water was carried to it in a race from the high ground. It was destroyed by the Northern troops during the war, and rebuilt by the owner, Capt. Jacob H. Hoss. For a time it was known as Barnett's mill.

Cohen's Mill (later Loeb's) stood on a high spot in South Rome near the mouth of Silver Creek. It burned down about 20 years ago and nothing remains but a pile of ruins.

Jones' mill, Armuchee Creek, Dalton road, near Pope's Ferry, was torn away by the owner, Seaborn Wright.

* * *

MISSIONS.—In various parts of Cherokee Georgia missions for teaching the Indians were established in 1816 under a Congressional appropriation of $10,000 yearly, which was probably increased. The nearest mission to the site of Rome was established in 1821 on the Quin place at Coosa, and was known as Missionary Station. Missionary Ridge, near Chattanooga, Tenn., is said to have taken its name from the Indian school there, known as Brainerd Mission. Another important mission was maintained at New Echota, Gordon County, capital of the Cherokee Nation, and still another at Spring Place, Murray County, both of which were taught by Rev. Samuel A. Worcester, of Vermont. Missionary Station was in charge of Rev. Elijah Butler and his wife, Mrs. Esther Butler, who were sent out by the American Baptist Committee on Foreign Missions, at S. Canaan, Conn.

Still another mission has been located at Turkeytown, Etowah County, Alabama.

* * *

MITCHELL GUARDS.—This Civil War company was named after Daniel R. Mitchell, lawyer and one of the four founders of Rome. The Rome

Courier of Tuesday morning, Feb. 18, 1862, commented as follows:

"On Monday, the 10th inst., Capt. Z. B. Hargrove's company, the 'Mitchell Guards,' assembled in the City Hall for the purpose of receiving a beautiful flag from the hands of Miss Florence T. Mitchell, before departing from their homes for the tended field, and perhaps the field of blood. This is a fine, full company of vigorous-looking men, that will make their mark some day. This makes the twelfth company that are now in the field from this county. Capt. Kerr's company will leave in a few days; also Capt. Haney's. These two companies will make fourteen companies from Floyd, and about 150 recruits. The war spirit is up, and old Floyd is 'spreading herself.'"

The following was the address of Miss Mitchell on presenting the flag:

"Capt. Hargrove and Gentlemen of the Mitchell Guards: My father, in honor of whom your company of citizen soldiers has been named, has delegated me to present you this flag. He instructs me to tender to you his thanks, and assure you of his high regard for your partiality in the selection of a name for your company.

"My friends, your country is invaded by the foulest and most ruthless enemy known in the history of the civilized world; their impudent pretensions, their unspeakable barbarity, their vandal and revengeful spirit, in the accomplishment of their thieving and plundering objects have called you to the battlefield in defense of your country, your honor, your fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters, wives and children, your altars, and even your lives.

"Upon that battlefield you will doubtless carry this flag. When I look upon your bright volunteer faces, your stout hearts and strong arms, I feel that it is unnecessary to say that this flag will never be trailed in the dust before such a wicked, vandal foe while one of you is living. I read from every bright countenance now before me the united shout upon the bloody field, that may be just before you, 'Give me liberty or give me death!' Go, my friends, at the call of your country with hearts and arms nerved at the justice of our cause, and may the God of Battles go with you."

On the receipt of the flag, Captain Hargrove replied:

"Miss Florence Mitchell: In the name and behalf of the company which I have the honor to command, I accept at your fair hands this beautiful banner; I accept it, not only as a token of your regard for our company, but also the love and devotion which you have for the holy cause which we have espoused. In accepting this banner, permit me to say that not only I, but each and every member of our company, will ever love and cherish it, and with our lives will ever defend its sacred folds. In the course of events this flag may be borne on a field of blood and carnage. If this should be the case, and troubles thrown about us from which there is no escape, we will remember this scene and this day, and ere its sacred folds are polluted by the foul touch of our enemy it shall be bathed in the bravest and best blood of our company. I love this banner because you have presented it to us. I love it for its beauty—I love it in remembrance of the glorious deeds and victories won under it at Oak Hill, Belmont, Leesburg, Bethel and Manassas Plains.

"But, more than all, I love it because it is the ensign of a nation struggling to perpetuate the liberties bequeathed to us by our fathers. Permit me again to thank you and to say



ALMERON WALTON SHANKLIN, superintendent of the First Methodist Sunday School, who was killed in France in 1918.

that so long as there is one of us able to wield a sword or spring a trigger it shall never 'trail in the dust.'

"Permit me to say to you, my brave companions in arms, notwithstanding the dark clouds of gloom which seem to hang around us, though we may in the providence of God have to pass through dark and bitter waters, ere we achieve our liberty, we are as sure of ultimate success as the justice of our cause, and with God as arbiter of nations—if we but do our duty. A cause like ours can never be surrendered! No, never! We are fighting for all that is worth living for—our country, our liberty, our altars, and our honor. We will all stand or fall together. A people united and determined to be free, as we are, can never be conquered.

"Our reverses at Roanoke and Donelson have kindled the fires of liberty afresh from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, which is burning with a blaze of glory from center to circumference. The tocsin of war is now sounding throughout the length and breadth of our land, and thousands of the chivalrous sons of the Sunny South are flocking to their country's standard and swearing eternal allegiance to the Stars and Bars. In this terrible struggle many of the bravest and best of us may die, but this is necessary that liberty may live. In this we say, the will of God be done. To you, my brave companions in arms, let me say when the hour of trial comes (as come it will) remember Leonidas and his 300 Spartans.

"And now to you, Lieut. Hanson, I commit this flag. It is unnecessary for me to say to you, guard and defend it as you would your honor. Resolve to fall a freeman rather than live a slave."

On receiving the flag, Lieut. Hanson replied: "I receive it to defend it, and the cause it represents; rather will I die than either shall be dishonored in my hands."

Muster Roll of the Mitchell Guards.

Officers—

Z. B. Hargrove, captain.
L. T. Mitchell, First Lieut.
A. C. Camp, Second Lieut.
W. B. Hanson, Third Lieut.
A. M. Carter, Orderly Sergt.
W. J. Shockley, Second Sergt.
T. J. Hanson, Third Sergt.
L. M. Cobb, Fourth Sergt.
B. J. McGinnis, Fifth Sergt.
J. Tropp, First Corporal.
R. M. White, Second Corporal.
C. B. Adkins, Third Corporal.
W. T. Burns, Fourth Corporal.
J. Haley, Fifth Corporal.

Privates—

W. S. Alcorn
J. F. Allen
T. T. Arnold
L. Ashealds
T. P. Ayres
J. W. Bagwell
P. H. Baker
I. T. Bell
J. Boswell
W. J. Bradshaw
W. J. Camp
W. M. Campbell
W. C. Carr
J. N. Coker
R. A. Cowan
A. Cordle
J. H. Crocker
B. Davis
S. H. Devore
T. J. Dodd
A. J. Doig
W. P. Doig
W. W. Duke
E. Estes
M. Farmer
J. H. Fuller
J. P. Fuller
G. W. Green
E. J. Hanson
J. D. House
W. Howe
J. Hubert
J. T. Hughes
J. P. Isbell
W. B. Johnston
W. C. Kerce
S. H. Kyle
E. H. Lumpkin
J. W. Miller
C. C. Morrison
J. B. Morrison
W. S. Morrison
J. H. McArver
J. M. McKane
T. J. McLain
D. N. Nichols
N. T. Nichols
W. Nichols
R. W. Nix
T. H. Norman
T. Norman
H. B. Oswalt
J. T. Oswalt
S. C. Oswalt
R. Patlow
R. Peppers
T. P. Plumer
T. M. Pruit
E. P. Scott
H. F. Sharpe
J. N. Smith
J. F. Spragins
W. T. Spragins
W. S. Thomas
R. Wadle
C. N. Waters
Daniel Waters
J. E. Weathers
J. C. Willis
J. W. Woods
L. D. Wooten
W. P. Young

* * *

MOUNTAINS OF FLOYD COUNTY.—According to the "Rome Quadrangle" map of the United States Geological Survey, the highest point in Floyd County is the triangulation station on Lavender Mountain, a mile and a half southwest of Redmond Gap—1,695 feet above sea level. The second highest is the southern tip of John's Mountain, in the extreme northern part of the county, between Crystal Springs and Floyd Springs—1,549 feet. The third is Mt. Alto (Horseleg Mountain), four miles southwest of Rome—1,529 feet. Others follow:

Rock Mountain, separating Little Texas and Big Texas valleys, and northwest of Lavender; 1,000 feet.

Armstrong Mountain, Ridge Valley, between Pinson and Hermitage; 1,000 feet.

Simms Mountain, bordering Big Texas Valley on the northwest and constituting the main part of the boun-

dary line between Floyd and Chattooga Counties; 1,000 feet.

Turnip Mountain, an offshoot of the Lavender range, southwest of it and north of and overlooking the Coosa River at Camp's Bend; 1,000 feet.

Tubbs Mountain, East Rome, which is owned by Mrs. Waller T. Turnbull and contains her home; 937 feet.

Judy Mountain, two miles west of Turnip, and Turkey Mountain, two miles southeast of Floyd Springs, a mile and a half west of the Gordon County line, and belted on its eastern and southern sides by the Oostanaula River, are not labeled as to height.

The ridges inclosing Vann's and Ridge Valleys are from 600 to 1,000 feet in altitude, and a spur midway between Silver Creek and Chulio is 1,138 feet. The shaggy manes of several brown promontories shake benignly over Everett Springs from a height of 1,000 feet.

* * *

MUNICIPAL BUILDING (CITY HALL).—Location: West side of Broad Street, on northwest corner of Broad and Sixth Avenue, next to Carnegie Library. Work was begun Apr. 3, 1915, under the administration of Mayor J. D. Hanks, was continued under the administration of W. M. Gammon (first commissioner) and was finished under the administration of First Commissioner Chas. S. Pruden in 1916.

The Councilmen in office when the ground was broken were T. B. Broach, P. J. Mullen, L. F. McKoy, J. W. Keown, P. H. Vandiver, W. L. Daniel and F. W. Copeland. T. Edward Grafton was superintendent of public works, Sam S. King assistant, and Hugh McCrary secretary of the commission. Max Meyerhardt was city attorney. The aldermen were Cornelius Terhune, Chas. T. Jervis and C. O. Walden.

The architect was A. Ten Eyck Brown, of Atlanta. The J. F. DuPree Sons Co. were the general contractors. The Walker Electric & Plumbing Co. furnished the heating and plumbing apparatus, and the Rome Supply Co. did the electrical work.

The election for $100,000 of bonds was carried Dec. 28, 1914. The bonds were sold and the contract signed Mar. 31, 1915. An issue of $40,000 additional was authorized in 1916.

An unusual circumstance spurred far-seeing Romans to action in the purchase of the block of real estate on which the structure stands. Upper Broad Street and the surrounding neighborhood had always been used more or less by the negroes for their shops and to some extent for their homes and houses of worship. This section lay in the path of Rome's natural commercial expansion. Word was passed in 1907 that the colored people had raised a fund to buy the lot, and were planning to erect a Masonic lodge building. A Roman, who didn't have an umbrella, pulled on his galoshes and paddled around in the rain long enough to buy an option. Had he waited a day longer, the other trade would have been completed, and the Municipal Building and Carnegie Library would today be occupying different and probably less desirable sites.

* * *

NEVIN'S OPERA HOUSE.—Opened Oct. 1, 1880; destroyed by fire Dec. 31, 1919. Was located between Woolworth store and Rome Supply Co. on Broad Street. Erected by Mitchell A. Nevin and Thos. H. Jonas at a cost of $21,000 and was managed by Mr. Nevin and Israel S. Jonas in the early days, and by Jas. B. Nevin later. Early booking was done by Frank P. O'Brien, of Birmingham and New York. Had seating capacity of 1,000. Most of the theatrical performances now showing in Rome use the City Auditorium.

* * *

RHODEF SHOLEM CONGREGATION ("Followers of Peace").—Founded in 1871 by David Jacob Meyerhardt, father of Judge Max Meyerhardt, who officiated until his death in 1890. Jacob Kuttner then officiated until his death in 1905, at which time Isaac May assumed charge, and is the incumbent. The vice-president is Judge Max Meyerhardt and the secretary and treasurer Joe Esserman. M. Miller is the rabbi, and the trustees are Harry Lesser, Pressley Esserman and Jake Mendelson. Rabbi David Esserman served from 1898 until 1916, when ill health forced him to resign. He died in 1917.

The congregation still worships in a rented hall in the Masonic Temple, but a building has been created which will be used later to erect a handsome house of worship. The Sunday School, taught by Judge Max Meyerhardt, has a membership of nearly 60.

* * *

RIVERS OF FLOYD COUNTY.—The rivers which drain Floyd County flow in a generally southwestward direction; the Oostanaula and the Etowah unite at Rome to form the Coosa, which threads its way in a serpentine

course through eastern Alabama until it joins the Tallapoosa near Wetumpka and Montgomery and then glides into the Alabama River and finally loses itself in the Gulf of Mexico. The Etowah is not navigable. The Oostanaula admits small steamers as far up as Carter's Quarters, Murray County, 105 miles, while the Coosa can be plied 250 miles, nearly to the junction with the Tallapoosa. Greensport is the extremity and Gadsden a popular inland port. The navigable extent of the two rivers is therefore 355 miles.

A keg placed in the Etowah at its source, if unobstructed, would reach Rome in about three days, as it would if set free in the Oostanaula, the flow being a rapid at the start, and rushing on at the rate of about seven miles an hour 100 miles up and calming down to two or three miles at Rome. Should a giant stand at the head waters of the Oostanaula, break a stone and drop half into the water, particles of it would be washed eventually into the Gulf of Mexico via Rome and Mobile Bay; if he should place the other half of the rock in his sling and hurl it a quarter of a mile to another rushing stream, particles would be carried into the Toccoa River, then the Ocoee, then Hiwassee, then the Tennessee (past Chattanooga and Muscle Shoals) and finally into the Gulf at New Orleans by the majestic Mississippi. The sandy particles would find their way to Mobile Bay via Rome if cast into the Etowah, but if they should be slung into the gurgling Tesnatee, a tributary of the Chattahoochee, they would pass Atlanta and Columbus and be discharged into the Gulf via the Appalachicola River and Appalachicola Bay.

Should a mischievous and adventurous hob-goblin mount the keg as it skimmed along the Etowah, he would not only see the muskrats, the fish, the eels and mussels at play, and the squirrels cracking nuts on the banks, but he would hear the farmers singing through the bottom land cornfields and the moonshiners droning over their mash. If he could stretch his neck a bit—so it would put his head above the tallest sycamore trees fringing the bank—he could gaze on Dahlonega, Lumpkin County; Dawsonville, Dawson County; Hightower, Forsyth County; Canton, Cherokee County; Cartersville and Kingston, Bartow County; and finally the arching spires of Rome.

Should the hob-goblin forsake the muddy river for the clear Oostanaula he would take his start in the classic Cohutta Mountains in Fannin County, pass through a part of Polk and Bradley Counties, Tenn., then come back to Georgia, go within hailing distance of Dalton, Whitfield County, straddle the county line between Whitfield and Murray, pass Resaca and Calhoun in Gordon County, and amble on down to Rome; or if he took the Coosawattee branch of the Oostanaula he would start his impish journey on Cherrylog Creek, near Blue Ridge, Fannin County, bow his way into the Ellijay River, doff his purple velvet cap at Ellijay, Gilmer County, yell at Sam Carter at Carter's Quarters, Murray County, and enter the purling Oostanaula at Resaca, in Gordon.

After sailing along more slowly to Rome and the Mayo Bar Lock, eight miles below, the little gamin would shoot the rapids beyond the lock and dam, and by the time he reached the mouth of Big Cedar Creek, near the Alabama line, he would be apt to hop off the keg, skip along the creek until he reached Cave Spring, and there explore the wonderful cave and play with the school children to his heart's content.

* * *

ROMANS IN CONGRESS.—The present senior Senator from Georgia, Wm. J. Harris, of Cedartown, was once a resident of Rome, and Milford W. Howard, who went to Congress in the nineties from Ft. Payne, Ala., was born in the DeSoto district, now the Fourth Ward. Mr. Howard wrote a book entitled "If Christ Came to Congress." This was such a scathing arraignment that when Mr. Howard arrived to resume his duties, his seat was contested by Speaker Thos. B. Reed and others.

In 1868 Dr. H. V. M. Miller was elected to the United States Senate from Atlanta, defeating Jos. E. Brown. He had removed from Rome the year before. He was not seated until a few days before his term expired.

The following Romans have been elected to Congress from Rome:

Before the War.

JNO. H. LUMPKIN; 28th Congress, 1843-5; Georgia contemporaries: Edward J. Black, Absalom H. Chappell, Duncan L. Clinch, Howell Cobb, Hugh A. Haralson, John Millen, Alexander H. Stephens, Wm. H. Stiles. Twenty-ninth Congress, 1845-7; contemporaries: Howell Cobb, Hugh A. Haralson, Seaborn Jones, Thos. Butler King,



BEFORE "KING WEEVIL" HAD USURPED THE THRONE.

The picture shows a "cotton patch" transplanted in Broad Street; year, 1916. Miss Frances Wright (Mrs. Julius Clyde Price) telling a crowd of Dixie and Forrest Highway tourists the advantages of good roads and diversified agriculture. James M. Cox, of Ohio, candidate for President in 1920, is in the automobile in the left foreground.

Washington Poe, Alexander H. Stephens, Robt. Toombs, Geo. W. Towns. Thirtieth Congress, 1847-9; contemporaries: Howell Cobb, Hugh A. Haralson, Alfred Iverson, John W. Jones, Thos. Butler King, Alexander H. Stephens, Robt. Toombs. Thirty-fourth Congress, 1855-7; contemporaries: Howell Cobb, Martin J. Crawford, Nathaniel G. Foster, Jas. L. Seward, Alexander H. Stephens, Robt. P. Trippe, Hiram Warner.

THOS. C. HACKETT;* Thirty-first Congress, 1849-51; contemporaries: Howell Cobb (elected speaker Dec. 21, 1849), Hugh A. Haralson, Jos. W. Jackson, Thos. Butler King, Allen F. Owen, Alexander H. Stephens, Robt. Toombs, Marshall J. Wellborn.

AUGUSTUS R. WRIGHT; 35th Congress, 1857-9; contemporaries: Martin J. Crawford, Lucius J. Gartrell, Joshua Hill, James Jackson, James L. Seward, Alexander H. Stephens, Robt. P. Trippe, Hiram Warner.

JOHN W. H. UNDERWOOD; 36th Congress, 1859-61; contemporaries: Martin J. Crawford, Lucius J. Gartrell, Thos. Hardeman, Jr., Joshua Hill, Jas. Jackson, John J. Jones, Peter E. Love. (On Jan. 23, 1861, the Georgia delegation retired from Congress, and Joshua Hill was the only one who went through the formality of a resignation).

*Died Oct. 8, 1851, at Marietta, Ga.

After the War.

JUDSON C. CLEMENTS; 51st Congress, 1889-91; contemporaries: Geo. T. Barnes, Jas. H. Blount, Allen D. Candler, Henry H. Carlton, Chas. F. Crisp, Thos. W. Grimes, Rufus E. Lester, Jno. D. Stewart, Henry G. Turner. (Judge Clements removed to Rome in 1887 from LaFayette, Walker County, having been just returned to Congress from that point. At the next election he was living at Rome, but after his service in the 51st he declined re-election. While living in Walker he had served in the 47th through the 49th, 1881-7. In the 50th, 1887-9, he served with the same colleagues as in the 51st, except that Thos. M. Norwood was serving in the 50th, and was succeeded by Rufus E. Lester in the 51st).

JOHN W. MADDOX; 53rd Congress, 1893-5; contemporaries: J. C. C. Black, Thos. B. Cabaniss, Chas. F. Crisp, Thos. G. Lawson, Rufus E. Lester, Leonidas F. Livingston, Chas. L. Moses, Benj. E. Russell, F. Carter Tate, Henry G. Turner. Fifty-fourth Congress, 1895-7; contemporaries: C. L. Bartlett, Chas. F. Crisp, the father; Chas. R. Crisp, the son; Thos. G. Lawson, Rufus E. Lester, Leonidas F. Liv-

ingston, Chas. L. Moses, F. Carter Tate, Henry G. Turner. Fifty-fifth Congress, 1897-9; contemporaries: Wm. C. Adamson, Chas. L. Bartlett, Wm. G. Brantley, Wm. H. Fleming, Jas. M. Griggs, Wm. M. Howard, Rufus E. Lester, Elijah B. Lewis, Leonidas F. Livingston, F. Carter Tate. Fifty-sixth Congress, 1899-1901; contemporaries: Same as in 55th. Fifty-seventh Congress, 1901-3; contemporaries: Same as in 55th and 56th. Fifty-eighth Congress, 1903-5; contemporaries: Same as in 55th, 56th and 57th except that Thos. W. Hardwick took the place of Wm. H. Fleming.

* * *

ROME FEMALE COLLEGE.—Founded about 1853 by Col. Simpson Fouche, as the Cherokee Female Institute. Col. Fouche conducted it until Jan. 1, 1857, when he was succeeded by Dr. and Mrs. Jno. M. M. Caldwell, who had previously operated a school for day students in their home, the old John Ross house, in the Fourth Ward. It was situated on the north side of Eighth Avenue where the Burney and Willingham homes are now located. After Mrs. Caldwell's death June 8, 1886, at the school, Dr. Caldwell continued the institution, but it finally passed into the hands of Dr. J. B. S. Holmes, who converted it into a private sanitarium, which burned down in the early nineties.

As claimed by the Caldwells and according to fact, the college was an outgrowth of the Institute, for in the larger institution boarding pupils were accepted, and they came from many states. It began its career under the auspices of the Presbyterian Synod of Georgia, but in 1860, along with similar institutions, passed into the ownership of Dr. Caldwell. A new charter was granted in July, 1877. The Synod again tried to obtain control in 1885.

The twenty-fifth anniversary was celebrated in 1882. On Sunday, June 4, the Rev. John Jones, president of the first board of trustees, delivered the baccalaureate address, and on commencement day, June 8, Dr. Caldwell spoke, and the Alumnae Society held a reunion at the college.

On Feb. 15, 1886, the art and music departments, dining room and kitchen were destroyed by fire, with a loss of a valuable collection of art treasures, the accumulation of 25 years. The building loss was soon restored.

The booklet of 1886 lists the following faculty: Dr. Caldwell, president and professor of Evidences of Christianity; Samuel Craighead Caldwell* vice-president and professor of metaphysics, natural science and higher mathematics; Mrs. S. C. Caldwell, lady principal and in charge of dormitories; Miss Ella Young, Latin and Belles-Letters; Miss S. P. Barker, elocution, reading and English Composition; Prof. A. Buttel, principal of music department; Madame A. Buttel, French and German; Miss Ella Bailey, art; S. C. Caldwell, secretary and treasurer. Among other teachers of various periods might be mentioned Mrs. Arthur W. Tedcastle, of Boston. The school maintained a primary department as well as the advanced grades.

* * *

ROME LIGHT GUARDS.—This Civil War company was formed as soon as the war clouds began to gather definitely—in 1858—by Edward Jones Magruder, a graduate of the Virginia Miltary Institute at Lexington, Va., and who in later years taught a military school at Rome. The following muster roll was taken from The Rome Tri-Weekly Courier of Tuesday morning, May 28, 1861. A few recruits have been added to The Courier list:

Officers—

Captain—Edward J. Magruder.
First Lieut.—Sidney H. Hall.
Second Lieut.—Melville Dwinell.
Third Lieut.—Geo. R. Lumpkin.
First Sergt.—Jas. T. Moore.
Second Sergt.—Rufus F. Hutchings.
Third Sergt.—W. S. Hutchings.
Fourth Sergt.—Isaac Donkle.
First Corp.—Wm. S. Skidmore.
Second Corp.—M. B. Holland
Third Corp.—Leonidas T. Mitchell.
Fourth Corp.—Jno. J. Black.
Bugler.—Geo. G. Merck.
Surgeon.—Dr. Jno. M. Gregory.

Drummers—

Jimmy A. Smith, Johnson Willbanks, C. M. Fouche, Henry S. Lansdell.

Privates—

Jas. H. Anderson	S. S. Clayton
Geo. S. Aycock	Philip Cohen
Wm. Aycock	Hugh D. Cothran
Geo. Barnsley	R. D. DeJournett
L. Barnsley	Geo. G. Demming
W. J. Barrett	F. M. Ezzell
Wm. A. Barron	Geo. W. Fleetwood
A. J. Bearden	Robt. T. Fouche
Jno. N. Bearden	B. J. Franks
Jno. F. Beasley	John S. Gibbons
R. W. Boggs	Wm. F. Glenn
Wm. S. Booten	Lewis Graves
Will Burnett	Larkin Green
Jas. B. Clark	Lindsey Hall

*A graduate in 1868 of Princeton University, Princeton, N. J.; a. m. in 1871.

Scott Hardin	Chas. B. Norton
Z. B. Hargrove	Geo. C. Norton
D. C. Hargrove	W. F. Omberg
T. C. Howard	W. M. Payne
G. W. Hutchings	J. R. Penny
J. M. Jack	A. F. Pemberton
A. R. Johnson	M. A. Ross
C. L. Johnson	C. W. Rush
Josiah Johnston	M. L. Sanders
Silas R. Jones	Geo. K. Sanford
M. Kauffman	J. T. Shackelford
Geo. W. King	J. F. Shelton
W. S. Lansdell	Chas. H. Smith
Wm. F. Leigh	Henry A. Smith
Wm. Lother	Virgil A. Stewart
W. H. H. Martin	F. M. Stovall
Hugh McCullough	Geo. T. Stovall
Thos McGrath	J. A. Stevenson, Jr.
Wm. McKay	J. J. Stinson
M. D. McOsker	T. W. Swank
D. H. Miller	R. P. Watters

Wm. L. Morefield

H. S. Lansdell furnished The Tribune of Rome of May 26, 1895, with the following list of 39 Light Guard members then living:

J. H. Anderson	W. S. Lansdell
Geo. Barnsley	M. D. McOsker
W. J. Barrett	Geo. G. Merck
A. J. Bearden	Geo. Milam
J. J. Black	D. H. Miller
R. W. Boggs	L. T. Mitchell
R. D. DeJournett	J. T. Moore
F. M. Ezzell	Geo. C. Norton
R. T. Fouche	W. F. Omberg
J. A. Franks	W. M. Payne
W. F. Glenn	Jno. Pinson
A. F. Gregory	C. A. Rush
Z. B. Hargrove	J. F. Shelton
A. R. Johnson	W. J. Shockley
C. L. Johnson	J. A. Smith
Joe Johnson	H. A. Smith
J. D. Jones	J. A. Stephenson
S. R. Jones	V. A. Stewart
M. Kauffman	T. W. Swank

H. S. Lansdell

Of the survivors in 1865, the following stacked arms with Lee at Appomattox, having remained with the Guards to the end:

W. A. Barron	C. L. Johnson
R. W. Boggs	H. S. Lansdell
W. A. Choice	W. S. Lansdell
J. A. Franks	D. H. Miller
G. W. Hutchings	J. F. Shelton
R. F. Hutchings	H. A. Smith

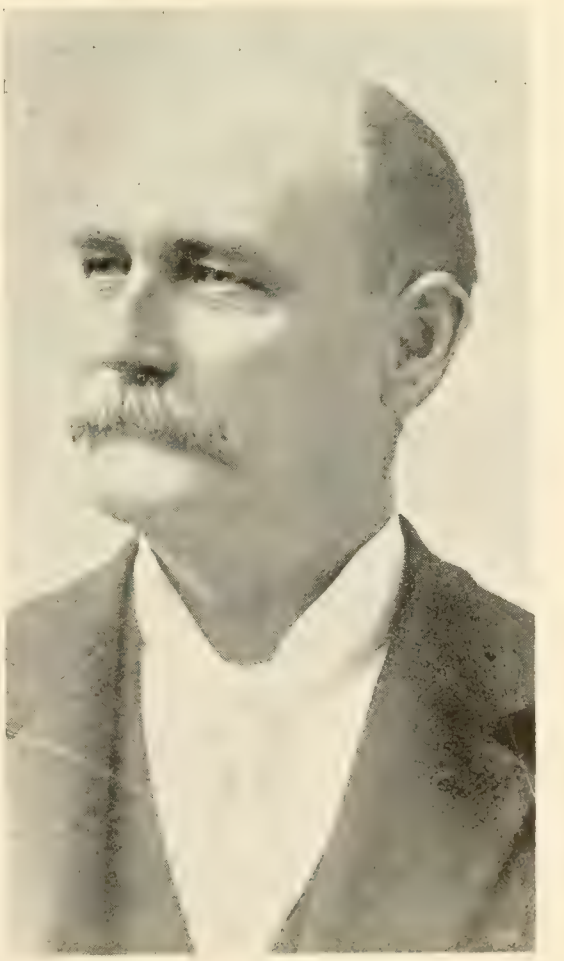
A. R. Johnson

The Reserve Recruiting Corps was composed of A. E. Ross, secretary and treasurer; W. H. Collier, Jno. R. Paye, H. C. Miner and J. L. Pinson.

* * *

ROME'S MILITARY RULERS.—Four principal chieftains of the Union Army presided over Rome's destinies at various periods during 1864. Brig. Gen. Jefferson Columbus Davis was commanding the right wing of Sherman's army when it entered Rome for the first time May 18. He personally supervised battery work from the new Shorter College hill in West Rome, and drove the Confederates off Ft. Stovall (Myrtle Hill cemetery), for which "gallant and meritorious conduct" he was cited in general orders. A story is told that he tried the ruse of taking a woman—Mrs. Lizzie Roach Hughes—to the top of Shorter hill, saying to her that they would go up and see whether any Confederates were left in Rome, but in reality, it was claimed, thinking the "Rebs" wouldn't fire with a woman present. As soon as the Confederates made out the general and Mrs. Roach through their glasses, they sent a shell screeching overhead.

Gen. Davis was a native of Indiana, born in 1828, and came out of the Mexican War as a lieutenant, having distinguished himself at Buena Vista. He was a member of the garrison which burned Ft. Moultrie before the fall of



JUDGE M. B. GERRY, once of Macon, and seven years a resident of Rome, a leading lawyer and jurist.

Ft. Sumter in 1861, and his record throughout the war was one of conspicuous gallantry. He was mustered out as a major general. On Sept. 29, 1862, he had the misfortune to engage in an altercation over military matters with Gen. Wm. Nelson at the Galt House, Louisville, Ky., and shot Gen. Nelson dead with a pistol. He was arrested, but restored to duty and was never tried. He died at Chicago in 1879.

After five days in Rome, Gen. Davis hurried on in the pursuit of Gen. Jos. E. Johnston's army, and fought May 26 at New Hope church, near Dallas. He left Brig. Gen. Wm. Vandever in command. Gen. Vandever set up headquarters in the James M. Spullock home, 911 Broad Street. Gen. Vandever was a native of Baltimore, and was 47 years old when he was at Rome. He had lived a while in Illinois, and when the war broke out was serving in Congress from the Dubuque district of Iowa. He resigned his seat in Congress and entered the war. His men traveled 45 miles March 5, 1862, and turned the tide at Pea Ridge, Ark., the next day, and on a number of occasions later he was cited, and was discharged with the rank of brevet major general. After the war he removed to California, where he was again elected to Congress, and he died in 1893 at Buena Ventura at 77 years of age.



WARREN G. HARDING, president of the United States, as he addressed a crowd from rear of train in East Rome, Jan. 21, 1921.

Gen. Vandever also soon hurried on with his command and left Rome to Brig. Gen. Jno. Murry Corse, who moved headquarters to the Hood-Cumming-Featherston-Rixie place at 709 Broad, and soon thereafter to the home of Maj. Chas. H. Smith at 312 Fourth Avenue, where the home of Mrs. Chas. A. Hight is now located. For four and a half months Gen. Corse ruled over Rome; he was not as popular with the citizens as Gen. Davis or Gen. Vandever, due, perhaps, to the fact that the heavy work of the occupation fell to his lot. Atlanta had been taken Sept. 2, 1864, and Sherman was chasing Hood northward along the W. & A. railroad. Gen. Corse had been ordered to withdraw his garrison of 1,054 men from Rome and to reinforce Col. Tourtelotte at Allatoona Pass, Bartow County. Corse arrived Oct. 5 and he and Tourtelotte were beset by a superior force under Maj. Gen. S. G. French. Before the onslaught Gen. French demanded surrender, but Corse returned a defiant answer. While lying seriously wounded, Corse directed his part of the fight, and finally received a signal message over the heads of the Confederates from Gen. Vandever, "Sherman says 'Hold on; I am coming.'" Corse continued the fight, and was saved when Sherman came up from Kennesaw Mountain; and the Confederates, now outnumbered, withdrew.

Gen. Corse was a native of Pennsylvania but went into the Federal army from Iowa. He was born about 1832, and started his military career at West Point. He was cited for his conduct at Allatoona Pass and was breveted major general before he was mustered out. He died Apr. 27, 1893. It was Gen. Corse and his men, acting under direct orders of Gen. Sherman, who destroyed Kingston by fire as the Union columns swung into line on the March to the Sea.

Gen. Wm. T. Sherman came into the picture after the other three. He had his headquarters at the Smith home on two occasions. His diary mentions that he went from Kingston to Rome Nov. 12, 1864, and on the 14th was before Resaca, 30 miles away, so he may have spent the night in Rome and left the next morning, the 13th. The diary of R. S. Norton, father of Mrs. Wm. M. Towers, states that Sherman and his staff entered Rome the night of Oct. 29, 1864; on this occasion he is supposed to have remained two and a half days. He went back to Kingston.



WHEREIN HENRY FORD CASTS HIS BENIGN SMILE UPON ROME.

On his way South, March 21, 1922, the Detroit automobile manufacturer rolled into the Southern railway station in East Rome. He was greeted by a crowd of 3,000, whose efforts to make him speak were unavailing. Mr. Ford made a few remarks which the crowd could scarcely hear. He is seen in the gray suit on the rear of his private car. Prominent in the welcome to the mechanical wizard were the Kiwanis Club of Rome and Miss Martha Berry, who invited him to visit the Berry Schools and see his tractor perform and the students recite.

Sherman left Rome in charge of Gen. Davis. This marked the beginning of the evacuation of Rome, and it started at 5 a. m. Nov. 10, according to the Norton diary, with a bonfire made out of Rome business and manufacturing establishments. It was Gen. Davis' duty to carry out Sherman's orders to burn certain valuable structures; however, it is understood that Gen. Jno. M. Corse, serving under Gen. Davis, actually applied the torch.

A fifth Federal commander appeared on the scene after the war. He was Capt. Chas. A. de la Mesa, of Co. I, 39th New York Infantry during the hostilities. On June 20, 1865, Capt. de la Mesa opened the Freedmen's Bureau on Broad Street and took charge as reconstruction commander, with several companies of troops.* His position was difficult with so many post-war antagonisms, and he participated in a number of narrow escapes from the infuriated citizenry. He served two or three years. After his death, thought to have taken place in Brooklyn, N. Y., his widow, Francis A. M. de la Mesa, married Chas. H. Terry, late assistant surgeon of the 13th New York cavalry. She died Mar. 9, 1920. The de la Mesas lived at the bureau, next door to the old Buena Vista Hotel.



MISS MARTHA BERRY (left) and MISS ELIZABETH LANIER (Mrs. Robt. Bolling, of Philadelphia), at the Berry home, "Oak Hill."

When Gen. Davis came back to Rome after the fall of Atlanta,** he called on Mrs. Robt. Battey on First Avenue, dismissing his orderly at the front door. Also paying a call were Mr. and Mrs. Addison Maupin, Virginia people and neighbors. Mr. Maupin kept a drug store at Rome with J. H. Nowlin, under the firm name of Nowlin & Maupin. He had a herd of cows and had been selling milk to the soldiers, and had had trouble protecting the herd from thieves.

The following conversation ensued:

Gen. Davis: "Mrs. Battey, I want to ask if you can tell me how far it is to Atlanta."

Mrs. Battey: "You ought to know, General; you have just come from there."

"How far is it to Jacksonville, Ala.?"

"About as far as it is to Atlanta, I suppose."

"Where is your husband?"

"I don't know, exactly, maybe in Mississippi. Why do you ask me these questions?"

"Because I thought I could send your husband back to you."

Mr. Maupin requested Gen. Davis to help him protect his cows.

"General," he said, "Are you aware that boys over in DeSoto are shooting rifles into Rome?"

Mrs. Battey replied sharply, "Mr. Maupin, you know that is not true. The boys of Rome have nothing to shoot with."

Gen. Davis said: "Our soldiers will take care of themselves." Then he politely bowed his way out.

Present also and a witness to this conversation was Wm. H. Smith, a cousin of Wm. Smith and Mrs. Battey, who from July, 1868, until November, 1870, served as reconstruction governor of Alabama. Wm. H. Smith was a Union man and came to Rome in the wake of Sherman's army. He spent three months in the Battey home.

Mrs. Battey was an invalid at this time, with several small children to care for, and Gen. Davis gave her a guard of two soldiers to keep marauders from tearing away her fences and stealing her things. She soon repaid him for his kindness. Overhearing a

*This is evidently an error, since The Rome Weekly Courier reported Capt. Kyes in charge Aug. 31, 1865.

**The morning of Sept. 2, 1864.

plot among some of his own soldiers to kill him (whether as an echo from the Nelson affair is not known), she sent for him and warned him. It seems that Gen. Davis was expected to pass a certain spot near the Burwell Creek bridge on the Oostanaula River road, and here the assassins were due to have been waiting.

Gen. Davis sent a patrol squad and they brought back a number of suits of Confederate clothing, found hidden in a hollow log. From the evidence it appeared that the plotters had expected to kill Gen. Davis and throw his body into the river, then to don the gray uniforms and take to the woods. In some manner word got to them that Gen. Davis was aware of their game, and they failed to gather at the meeting place, and probably finished the war under his command. Gen. Davis told his riends his escape was exceedingly narrow.

It may be appropriate to append here a short sketch of Col. Abel D. Streight, who, though not a "military ruler of Rome," knew the place through his visit May 3, 1863 as the "guest" of Gen. Forrest:*

Abel D. Streight was born June 17, 1828, in Steuben Co., N. Y. He learned the carpenter's trade, and at the age of 19 took a contract for a large mill, which he successfully completed. He purchased a sawmill and engaged in the lumber business at Wheeler, N. Y., until 1858, when he moved to Cincinnati. The following year he removed to Indianapolis and engaged in publishi.ng. He published a pamphlet, urging the preservation of the Union at all hazards. In Sept., 1861, he joined the army as Colonel of the 51st Indiana Volunteer Infantry. In April, 1863, Streight was sent by Rosecrans with a force of men to cut the railroads in western Georgia, over which supplies were being sent to Bragg's army. The force divided and Streight was overtaken and forced to surrender to a force under General Forrest. He was imprisoned in Libby prison for eight months, when he escaped. He was recaptured and put in irons in a dungeon. On Feb. 8, 1864, he escaped with 108 others through a tunnel under the prison wall. After a few weeks in Indianapolis he went to the front again.

Gen. Streight died May 27, 1892, and his widow, Mrs. Lovina Streight, died June 5, 1910.

*Summarized from J. P. Dunn's "Indiana and Indianans," v. 2, ps. 571-2.

ROUND TABLE CLUB.—A literary organization founded Dec. 21, 1860, on "The Hill" (probably the home of Col. Nicholas J. Bayard), with Henry A. Gartrell president and George Trippe Stovall secretary, and the following other members: Misses Florida Bayard, Mary Billups, Ellen and Martha Cooley, Mary Cothran, Eddie Magruder, Sallie Park, Laura and Mary Smith, Annie Jeffers and Ellen Stovall, and Messrs. I. H. Branham, Melville Dwinell, Geo. C. and Chas. B. Norton, Wm. L. Skidmore, Henry A. Smith and W. H. Jeffers.

* * *

SARDIS VOLUNTEERS. — This Civil War company was formed at Sardis Presbyterian church, Coosa, May 9, 1861, and was mustered into the service at Lynchburg, Va., June 11, 1861, by Major Clag. The following muster roll was completed Dec. 25, 1894, by Curtis Green, of Oglesby, Tex., a member who still survives; and was authenticated by a survivor:

Officers—

Captain—John R. Hart.
First Lieut.—Alfred F. Bate.
Second Lieut.—Wm. W. Tutt.
Third Lieut.—J. D. Bouchillon.
First Sergt.—John R. Lay.



IVY LEDBETTER LEE, former Roman, now New Yorker, publicity director of the Standard Oil Co. and the Georgia Ry. & Power Co.

Second Sergt.—G. W. Mathis.
Third Sergt.—C. C. Williamson.
Fourth Sergt.—Wm. D. Moore.
First Corp.—Jno. P. Fleming.
Second Corp.—Isaac P. Smith.
Third Corp.—J. H. Williamson.
Fourth Corp.—Robt. N. Hays.
Musicians—David W. Guthrie, Jno. L. Guthrie.

Privates—

Leonard N. Austin	William Davis
Jasper Barkley	William D'Boice
John W. Berryhill	John H. Doogan
Martin Bolt	Joseph A. Duke
James E. Buford	William C. Duke
John W. Buford	Henry Dutton
Robert Burnes	Henry W. Fisher
Henry H. Burns	Thomas Ford
Richard Carey	James A. Frazier
Frank Carder	Robert N. Frazier
William A. Carder	Trustman Frazier
Louis Carpenter	William N. Frazier
Asbury Chapman	Curtis Green
James A. Coffer	Lee Green
James M. Collins	William H. Griffin
Martin V. Collins	Johnson S. Griswel
Wm. G. Collins	G. A. Hall
Jos. A. D. Comer	Tom M. Hall
A. S. Cone	Waddy J. Hall
Geo. B. Crawford	William J. Hall
Hugh S. Davidson	Harrison Hamilton
John Davis	William Hardin
William H. H. Hay	William B. Nelms
James D. Holcomb	David C. Neyman
William Holder	Joseph K. Neyman
P. J. Huckaby	Samuel North
William M. Husky	G. W. Pilgrim
Wm. I. M. James	Isaac Pilgrim
Wm. H. Johnson	Wm. M. Pilgrim
Wm. R. Johnson	William Pledger
George King	J. A. Powell
Jo Lay	Draton L. Rains
German M. Lester	Garrett Robinson
Thomas F. Love	Thos. S. Robinson
John T. Lowry	Andrew J. Rose
William Lumpkin	David A. Self
Jo Mathis	Archa Shirey
J. S. McCollaugh	Enoch P. Shirey
Abe McGee	Henry B. Smith
Robert McKenzie	John F. Smith
James C. Millican	John A. Smith
Thomas Millican	James Studard
George Minix	Henry Walker
Nathan S. Moore	Joseph W. West
James R. Murdock	Wm. H. Williams
David Neely	John R. Wood
	Wm. H. H. Wright



THOS. W. LIPSCOMB, leading member of the Rome bar, who was probably the youngest mayor Rome ever had.

Recruits—

Richard Bailey	Sam Martin
James Barkley	John Medlock
G. R. A. Brison	Newton Murdock
Benj. F. Bryan	Jake Neyman
A. J. Collins	William Owens
J. J. Comer	Newton Pelt
James Davis	Garrison Perry
N. B. Ford	John Robinson
Adolphus Furr	James Sheridan
Walter Furr	Green Smith
Barney Hall	A. M. Vann
John Hall	Dave Vann
Quince Harbour	D. D. Vann
Henry Huffman	W. K. Vann
Vestal Johnson	D. A. Williamson
R. W. Kincade	Isaac Williamson
Z. T. Lawrence	John L. Williamson
Frank Luster	Robert Wood
	Thomas Wood

Dr. J. W. Farell, assistant surgeon.

Transferred from Infantry to Cavalry Battalion, Smith's Legion, Partizan Rangers, 1862, under command of Col. J. I. Smith and Adjutant Edward R. Hardin: Jno. R. Hart, Lieut.-Col.; B. F. Brown, Major; B. F. Chastain, Adjutant; A. F. Bale, Capt. Co. C.

Sixth Ga. Cavalry, organized in 1863; John R. Hart, Col.; Cicero Fain, Lieut.-Col.; Alfred F. Bale, Major; J. W. Farell, assistant surgeon; John R. Lay, Capt. Co. G; First Lieut., W. I. M. James, Second Lieut. G. W. Mathis, Third Lieut. Wm. J. Hall, when war closed.

* * *

SINGERS AND MUSICIANS OF ROME.—The following incomplete list is furnished by one of them:

First Baptist Church: Miss Beulah Cunyus, Miss Elizabeth Betts (Mrs. Robt. Wyatt), Henry Arnold, Mrs. Taul B. White, Miss Helen Knox Spain, J. Glover McGhee, Miss Frances Brown, Miss Sarah Glover, Wm. McWilliams.

First Presbyterian: Mrs. Frederic E. Vaissiere and Edward R. Leyburn, Jr. (organist); Miss Inez Ebling, Thos. E. Clemmons, Tom Rawls, Miss Miriam Reynolds (organist and soloist).

First Methodist: Chas. J. Warner, Mrs. Paul Nixon (Edith Allen), Mrs. Leon Covington, Pierce McGhee, Mrs. Wm. O. Tarpley (organist), Walter and Battey Coker, Miss Helen Rhodes, Miss Mary Julia Woodruff.

St. Peter's Episcopal: Mrs. Geo. P. Weathers, Mrs. Jno. M. Proctor, Mrs. Geo. T. Watts, Miss Mary Veal, Mrs. Howard Hull (organist), Mrs. Felton Jones.

First Christian: T. L. Bagley, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Barton, Mrs. Thos. E. Edwards, Mrs. B. F. Archer, Chas. Schnedl, Mrs. Jno. H. Wood, Mrs. J. C. Thedford, Mrs. Jno. Howell, Mrs. Roy Burkhalter and G. F. Winfrey.

Christian Science: Mrs. Henry Stewart (soloist), D. W. Milliken (organist).

Among the "informals" who sing a good deal, but usually outside of the churches, might be mentioned Joe Patton, Fred and Cyril Hull, Felton Mitchell and Arthur West. Mr. West is also an accomplished 'cellist.

Rome is essentially a musical town, and talent is being developed that will no doubt some day be heard wherever music is in demand. The Music Lovers' Clubs, under the capable direction of Mrs. Frederic E. Vaissiere, Mrs. Wm. P. Harbin, Miss Lula Warner and others, have greatly stimulated the interest in things musical; and Mrs. Vaissiere's capabilities have been twice recognized through her elevation to the presidency of the State Federated Musical Clubs, a position she now holds.

In the spring of 1922 the First Methodist church, Rev. Wallace Rogers, pastor, started Sunday evening orchestral concerts under the direction of Miss Helen Rhodes.

Community singing in the parks, led by Miss Helen Knox Spain, has caused Romans to lift up their voices in soulful rhapsodies.

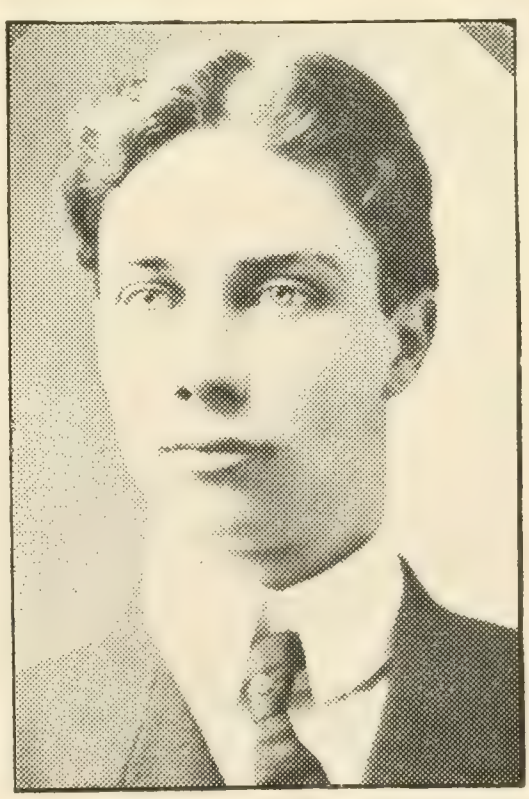
An interesting group of players is the "Nixon Trio." Paul Nixon, the 'cellist, is the composer of a beautiful and popular song entitled "Your Picture," dedicated to Miss Edith Allen, now his wife. His mother, Mrs. E. S. Nixon, is the pianist of the three, and his sister, Mrs. Lucia Nixon McKay, plays the violin, and also teaches it capably. Mrs. Paul Nixon teaches piano. The Nixons came from Nashville, Tenn. Paul belongs in a musical center like New York and will no doubt be called there, so his friends declare.

A younger group are "The Three Musical Harbins," William and Lester, sons of Dr. and Mrs. Wm. P. Harbin, who play the violin and the 'cello, respectively, and Rosa Harbin, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Robt. M. Harbin, who is quite an accomplished young pianist.

Other players, most of whom have been teaching some time, include Misses Debby Moses and Clara Shahan, piano; Margaret Wilkerson (pupil of Geo. Friar Lindner), violin and piano; Mrs. H. B. Goff, violin, and Miss Amelia Berry, piano.

* * *

SPRINGS IN FLOYD COUNTY.—(Partial list)—There are four things that are primarily necessary to life and comfort. The first is air, the second water, the third food and the fourth clothing. It is easy to understand, therefore, that the Indian tribes laid great store by bubbling springs



E. PIERCE M'GHEE.

of water when they settled in Northwest Georgia. When the Ridges drove their stakes in the fertile soil of Ridge Valley, where the Rush place is situated, a spring boiled forth its refreshing product nearby; and when Major Ridge removed to the Oostanaula River, nearer Rome, he still had the use of Reece's Spring, near the city pumping station, and his son, John, removed to three miles north of Rome, where the spring was called "Tantatanara" (Running Waters). Likewise, the Belgian Colony, more than 50 years later, chose some of the best oases in the countryside. Today picnic parties claim them, and as long as they flow clear, cold and pure they will attract man, bird and beast. Here are some of the better known springs:

Booz's, at Boozville.

Barnett's, at Lindale.

Howel Spring, one mile from northern city limits on Kingston Road.

Morrison's Camp Ground Spring, eight miles north, on Kingston Road, is the chief headwater of Dykes' Creek. It flows 10,000,000 gallons daily, the largest in the county, and is said to be as high as the top of the old water tower at Rome.

Carlier Springs (perhaps ten, close together), on the Carlier Springs Road, two miles east of Rome.

LeHardy Spring, on the J. Paul Cooper place in East Rome.

Lovers' Leap Spring, on the N., C. & St. L. railroad and Etowah River near the Southern railway bridge and a rocky bluff, one mile east of Rome.

Silver Creek Springs, part of head water of Silver Creek, seven miles southeast of Rome on the Atlanta Division of the Southern railway. (Woodrow Wilson once took his first wife to this spot on a picnic).

Shorter Spring, Alabama Road, opposite the Shorter place and on land owned by Shorter College.

Lytle Spring (formerly the Jonas King Spring), near the Anchor Duck Mill on East Main Street, South Rome, opposite the W. W. Woodruff home. (This spring, once in Lytle Park, was covered over and piped down to Silver Creek to make way for the mill's residence development).

Floyd Springs, some twelve miles north of Rome and west of Turkey Mountain.

Crystal Springs, twelve miles northwest of Rome on the Summerville Road.

Sand Springs, midway between Rome and the northeastern end of Lavender Mountain.

Rice's Spring, on the Alabama Road about five miles west of Rome.

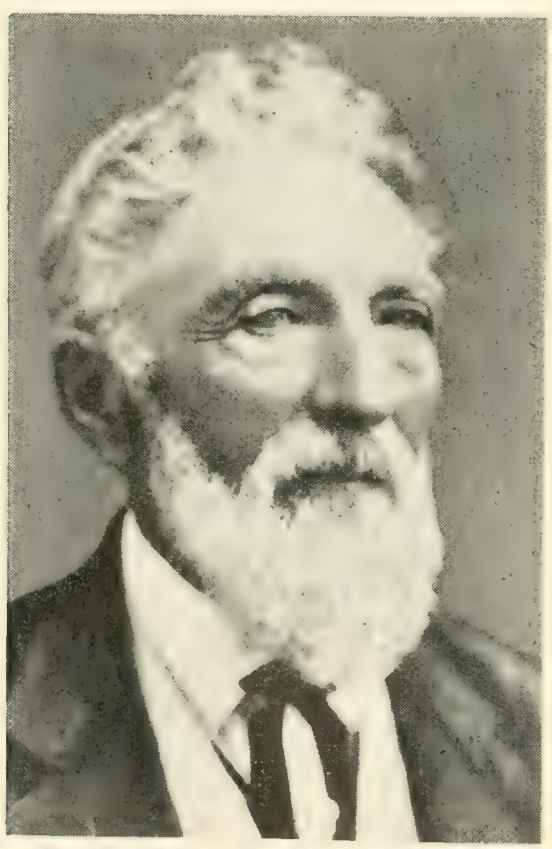
DeSoto Park Spring (formerly Mobley), Cave Spring Road two miles south of Rome.

Harbour's Spring (radio active), six miles north of Rome near the Oostanaula River.

Burwell Spring, which rises in North Rome and forms Burwell Creek, which empties into the Oostanaula a quarter of a mile above the court house.

"Glen Alto," Dr. Jno. F. Lawrence's radio-active mineral spring, on a gentle slope near the southwestern extremity of Mt. Alto, a mile west of the Coosa River Road. This site lends itself naturally to an extensive development, a start toward which has been made in the erection of a number of cottages for the use of summer sojourners.

Cave Spring, located at the town of that name sixteen miles southwest of Rome, and which flows into Little Cedar Creek and then into Big Cedar Creek and then into the Coosa River near the Alabama line. This spring is the second largest in the county



DR. LOUIS MATHIEU EDOUARD BERCKMANS, native Belgian and accomplished violinist, who lived on Mt. Alto.



CLYDE MOORE SHROPSHIRE, native Roman, once Speaker of the Tennessee House, candidate for governor of Tennessee.



WILLIAM SMITH, pioneer who led the Jackson County delegation in their pilgrimage to the Cherokee Nation.

and one of the most beautiful anywhere. It is smaller than the City Park Spring at Huntsville, Ala., but in its natural effects surpasses it. The flow from this spring is 3,444,846 gallons every 24 hours, or 143,535 gallons per hour. The fall is considerable and a ram lifts enough water 100 feet to a concrete reservoir on the overhanging cliff to supply Cave Spring with water at practically no cost.

Vann's Valley is also well supplied with springs. One is Cress Spring, on Wm. S. Gibbons' place on the Cave Spring Road. This takes its name from the water cress that carpets the marsh where the spring has its source. The flow has been confined in a race and a wheel installed by an enterprising farmer who has developed about one horsepower, enough to furnish electric power for all the needs of his nearby dwelling. Yancey's and Jones' Springs are also in the valley.

Spout Spring, located between Foster's Mill and Cave Spring, was once owned by Prof. Wesley O. Connor. This is a stream as big as a man's arm which leaps out of a rock and falls several feet and disappears into the ground. It is about a mile from Foster's Mill.

At Black's Bluff, three miles down the Coosa River south of Rome, is a spring that issues from rock, snakes its way under the road and appears again as a spring within 40 feet of the river. A spring at the southern end of the bluff is a favorite site for barbecues.

The headwater spring of Spring Creek is eight miles east of Rome on the Chulio Road.

The headwater spring of Little Dry Creek is located at the foot of Lavender Mountain on its southwestern side.

Everett Spring is in the extreme northern end of Floyd County, in a highly artistic setting of gray mountains and little valleys.

Wet weather springs can be found on both sides of Mt. Alto, half way to the valleys.

* * *

TOWER CLOCK.—Located on Tower Hill, southeast corner of Fifth Avenue and East Second Street, on city property which also includes the Neely Grammar School. Mrs. Naomi P. Bale ("Grandma Georgy") was authority

for the following statements, made in 1921:

"The water tower was built by John W. Noble for the city at a cost of $107,000. The clock was made by the Howard Clock Co., of Boston, Mass., and with the bell cost $1,200. J. E. Veal placed the clock on the tower in 1871 and was timekeeper for five years; T. S. Wood kept time five years; M. D. McOsker, ten years; Clip Williamson, twelve years; R. V. Allen is now responsible for correct time."

For many years the tower served the city with water pumped from the station on the Etowah River at Fourth Avenue, but the water now comes from the Ft. Jackson station, and the tower is no longer used. The tower is nearly 100 feet high and affords a commanding view of the surrounding country. It is the first thing people see from all directions on approaching Rome. Several couples, seeking romance, have been married near its top.

In April, 1922, E. R. Fishburne, the jeweler and watch repairer, was named timekeeper to succeed R. V. Allen.

* * *

VALLEYS OF FLOYD COUNTY. —Kieffer Lindsey, County Engineer, furnishes the following information:

Big Texas, runs northeast and southwest ten miles, from Fouche to Crystal Springs, with Simms' Mountain marking its upper border and Rock Mountain its lower, separating it from Little Texas Valley. It is bisected by Heath Creek.

Little Texas, runs generally parallel to Big Texas, but at its southwestern end bends northward around Rock Mountain to Fouche, and etends to Armuchee, twelve miles. It is bisected by Lavender Creek. Lavender Mountain to the southeast separates it from the Flat Woods.

Ridge, named after Major Ridge, the Indian chief, extends twelve miles, from Rome northeast to Plainville, Gordon County. Armstrong Mountain forms one of its outer edges. It is bisected by the Southern railway.

Vann's, named after David Vann, the Indian sub-chief, extends southwestward from Six Mile Station to Cave Spring, ten miles. It is bisected by the Southern railway and at its Cave Spring end is broken by Little Cedar Creek.

The valleys of the Coosa, Etowah and Oostanaula follow the courses of those streams, but are usually not shown on the maps.



WILSON MOORE HARDY, former newspaper man, now banker, who has contributed much to the upbuilding of the Hill City.



JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES, editor and orator, who established The Tribune of Rome in 1887 and was head of it three years.

YOUNG MEN'S LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.—The Carnegie Library of Rome is an outgrowth of an association formed Feb. 10, 1879, in the law office of Wright & Featherston, with the following Romans present: Rev. Clement A. Evans, Rev. G. A. Nunnally, Jno. J. Black, Robt. T. Hargrove, T. L. Robinson, Dr. J. B. S. Holmes, E. A. Williams, Max Meyerhardt, R. A. Denny, R. T. Baker, Dr. E. P. Lovelace, J. G. Yeiser, Hugh B. Parks, Junius F. Hillyer, Jno. R. Towers, Jr., Park Harper, Walker W. Brookes, Freeman Shropshire, C. L. Omberg, Sam C. Caldwell, H. S. Garlington, C. N. Featherston, C. A. Thornwell and Dr. R. I. Hampton. More than $100 was subscribed by those present to start the movement.

Mr. Caldwell was elected president, Mr. Hillyer vice-president, Mr. Meyerhardt secretary, and Mr. Denny treasurer. R. T. Baker was elected librarian. Mr. Caldwell served two years; E. A. Williams was president from May to October, 1880, when he died; Mr. Hillyer filled the unexpired term and was re-elected; Mr. Black, A. R. Sullivan and J. A. Rounsaville held the position one year; and J. F. Shanklin was serving his second year in 1888.

The original directors were Rev. G. A. Nunnally, M. A. Nevin, E. A. Williams, J. R. Towers, Jr., J. G. Yeiser, Jno. J. Black and Dr. J. B. S. Holmes; and the directors in 1888 were J. F. Hillyer, R. A. Denny, Max Meyerhardt, R. H. West, Mulford M. Pepper, M. A. Nevin, Morton R. Emmons, W. H. Adkins, C. A. Thornwell, J. A. Rounsaville and Jno. J. Black.

An account of 1888 says: "The courage of the projectors who dared to inaugurate this movement is already vindicated, and is a strong evidence that the interests of the young men of this community are not altogether material. The organization grew until there were 350 members and 14,000 books and pamphlets."

Here is mentioned the first "woman's auxiliary:"

"The most powerful auxiliary that has contributed to the success of the association has been the ever-ready hand of woman. Up to 1886 it has been the policy of the board to employ only male librarians, but that policy was then changed, and Miss Hallie Alexander was elected librarian. The change was a happy one. She soon increased the circulation of books and the usefulness of the library by demonstrating that a librarian is not a mere 'keeper of books,' but is largely instrumental in stimulating and directing the mental activities of a community. Miss Alexander resigned Sept. 1, 1887, and was succeeded by Miss Nellie Ayer, whose administration was rewarded by the same success. Miss Ayer died in August, 1888; she left upon the community the impress of a life devoted to duty. Miss Lilla Morrel, a young lady of splendid attainments, succeeded her."



"DUCKS" MAKE MERRY IN WATER CARNIVAL.

The photographs show groups of Boy Scouts in their contests on Labor Day, September 5, 1921. These sports are held annually at the junction of the rivers, and are witnessed by thousands of people, principally from Myrtle Park, at the northern foot of Myrtle Hill cemetery. Near the top is the Boy Scout barge "Sequoyah" and elsewhere groups of the Eagle and Hawthorne troops of Girl Scouts.

Miscellaneous

SCOUTS EXPLORE DEEP CAVE—Excitement a-plenty attended the all-day hike of Boy Scouts yesterday to the neighborhood of Black's Bluff and "the place where the Jaybird Jarred the Mountain." "The White Team" fought the "Red Team" for possession of the hilltop, conquered them and put them on the ladder's lower rung for the day. Cyril Hull, ambitious and daring young son of Howard Hull, of Shorter College, explored a wild and wooly cave, and James Glover, an incorrigible scout, collapsed after taking a strenuous part in the battle, the tug-of-war and two foot races.

W. M. Barnett, H. F. Joyner, and G. E. Bennett, the three flying parsons, were pretty well fagged out from the heart-breaking dose of hiking given them by the boys.

Eighty-two scouts lined up behind the colors at 9 o'clock at Broad and Third avenue. As soon as one of the scouts had run around the corner with a kodak they stepped off in column of fours across the South Rome bridge, leaving a lot of office boys and messenger boys with heavy hearts behind.

One little lad with a leg shorter than the other carried a cocoanut to feast upon. Others were laden with all kinds of grub and plastered with all varieties of cooking utensils as well as scout paraphernalia. First hike that all the scouts of Rome had been invited to take together, and everybody was proud.

Two miles from the Bluff sealed orders were opened and the troopsmen told where lay the objective point. The bunch were divided, pathfinders and signalmen were sent ahead to reconnoiter, and the scouts followed trails that existed and made trails that did not. By their more favorable detour the Whites beat the Reds to the hill peak and thus became the defenders when their wild Indian rivals hove into sight. The game was to hold a sham-battle and score on points. Arm bands snatched off counted so many dead scouts. A scout taken along with his arm band and brought into camp was a prisoner. The Whites won with a margin of seven scout prisoners and deceased, when—

"Object ahead, sir!" (from a look-out).

"Can you make it out?" (from Scout Executive Bennett.)

"Object is a cave, sir."

Discipline suffered as the 82 scouts and three officials gathered around a depression in the earth pretty well covered with brush. Below the face of the bluff the Coosa wound in a silver thread toward the Alabama line.

"Who'll volunteer to explore?"

"DeSoto's my name!" exclaimed Scout Cyril Hull in true cavalier style.

The rope had been bought of the Nixon Hardware Co. at the outset and it looked to be 100 feet long; a conservative estimate put it at 75. In a jiffy the rope had been secured about Cyril's waist just below his palpitating heart, and after the opposite end had been tied to a tree and a dozen scouts, re-inforced by 70 more, had seized the rope, Cyril was shoved into the aperture. They fed him rope until none was left. "Gimme more rope," signaled the scout in the scouts' own peculiar way.

"You're at the end of it," signaled back the boys out in the day-light. Cyril cut into the side of the cave with his hatchet, shot a flood of light downward with his flash-light, and kicked against the sides as he dangled, when suddenly, without warning, somebody shouted from quarter of a mile below,

"Get out of that cave!"

The boys had begun to pull Cyril out already and just as his posteriority appeared at the opening, followed by his hair and hatchet, a farmer rushed up waving his arms.

"Snakes down thar, and blind fish," he said.

The boys threw the brush back and beat it to the camp, since it was time for chow. They prepared a fine dinner, stayed until after dark and lit up the campfires, on which they cooked supper, consisting of hot dogs and toasted marshmallows. The boy with one leg shorter than it really ought to be did not eat anything hot; he was too busy gnawing away at his cold cocoanut.

About 6:30 o'clock the scouts stumbled down the mountain side and came home, voting the day the best ever spent, and wanting very much to go again without waiting a life-time. James Glover had entirely recovered from his collapse and finished strong.—Dec. 12, 1920.



ACTIVITIES AMONG THE BOY AND GIRL SCOUTS OF ROME.

A well-kept Boy Scout tent; Frank Holbrook's Steamer "Annie H."; Scout leaders and Rome troops ready for a hike; Scouts competing at Hamilton Field; Eagle Troop of Girl Scouts on steps of Carnegie Library. The same natural beauties and advantages that attracted the Indians of "Cherokee Georgia" now make scouting a fruitful pastime.

SCOUT WORK BOOMING—In making my 1920 and first report to the Cherokee Council I beg to submit the following: Upon our arrival Sept. 15, to take charge of the work of the Boy Scouts in Floyd county under the Cherokee Council, we found four regularly organized troops with 85 registered scouts. Troop No. 4, which had previously been registered, had disbanded during the summer because the scoutmaster moved from the city. This troup, however, had only six registered scouts.

Seven new troops have been organized, and seven scoutmasters and four assistant scoutmasters have been commissioned as leaders of these new troops. The total number of additional scouts that have been registered, including leaders, is 161. Only four scouts have dropped out of scouting since Sept. 15, which leaves a total of 250 registered leaders and scouts now under the council.

The following are the troops registered in Floyd county:

Old Troops: Lindale, No. 1, Rev. G. W. Ridley, scoutmaster; Rome, No. 1, Rev. W. M. Barnett, scoutmaster, W. F. Mosteller, assistant; No. 2, Ed L. King, scoutmaster, H. L. Lanham, assistant; No. 3, W. J. Marshall, scoutmaster, Marion Cole, assistant.

New Troops: Rome, No. 4, Dr. Carl Betts, scoutmaster, Percy Landers, assistant; No. 5, Gordon Ezzell, scoutmaster; No. 6, Rev. H. F. Joyner, scoutmaster; No. 7, R. B. Combs, scoutmaster, J. C. Henson, assistant; No. 8, Wm. J. Carey, scoutmaster; No. 9, A. L. Stein, scoutmaster, Philip Friedman, assistant; No. 10, A. C. Taylor, scoutmaster, C. A. Townes, assistant.

The council is very fortunate in being able to secure the splendid men who are now the leaders of these troops. There is being conducted a Scout Leaders' Training Course at scout headquarters every Monday night for the benefit of the troop leaders and others who desire to know the scout program.

A total of 184 scouts registered and were on duty during the North Georgia Fair which was held at the fair grounds Oct. 11-16; 40 first aid cases were taken care of by the scouts; 20 lost children were found. The scouts acted as messengers, assisted the police to handle the crowds at the races and at the fireworks at night, acted as ushers at the grandstand, and helped to inflate the balloon each day for the ascension. At the request of the government officials at Washington a squad of scouts were on duty at the United States Agricultural Building every day. During the six days' work the scouts did hundreds of good turns and in every task assigned to them they lived up to the scout motto: "Be Prepared."

Fifteen scouts were on duty one day putting up Red Cross posters; 80 scouts reported on Armistice Day to take part in the exercises conducted by the American Legion; 20 scouts distributed literature advertising the sale of the Red Cross Christmas stamps; 18 scouts assisted at the Christmas tree given for the poor children at the Auditorium on Christmas Eve. A number of scouts worked several days gathering bundles of clothing for the poor, to be distributed by the Red Cross.

The scouts under the Cherokee Council have never failed to respond to the call for service, and always stand ready to be of assistance to the city or community.

On Dec. 11, 85 scouts under the leadership of Commissioner W. M. Barnett, Scoutmaster Rev. H. F. Joyner, and the Scout Executive, went on an all day hike to Black's Bluff and spent the day in scouting. This council is highly favored with being in the midst of such a wonderful country for scouting. With headquarters at Rome—Rome the beautiful—beautiful for situation, with her glorious sunsets, her majestic rivers winding their way through her borders as they hasten on their journey toward the sea, her surrounding green clad hills and mountains with their hundreds of sparkling brooks and gushing springs—all seem to have been designed by the Great Master Builder of the universe as an ideal place for our boys to go out and come in touch with the great out-of-doors and learn lessons that they cannot obtain from books. The scouts under this council are taking advantage of these opportunities and every troop has taken an average of one hike each month, either all night, all day or afternoon, in open air scouting.—Jan. 9, 1921.

HOW TO BE MEN—One of the most powerful talks ever heard in Rome on boy culture was delivered Tuesday night to an audience of 500 at the Auditorium by Prof. W. A. Sutton, principal of the Tech High School and Atlanta Scout Commissioner, and Prof. Sutton immediately received an invitation from G. E. Bennett, local scout executive, the Rev. H. F. Saumenig, who introduced him, and Robt. W. Graves, who also sat on the stage, to come back again in the near future.



WATER SPORTS ON LABOR DAY, SEPT. 5, 1921

At top is Rex Culpepper's "Nell" passing under Second Avenue bridge, and bottom, Fred Hoffman's "A. M. L." winning race. In lower center, Ed. King's Boy Scout barge "Sequoyah" making knots. Lower center, right, the Daniel boat underway. Scouts and others are elsewhere seen in characteristic attitudes.

Prof. Sutton's talk followed one he had made a few hours before at a luncheon tendered him by the Rome Kiwanis Club at the Hotel Forrest, in which his points were very much the same. He gave seven stages in the making of a man, saying that some boys pass through all and make great men, but that some people who pass for men never pass through any.

To the fathers he said they should know their Boy Scout sons, go on hikes with them and advise them throughout. "Two things are necessary to getting along with boys," he declared. "One is honesty and sincerity and the other is a sense of humor."

Mr. Sutton told the boys to keep their bodies clean, to have reverence and respect for their elders, to be industrious, to be mentally alert, to be helpful to other people, to do their best at every try, to love their Creator, and never to give up.

"When a good thought comes into your head, write it down, boys. Some people who don't know any better will say you are crazy. Pay no attention to them. Make something out of yourself if you die in the attempt. An English boy named Thomas Watt watched his mother's tea-kettle boiling. The top danced around when the steam lifted it. He poured a little cold water in, and the dancing stopped. Then he wrote in his note book, 'There is something in hot water that is not in cold.' Later he made the steam engine.

"Thomas A. Edison was a profiteer in the Civil war. He bought newspapers telling of the Battle of Gettysburg for ten cents and sold them for $5. From the boat that took him across the bay with his papers he would yell to the waiting people, 'I'm coming!' and his voice came back to him in an echo. He wrote in his badly-worn note book, 'There is something in the curvature of the earth that causes the human voice to rebound.' Years later he perfected the phonograph.

"When the Wright boys of Toledo saw a buzzard fly through the sky, they asked why human beings with more intelligence than buzzards could not do the same. 'Let's fly' suggested Wilbur. 'All right,' agreed Orville. Their father mortgaged his farm so the boys could build a model. People of narrow vision said all of them were crazy. The boys wrote the government at Washington that they would like to give their device to their country, and the government wrote back that it didn't have time to bother with any more foolish schemes. The letters are on file in Washington today.

"A man propounded the theory that the bite of the mosquito stegomyia fasciata caused yellow fever. He went to Cuba, let this type of mosquito bite him, and died, but his death caused millions to be saved. Needn't be afraid to die, boys, if you can give something like that to the world. Dare to do, boys. Don't be balked by petty objections from people too small to appreciate big things. Money does not make manhood. If a boy is good-looking and his father has money, he's got a poor chance to succeed."

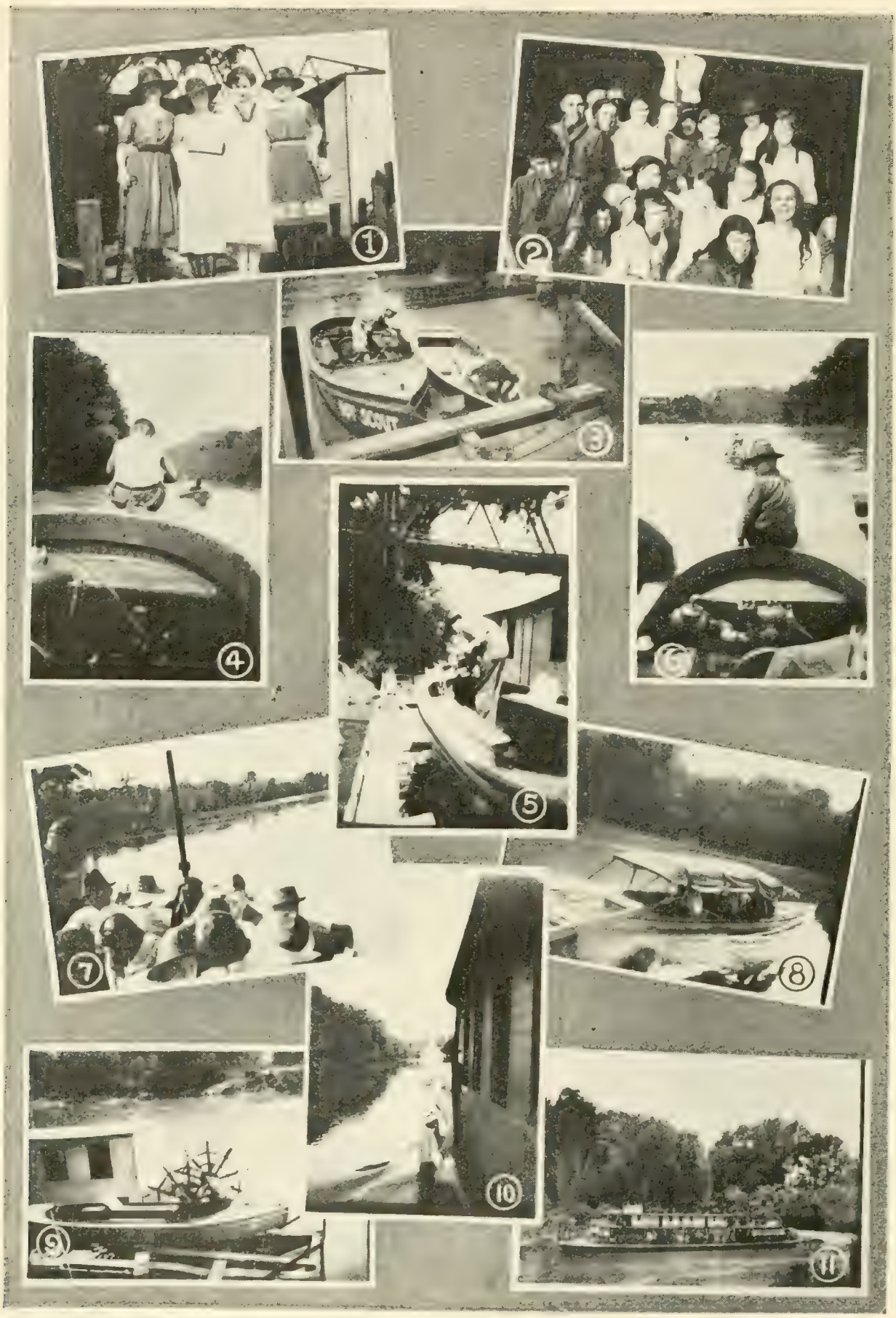
Mr. Sutton declared he enjoyed seeing a little boy draw his biceps up into a hard knot and feel it to see if his muscles were growing. "That boy wants to develop and make himself into a man," asserted the speaker. "I believe in occasional fist fights to develop boys, but not as an every-day diversion. Where boys hold grudges against each other the best way for them to forget it is to pummel each other and shake hands. If you develop the physical you may never have to use it, but you are always prepared for a bully or one who wants to take advantage of you. If you are a good Scout you will never need to smoke cigarettes or drink whiskey or otherwise tear down your health. Keep yourself clean. Be a man."

The Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts were entertained in this fasion for more than an hour, and their enjoyment was attested by the heartiness in their handclaps, for they cheered Prof. Sutton a full minute when he concluded. Prof. Sutton complimented the youthful musicians in the orchestra and said Rome is an ideal location for scouting.

The Pine Tree Patrol of Scouts went through a drill in the scout creed, consisting of a repetition of scout lines and the lighting of candles on a preparedness design by each scout on the stage.—Feb. 9, 1921.

TWO "WILD CATS" TAMED—Scout Executive G. E. Bennett told today of how he and a small group of Boy Scouts, including a visitor from Washington, D. C., Friday captured two gray cats which had been penned up in a house on West Fifth street, Fourth Ward, without food or water during the freshet.

"The house dweller had gone into town with his wife and eight-days-old baby and left the cats penned up," stated Mr. Bennett. "Man, they were wild. We had to catch them and they fought hard for nearly half an hour,



INDIAN CANOES GIVE WAY TO CHUGGING MOTOR BOATS.

A wag once remarked that if Atlanta had the Coosa at Five Points she would anchor a battleship there in a fortnight. Romans prefer smaller craft. 1—School girls ready for a motor boat ride. 2 and 7—Girl Scouts. 3, 4, 5 and 6—Boy Scout, "flagship" of "Snake-Doctor Fleet." 8—Holmes Smith's boat. 9 and 10—Annie H. 11—Steamer Cherokee of Rome.

dashing desperately up the sides of the house, jumping and running into bureau drawers. Two fingers of a glove I was wearing were torn off and a rent made in the palm of the other."

After the cats had been caught they were taken to high land and left with a neighbor of the owner, who fed them and gave them drink.—Feb. 14, 1921.

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TWENTY-FOUR ENJOY TRIP—Fifteen Boy and Girl Scouts and nine others went on a trip up the Oostanaula river on Capt. Frank Holbrook's "steamer" Annie H, and returned at 7:50 o'clock last night. They all had a good time and no mishaps.

The boat left the Second avenue bridge at 3:30 p. m., half an hour after the sailing time, and arived at Whitmore's Bluff at 5:30 p. m. As the evening shadows were near, only half an hour was spent ashore, and this was taken up exploring the rocky bluff and eating picnic lunch. At 6 o'clock the little steamer shoved off for town under a canopy of stars and beams from a half moon that shone brightly on the water. Singing and guitar music kept the crowd lively going back.

On the way up, a motor boat man in the "Emmagene H." ran ahead of the steamer and shot several dive-dappers and ducks which he took ashore about five miles up and gave to some men camping on the bank. At the bluff the Scouts were greeted by more little boy "Brownies" who were camping out at that point.

The hosts of the trip were James Maddox, E. L. Wright, head-master of Darlington, and Geo. M. Battey, Jr.

The burden-bearing Boy Scouts were Robert Shahan, who makes fire by friction; Joe Fickling, Alfred Spears, James Barton and Robert Norton. These boys made themselves useful about the boat in accordance with ship rules; carried the "plunder" on and off the boat and in many ways proved indispensable.

Mrs. James Maddox assisted Miss Adelene Bowie with the Girl Scouts, who included Dorothy and May Morton, Martha Porter, Sinclair Norton, Martha Ledbetter, Dot Harrison. Kathrine Allen, Thelma Davis, Joy Shackelton and Florence Morgan. Other guests were Misses Allene Burney, Marshall Norton, Lucie Daniel and Ethnel Morton, making a total of 24 on board.

Eleven Girl Scouts got left because three of them had to go home for lunches and the rest waited at Curry-Arrington's corner.—Apr. 15, 1921.

SECOND RIVER TRIP TAKEN—The second party of a series to points around Rome will shove off Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock from the Fourth Ward side of the Second avenue (Land Company) bridge over the Oostanaula river, on the Good Ship Annie H., Frank Holbrook, skipper.

As on Thursday, April 14, the destination will be Whitmore's Bluff, about nine miles up, and a group of Girl and Boy Scouts who did not get to go the first time will be taken. The girls are mostly Mrs. Holmes Cheney's and Miss Amelia Berry's Eagle Troop, and Miss Adelene Bowie's Hawthorne Troop, and the burden-bearing Boy Scouts will be chosen from several troops.

Names of the chaperones, the sentinels and a few others will be announced later.

Whitmore's Bluff is a beautiful promontory which projects a shaggy chin over the winding Oostanaula. Its face is gray with a mass of native boulders which contain shelves and landing places. The top affords a fine view of the surrounding terrain.

At the base of the rocks is Mitchell's cave, from which issues in gay little cascades the purest spring water.

Daniel R. Mitchell, who named Rome, had a plantation of 2,500 acres on the Oostanaula. Whitmore's Bluff was part of it. In 1863, when the Civil War was at its fiercest, he was offered $60,000 in gold or $80,000 in Confederate money for it. The fortunes of the Confederacy were never higher. He took the Confederate money. In another year his money was almost without value. Seaborn and Barry Wright now own Whitmore's Bluff and they have built an attractive cottage on it.

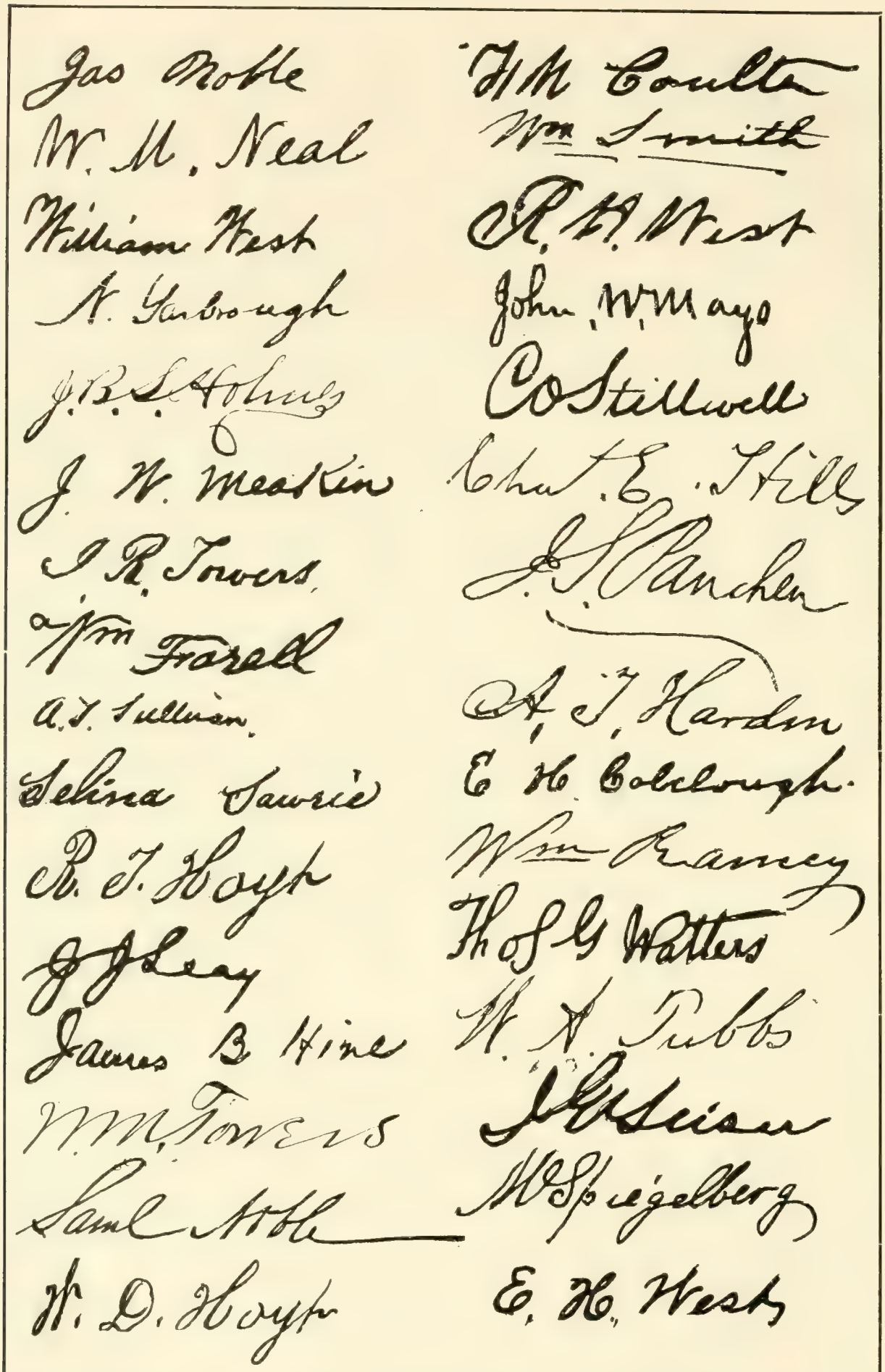
Other sights to see on this river are the "Chieftain's" the home of Major Ridge, Cherokee Indian chief, two miles up, and the mouths of Big and Little Dry creeks.

An hour and a half each way on the Annie H. is required, which gives the "Brownies" about an hour to scout and enjoy lunch on land, in order to be back in Rome before 8 o'clock.

Guitar and ukulele music and singing will again be a feature, provided the weather man is kind.—Apr. 25, 1921.

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THIRD TRIP ON RIVER—The third of a series of trips on the rivers in Frank Holbrook's Annie H. was taken Monday afternoon by a group of Boy and Girl Scouts as the guests of E. L. Wright, headmaster of Darlington



AUTOGRAPHS OF ROMANS, MOSTLY OF THE PERIOD AROUND 1870-'71—I.



WHERE THE BEAUTIFUL OOSTANAULA RIVER ENTERS ROME.

Upper Broad Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, about 1905: Extreme left, Bosworth Block; left center, Martha Battey Hospital; house with white roof, old Wood home, where Henry W. Grady once lived.

School, and Geo. M. Battey, Jr. Mrs. Holmes Cheney chaperoned.

The party went to Black's Bluff, and on account of the close proximity of that point did not start until 3:56 p. m.; they landed at the Bluff at 4:45 p. m. and left at 6:30 for Rome, arriving at 7 p. m. The party spread lunch about 100 yards above the bank and a spring, and after feasting went back to the boat and had music and songs. No accidents occurred.

The following others attended: Misses Tot Moultrie, Mildred Wilkerson, Mary J. Doyal, Ruth Maddox, Annette Stroud and Leila Hill Newsom, of the Hawthorne Troop of Girl Scouts; Elizabeth McRae, Elizabeth Ward, Elizabeth Lipscomb, Helen McLeod and Maynor McWilliams, of the Eagle Troop of Girl Scouts; Miss Virginia Dixon, of Birmingham; and the following Boy Scouts: William and Lester Harbin, John W. Quarles, Jr., Riley McKoy, Otis Parsons, Benj. Archer, Ben Grafton and Benj. Cothran.—May 18, 1921.

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SCOUTS TO COLLECT FOR POOR—The Boy Scouts have another call for service on Wednesday. The committee that has charge of gathering the bundles for the poor of the city has asked the scouts to go with the automobile trucks and assist in the work of bringing the bundles of clothing to the Red Cross headquarters. All scouts that can assist in this work will report at scout headquarters Tuesday at 10 o'clock to receive instructions regarding the work and where to meet Wednesday and territory which they are to cover.

North Rome is to have a new troop to register before the first of the year. Troop No. 5, of which the Rev. Gordon Ezzell is scoutmaster, is full with 32 scouts, and a new troop is forming.

All scouts that have not registered in troops 1 and 2 and Lindale will register at headquarters before the first of the year in order to get the benefit of the special price of 25 cents each for 1921 membership.

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The Boy Scouts of Rome had an opportunity last Friday to prove their worth when called upon by the committee that had charge of the Christmas tree for the poor at the Auditorium to assist in making the affair a success. They distributed song sheets, acted as messengers, helped the committee pass the children out of the building after they had received their presents, located a number of lost children and found several lost articles.

They demonstrated again that a scout is ready for service, and remembered the scout motto: "Be Prepared." The committee has sent them formal thanks. —Dec. 24, 1920.

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HIKE TO ROCKY HOLLOW—Troop "Lucky Seven" of the Boy Scouts, R. B. Combs, scoutmaster, and Jerome C. Henson, assistant, will hike out to Rocky Hollow, near Rotary Lake on Horseleg Creek, Friday afternoon. They will cook supper and return by the light of the moon. Mr. Henson will accompany them and be in charge. The boys will meet at 3:30 in front of Nixon's Hardware store on Broad.

Several tests will be given the Scouts, including the preparation of supper by

each boy, who will use only one or two matches and will cook quarter of a pound of steak and half a pound of Irish potatoes without the aid of cooking utensils.—Jan. 6, 1921.

"SNAKE DOCTOR" FLEET—Scoutmasters of the eleven Boy Scout troops in Rome, representing 250 boys, will meet Monday night at 7:30 o'clock at headquarters, 313½ Broad street, on call of Executive Geo. E. Bennett, who will present to them a plan whereby each troop may own its own boat for use on the rivers around Rome.

Mr. Bennett will tell the scoutmasters that three motor boats can be purchased at a total cost of $400, which will be things of pleasure for a long time and will be useful in emergencies as they arise; also that this would represent a tax of less than $2 apiece if the 250 Scouts paid for it out of what they might save or earn.

He will suggest that each troop can obtain some kind of craft within two weeks by doing a little planning and work. The "flagship" of the fleet unit will be the motor boat already in use, known as the "Boy Scout," and the three other motor boats would be appropriately named. The four would be allotted to certain troop units for certain periods of time, and seven batteaux or canoes would be bought which troops could use when not in charge of the motor boats. The allotments would be constantly changing, so that, for instance, Scoutmaster George R. Popay's Troop 7 would have charge of one of the motor boats for a week, and for three weeks would take a batteau or canoe, and the fifth week come back to another motor boat. The power boats would tow the paddle craft often, so all could have fun.

Two of the troops already have craft which could be substituted for that many boats with paddles or oars. Troop 11 (Horace Gillespie, scoutmaster) has bought a batteau in the Fourth Ward, has painted it and is due by now to have shoved it in the water. Troop 2 (Ed King, scoutmaster) will meet in the Fourth Ward tomorrow afternoon at 3 o'clock to put finishing touches on their house boat, work on which was interrupted by the recent week spent at camp at Cloudland. Mr. King says the boys are going to launch their houseboat with all kinds of salty ceremony, including the selection of a fair young lady sponsor, the reading of passages from the manual and a speech or so, and free lemonade and all the sandwiches anybody could eat.

It is unnecessary to say the "Snake Doctor Fleet" will take official recognition of the event and turn out in full array, and will sound their gongs and toot their whistles as the strange craft slips from the ways. The honor of pushing the house boat a piece up the Oostanaula will then be given one of the visiting host.

Mr. King's boys have built the house boat entirely without help. They laid her keel and sides, nailed on the cross pieces for the bottom, poured tar pitch on the outside and painted her with tar inside. The boat's length is 22 feet and her width 8 feet. She will be a scow for a while, because Mr. King said the patience of the boys would be



MODERN EXPLORERS ON THE PLACID OOSTANAULA.

threadbare if he tried to put on the house part right away. So they are going to slip her sidewise in the water and rig out some cross pieces for the 32 Scouts to perch upon.

Part of them will bail until the boat seems to stop leaking, then everybody will sit on the seats and yell defiantly at all passing craft. Presently the engine will be installed so she can kick along under her own power. Whether she will be fitted out with a propeller or rear wheel like a steamboat has not been decided. The Annie H. has a rear paddle wheel, and works with a motor forward.

The Scouts have two months of vacation left and plenty of afternoons thereafter, and they seem determined to spend a good part of it on the water. —July 14, 1921.

SCOUTS LAUNCH HOUSE BOAT —An event in the life of the Boy Scouts of Rome, and particularly of Troop 2, Ed King, scoutmaster, will be the launching Wednesday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock of the "Sequoyah," house boat, at a point in the Fourth Ward, opposite the middle distance between the old Seventh Avenue cemetery and the city pumping station. A large crowd of Scouts will no doubt see the "Sequoyah" slide from the ways into the Oostanaula River, for every member in the county has been invited by Troop 2 and Scout Executive Bennett, and there are 350 of them. The Lindale and Cave Spring Troops are also invited.

A tub of free lemonade and free sandwiches while they last will be served. Troop 11, Horace Gillespie, scoutmaster, will probably launch its batteau at the same time.

All units of the "Snake Doctor Fleet" are requested to get under way at 4 o'clock for the scene of the launching. These include the Annie H., the Nell, the Katie, the Emmagene H., the Daniel Boat, the Boy Scout, other motor boats, and all the canoes and batteaux that can be made seaworthy by that time. The craft will land above the scene of the launching and prepare to toot their whistles and sound their gongs as the "Sequoyah" plunges in. After she is launched, the boys will man her and as many as she will hold will take a ride, and the other Scouts will be taken aboard the various craft for a grand parade.

The "Sequoyah" is due to have a fair sponsor and a dark blue flag with white stars and a white anchor on it. Her engine will be put in after the boys have had their first ride in front of one of the motor boats. A short sketch of Sequoyah, who invented the Cherokee Indian alphabet, will be read during the exercises.

The Girl Scouts and the public generally are invited and the boys will try to show them how a real boat should be launched.

As the fleet steams slowly up and down the river, past Sixth Avenue, it will be reviewed by city officials, and Jim D'Arcy, an old sailor, and "Chips" Berliner, the local navy recruiting agent, are invited to join them. The whole affair will probably break up in a swimming party on the Oostanaula.—July 24, 1921.

TWO SCOUTS RIDE 50 MILES— Boy Scouts Julius M. Cooley, Jr., 13, son of Julius M. Cooley, of the Rome Farm Equipment Co. and resident of 5 Butler street, and Ralph Jones, 14, son of H. L. Jones, traveling salesman of the H. B. Parks Co. and resident of Pennington avenue, South Rome, returned to Rome about 6:50 o'clock last night after a memorable quest for merit badges. They pedaled to Cartersville and back, approximately 50 miles, in 20 minutes less than 10 hours. Both boys are members of Troop No. 8.

Asked if his legs hurt like he had growing pains, Scout Cooley declared:

"I'll say they do!"

The boys were told that it was a good test of scout ability to make it to Cartersville and back starting at 9:10 o'clock yesterday morning. That gave them until 7:10 last night. Neither had been there before, so the trip had an added zest.

Julius said:

"The roads were bad most of the way and we saw convicts working them near Cartersville. We took our lunches with us and ate them along the road at a stream, and had supper when we returned home. There were no accidents except that I hit a bump and fell once, throwing me off on my side, and Ralph's pedal struck me. I was not hurt but lost a little breath and saw a few stars. It was a great trip."

The boys reported to Scout Executive Bennett and are due to receive their merit badges soon. Part of the test had been completed before. This consisted of reading a map and repairing bicycle punctures and taking their bicycles apart and putting them together again. —Jan. 23, 1921.



A GLIMPSE OF MOBLEY (DeSOTO) PARK AND LAKE

The hill to the left was where Philip W. Hemphill, one of Rome's founders, built his home. The park property has been acquired for the Greater Darlington School, and removal to the site will mark a new era in that institution's career.

GIRL SCOUTS HEAR TALK—At the Lindale Methodist church Sunday afternoon a large number of girl scouts with their captains and lieutenants assembled to hear Mrs. Juliette Lowe, of Savannah, an international figure in the scout movement, make an address on scouting.

Mrs. Lowe, who lived for many years in England, told of the organization there of the Boy and Girl Scouts, and of the work of Baden Powell, who was so impressed by the splendid work done by the boys in the Boer war that he determined to train the youths of England in some of the minor details of war regardless of whether they were ever to be soldiers or sailors.

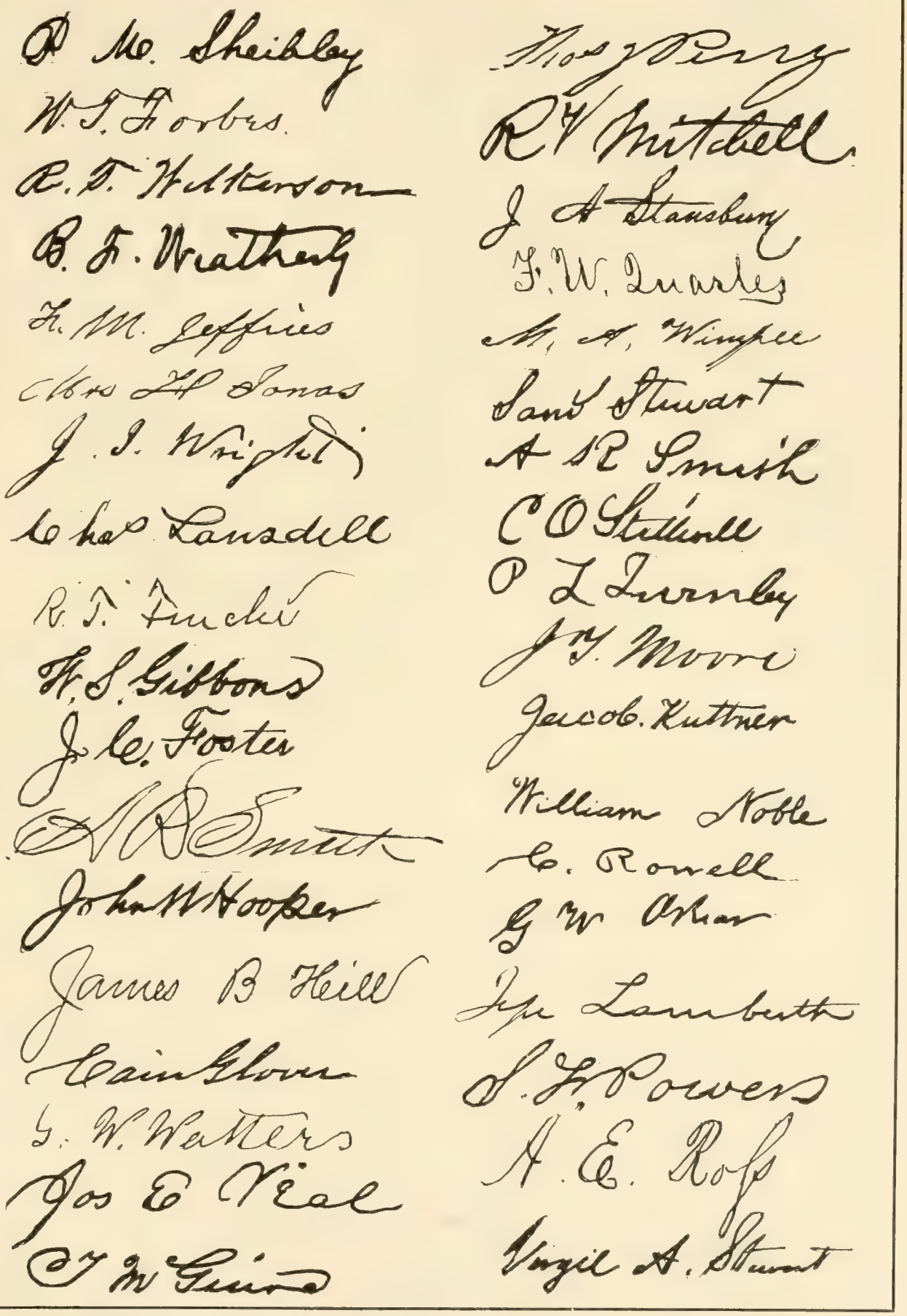
Receiving enthusiasm and inspiration from Mr. Powell, who is a warm personal friend of hers, Mrs. Lowe started work with a band of seven girls who lived near her home up in the Scotland hills, and with the assistance of some work with a band of seven girls who taught signalling, cooking, sewing, taking care of the sick and other things essential to making them strong and capable women. Now there are 80,000 Girl Scouts in America alone.

Mrs. Lowe went into detail about scouting. She told what was required before a girl could become a citizen scout; the motto being "Be Prepared."

In closing she related a story of the heroism of a Polish girl whom she had known at an international conference in London, and told how the girls' training as scouts had prepared them for the trials and undertakings of life.

Capt. H. P. Meikleham introduced Mrs. Lowe with a few apt remarks, emphasizing the fact that Mrs. Lowe was going to tell her audience (which consisted almost entirely of Girl Scouts) how to be real girls and appreciate natural things.

Mrs. Lowe left on an afternoon train for Atlanta. While in Lindale she was Miss Helen Marshall's guest.—Jan. 24, 1922.



AUTOGRAPHS OF ROMANS OF THE PERIOD AROUND 1870-'71—II.



THE OLD COURT HOUSE, ON COURT (EAST FIRST) STREET, ROME

THE REAL FRANK L. STANTON.—Lucian L. Knight, state historian, once remarked as follows concerning Stanton:

"He is a lyrical genius. He has never used a typewriter, but employs long-hand in pencil exclusively; he seldom scratches out a mistake, and he makes no erasures. His is a brand of genius that is not often found. Writing with him is spontaneous; his thoughts are transferred to paper without the usual mental effort, and thus do they appear in print. They go to the printer in 'strings,' sheet after sheet pasted together. Truly, he just pipes his unpremeditated lay.

"When I was handling the religious page of The Constitution, Stanton had not reached financial independence, and would occasionally ask me for a small loan. On one occasion he said, 'Lucian, let me have some money.'

"'I haven't got any money,' I replied.

"'Knight, I want you to let me have some money!'

"'Sorry, but I can't.'

"'Dr. Knight, you are the religious editor of this newspaper; for Christ's sake let me have some money!'

"'You win; there's a pawn shop around the corner; take my grandfather's watch and soak it!'"

AN ODD APPEAL.—In the race for mayor for the term of 1882 were three candidates: Jas. G. Dailey, who was elected; Wm. W. Seay and J. F. Harbour. The two first named beat the bushes in stump speeches, but Mr. Harbour, being short of oratorical thunder, contented himself with a card in the local newspaper which ended:

"I hope you will Seay your way Dailey through the Harbour of safety."

QUICK WITS IN COURT.—Interesting situations are always arising in the present as the members of the Rome bar gather in Judge Moses Wright's Superior Court. Judge Wright's charges to the juries, his fine sense of humor and of fairness furnish a considerable part of this interest, and then occasionally an attorney is called upon to furnish it.

Several days ago Attorneys Frank Copeland and W. B. Mebane found themselves on opposite sides of a case.

"Hold up your right hand," commanded Mr. Mebane to a witness.

"The witness has already been sworn," interposed Mr. Copeland.

"Take it down!" snapped Mr. Mebane before the witness could realize what was going on.—Jan. 26, 1921.



ROME AND LINDALE SCOUTS CAUGHT IN THEIR ELEMENT.

The picture shows "Floyd County's Best" at the North Georgia Fair Grounds, July 4, 1922. On the left are Scout Executive Geo. E. Bennett and the troop scoutmasters. In the morning baseball game the Rome Scouts worsted the Lindale players by a close score, but in the afternoon field events Lindale proved far superior. Wall scaling, water boiling, drills, fire-building, and the pie-eating contest were features.

BILL OF SALE FOR SLAVES

Georgia, Floyd County: Know all men by these presents that I, Philip W. Hemphill, of the county and state aforesaid, for and in consideration of the sum of $4,000 to me in hand paid by James Hemphill, of the same place, receipt of which I do hereby acknowledge, have granted, bargained and sold, and by these presents do grant, bargain and sell unto the said James Hemphill, his heirs and assigns, the following property, to wit: Lucy, a woman 60 years old, Bill, a man, 65, Penny, a woman, 60, Terril, a boy, 13, William, a boy, 11, Margaret, a girl, 8, Myrum, a girl, 9, Berryman, a boy, 7, Penny, a girl, 7, Elvira, a woman, 18, and child at the breast, Catharine, a girl, 8, Emily, a girl, 12, Arena, a girl, 10, Lena, a girl, 8, Evilene, a girl, 12, Tana, a girl, 6, Madison, a boy, 7, Jane, a girl, 13, Tony, a boy, 7, Martha, a girl, 2 years old,

To have and to hold the aforesaid bargained property, to him the said James Hemphill, his heirs and assigns, forever. And I, the said Philip W. Hemphill, for myself, my heirs, executors and administrators, all and singular, the said bargained property unto the said James Hemphill, his heirs and assigns, against me and my said executors and administrators and against all and every other person and persons claiming under me, shall and will warrant and defend by their presents.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this 12th day of October, one thousand, eight hundred and forty-six (1846).

P. W. HEMPHILL.

Signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of
John B. Hemphill, witness, and Chas. Smith, justice of the peace.

STORY OF A FROLICSOME TORNADO

(*From the Rome News, Sunday, April* 17, 1921.)

(By GEORGE MAGRUDER BATTEY, Jr.)

A frolicsome tornado supposed to have been an offshoot of a cyclone starting in Kentucky bounded through the downtown business section of Rome yesterday (Saturday, April 16, 1921), at approximately 11:45 a. m., and left a trail of destruction 500 feet wide behind. The start of it was traced as far down the Coosa as a point between Mt. Alto and Black's Bluff, where it left the stream and swept across a stretch of green bottom land in a generally northeastern direction.

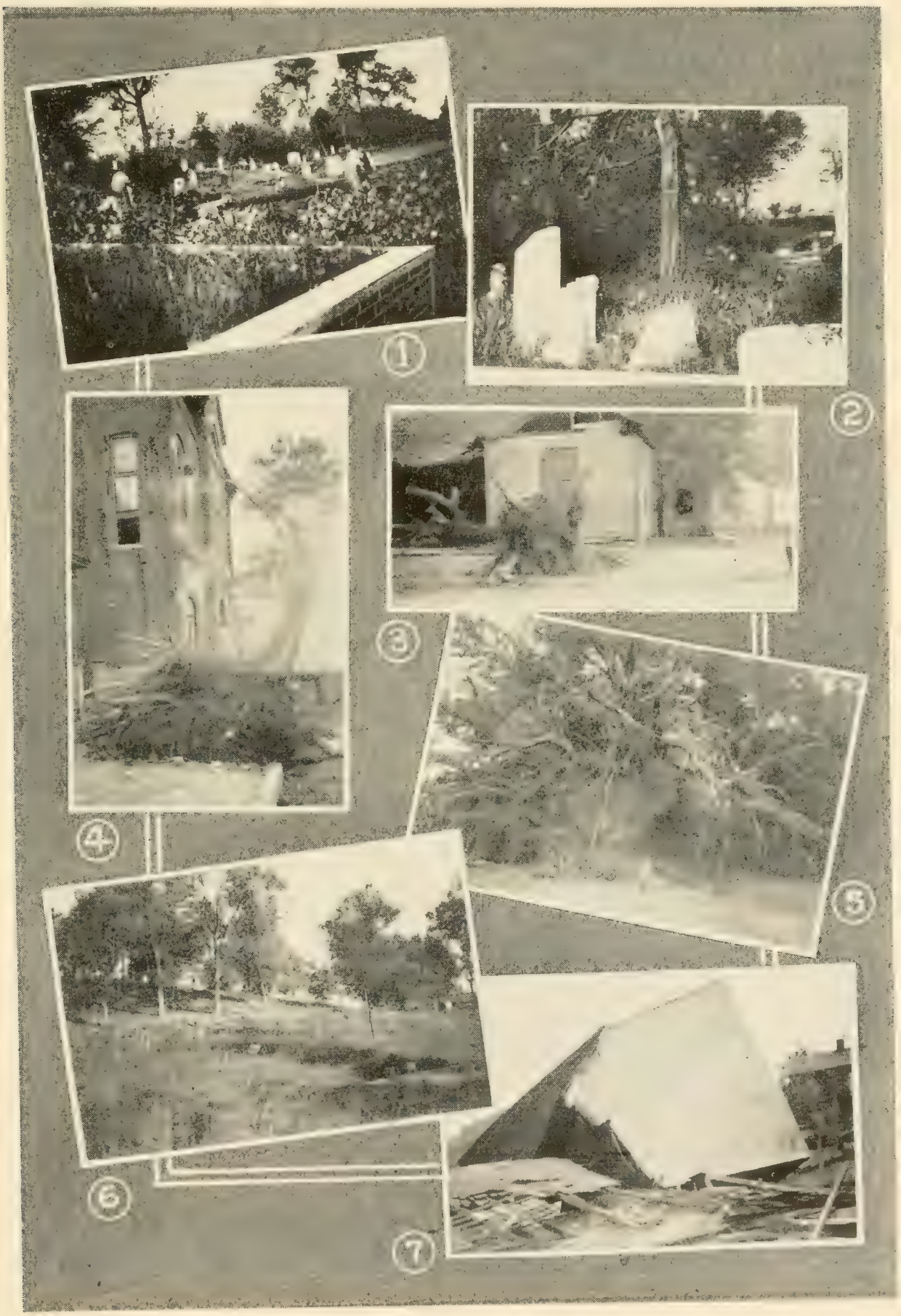
The tornado fell like a blight upon a quiet negro settlement in the boundaries of Cherokee street, Branham avenue (south) and Pennington avenue, and turned a square block into heaps of brick and loose timbers and snapping trees. Small frame houses that had stood compactly a few minutes before were reduced to piles like jackstraws. Across a ridge studded with stately pine trees the brusque charger raced at 80 miles an hour, breaking pines and poplars in half and bowling over oaks and hickories as their roots snapped under the strain.

Through Myrtle Hill cemetery this first time visitor sped, irreverently upset tombstones and crushed a pavilion into kindling wood; skirted the brow of the hill, swung its tail over the summit of the Confederate monument and swooped like a hungry hawk over the Etowah and down upon peaceful, unsuspecting Rome.

Buildings trembled and struggled in the grip of this unshorn young monster, then gave up parts of themselves, like brick and mortar, tin roofs, chimneys and contents,—anything to be free of his cave-like grip. He hurried on without apologies; knocked down the electrical contraptions raised by man on high poles, smashed windows with the care-free demeanor of a spend-thrift, shoved a cornice off a store to the main street without caring whether it hit anybody on the head or not; blew young ladies' dresses and tresses in a shocking manner; sent dogs, chickens and birds scurrying to places of safety, even as men; and disappeared with a defiant gesture and a mocking laugh.

The tornado paralelled the Oostanaula river northward up West First street, then executed a right-angle zag and dealt a right uppercut again to the things of the land. Past Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh and Eighth avenues he leaped, with always the same tale,—a roof lifted off here, a sheet of tin sent smashing through a plate glass window there, a tree sent crashing against a house, a house sat upon until its timbers groaned and gave way.

Near the foot of West First street three mules were killed under electric wires and walls of brick, and their owner was injured; at the jail a lad was hurt, in North Rome a house was blown a mile, scattering five children and a woman along the way.



SPOTS WHICH DARED TO RESIST THE TORNADO.

The windstorm of Saturday, April 16, 1921, served as a stern reminder of the insignificance of man and his earthly shrines. Pictures 1, 2 and 6 show Myrtle Hill trees snapped off like broom straws, 5 and 7 West Second Street damage. 3—Tree against a house on Seventh Avenue. 4—A sugarberry at the News office which nearly hit a horse and a man.

Then the tornado was lost to view. He had been introduced to Romans most forcibly. Maybe he went where he came from. He was not a very welcome guest. Details of his pranks are to be found elsewhere herein.

A hard rain fell soon after the tornado had passed, and continued for several hours. It held up a while, but let in again before midnight. Woodmen and other workers took their axes and set to work repairing the damage, and said some unkind things about frolicsome gusts of wind.

Rome's pet tornado had certainly not behaved like Oliver Herford's "Bashful Earthquake."

Tornadoes are exciting phenomena and always commit freakish and weird acts as well as tragic and frightening. In the following running story are told incidents as they were heard and discovered by The News during Saturday afternoon:

The worst damage in Rome was in the area bounded by Eighth avenue, the Oostanaula river, head of Coosa and Broad street. Moving toward North Rome, the tornado in this area first struck the rear of the old Hamilton block, occupied by Stamps & Co., and took it off, a lot of brick falling and helping to demolish a shed in the rear of the place. It swept through West First street between the rears of the second Broad street block of wholesale grocery concerns and the Curry-Arrington warehouse, caroming off the rear of the Rome Mercantile Co. and throwing a shower of brick and timbers into the street on a group of a dozen or more mules and wagons parked there by farmers, and carrying down three poles full of heavily-charged electric wires. One of the wires fell across the back of a small gray mule and killed it instantly, while the brick which fell from the rear of the Rome Mercantile Co. buried a pair of mules driven to a wagon by Mose Middleton, a Black's Bluff Road farmer. One of the mules was killed instantly and one was hurt and it was thought it would have to be shot. Mr. Middleton was slightly injured. He heard the storm had swept his home neighborhood, and went down to see.

The electric current was immediately cut off by the Rome Railway & Light Co., thus reducing the danger of broken and depending wires. Police and firemen, the Boy Scouts, American Legion and citizen volunteers rendered first aid and went on duty informally where needed. Linemen and other electrical workers went to work with a vim to relieve the city from the predicament of no electric power or lights, all having been cut off in the city except the trolley car current. Candles and lamps were used pretty freely for illuminating purposes. The gas plant on West First street, by the way, escaped any damage from the tornado, but an adjoining building had the roof taken off.

After a few hours most of the lights were switched on again, but throughout the night the downtown area of devastation was dotted only with red danger lights. The white way lights on the Oostanaula side of Broad street were dark, and the two picture shows and business establishments in that row did not attempt to keep open last night.

Part of the roof of the Rome Manufacturing company on Second avenue was lifted and the rain began to pour in, so a lot of goods were moved to a warehouse at the rear of the First National Bank building. Although the wind sliced off a layer of brick from the Arrington-Buick building across the street, it bowed before the tall First National structure and swept over the Rome Manufacturing Company, where it also sent down a shower of brick.

The McWilliams Feed and Grocery Co. sign was doubled up at Third avenue and West First street, and one screen door opening outward was torn from its hinges and another partly unhinged. A hogshead was blown from a platform to the middle of the street. A lot of tin was ripped from warehouses in this neighborhood and sent whirling and whistling toward the courthouse. A tin ice can of the Atlantic Ice & Coal Corporation was blown 50 feet to Fourth avenue.

At the Wyatt Book Store a plate glass over the show or display windows was blown out, three show cases were broken and the picture rack was demolished.

A pair of penny weighing scales was torn up in front of the Strand movie theatre and a traffic sign at Broad and Third avenue was blown over.

The following sustained broken plate glass windows: Bartlett Automotive Equipment Co., Gammon's, G. H. Hays, the McDonald Furniture Co., O. Willingham and several of the fronts of the wholesale houses on the west side of Broad street between First and Second avenues.



BROAD STREET BY NIGHT, CARPETED IN 3 INCHES OF SNOW, JAN. 27, 1921.

Many small windows, awnings and signs were caught and broken down. Trees were blown down in the yards of Wade Hoyt, 603 West First street; 600 Broad street, corner of Sixth avenue; J. W. Bryson, 10 Seventh avenue, the old W. M. Towers place (large tree against center of house); the old Underwood cottage, across West First street from the Bryson home (large tree took off corner and rested against house); the cottage of Miss Julia Omberg, next door to the Lanham place on West First street; the home between the Wade Hoyt place and the Oostanaula river. Limbs were strewn over the yard of Ed Maddox at Broad and Seventh avenue, and across Fifth avenue back of the Hotel Forrest.

A large sugar berry tree at the corner of The Rome News office blew toward the building, narrowly missing P. J. Fulcher, a farmer living on the Central Grove road beyond the Berry Schools, and demolishing a Ford automobile owned by F. C. Bennett, of 13 Fourth avenue, and the Fulcher buggy. Mr. Fulcher had just taken his horse out of the vehicle. A falling wire burnt him slightly on the right hand. An American Railway Express Co. delivery wagon was passing at Fourth avenue and West First when the tree crashed down. The wind blew the wagon over on its side and threw out the driver, Geo. W. Turner, and a lot of large empty pasteboard cartons, one of which was blown into the hole left by the tree roots. The horse ran away down Broad street, probably to the express company stable.

Parts of two chimneys were blown off The News building into an alley near the Oostanaula river.

The tornado swept up the Oostanaula, raising the water about 12 feet, according to two men who were sitting on the end of a platform of the Atlantic Ice & Coal Corporation plant, on Fourth avenue and the river. The tail of the thing swept within 35 feet of them, snapping off several limbs and curving in front of the Rome Laundry Company across the street and carrying a shower of roof tin with it, after which it hit the tree at The News corner. Then it twisted to the left of the courthouse and stripped enough tin off the Davis Foundry & Machine Co. to smash a plate glass window or so of the Dodge Automobile agency at Fifth avenue and West First street.

It tore tin off the city stables on West First, between Fifth and Sixth avenues. Lawrence Wilson, Boy Scout, son of Sheriff Robt. E. Wilson, was sitting in his father's apartments at the Floyd county jail at that point and was slamming down a window when tin or timber crashed into the window pane and cut his left arm in several places. He was attended by Dr. J. Turner McCall.

After laying low a lot of trees on West First street, as told above, the tornado swept toward Eighth avenue, to the home of Louis A. Dempsey, at 713, where a tree was uprooted and two rooms of the house damaged. Five large trees in the Robt. W. Graves yard, 110 Eighth avenue, were blown down, and Robt. W. Graves, Jr., amateur weather prognosticator, lost a rain gauge. A corn crib and mule barn of the Graves-Harper Co. at West Second street and Eighth avenue were demol-

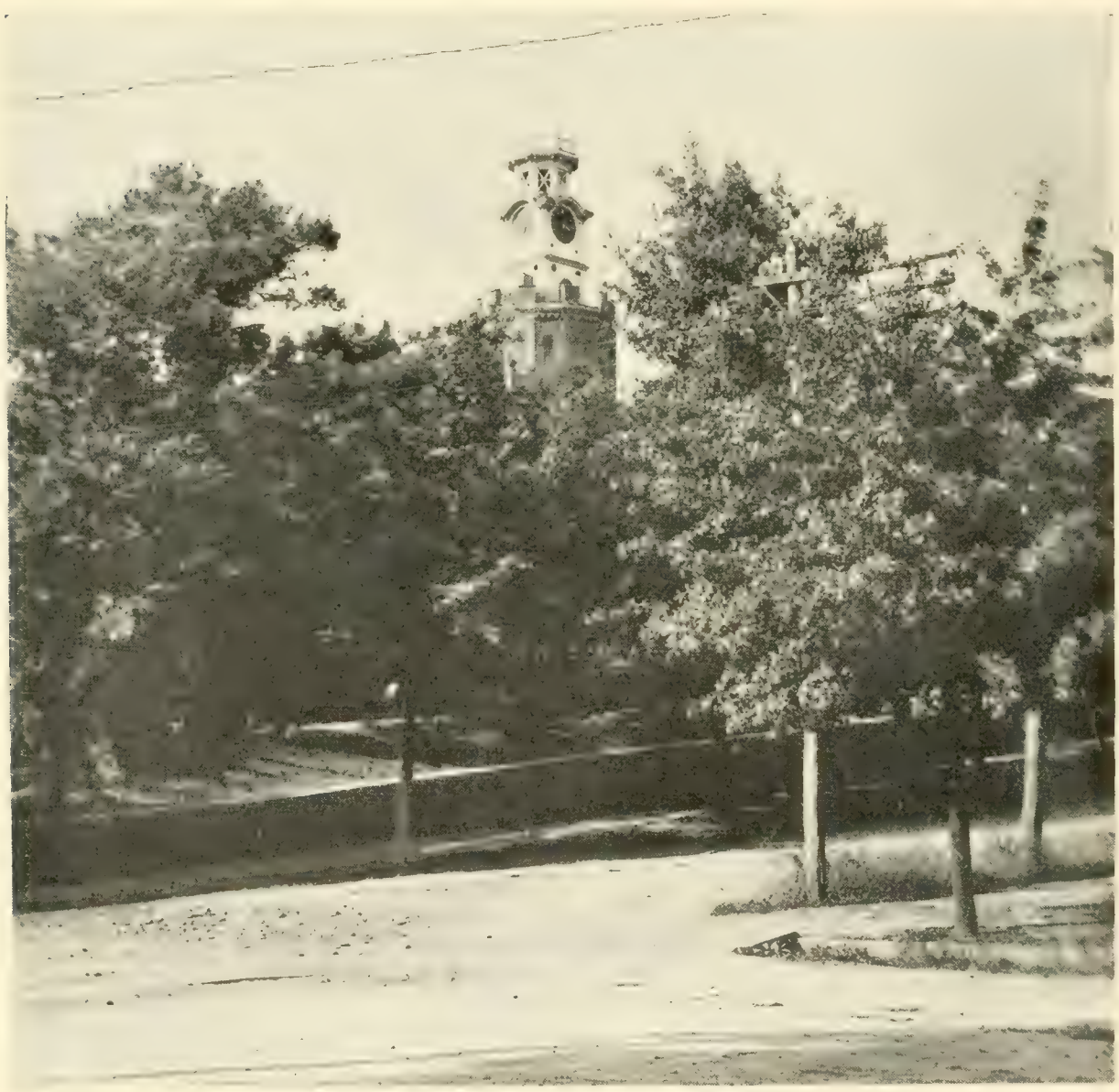
ished. A large tree blew down between the home of Wm. E. Fuller, 104 West Eighth avenue, and that of A. S. Burney.

Thence the wind blew through North Rome. Will Akridge, who owns a place about two miles north of North Rome, phoned The News that the tornado hit one of his tenant houses, occupied by Alvin Gilliam, and that the five small Gilliam children narrowly escaped death. Some were free, others caught under flying timbers and none hurt beyond a bad shaking up. They were gathered up and taken to the home of a neighbor nearby. Mrs. Henry Gilliam was hit in the head by a flying timber and painfully hurt. She was attended by Dr. Henry A. Turner, of Rome. A baby three months old was uninjured.

On Jim Stewart's place on the road leading over to the Oostanaula river, continued Mr. Akridge, the one-story frame cottage occupied by W. H. Sims, had only two rooms left after the twister had passed. The front and back porches, kitchen and two chimneys were blown away. It seemed like a thousand trees had been blown down, he said.

While Mr. Akridge was talking, a flash of lightning hit the telephone wire. "Did you see that lightning?" he asked. "Let's get away from here!"

The tornado was traced westward below Rome to a point on the Coosa river between Black's Bluff and Mt. Alto. It skipped across the valley land northwest



A TALL SENTINEL ON A LOFTY HILL

Rome's historic clock tower, built in 1871 by John W. Noble. Prior to erection of the plant on Fort Jackson it supplied the city with water.

of the Ab Dean farm and tore a path through clumps of woods to the neighborhood of Cherokee street and Branham avenue (South). At this point the wind lifted off the front of the Hugley grocery store, then got into a block of negro one-story frame dwellings on Pennington avenue. Six houses in a row had their brick chimneys knocked off and one was smashed almost flat. In the house set down upon the ground Mattie Rogers, crippled daughter of Fletcher Rogers, the colored barber, was slightly hurt in the mouth. Two chickens (hens) were killed. Debris was scattered everywhere. Then the twister snorted up a ridge and blew a pine tree across a pig pen, where the pig grunted his eminent satisfaction. On top of this ridge was a one story frame dwelling said to be owned by Mrs. Alla Holmes Nunnally. The wind hugged this cottage and shook it down off its brick foundations to the ground. The paper roofing was banged in.

Slivers of plaster peeled off across the street as the tornado shook a frail wooden house. Then the mischievous fellow visited the home of City Commissioner Ben Gann on Klasing Hill, slid his refrigerator across the back porch and stripped the under part of the house of its frail lattice work. Then it romped into Myrtle Hill cemetery, ruthlessly upsetting tombstones. The tornado uprooted seven large trees in Myrtle Hill and broke off two others that fell across graves, in addition to demolishing the pavilion near the Confederate Soldiers' sanctuary. A tree fell across the headstone of A. B. S. Moseley, long a newspaper editor in Rome. One knocked over the headstone of Mrs. T. O. Hand. Others fell across the Denny, Grossman, Burks, Sharp and Thos. G. Watters lots.

City forces were put to work to clear the trees away.

The tail of the tornado swished within half a block of the Frances Berrien hospital on South Broad and yanked off a limb as large as a fat man's leg, and did the same near the old Klasing machine shop (now the establishment of Coffin & Co.) Leaves and dead branches were scattered everywhere.

Jim Hall's house was unroofed about a mile north of Rome.

Half the roof of the Nixon Hardware Co. warehouse was blown off in the rear of the Broad street store and the goods had to be moved to safe quarters.

The aftermath of Rome's romping tornado of Saturday morning at 11:45 o'clock found the citizens setting their houses and yards in order. Some of the houses were beyond hope of redemption. They had been crushed like eggshells and their timbers blown into near woods.

Estimates of the total damage varied with the individual. Insurance men said one person's guess was as good as another's. The estimates ranged between $150,000 and $250,000 for the Rome district. Much of this is salvage. Trees blown down make good wood; they have to be cut up but don't need cutting down.

Alvin Gilliam, farmer tenanting the Will Akridge farm two miles north of the Southern Co-operative Foundry in North Rome, found his razor and his wife's hat a mile toward the Oostanaula river from where the tornado smashed his house. He congratulated his wife on her "close shave."

His mother, Mrs. Henry Gilliam, and his five children were in the house at the time. The wind dumped them from the floor to a side wall, then deposited them on the upside-down ceiling and carried the floor over their heads up the hillside. In the ceiling was a trap door two feet by three. The lid flew off as the ceiling went over, and two of the children, including the two-months-old baby, were thrown into the hole to safety, while a mass of timbers crashed down over them. Rescuers pulled them out shortly afterward.

Mr. Gilliam's 18-year-old boy, formerly in the navy, went searching for his navy discharge papers, fearing they might have been blown to the Bureau of Navigation at Washington and he might find himself back in the outfit again.

Houses are few and far between in this neighborhood, and not a great deal of damage was done. On the Akridge place, however, the tornado played some of its queerest tricks. It made a 180-degree curve, pointing back toward Rome, around the brow of a thickly wooded hill, scattering tall trees, then darted off at right angles to the right far enough to miss a barn and several horses. The next thing it hit was the Gilliam cottage of four rooms, where the elder Mrs. Gilliam was making dough in a pan.

City workmen labored all day Sunday with axes and saws, removing overturned trees from dwellings and from across streets. Citizens wielded axes in many cases. Some waited until Monday, and it seemed probable that within a week few signs of the damage would remain, except in the case of houses badly demolished.



ROME IN BLANKETS OF "BEAUTIFUL WHITE."

The central photograph, showing two feet of snow on Broad Street, was taken in December, 1887. The horse cars were abandoned and traffic generally was demoralized. This was a year of disasters. In March and April came the record flood, with water 40.3 feet high at Rome, and prior to the flood a slight earthpuake shock was felt. The other pictures were taken January 27, 1921.

Two or three cases were reported in which men were caught in the tornado and lifted off the ground or blown some distance. They all landed on their feet and used them.

Steps will probably be taken by the city or patriotic organizations to replace the pavilion which was destroyed at the Confederate soldiers' graves in Myrtle Hill cemetery. Workmen started removing nine trees blown down across graves, upsetting several tombstones. The tornado swept across the summit and eastern face of Myrtle Hill and jumped over the Steamer Cherokee, lying moored at the base of the cemetery on the Etowah river. It then hit the lower business district.

The gay destroyer did not spare the abandoned old Seventh avenue cemetery either. It twisted off several large limbs and blew them across graves. One landed on the tomb of George Hamilton, (1833-1854), but did not break the slab.

Between the Seventh avenue cemetery and the Auditorium several houses were damaged. Five medium-sized trees were blown across West Second street north of Seventh avenue.

The Graves-Harper barn near Eighth avenue and West Second was knocked off its concrete rat-proof foundations and thrown down the hill toward Hell's Hollow, and turned upside down. It was a nice wreck.

After blowing down several trees on Eighth avenue the tornado dived into Hell's Hollow. It missed the city water pumping station on Fort Jackson by at least 500 feet and swept over Blossom Hill, inhabited by negroes. Here the main damage was to fruit trees, which was true of other neighborhoods.

Windows in the court house offices of Judges Moses Wright and W. J. Nunnally were smashed. A lot of women and children were attending a court hearing in Judge Wright's office, and they sought places of safety. The Judge's office was in the teeth of the gale, as it were, but the occupants soon got into a different position.

Rome's commercial concerns hit by the storm quickly began to get back into shape. Carpenters and tinners did a land office business, and many others, including electrical workers, did pretty much the same. The forces of the Southern Bell Telephone Company and the Rome Railway & Light Company worked hard to restore conditions to normalcy.

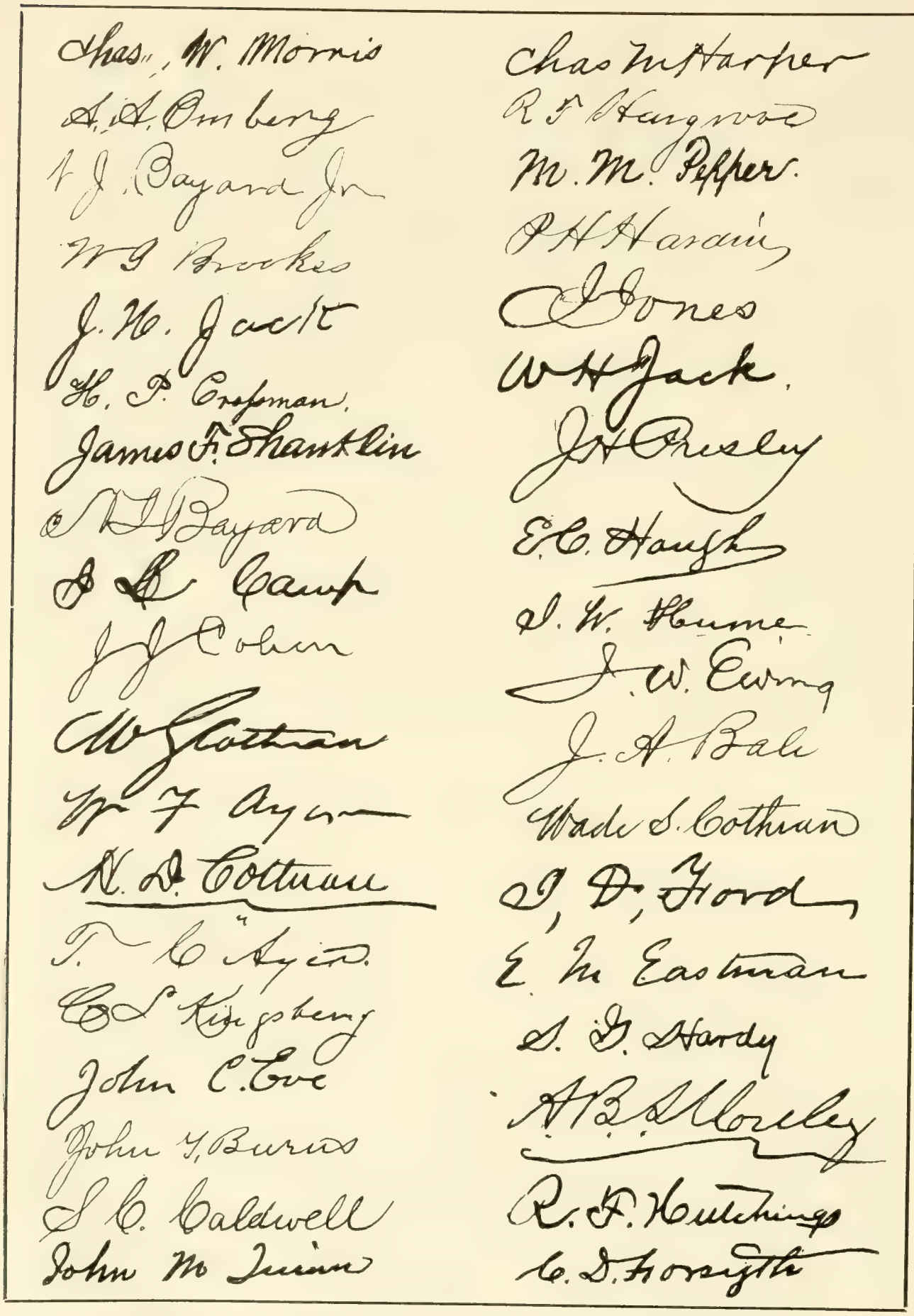
Insurance men carrying tornado policies made ready to pay up. It was a new experience for them to get hit. W. B. Hale, of the Hale-Brannon Co., declared his firm stood ready to protect Romans and if another such rumpus came, he would surrender the cash. The others felt the same way about it.

As usual with tornadoes, the weather following was cold. The thermometer dropped down to where folks thought a freeze might greet them Monday morning,



AN INFORMAL GARDEN OF DAYS THAT ARE PAST

This Third avenue spot was included in "Belvidere," the home place of Hollis Cooley, which later became the habitation of Walker W. Brookes and Judge Waller T. Turnbull. It nestled at the foot of old Shorter Hill.



AUTOGRAPHS OF ROMANS OF THE PERIOD AROUND 1870-71—III.



Carnegie Library and the City Auditorium.

but this did not come. A stiff wind most of Sunday aggravated the situation. Opinions seemed to be that fruit and crops would be hurt, but not seriously.

TREMENDOUS STORM

On Thursday, the 12th inst., at one o'clock, a violent storm, moving in a Southerly direction, passed over this place, carrying with it dense, black clouds of dust, leaves, branches of trees, and all sorts of light trash, and doing very considerable damage in its course. The bands of Æolus seemed to have been loosed and verily "the winds did blow and crack their cheeks."

The following damages by the storm have come to our knowledge: Two freight cars standing on the track just north of the depot were driven down the track, by the force of the wind, to the foundry, where a switch being turned wrong for them to go farther, they were thrown from the track and one of them smashed up; about one-third of the sheet iron roof of the depot on each side of the building, commencing on the north end, was torn off; the chimney of the store of Sloan & Hoopers was blown down, breaking through the roof and into the store room of Magnus & Wyse, just missing several persons sitting there; the chimney of the store occupied by W. T. Newman and owned by P. M. Sheibley was blown down and broke through the roof; the sky-light to Bearden's Daguerrean gallery was blown quite off. and the entire chimney to Wm. R. Smith's old store was blown entirely down. We hear that the tin on the whole south side of the depot at Kingston was blown off and carried in the arms of the storm to the hotel of Mrs. Johnson; the depot at Cass Station suffered the same fate, and that at Cartersville was entirely uncovered, and several other buildings injured.

Capt. Partin, the old cotton buyer, while riding up Broad street was blown from his horse, and being blinded by the storm, while attempting to get into Harper & Butler's Hardware store, fell into the ditch and severely sprained his ankle. A Rev. Mr. Lowe, of the Methodist Church, traveling in a buggy, was overtaken by the storm on the Summerville road, some six miles from here, and seeing a tree about to fall on them, himself and negro boy, barely saved their lives by jumping from the vehicle; the falling tree killed the horse and crushed the buggy. Thousands of trees were twisted off, but, the ground being so very dry and hard, comparatively few were turned up by the roots. All through the country great damage has been done to fences and out-buildings.—Rome Tri-Weekly Courier, July 14, 1860.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF GEORGIA

(From Sherwood's Gazetteer, 1829)

"Georgia is bounded on the north by Tennessee and North Carolina, on the northeast by South Carolina, from which it is separated by the Savannah River; on the southeast by the Atlantic Ocean; on the south by Florida; and on the west by a corner of Florida and Alabama. The line between this state and Tennessee begins at Nickajack, in Latitude 35 degrees, West Longitude from Washington City 8 degrees, 38 minutes, 45 seconds, and runs due east 110 miles within a mile of the corner of Habersham and Rabun counties, where it meets the North Carolina boundary. The line between us and North Carolina is 30 miles in length, so that

the whole of our northern boundary, from Nickajack to Elicott's rock, at the head of the Chatuga, is 140 miles. From the confluence of the Chattahoochee and Flint Rivers, in Latitude 30 degrees, 42 minutes, 42 seconds, and Longitude 8 degrees, 53 minutes, 15 seconds, to the head of the St. Mary's, the distance is 157 miles. Extend this line to the Atlantic, 47 more, and we have a southern boundary of 200 miles. The Chattahoochee, in its various meanderings, forms the western boundary, 360 miles, to Miller's Bend, in Latitude 32 degrees, 52 minutes, 16 seconds, Longitude 8 degrees, 12 minutes, 45 seconds. Here the line diverges from the river, and runs north 90 degrees, 26 minutes, West, to Nickajack, a distance of 146 miles.

"Georgia extends from Latitude 30 degrees, 34 minutes, 26 seconds, 6 North, to the 35 degree; and from 3 degrees, 45 minutes, to 8 degrees, 38 minutes, 45 seconds, West Longitude from Washington City. Length from north to south, 300 miles; breadth from east to west, 240, containing upwards of 58,000 square miles, equal to 37,120,000,000 acres. In shape, this state is a pentagon, having its northeastern angle in Rabun, its southeastern in Chatham, its south-southeastern in Camden, its southwestern in Decatur, its northwestern on the summit of Rackoon Mountain, in the Cherokee Nation.

"Sir Walter Raleigh is the reputed discoverer of the territory now called Georgia. (*Historians, is that correct?—Author.*) On the 9th June, 1732, a charter was obtained of George II, King of England, to plant a colony. Nov. 24, 114 persons, with James Edward Oglethorpe as Governor of the Colony, sailed from Gravesend, Eng. On the 13th January, 1733, they arrived at Charleston; repaired to Georgia, which was named after the king, and laid out Savannah in February. The Creek Indians, who then had possession of the country, were invited to a council; about 50 chiefs assembled and granted the colonists full and free liberty to settle their land.

"In 1751, the colonial assembly, consisting of 16 members from the 11 districts, was authorized; and this body met in Savannah, 25th January.

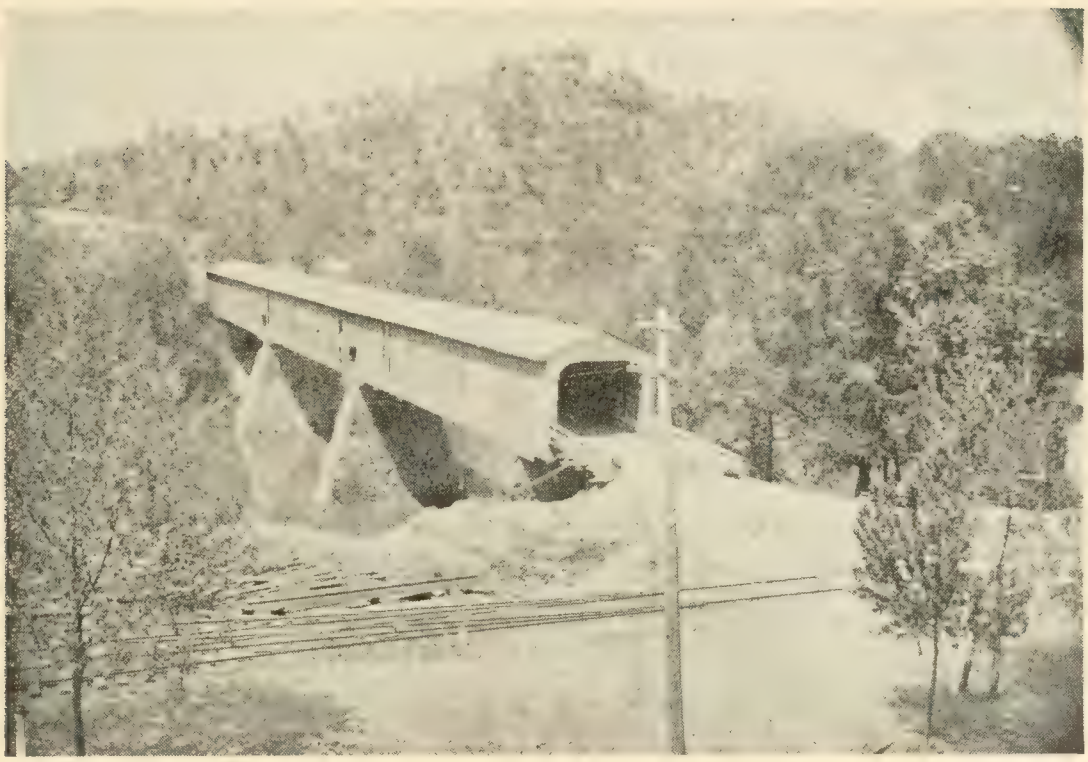
"In 1752, the trustees, finding the colony did not flourish under their patronage, resigned their charter; and the province was formed into a royal government in 1754, by the appointment of John Reynolds, Governor.

"The reigns of the British government were thrown off in January, 1776. The provincial governor, Wright, was imprisoned, and Archibald Bullock acted as governor. In 1777, our constitution was formed. The separate sections of the settled parts of the state were denominated parishes, St. John's, St. Paul's, etc., eight in number; now they were called counties; and, except Liberty, received their names from distinguished individuals in the English Parliament, who were opposing the war and justifying the Americans in their manly resistance to oppressive taxation without representation. The constitution was revised in 1789 and 1795.

"The sessions of our legislature were held at Savannah until 1776; then the body met in Augusta. Its sessions were at Savannah and Augusta, as the perilous



THE COWS WHICH SUPPLY SHORTER COLLEGE WITH MILK.



THE OLD BROAD STREET BRIDGE OVER THE ETOWAH RIVER.

This hooded structure was swept away in the freshet of 1886, after which a steel bridge was built, and finally one of concrete that is "freshet proof."

conditions would admit, to the close of the war. Major Prince could find no account of any session in 1780. The governor and council were once at Ebenezer, when it was dangerous to remain at either of the above cities.

"The first session at Louisville was held in the winter of 1795-6. In 1807, Milledgeville became the seat of government, and the sessions of the legislature have ever since been held in that place.

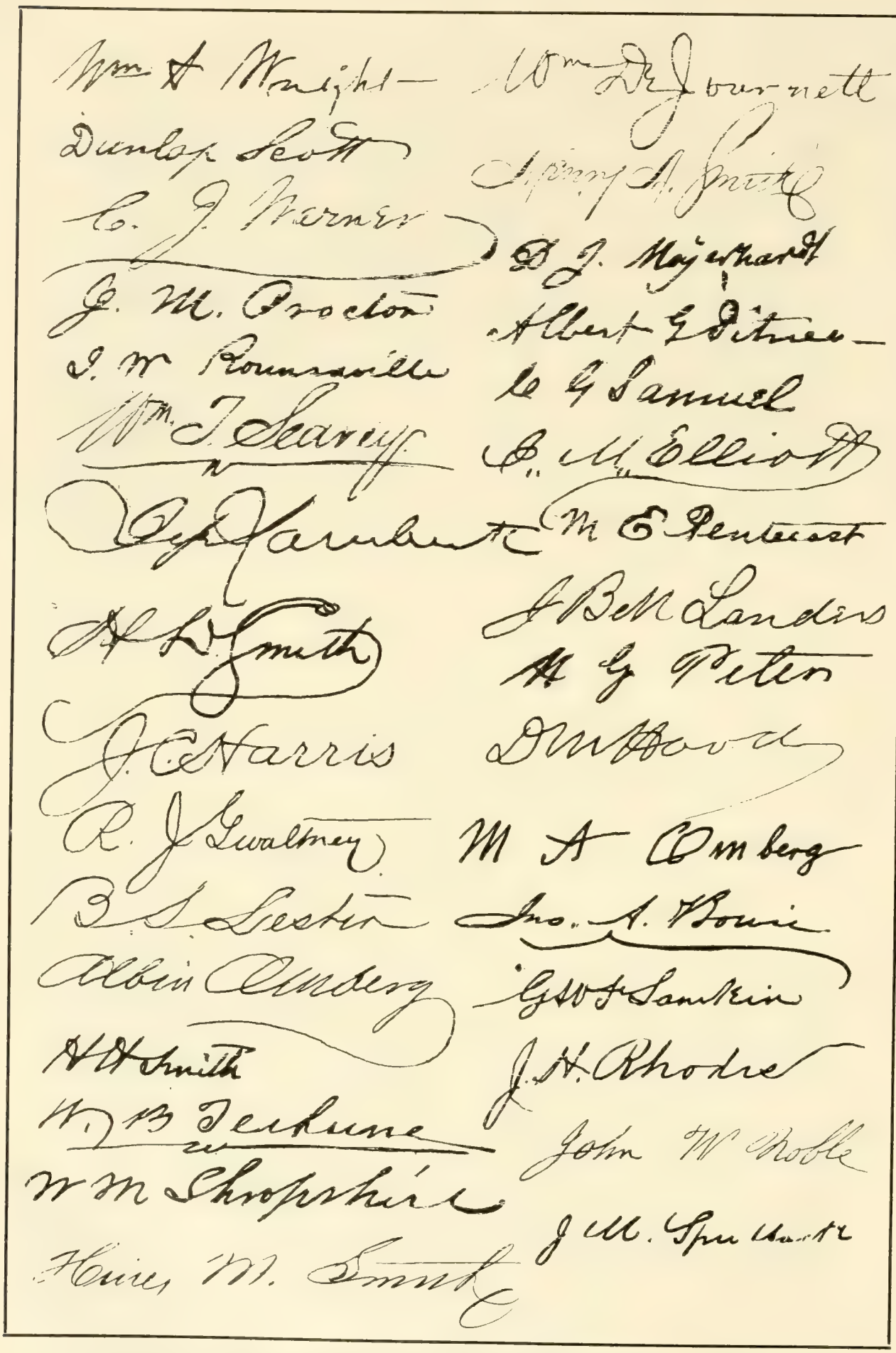
"By royal charter of the King of England, dated June 9, 1732, to Gen. Oglethorpe and other trustees, the lands between the Savannah and Altamaha Rivers were granted in trust, and in 1763, the lands between the Altamaha and St. Mary's. In 1739, Gen. Oglethorpe held a treaty of friendship with the Creeks, at an Indian town, on the west bank of the Chattahoochee, above the falls, called Coweta.

"By a treaty held at Augusta, 1773, with the Creeks and Cherokees, the lands were acquired which now compose Wilkes, Lincoln, etc.; and by another treaty at the same place, in 1783, the land was acquired up to the mouth of the Kiowe, and the line followed nearly the present line between Elbert and Franklin, leaving Danielsville a little south; thence on west to the source of the Appalachee; and down this stream, the Oconee, and Altamaha, to an old line. The south part of this territory was, in the next year, named Washington county, and the north part Franklin. The treaty of Golphinton was held in 1785. Possession was obtained of the lands included in a line running southwest, from the forks of the Ocmulgee and Oconee to the south stream of St. Mary's.

"The treaty at Shoulderbone, 1786, was not to acquire land, but to establish the others more permanently, and to secure the punishment of offenders.

"In 1802, by a treaty held at Fort Wilkinson, just below Milledgeville, part of the lands between the Oconee and the Ocmulgee was obtained. The line began on the Appalachee, at the High Shoals, leaving Madison four miles east, crossing Little River at Lumsden's Mill; Commissioner's Creek at Rushing's Mills, and down Palmetto Creek to the Oconee. In 1805, at Washington City, the remainder of the lands between the Oconee and Ocmulgee were acquired, up to the mouth of the Alcovee River, the corner of Newton and Jasper counties. These lands were distributed by lotteries since, and all acquired.

"In 1814, Gen. Jackson having conquered the Creeks, on the Tallapoosa, made a treaty with them at Ft. Jackson on that river, by which the lands between the



AUTOGRAPHS OF ROMANS OF THE PERIOD AROUND 1870-'71—IV.



WESLEY O. CONNOR IN HIS FAVORITE TURN-OUT

Prof. Connor served for a long time as head of the state school for the deaf and dumb at Cave Spring. He was the owner of one of the most complete collections of Cherokee Indian relics in Georgia.

Chattahoochee and Altamaha were acquired. This territory includes Early, Baker, the south part of Irwin, Appling, Ware, etc. The act to survey these lands was not passed until 1818.

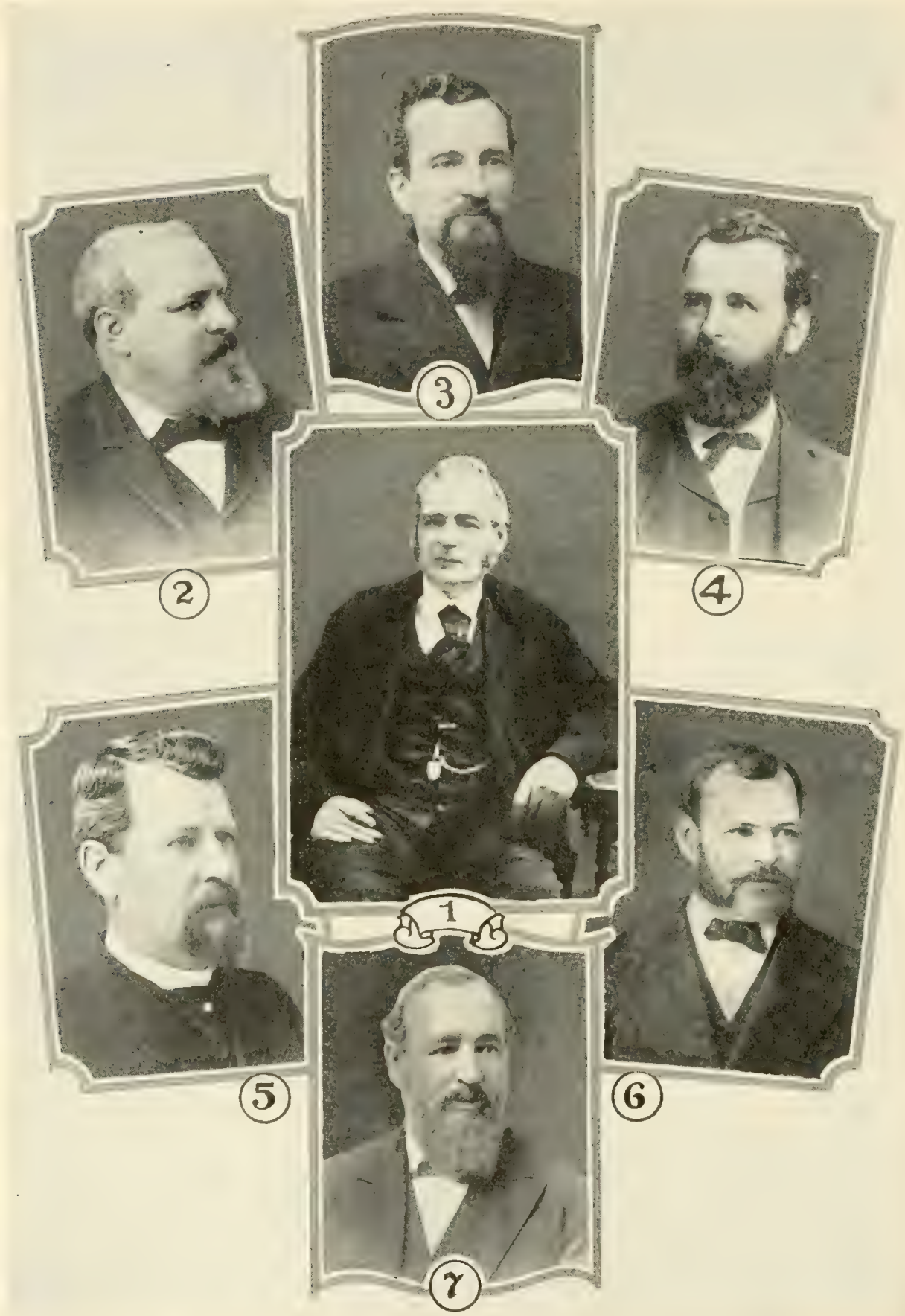
"In 1817, by treaty at the Cherokee agency, and by another at Ft. Laurens, on the Flint River, in 1818, that territory which now includes Newton, DeKalb, Gwinnett, Walton, most of Hall and Habersham, was acquired. In 1819, by a treaty at Washington, Rabun county was obtained, and the western part of Hall and Habersham to the Chestatee. In 1821, the lands between the Flint and the Ocmulgee were acquired by a treaty. The counties are Monroe, Bibb, Crawford, Dooly, Houston, Upson, Fayette, Pike, and Henry.

"In 1825, those between the Flint and Chattahoochee were acquired by treaty at the Indian Springs. Counties—Coweta, Campbell, Carroll, Troup, etc."

GENERAL INFORMATION.

(Furnished by the Rome Chamber of Commerce)

Population: Rome, 13,252 (including environs, 20,000); Floyd County, 39,000.
Assessed tax valuations, City of Rome, $14,000,000.
Assessed tax valuations, Floyd County, $22,500,000.
City of Rome tax rate, $1.50 per $100; Floyd County, $1.50 per $100.
Commission manager form of municipal government.
Altitude, 625 feet; average annual rainfall, 52½ inches; average summer temperature, 70 degrees; winter, 55 degrees.
City waterworks—1,300,000 gallons daily capacity, 50 miles mains and pipes.
Lowest insurance rates in State of Georgia.
Best motorized fire department in Georgia, four companies.
Gamewell fire alarm system; White Way lighting system.
Eight and three-tenths miles street paving.
Four bridges in city, costing approximately $300,000.
Street railway system with 12 miles of trackage.
Hydro-electric power and gas plant with 25 miles of mains and pipe.
$250,000 Municipal Building and Auditorium, seating 2,000 people.
Two daily newspapers—Rome News and Rome Tribune-Herald.



A NOBLE ROMAN FATHER AND HIS SIX NOBLE SONS

1—James Noble, Sr. 2—William Noble. 3—James Noble, Jr., once mayor of Anniston, Ala. 4—Stephen N. Noble, superintendent of Jenifer Furnace and builder and superintendent of Clifton Furnaces, Ironaton, Ala. 5—George Noble. 6—Samuel Noble. 7—John W. Noble, builder of Rome's clock tower in 1871 and St. Michael's and All-Angels' Episcopal Church, Anniston. The Nobles made cannon for the Confederacy and built the South's first native locomotive. Several of them left Rome to found the thriving town of Anniston.



THE NOBLE BROTHERS' FOUNDRY & MACHINE WORKS.

This concern manufactured the first locomotive in the South which was made out of native materials, and during the Civil War supplied the Confederacy with cannon. The plant was located at the N., C. & St. L. Railway and the foot of E. Third Street. It was destroyed in 1864 by Gen. Sherman and rebuilt after the war. The Nobles abandoned it in the eighties when they moved away to found Anniston.

$300,000 Hotel General Forrest, American plan; Third Avenue and Armstrong Hotels, European.

Twenty-two passenger trains daily to all parts of the country.

Six lines of railway—Southern, main line, Montgomery and Gadsden branches; Central of Georgia, N., C. & St. L., and Rome & Northern.

Two modern, elevator equipped, office buildings.

Head of navigation of the Coosa River.

Seventeen churches, representing nine different denominations.

140 miles of railroad in Floyd County.

1,200 miles of public highways in Floyd County.

300 miles hard surfaced road in Floyd County.

United States Federal Court held in Rome semi-annually.

Rotary Club—first organized in city of this size in U. S. A.

Kiwanis Club—second organized in State.

Best theatrical productions appear in Rome.

First monument erected in memory of the Women of the Confederacy.

INDUSTRIAL DATA

Rome has 73 factories, with 5,287 employees; Rome has $7,000,000 of capital invested in manufacturing.

Rome's 1920 manufactured products were valued at $16,000,000.

Rome's factory pay rolls average normally $1,000,000 per month.

Rome has largest furniture factory in Georgia.

Rome has 102,016 spindles in Rome-Lindale cotton mills.

Rome-Lindale cotton mills employ 2,500 people.

Rome-Lindale cotton products are sold throughout world.

Rome has the largest stove foundry in Georgia.

Rome's four stove foundries make 110,000 stoves annually.

Rome's two hosiery mills make nearly 9,000,000 pairs of hose annually.

Rome's two pants factories make 725,000 pairs annually and fill large United States and Mexican orders; Rome's industrial machinery manufacturers sell to North and South American markets; Rome-made scales and trucks have world-wide sale; Rome Tannery tans leather for Diamond Belting Co.; Rome's two box factories have annual output of 780,000 boxes; Rome is the home of famous McKay Disc Plows.

"MADE IN ROME"

Rome manufacturers make the following: Plows, guano distributors, pea hullers and agricultural implements, steel wheelbarrows, trucks, mill supplies, scales, turbine water wheels, saw mills, grates, castings, hollow-ware, cotton seed oil and hulls, fertilizers, barrels, boxes, ordinary face and fire brick, sewer pipe,



A GROUP OF BOOSTERS FOR ROME.

Of "live wires" the Hill City has no lack. The seven up before the camera are: 1—Thos. E. Clemmons; 2—J. D. Robards; 3—Judge W. J. Nunnally; 4—Prof. Paul M. Cousins; 5—A. A. Simonton; 6—Rev. Geo. E. Bennett; 7—Dr. Carl L. Betts.

tile, cotton duck, bags, rope, hosiery, ore, cars, furniture, chairs, cornices, interior fittings, sash, doors and blinds, marble monuments, coke and tar, mattresses, belting leather, pig iron, pants, overalls, uniforms, candy, cigars, ice cream, buggies, wagons, fire apparatus, medicines and medicine preparations, harness, tinware, beverages, etc.

MINERALS

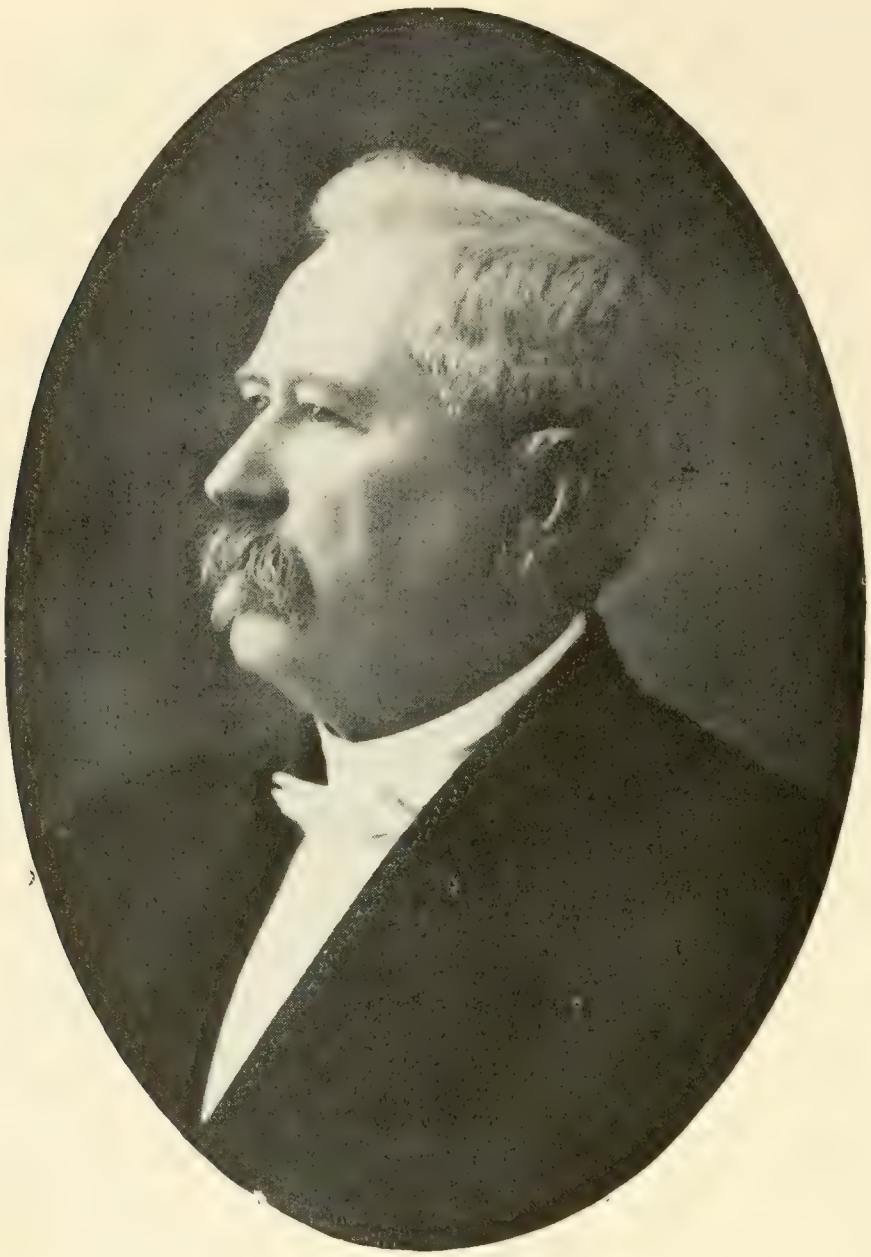
Found in Rome territory: Iron ore, halloysite, limestone, manganese, bauxite, kaolin, ochre, fire clay, building stone, potter's clay, lithographing stone, bituminous shale, iron pyrites, mica, graphite, quartz and plumbago.

AGRICULTURE

College of Agriculture agents for farmers' service.
County Farm Bureau has 260 members.
Average cotton yield Floyd County, 20,000 bales.
Cotton marketed in Rome annually, 57,000 bales.
Five cotton warehouses, 17,000 bales capacity.
Duroc hogs of Berryton farms, famous in the South.
Dairying industry recently inaugurated profitably.
Five live stock dealers and fifteen cotton buyers and factories' representatives.



J. W. Alexander



A LEADING CITIZEN OF ROME.

The late Wm. Melville Gammon, merchant, who did a great deal of constructive work. He served for years as chairman of the Floyd County Board of Roads and Revenues and as first commissioner of the City Commission. The county's modern roads stand as a monument to his efforts.

FINANCIAL

Five banks with combined resources of $8,000,000; deposits approximating $6,000,000.

EDUCATION AND HEALTH

Ninety public schools in county, six in City of Rome.
Darlington—boys' school, enrollment of 60.
Berry Schools for worthy boys and girls.
Shorter College—Baptist school for girls, students from 14 States—only fireproof school building in the South.
$50,000 Carnegie Public Library, 8.000 volumes.
Harbin Hospital, 75 beds, best in Southeast, says U. S. Public Health Service.
Frances Berrien Hospital.



AN OLD INDIAN CAUGHT ON THE WING.

Wm. J. Carter, herb doctor, 98 years old in 1919, at the Confederate Veterans' Reunion in Atlanta. Dr. Carter lives in Montgomery, Ala. He was a scout for Forrest and knew well Wm. Smith, of Rome, great-great-grandfather of the two lads in the picture—Geo. Bernard Bonney (left) and Holbrook V. Bonney.

RECREATIONAL FEATURES

Rome Baseball Club, member Georgia State League.
Motor boating, bathing, fishing, hunting.
2,000 automobiles registered in Rome and Floyd County.
Coosa Country Club, with splendid nine-hole golf course, swimming pool and other club equipment.
Athletic Club with membership of 125.
North Georgia Fair Association.
Fraternal and social organizations.

STATE AND COUNTY OFFICERS, FLOYD COUNTY, GA., 1896-1921.

Election of June 6, 1896.—Legislature: J. H. Reece, Wm. H. Ennis, Jas. B. Nevin (Mr. Nevin named at October general election); Clerk of Court: W. E. Beysiegel; Ordinary: John P. Davis; Treasurer: James B. Hill; Tax Collector: J. J. Black; Tax Receiver: R. L. Foster; Coroner: F. H. Schlapbach; Surveyor: J. T. Moore; County Commissioners: C. N. Featherston, D. W. Simmons, W. C. Nixon, R. B. McArver, Geo. W. Trammell; Sheriff: J. P. McConnell.

Election of June 6, 1898.—Legislature: J. Lindsay Johnson, W. C. Bryan, R. A. Denny; State Senate: R. T. Fouche; Clerk of Court: D. W. Simmons; Treas.: James B. Hill; Tax Collector: Vincent T. Sanford; Tax Receiver: J. N. Crozier; Coroner: F. H. Schlapbach; Surveyor: J. T. Moore; Sheriff: J. E. Camp.

Election of May 18, 1900—Legislature: John C. Foster, W. A. Knowles, Seaborn Wright; Clerk of Court: D. W. Simmons; Ordinary: John P. Davis; Treasurer: James B. Hill; Tax Collector: Vincent T. Sanford; Tax Receiver: J. N. Crozier; Coroner: Lon Sudduth; Surveyor: J. T. Moore; Sheriff: J. E. Camp; County Commissioners: Dr. J. C. Watts, R. S. Hamrick, W. M. Gammon, Geo. A. Gray, Robt. D. VanDyke; Solicitor General: Moses Wright.

Election of June 5, 1902—Legislature: Wm. H. Ennis, W. A. Knowles, Wm. S. McHenry; Clerk of Court: D. W. Simmons; Tax Collector: John M. Vandiver;



A GROUP AT THE BENEDICT SCHOOL, EUHARLEE, ABOUT 1900.

Tax Receiver: J. N. Crozier; Treasurer: J. B. Hill; Surveyor: J. T. Moore; Coroner: Lon Sudduth; Sheriff: W. G. Dunehoo.

Election of Apr. 20, 1904—Legislature: Seaborn Wright, G. B. Holder, C. H. Porter; State Senate: Wm. S. McHenry; Ordinary: John P. Davis; Solicitor General; Wm. H. Ennis; Clerk of Court: D. W. Simmons; Sheriff: D. O. Byars; Tax Receiver: Ike J. Berry; Surveyor: J. T. Moore; Coroner: John W. Miller; County Commissioners: J. R. Cantrell, J. C. Mull, L. A. Helms, W. N. Horton, D. H. Shelton.

Election of May 3, 1906—Legislature: Linton A. Dean, Seaborn Wright, R. L. Chamblee; Sheriff: Dan O. Byars; Tax Collector: John M. Vandiver; Tax Receiver: Ike J. Berry; Coroner: John W. Miller; City Court Judge, Harper Hamilton.

Election of June 4, 1908—Legislature: C. H. Porter, G. B. Holder, Barry Wright; Ordinary: John P. Davis; Solicitor General: Wm. H. Ennis; Clerk of Court: D. W. Simmons; Sheriff: T. Berry Broach; Tax Receiver: J. Tom Jenkins; Tax Collector: John M. Vandiver; Treasurer: James B. Hill; Coroner: John W. Miller; County Commissioners: W. M. Gammon, Wesley O. Connor, J. Tom Watters; T. E. Bridges, J. R. Cantrell, W. G. Dunehoo.

Election of Aug. 23, 1910:—State Senator: Wm. H. Ennis; Legislature: John C. Foster, George Anderson, Walter Harris; City Court Judge: John H. Reece; Sheriff: W. G. Dunehoo; Tax Receiver: J. Tom Jenkins; Treasurer: T. B. Owens; Coroner: John W. Miller; Tax Collector: John M. Vandiver; Clerk of Court: D. W. Simmons; Surveyor: R. L. Brown; School Commissioner: J. C. King.

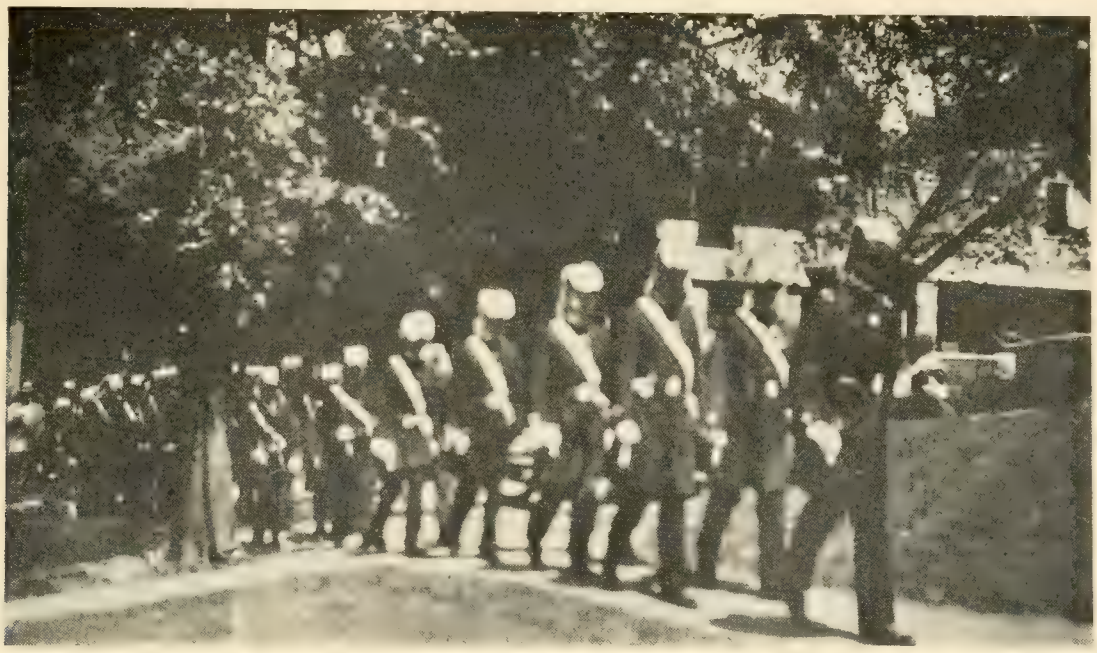
Election of Aug. 21, 1912—Legislature: John C. Foster, W. J. Nunnally, Barry Wright; Solicitor General: Wm. S. McHenry; County Commissioners: J. G. Pollock, C. M. Young, J. M. Yarbrough, J. Scott Davis, W. N. Horton, R. S. Hamrick.

Election of Apr. 28, 1914—Legislature: John Wesley Bale, A. W. Findley, George Anderson; City Court Judge: W. J. Nunnally; Clerk of Court: D. W. Simmons; Treasurer: T. B. Owens; Surveyor: R. L. Brown; Tax Collector: John M. Vandiver; Tax Receiver: J. Zach Salmon; Sheriff: Joe Barron; Coroner: John W. Miller; County Commissioners: J. G. Pollock, C. L. Conn, W. N. Horton, P. C. Griffin, C. M. Young, J. Scott Davis.

Election of Apr. 6, 1916—Ordinary: Harry Johnson; Tax Collector: John M. Vandiver; Tax Receiver: J. Zach Salmon; Clerk of Court: Sam L. Graham; Sheriff: G. Wash Smith; Treasurer: T. B. Owens; Coroner: John W. Miller; County School Commissioner: W. C. Rash; Solicitor City Court: J. Fred Kelly.

Election of Sept. 12, 1916—Legislature: John W. Bale, Seaborn Wright, J. W. Russell; State Senate: R. A. Denny; Solicitor General Superior Court: Claude H. Porter; County Commissioners (unexpired term): D. W. Simmons, H. M. Penn.

Election of Sept. 11, 1918—Judge Superior Court: Moses Wright; Judge City



KNIGHTS TEMPLAR AT WALTON SHANKLIN'S FUNERAL, Sept. 2, 1921.

Court: W. J. Nunnally; Legislature: John W. Bale, R. H. Copeland, Harper Hamilton.

Election of Mar. 18, 1920—Solicitor General City Court: James Maddox; County Commissioners: Wm. L. Daniel and J. Dave Hanks (for city), T. C. Autrey, W. P. Bradfield and J. E. Camp (for county); Clerk of Commission: J. R. Cantrell; Tax Collector: Thos. E. Clemmons; Tax Receiver: Weldon W. Hawkins; Clerk of Court: Sam L. Graham; Ordinary: Harry Johnson; Sheriff: Robt. E. Wilson; Treasurer: W. W. Phillips.

Note: In a special election Sept. 19, 1901, John M. Vandiver was elected Tax Collector to fill the unexpired term of V. T. Sanford. In the dispensary election of Feb. 19, 1902, the majority for the dispensary system and against the open saloons was 269, the vote being 1,459 for dispensary and 1,190 against. In the dispensary election of Apr. 19, 1904, the majority for the dispensary system was 1,258, the vote being 2,231 for dispensary and 973 against.

Original names of Rome thoroughfares, First, Second and Third Wards. (Changes made about 1890):

RUNNING EAST AND WEST.

Old Name.	New Name.
South Street	First Avenue
Howard Street	Second Avenue
Maiden Lane	Third Avenue
Oostanaula Street	Fourth Avenue
Bridge Street	Fifth Avenue
Etowah Street	Sixth Avenue
King Street	Seventh Avenue
Lincoln or Lumpkin Street	Eighth Avenue
North Boundary Street	Ninth Avenue
Ross Street	No change
Smith Street	No change
Gibson Street	Gibbons Street
Green Street	West First Street
Jail Street	West Second Street
Dwinell Street	No change
Reservoir Street	No change
Brooks Street	No change

RUNNING NORTH AND SOUTH.

Old Name.	New Name.
Court Street	East First Street
Alpine Street	East Second Street
Franklin Street	East Third Street
Cherokee Street	East Fourth Street
Railroad Street	East Fifth Street

Agricultural Fair Association (For the Cherokee Country of Georgia and Alabama).—Organized July, 1869, at Rome. The first fair was held in the autumn of 1869 and the second Oct. 11-14, 1870, at which time the directors were: A. A. Jones, president; Geo. S. Black, vice-president; B. F. Jones, secretary; Chas. H. Smith, C. W. Sproull, J. W. Turner, J. A. Stewart, W. F. Ayer, J. H. Dent, M. Dwinell, W. H. Jones, Dr. J. P. Ralls, M. H. Bunn, Wm. H. Stiles, Cicero C. Cleghorn.



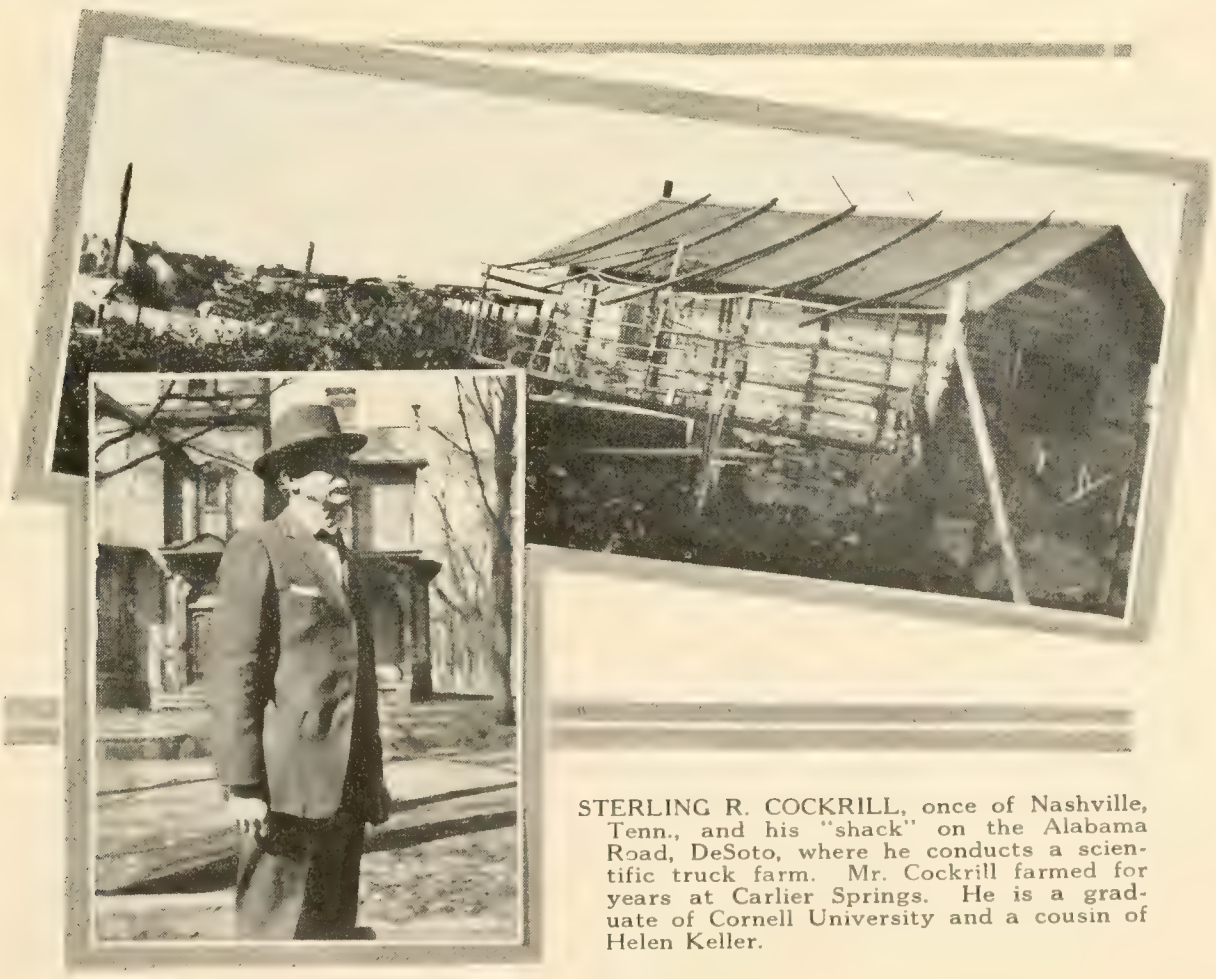
THE 28 PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

Top, left to right, Geo. Washington, John Adams, Thos. Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Andrew Jackson, Martin Van Buren, Wm. Henry Harrison, John Tyler, Jas. Knox Polk, Zachary Taylor, Millard Fillmore, Franklin Pierce, James Buchanan, Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, Ulysses S. Grant, Rutherford B. Hayes, Jas. A. Garfield, Chester A. Arthur, Grover Cleveland, Benj. Harrison, Wm. McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt, Wm. H. Taft, Woodrow Wilson, Warren G. Harding.

STATISTICS OF THE PRESIDENTS

No.	President	Party	Inaug.	Age	Yrs. Served	Religion	Death	Age
1	Geo. Washington	Fed.	1789	57	7y-10m-4d	Epis.	12-14-1799	67
2	John Adams	Fed.	1797	61	4	Unit.	7-4-1826	90
3	Thos. Jefferson	Rep.	1801	57	8	Liberal	7-4-1826	83
4	James Madison	Rep.	1809	57	8	Epis.	6-28-1836	85
5	James Monroe	Rep.	1817	58	8	Epis.	7-4-1831	73
6	Jno. Quincy Adams	Rep.	1825	57	4	Unit.	2-23-1848	80
7	Andrew Jackson	Dem.	1829	61	8	Pres.	6-8-1845	78
8	Martin VanBuren	Dem.	1837	54	4	Ref. Dut.	7-24-1862	79
9	Wm. Henry Harrison	Whig.	1841	68	1m	Epis.	4-4-1841	68
10	Jno Tyler	Dem.	1841	51	3y-11m	Epis.	1-17-1862	71
11	Jas. K. Polk	Dem.	1845	49	4	Pres.	6-15-1849	53
12	Zachary Taylor	Whig.	1849	64	1y-4m-5d	Epis.	7-9-1850	65
13	Millard Fillmore	Whig.	1850	50	2y-7m-26d	Unit.	3-8-1874	74
14	Franklin Pierce	Dem.	1853	48	4	Epis.	10-8-1869	64
15	James Buchanan	Dem.	1857	65	4	Pres.	6-1-1868	77
16	Abraham Lincoln	Rep.	1861	52	4y-1m-11d	Pres.	4-15-1865	56
17	Andrew Johnson	Rep.	1865	56	3y-10m-19d	Meth.	7-31-1875	66
18	Ulysses S. Grant	Rep.	1869	46	8	Meth.	7-23-1885	63
19	Rutherford B. Hayes	Rep.	1877	54	4	Meth.	1-17-1893	70
20	James A. Garfield	Rep.	1881	49	6m-15d	Disciple	9-18-1881	49
21	Chester A. Arthur	Rep.	1881	50	3y-5m15-d	Epis.	11-18-1886	56
22	Grover Cleveland	Dem.	1885	47	4	Pres.	6-24-1908	71
23	Benjamin Harrison	Rep.	1889	55	4	Pres.	3-13-1901	67
24	Grover Cleveland	Dem.	1893	55	4	Pres.	6-24-1908	71
25	William McKinley	Rep.	1897	54	4y-6m-10d	Meth.	9 14-1901	58
26	Theodore Roosevelt	Rep.	1901	42	7y-5m-18d	Ref. Dut.	1-6-1919	61
27	Wm. H. Taft	Rep.	1907	51	4	Unit.		
28	Woodrow Wilson	Dem.	1913	56	8	Pres.		
29	Warren G. Harding	Rep.	1921	56		Bap.		

Note.—The above information was taken from the World Almanac, New York, N. Y. It will be noted that the total in numbers is 29. This is caused by the fact that Grover Cleveland's name appears in two columns.



STERLING R. COCKRILL, once of Nashville, Tenn., and his "shack" on the Alabama Road, DeSoto, where he conducts a scientific truck farm. Mr. Cockrill farmed for years at Carlier Springs. He is a graduate of Cornell University and a cousin of Helen Keller.



SEVEN "HIGH ROLLERS" OF THE KIWANIS CLUB.

Top, left to right, Byard F. Quigg, superintendent of the Rome Public Schools; D. A. Nolan, in his uniform as a member of Rome Commandery, Knights Templar; B. A. Richards; C. M. Strange; bottom, J. Frank McGhee, Jr., Dr. A. F. Routledge, in his World War uniform, and Jas. W. Bryson.

AGRICULTURAL CENSUS REPORTS OF SURROUNDING COUNTIES COMPARED

Counties.	No. Farms.	Per Cent Increase Since 1910.	Per Ct. Inc. Imp. Land Since 1910.	Inc. in Land and Buildings Since 1910.	Per Ct. Inc. in Value
Floyd	3,516	13.7	9.3	$6,799,309	143.6
Bartow	3,091	7.6	1.8	4,485,298	94.8
Polk	2,229	.1	None	2,814,629	94.6
Chattooga	1,870	.9	27.3	4,069,857	159.9
Gordon	2,736	3.0	2.1	5,186,926	148.0

From the foregoing table, which has been tabulated by W. E. Bowers, County Agricultural Agent, from agricultural census reports of Floyd and adjoining Georgia counties, it will be seen that Floyd County leads in the number of farms and has made a much greater increase since 1910, with 13.7 per cent, than any of the other counties named, almost doubling Bartow, the nearest in gain to Floyd.

Floyd shows a creditable increase in improved lands during the last ten years, having 9.3 per cent more, or a greater increase than any of the surrounding counties, except Chattooga, which shows a 27.3 increase.

The increase in land and buildings since 1910 shows Floyd ranking third in per cent but greater in total increase, with almost seven million dollars. Chattooga has increased her value 159.9 per cent; Gordon comes next with 148, and Floyd has a 143.6 per cent increase. Bartow and Polk have about the same, with more than 94.

Mr. Bowers has received about 100 reports of different Georgia counties, and says that anyone who is interested in the agricultural census of any of these counties can get the report at his office.—June 29, 1921.

FARM VALUES IN FLOYD SHOW ENORMOUS INCREASE

The Director of the Census announces, subject to correction, the following preliminary figures from the Census of Agriculture for Floyd County, Georgia:

FARMS AND FARM ACREAGE

	Jan. 1, 1920.	Apr. 15, 1910.	Increase Per Ct.
Farms	3,516	3,092	13.7
Operated by			
White farmers	2,704	2,327	16.2
Colored farmers	812	765	6.1
Operated by			
Owners and Managers	1,303	1,151	13.2
Tenants	2,213	1,941	14.0

FARM VALUES

Value of land and buildings:	
January 1, 1920	$11,535,030
April 15, 1910	4,735,721
Increase, 1910-20:	
Amount	$ 6,799,309
Per cent	143.6

DOMESTIC ANIMALS

	Jan. 1, 1920.	Apr. 15, 1910.
Farms reporting domestic animals	3,455	3,333
Animals reported:		
Horses	1,761	1,511
Mules	5,029	3,673
Cattle	9,673	8,907
Sheep	417	1,053
Swine	9,281	6,961
Goats	317	781

PRINCIPAL CROPS

		Acres Harvested.	Quantity Harvested.
Corn	1919	36,315	520,865 bu.
	1909	27,291	305,431 bu.
Wheat	1919	1,579	8,522 bu.
	1909	27,291	305,431 bu.
Hay	1919	763	5,517 bu.
	1909	6,707	6,216 tons
Cotton	1919	51,523	23,474 bales
	1909	38,150	13,955 bales

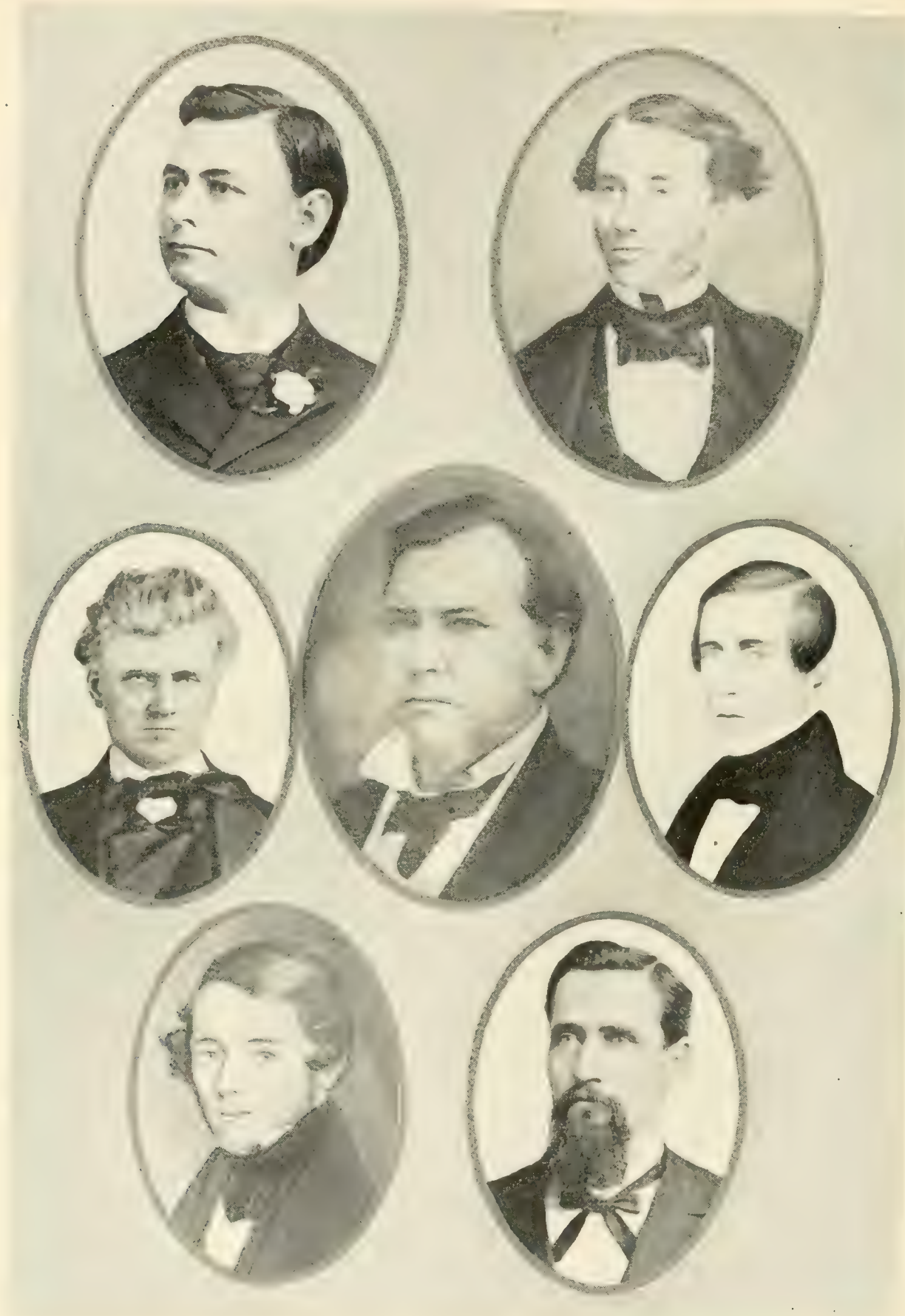
The figures for domestic animals in 1910 are not very closely comparable with those for 1920, since the present census was taken in January, before the breeding season had begun, while the 1910 census was taken in April, or about the middle of the breeding season, and included many spring calves, colts, etc.—June 28, 1921.

FLOYD COUNTY POPULATION TABLE.

A population table sent to John Camp Davis, of Floyd's delegation in the House of Representatives, by Senator Wm. J. Harris at Washington, shows some interesting facts touching the State, Floyd County and Rome. In 1790 Georgia's population was 82,548, and in 1920 2,895,832, an increase of 286,711 people over the 1910 census, or 11 per cent. The increase for the United States was 14.9 per cent. There are 13,252 people living in Floyd County towns and 26,589 in the country; in 1910 there were 12,099 in the towns and 24,637 in the country; and in 1900 there were 7,291 in the towns and 25,822 in the country.

The table shows that Rome gained 115 people in 1920 over 1900:

Floyd County	1920.	1910.	1900.
Cave Spring, including Cave Spring town	2,142	2,253	2,283
North Carolina	1,259	1,249	1,206
Watters	2,418	2,353	1,224
Rome, including Rome city	14,150	13,696	14,035
Texas Valley	873	1,174	1,185
Barker's	1,101	1,081	1,098
Floyd Springs	618	1,301	1,096
Chulio	1,499	1,457	1,191
Etowah	1,544	1,215	892
Livingston	700	451	789
Mount Alto	2,548	2,046	1,122
Everett Springs	544	674	590
Foster's Mill	517	363	472
Vann's Valley	1,665	846	975
Howell's	1,382	1,270	1,045
Lindale	3,962	3,699	2,643
State Line	650	600	614
Glenwood	984	1,008	.....
Armuchee	1,285	.....	.....
Totals	39,841	36,736	33,113



MEN WHO HAVE PUT ROME ON THE POLITICAL MAP.

Top, left to right, Milford W. Howard, native wood hauler of DeSoto, who was named representative to Washington, and wrote a book, "If Christ Came to Congress;" Judge Augustus R. Wright, in Federal and Confederate Congresses; Judge John W. Hooper, who befriended the Indians; Judge Jno. Henry Lumpkin, congressman; Thos. C. Hackett, congressman; Dr. H. V. M. Miller, "Demosthenes of the Mountains," United States Senator; Judson Claudius Clements, congressman and Interstate Commerce Commission chairman.

GOVERNORS OF GEORGIA

Jas. Edward Oglethorpe	1732-43
William Stephens	1743-51
Henry Parker	1751-54
John Reynolds	1754-57
Henry Ellis	1757-60
James Wright	1760-71
James Habersham	1771-75
William Ewen	1775-76
Archibald Bullock	1776-77
Button Gwinnett	1777-77
John A. Treutlen	1777-78
John Houston	1778-78
John Wereat	1778-79
George Walton	1779-80
Richard Howley	1780-81
Stephen Heard, (Pres. Sen.)	1781-81
Nathan Brownson	1781-82
John Martin	1782-83
Lyman Hall	1783-84
John Houston	1784-85
Samuel Elbert	1785-86
Edward Telfair	1786-87
George Matthews	1787-88
George Handley	1788-89
George Walton	1789-90
Edward Telfair	1790-93
George Matthews	1793-96
Jared Irwin	1796-98
James Jackson	1798-01
David Emmanuel	1801-01
Josiah Tatnall	1801-02
John Milledge	1802-06
Jared Irwin	1806-09
David B. Mitchell	1809-13
Peter Early	1813-15
David B. Mitchell	1815-17
William Rabun	1817-19
Matthew Talbott, (Pres. Sen.)	1819-19
John Clark	1819-23
George M. Troup	1823-27
John Forsyth	1827-29
George R. Gilmer	1829-31
Wilson Lumpkin	1831-35
William Schley	1835-37
George R. Gilmer	1837-39
Chas. J. McDonald	1839-43
Geo. W. Crawford	1843-47
Geo. W. Towns	1847-51
Howell Cobb	1851-53
Herschel V. Johnson	1853-57
Joseph E. Brown	1857-65
James Johnson, (Provisional)	1865-65
Chas. J. Jenkins	1865-68
Gen. T. H. Ruger, U. S. A. (military governor)	1868-68
Gen. Jno. Pope, U. S. A. (military commander)	1868-68
Gen. Geo. G. Meade, U. S. A. (military commander)	1868-68
Rufus B. Bullock	1868-71
Benj. Conley, (Pres. Sen.)	1871-72
James M. Smith	1872-76
Alfred H. Colquitt	1876-82
Alexander H. Stephens	1882-83
James S. Boynton, (Pres. Sen.)	1883-83
Henry D. McDaniel	1883-86
John B. Gordon	1886-90
Wm. J. Northen	1890-94
Wm. Y. Atkinson	1894-98
Allen D. Candler	1898-02
Joseph M. Terrell	1902-07
Hoke Smith	1907-09
Joseph M. Brown	1909-11
Hoke Smith	1911-11
John M. Slaton, (Pres. Sen.)	1911-12
Joseph M. Brown	1912-13
John M. Slaton	1913-15
Nathaniel E. Harris	1915-17
Hugh M. Dorsey	1917-21
Thos. W. Hardwick	1921-22
Clifford M. Walker	1922

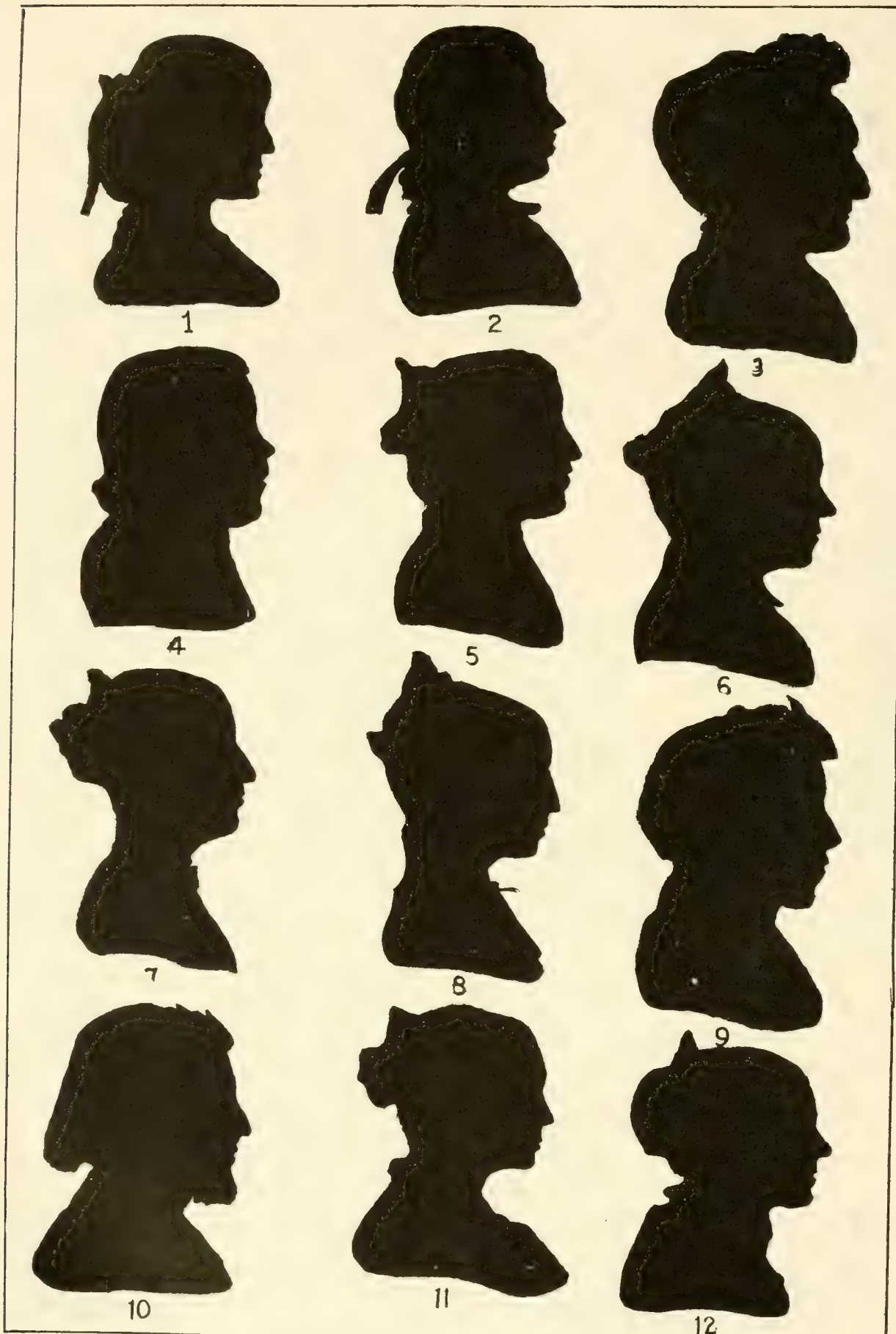
Fire Department in 1869 (*Volunteer*).—James Noble, Jr., chief, W. T. Mapp, first assistant chief; R. T. Hoyt, second assistant chief; W. T. Seavey, secretary.

Rainbow Steam Fire Engine Co. No. 1.—Mulford M. Pepper, president; T. S. McAfee, vice-president; E. J. Stevens, secretary.

Mountain City Fire Engine Co. No. 2.—Dr. David J. Powers, president; Geo. Noble, captain; W. R. Fenner, secretary.

Hook & Ladder Co. No. 1.—Ed. F. Shropshire, foreman; S. C. Anderson, assistant foreman; Robt. J. Gwaltney, secretary.

Attorneys, 1868 to 1894 (Partial List).—Dan'l. R. Mitchell, John W. H. Underwood, Chas. H. Smith, Joel Branham, A. R. Wright, Edwin N. Broyles, C. N. Featherston, R. D. Harvey, Sr., D. B. Hamilton, Sr., Dunlap Scott, Dan'l. S. Printup, R. T. Fouche, Wm. H. Dabney, C. D. Forsyth, John H. Reece, Sr., Richard A. Denny, Thos. W. Alexander, J. I. Wright, Christopher Rowell, W. W. Brookes, W. T. Turnbull, D. M. Hood, W. D. Elam, Wm. S. Hills, W. B. Terhune, James P. Perkins, R. R. Harris, Sr., Chas. W. Underwood, Jas. H. Spullock, J. Lindsay Johnson, Sr., Walter H. Mitchell, Hal Wright, Max Meyerhardt (City Court judge 1887-91), Linton A. Dean, Seaborn Wright, Hamilton Yancey, Jno. W. Maddox, Wm. H. Hidell and Albert G. Ewing.



MORE SILHOUETTES BY EUGENE LE HARDY DE BEAULIEU.

1—Anna Hume, a descendant of the celebrated Hume family, of the English nobility; 2—Martha Shorter Cooley (Mrs. Walker I. Brooks); 3—Col. Alfred Shorter; 4 and 5—John and Eliza Hume; 6—Sarah Hendricks; 7—Mary Russell (mother of Jno. J. Eagan, of Atlanta); 8—Mary Hendricks; 9—Robt. Battey; 10—Dr. Geo. M. Battey; 11—Mrs. Robt. Battey; 12—Mrs. Geo. M. Battey.

$750,000 FOR GOOD ROADS IN FLOYD

On Thursday, June 16, 1921, the voters of Floyd County, by an almost unanimous vote, authorized an issue of $750,000 bonds for road improvements, following a resolution favoring the issue passed by the County Board of Roads and Revenues at its meeting May 11. A considerable part of this money has already been spent, and Floyd County is assured of a system of roads that cannot be excelled in Northwest Georgia. The program called for the expenditure of $616,000 on 257 miles of first and second-class roads, and the balance, $134.000, on second and third-class roads. It follows:

FIRST-CLASS ROADS

	Miles.	Amount.
Kingston road to Bartow County line	8	$60,000
Summerville road, Armuchee to Chattooga line	5	70,000
Including a bridge over Armuchee Creek.		
Calhoun road to Gordon County line	13	50,000
Cave Spring road to Alabama line	21	60,000
Including a bridge over Big Cedar Creek.		
Bluff road to Alabama line	16	50,000
Chulio road to Bartow County line	8	25,000
Seney road from Lindale to Polk County line	7	30,000
Dalton road from Summerville road to Gordon County line	12	25,000
Cave Spring and Cedartown road to Polk County line	2	5,000

SECOND-CLASS ROADS

Floyd Springs road—Armuchee to Everett Springs at Pocket	17	25,000
Pope's Ferry from Calhoun road to Bell's Ferry	10	20,000
Plainville road from Calhoun road to Plainville	2½	4,000
Adairsville road from Calhoun road at Martin's store to Bartow line	2½	5,000
Hermitage road from Calhoun road at Watters to beyond Hermitage	4	2,000
Wayside School road from Calhoun road at Dr. Floyd's to Bartow County line	8	6,000
Freeman Ferry road from Kingston road to Etowah River	4	4,000
Taylorsville road from Seney road to Bartow line	9	15,000
Foster's Mill road to Cave Spring road	6	5,000
Melson and Cave Spring road	7	8,000
Booger Hollow road from Six Mile to Pork County	8	8,000
River road from Alabama road at Hamilton's, Alabama road, to near Cabin Creek Bridge	12	20,000
Burnett's Ferry road from Pop Skull	7	15,000
Foster's Mill to Coosa River	7	7,000
Coosa from Alabama road to Lavender	3	2,000
Lavender road from Alabama road to Texas Valley	7	12,000
Redmond road from Summerville road to Texas Valley	7	12,000
O'Brian Gap road from Summerville road to Texas Valley	7	12,000
Big Texas Valley from Crystal Springs to Texas Valley	8	12,000
Little Texas Valley road from Armuchee to Lavender	10	15,000
Livingston road to Bluff road	4	5,000
Pinson's, Calhoun road, to Pope's Ferry road	4	5,000
Brown's Store, Holland road	3	4,000
Early to Ford's Bend	5	5,000
Culpepper's Mill to Everett Springs	3	3,000
Totals	257	$616,000

Historic Gavel.—The Xavier Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution is the possessor of a gavel made from the historic wood of the old LaFayette House, Montgomery, Ala. The place was torn down in 1900 and the gavel was presented by Mrs. R. V. Mitchell.

City Marshals and Police Chiefs.—Samuel Stewart, before and after the Civil War; Dr. S. F. Powers, Jobe B. Rogers, J. B. Sills, Col. E. J. Magruder, Jas. C. Brown and J. B. ("Pink") Shropshire, marshals; Wm. H. Steele, Jas. A. Collier, H. H. Wimpee, Chas. I. Harris (first term), Henry J. Stewart (grandson of Col. Samuel Stewart), Wm. S. Simmons and Chas. I. Harris (incumbent).

Congressmen in Rome.—On Apr. 23, 1909, a committee of Congressmen and other leaders sat down to a banquet as the guests of the Merchants & Manufacturers' Association at the Hotel Cherokee (Armstrong). Among those present were Congressmen Jas. A. Tawney, of Minnesota; Geo. P. Lawrence, Massachusetts; John A. Moon, Tennessee; John L. Burnett, Alabama; Gordon Lee, Georgia; and Jos. L. Ransdell, Louisiana; Senators A. S. Clay and Thos. W. Hardwick, Georgia; Jos. M. Brown, Governor of Georgia; Jos. M. Terrell, former Governor of Georgia; John Temple Graves, W. J. Spillman, of the Federal Department of Agriculture, Washington, and W. W. Finley, president of the Southern Railway.

J. N. King, president of the Merchants & Manufacturers' Association, presided as toastmaster and introduced a number of speakers who discussed the question of opening up the Coosa River to navigation. Mr. King paid the following tribute to Rome:

"Surely the Great Giver of all good never delivered into the hands of mortal stewardship a section more favored, a fragment of this old earth more blest than this in which we live; a climate more healthful, or natural resources more abundant. Remarkable Rome!—remarkable in that she is not now a city of 50,000 souls instead of having to wait for that minimum of population. Remarkable Rome!—born under the blue canopy of a North Georgia sky, than which there is nothing more beautiful in Italy or Switzerland; in an atmosphere free from the extremes of temperature, and laden with the perfume of the blossoms of rare fruits and flowers; resting in a cradle of most exceptional natural advantages, nourished by the rich and varied agricultural products of her fertile valleys, strengthened by the iron in her rugged hills; quenching her thirst in her own bubbling springs; clothed with the cotton grown in her broad fields; made warm by the coal within reach of her extended hands; with her beautiful head resting upon the mighty shoulders of old Mount Alto, her shapely feet bathed in the cooling water of the deep-flowing Coosa, and her graceful sides laved by the health-giving tides of the swiftly-flowing Etowah and Oostanaula,—surely, gentlemen, surely never was a city more favored, never were a people more blessed!"

After the Freshet.—Floyd County folks "did about" as a consequence of the freshet of March-April, 1886. Col. W. G. Gammon was chairman of the county board at that time, and he called his compatriots together in a special session. The minutes of A. W. Shropshire, clerk, show the following entries during April:

Ferry boats were ordered put on the Etowah at Broad Street and at Howard Street (Second Avenue), and Wm. M. Towers was awarded a contract to construct a foot pontoon bridge at the former site.

Capt. Wm. T. Smith was authorized to build a pontoon for passengers and vehicles. Pedestrians were charged 3 cents to cross, or 5 cents round trip, and vehicles paid 20 to 35 cents, round trip.

The Smith bridge cost $200 and the Towers bridge $169.27. The sheriff served an order on the city to erect the bridges.

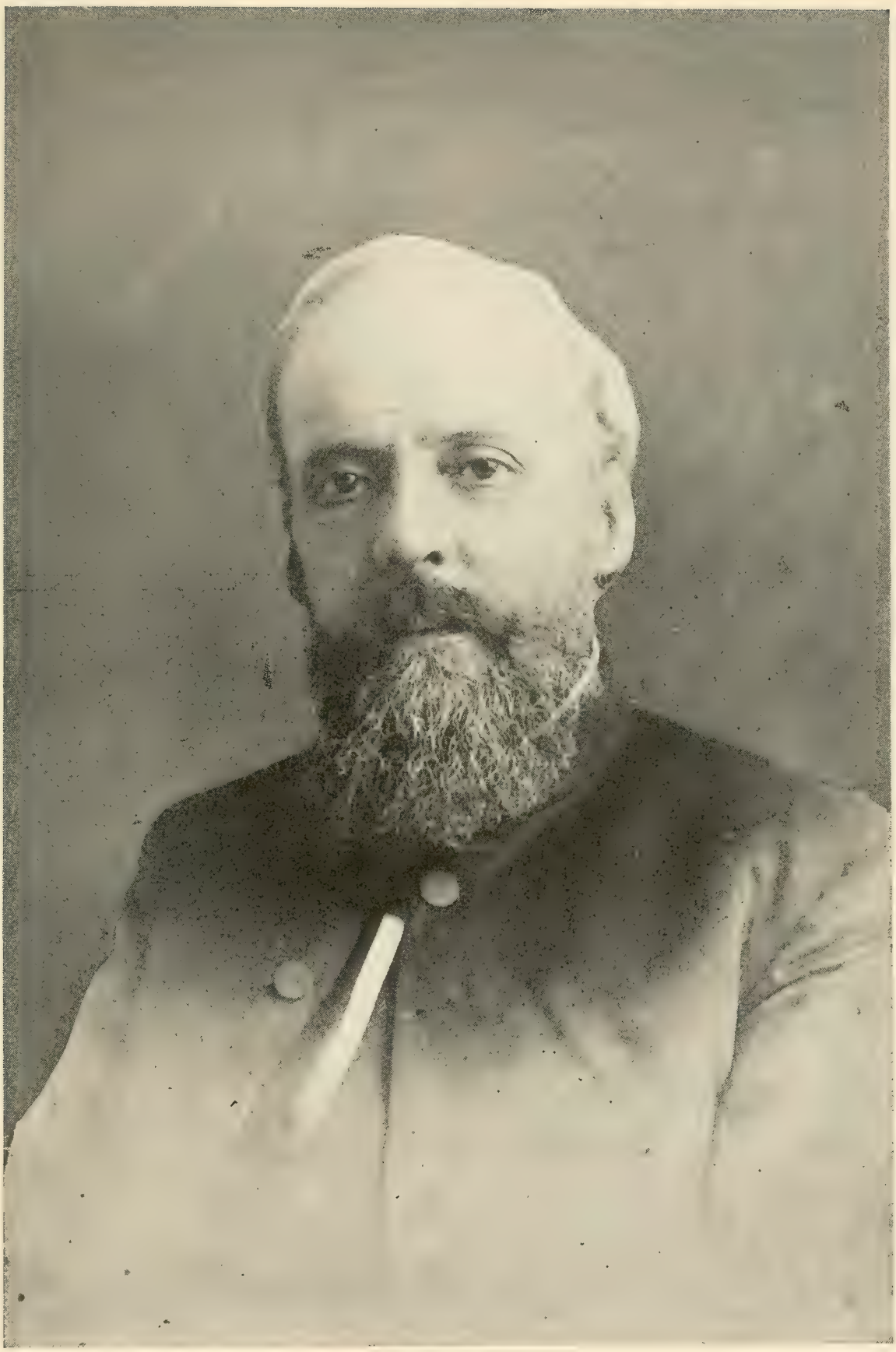
Hines M. Smith, engineer, later constructed a military bridge at Broad Street from the old timbers of bridges that had been washed down the Coosa. He was allowed $2 per day for his services, but this was increased to $100 a month.

The Morse Bridge Co. got the contract for constructing the new iron bridges. The Broad Street bridge iron cost $5.75 per foot, and the iron for the Howard Street structure $4.55 per foot (erected), making $12,000 for the former and $8,000 for the latter; the total for both, with masonry at $12,000, was $31,030.

The Fifth Avenue iron bridge was built in 1887 by the Penn Bridge Co. for $24,914.

A bond election for bridges and other improvements failed June 3, with 1,719 for and 2,218 against, and two-thirds needed to carry; 2,997 had voted at the last general election. The bonds carried at a second election.

Three modern bridges, two of them (Second Avenue and Broad) of concrete, have since been erected.



Robert T. Patton



ROME'S SPLENDID WATERWORKS PLANT.

At top is the Fort Jackson filter station, and at bottom Sam P. Frye, superintendent, at one of the immense outdoor tanks. In center is a peek at North Rome from the plant elevation.

A FAMOUS FLAG.—Miss Sallie Howard, daughter of the Rev. Chas. Wallace Howard (owner of "Spring Bank" plantation and school near old Cassville, Bartow County), and sister of the late Miss Frances Thomas Howard, author of "In and Out of the Lines," is the possessor of a handsome water color sketch of the old battle flag of the Eighth Georgia Regiment. The original flag, she says, was borne aloft in the following hectic engagements:

First Battle of Manassas, Seven Days' Battle, Second Battle of Manassas, Chantilly, Boonesborough, Suffolk, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Frankstown, various skirmishes on Jones Island, near Charleston, Campbell's Station, E. Tennessee engagements, siege of Knoxville, attack on Fort Sanders, Battle of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court House, the flank movements of Grant, including Cold Harbor; Bermuda Hundreds.

AS THE WAR OPENED.—Rev. John Jones, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, on April 13, 1861, wrote Rev. Dr. Palmer, Presbyterian minister at New Orleans:

"The war has opened. At this moment the Charleston batteries are playing on Fort Sumter. I unite with you in praying for our native South. 'May the Lord cover her head in this her day of battle!"

MAYORALTY ELECTION IN 1872.*—For the 1873 term, Maj. Wm. Franklin Ayer was elected over Attorney J. I. Wright. A mixed council went in. The tickets follow:

For Mayor—W. F. Ayer; for aldermen: First Ward, Dr. G. W. Holmes and Terrence McGuire; Second Ward, Col. W. G. Gammon and W. L. Whitely; Third Ward, J. A. Stansbury and J. L. Camp.

For Mayor—J. I. Wright; for aldermen: Dr. G. W. Holmes and A. Tabor Hardin; W. L. Whitely and Dr. R. V. Mitchell; Robt. T. Hargrove and Edward H. West.

CITY OFFICERS IN 1888.**—Mayor—Maj. W. F. Ayer; city attorney, Junius F. Hillyer; city treasurer, Edward C. Hough; city clerk, Mitchell A. Nevin; chief of police, Capt. Edward J. Magruder.

FREE BRIDGES.—How the toll bridges of Rome were made "free" is related by the late Judge Joel Branham in his booklet, "The Old Court House in Rome," (ps. 24-26):

On Dec. 5, 1872, the East Rome Town Co. obtained a conditional license from the Board of County Commissioners establishing their new bridge over the Etowah to East Rome as a "toll bridge." A bill of injunction had been filed against the company by Col. Alfred Shorter and Judge Augustus R. Wright, owners of the other bridges yielding an income, and who made the point that the Inferior Court had issued them an exclusive grant. Judge Robt. D. Harvey denied the injunction, and the decision was affirmed by the State Supreme Court and then the U. S. Supreme Court,*** where it was fought out by Judge Joel Branham for the company and by Judge Wright in person for himself and Col. Shorter.

A. Thew H. Brower later purchased a large block of the company's stock and 20 acres of land on the ridge along the river below East Second Avenue, and at his instance the bridge was eventually opened to the public, toll free. Still later the county bought all the bridges and abolished the tolls.

Thus was ended a controversy that had existed since 1835. As an old citizen said, "The cat was finally 'belled.'"

CLERGYMEN OF ROME IN 1888.****— Rev. G. T. Goetchius, Presbyterian; Rev. Robt. B. Headden, Baptist; Revs. W. F. Quillian, W. M. Bridges and W. F. Robison, Methodists; Rev. C. Buckner Hudgins, Episcopalian, and Rev. Father M. J. Clifford, Catholic.

THE TRIBUNE IN 1888.*****—When John Temple Graves came to Rome from the Atlanta Evening Journal to establish the Tribune of Rome on Oct. 2, 1887, he had evidently imbibed some of the lofty enthusiasm which was so prevalent among members of the Rome Land Co. and other "boom" organizations of the period. He gathered around him for his new paper not only 60 able stockholders (suggestive of the present-day arrays) but put on the payroll a producing force of 43 people, or three times as many as the experts say are necessary to put out a paper in a town the size of Rome. The 43 follow:

Col. Graves, editor and general manager; Gen. J. P. Graves, assistant;****** Houstoun R. Harper, city editor; J. Dan



REV. HARRY F. JOYNER, Baptist minister whose Maple Street Community House plan has attracted wide attention.

*Authority: Election tickets.

**Authority: Tribune of Rome, Anniversary and Trade Number, Tues., Oct. 2, 1888, p. 4.

***101 U. S. Reports, p. 791.

****The Tribune of Rome, Anniversary and Trade Number, Tues., Oct. 2, 1888, p. 5.

*****Ibid, p. 3.

******The honored father of Col. Graves, who died 32 years later in Washington, D. C., and was buried in Westview cemetery, Atlanta.

Cleaton, assistant; E. Fletcher Smith, night editor; Jno. G. Taylor, business manager; F. A. Webster, bookkeeper; Sam C. Whitmire, collector; Henry Thompson, office boy; Fred H. Wright, composing room foreman, and B. C. Edwards, Dick Dempsey, J. B. Spence, J. N. Swaggarty, W. H. Peters, B. C. Kelton, G. S. McAfee, A. B. Theobold, F. J. Estes, Tom Turner, W. B. Lathrop, C. A. Cook, P. A. W. Keel, Tom Barnett and W. H. Mayneck, with Pete and John Roser as "devils;" Sam Whitmire, superintendent of machinery and press room; Oliver Elmore, pressman, Charlie Wright, feeder, and Henry Thompson, mailing clerk. In the carrier and delivery department were Simon Ray, Jimmy and Willy Elders, John and Henry Wright, John Harper, Bob Moss, George Starr, Seab Higginbotham and Hayes Ray; the Associated Press reporters were Cothran Smith, Luther Gwaltney and Wirt Marshall.

The leaders in the movement for an up-to-date daily newspaper were J. W. and J. A. Rounsaville, Dr. J. B. S. Holmes and Dr. Robt. Battey. Dr. Battey was made president, and the other directors were Dr. Holmes, J. A. Rounsaville, Col. Graves, R. T. Armstrong, T. F. Howel, and D. F. Allgood. In addition to the directors, the stockholders were H. B. Parks & Co., Alfred S. Hamilton, Emmons, McKee & Co., Simpson, Glover & Hight, Elbert T. McGhee, R. G. Clark & Co., Chas. H. Cothran, C. Oliver Stillwell, Geo. M. Battey, Wm. W. Seay, J. A. Smith, Jos. B. Patton, Robt. H. Jones & Sons, E. H. Colclough, Dean & Ewing, Wm. M. Towers, Almeron W. Walton, Joel Branham, T. J. McCaffrey, D. B. Hamilton, M. A. Taylor, Jas. T. Vandiver, B. T. Haynes, Mark G. McDonald, Henry A. Smith, P. L. Turnley & Co., W. H. Wardlaw, Jas. G. Dailey, Chas. D. Wood, M. A. Nevin, Wm. H. Roe, Jas. Douglas, L. R. Gwaltney, A. McGhee, Henry G. Stoffregen, Jas. D. Gwaltney, Wm. H. Adkins, Jno. T. Warlick, Jack King, J. T. Crouch & Co., Park Harper, R. J. Ragan, Jno. J. Seay, H. D. Cothran, Jno. Montgomery, David W. Curry, Bradford & Watts, Lamkin & Funkhouser, Harper Hamilton, Capt. W. N. Moore, Wm. A. Wright, Jno. G. Taylor and Jno. H. Reynolds.

The Tribune of Rome was a mint of money from the start—for the stockholders to pay out. One day a "mass meeting" was held, and orders given to "cut to the bone." This was done, and after struggling along for three years with his "corporal's guard," Col. Graves departed for a different clime. In the meantime, Frank L. Stanton had broken in from the Smithville (Lee County) News, but his prodigous efforts to prop things up with poety availed little, and he escaped to Atlanta a short distance ahead of the crash.

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"OWE NO MAN ANYTHING."—"The Cash System is Best for Merchant and Customers."—Messrs. Editors: With your permission we take this occasion to set forth to our friends and patrons a few reasons why we ought to be encouraged in our recently adopted system, Cash. We believe it is best for both merchant and customer. When we go to market with the cash, we are independent and can buy goods when we please and where we find goods at the lowest prices—we buy at reduced prices and divide with the customer. The customer is under no obligation to buy of us because of an unpaid debt, whether it is to his interest or not; merchant and customer stand on equal ground. Again, the cash system makes no bad debts. It is the good solvent



TELAMON CRUGER SMITH-CUYLER, a Roman who has traveled all over the world and is an entertainer without a peer.



Wm. M. Berry

customers that pay the merchant, who loses by those who don't pay. Trade is like the fluid in a spirit level—it will equalize itself—and competition compels merchants to sell as low as they can afford to, and if they can afford to sell at 25 per cent and lose 10 per cent for bad debts and lawyers' fees, then of course they can sell at 15 per cent profit when no bad debts are made.

By the credit system, bad debts have always been made and always will be made, and bails and attachments, and bills of injunction, and lawyers' fees and court costs, and livery bills, and troubles with trust estates, and administrators and guardians create a heavy sinking fund in every credit house, and the loss is met by the promptly paying, solvent creditors. The credit system must employ a good bookkeeper and pay liberally for one. Day book, journal, ledger, note book, invoice book, cash book, bills receivable and bills payable and hundreds of dunning letters are indispensable—but with us "Othello's occupation is gone"—the bookkeeper is absent behind the counter.

The cash system leaves no room for quarrels about settlements at the end of the year, for with us the year has no end; there are no long accounts to be astonished at, no family jars, no cloudy evenings at home because of the family's extravagance. The cash system saves the buyer a good deal by forcing economy upon him—his purchases will be less if he pays the money down. His family will buy fewer of the fancies that dazzle the eye, and will themselves begin a new system of economy. It avoids the necessity of performing that unpleasant duty of prying into everybody's financial condition and of refusing credit to clever men because we fear they can't pay promptly—perhaps never. We intend to make a fair and diligent experiment, to test its virtues thoroughly; we assure you that this is no trick fixed up to trap the unwary, but an honest effort, worthy of consideration.

Finally, we say to our friends that there is one unanswerable argument which we shall leave untold. If you will call at our place of business we will take much plaesure in giving you this unwritten reason, and will even make your pocket sensible of its truth.

JONES, SCOTT, OMBERG & CO.

N. B.—Southerner & Advertiser, Banner & Baptist, Cassville Standard, Jacksonville Republican and Coosa River Argus please copy.—Jan. 31, 1860.



FRANK STOVALL ROBERTS, of Washington, D. C., Roman of before the war, whose recollections of Rome have entertained hundreds.

THE CARELESS SMOKER.—Will the next nation-wide crusade be against the use of tobacco? There are many who believe so. The other day I received a questionnaire from a New York company that makes a business of compiling information as to public opinion on public questions. It is getting the sentiment of newspaper men all over the country as to whether the anti-tobacco movement is favored or opposed by the people of their communities, wrote J. D. McCartney in the Rome Tribune-Herald Jan. 7, 1921.

To the average man it seems absurd that anyone should attempt to take his pipe or cigarette or cigar away from him. Twenty years ago the average man thought it silly to talk of taking away his beer—but they did it. It would not surprise me in the least if there should be legislation against the use of tobacco within the next decade. To be sure, tobacco never caused men to beat their wives, or lose their money, or neglect their children, or do the hundreds of other evils

charged against liquor. But there are many people who consider that tobacco lessens the efficiency and impairs the mentality of its users, hence they regard it as a curse. Many more regard it as a nuisance.

Personally I do not favor anti-tobacco legislation, having used tobacco in the past and knowing just how enjoyable it is. But as a non-user of tobacco at present I am aware that many smokers—in fact, most smokers—are utterly inconsiderate of the comfort and convenience of those who do not smoke. As the non-smokers outnumber the devotees of the weed, it is by no means improbable that legislation restricting the use of tobacco may be enacted. Certainly the sellers and users of tobacco might take a leaf out of the book of the sellers and users of liquor, who by abusing existing rights and privileges hastened the day of their taking away. If saloonkeepers had all been decent and law-abiding, liquor would still be with us. If tobacconists and smokers would be law-abiding and considerate there would be no danger of legislation against tobacco.

There are laws in many states against the sale of cigarettes and tobacco to minors. Those laws are constantly violated and this gives a just cause of complaint to the anti-tobacco people and is a powerful weapon for their cause. The general indifference of smokers to the rights of non-users of the weed is, however, the main thing that strengthens the hand of the agitators against tobacco.

If there was an organization whose members were pledged to the decent use of tobacco, and the consequent consideration for the rights of others, there would be no need for blue laws to suppress smoking. To begin with, an accompaniment to the use of tobacco is the constant and unhygienic spitting, half of it due to habit and entirely unnecessary. The expectoration may be aimed at a cuspidor, but it often finds its way to the floor, the sidewalk, or the rug. The practice is disgusting and it ought to be stopped.

Smokers are constantly encroaching on new territory. They "light up" in cafes and restaurants at the conclusion of their own dinner, without a thought that they may be spoiling the dinner of someone else. They inhale deeply and blow clouds of smoke all over whoever may be sitting next to them. They erect their smoke-screen in every public gathering, even though ladies may be present. At banquets or lodge meetings they soon get the air so thick it can be cut with a knife and the unhappy non-smoker, compelled to attend, goes home with smarting eyes and aching head. They trail their fumes through business offices and homes. At the theaters they twist nervously until the intermission, when they crawl over other people in a mad rush for a cigarette, then crawl back again, reeking with the fumes of tobacco. Such a thing as exercising a little self-restraint in public places, where the health and comfort of others might be affected, never enters the head of the average smoker—and if there is a growing sentiment against smoking, it is the thoughtless smoker who contributes most to the growth of that sentiment.

There is a more serious side to the question, and that is the loss of property and sometimes life due to the careless handling of fire. Just recall the many newspaper accounts of fires attributed to a "smoldering cigar butt" or "a carelessly thrown match." Look at the furniture in any public place or hotel. You will find desks scorched, furniture blackened, rugs



CAPT. CHAS. NICHOLAS FEATHERSTON, in his Civil War uniform. Captain Featherston was one of Rome's best lawyers and students.

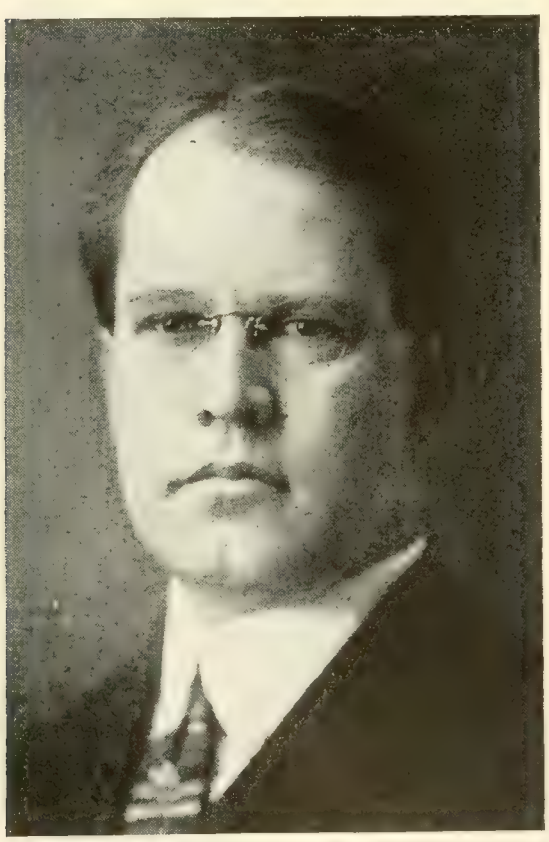
with holes burned in them, polished surfaces showing scratches, all the work of the careless smoker.

The smoker has the privilege of freedom and full enjoyment now. If he continues to abuse it by making himself a nuisance to non-smokers, by burning carpets, scorching furniture, spitting on the sidewalks and setting fire to houses, it is problematic as to how long this freedom will continue. It is not beyond the bounds of possibility that the cigarette boot-legger may be a development of the future.

AS IT USED TO BE.—The Tri-Weekly Courier of June 24, 1860, reprinted the following as a jolt to the "weed mashers:"

"The Portsmouth Transcript exclaims against the shameful desecration of church floors and walls by thoughtless and mannerless tobacco chewers. We copy the last paragraph of the article:

" 'It is contrary to common etiquette to expectorate in a parlor. Why not in a church? We have seen a pious pew holder praising God and rolling his quid in the most delighted manner imaginable—spitting great jets of amber and groaning "Amen" in the next breath, singing half a line of a hymn and spitting and grunting the other. The vestibules frequently suffer and stains are everywhere visible. How much of the poetic beauty that shines along the pathway of religion and invests it with a charm which causes even the infidel to respect it will remain if the filthy customs of perverted taste are tolerated in its temples? Why should a beautiful house be consecrated to God, if it is to be desecrated by indecency? We should as soon see a man carry his bottle with him, and drink in full view of all, as to see him sit and squirt, or clandestinely dribble his disgusting expectorations amidst the pews and aisles of the sanctuary. The deed would be more decent, at least would not defile, as well as insult, the House of God.' "



BENJAMIN CUDWORTH YANCEY, police court recorder and probably the only native-born mayor Rome ever had.

FATHOMING A VACUUM.—Although C. A. Bundschu, North Rome meat market man shot in the head last Thursday night by Mark Johnson, tried to smoke a cigarette this morning to soothe his nerves, the experiment was not very satisfactory, and the patient had to throw the weed away. His wife helped him fire off, but owing to the fact that the right side of his face is paralyzed, he could not get up enough vacuum or suction to make a draught to cause it to burn.

A discussion was started in The News office the other day concerning the physical aspects of smoking a cigarette. One man said that a cigarette is consumed because a vacuum is formed in the mouth of the smoker which causes the air to rush into the burning end from without and through the cigarette into the mouth and throat, causing combustion of the smoking materials and carrying with it the smoke. Another was of the opinion that no vacuum was caused, that it was entirely a matter of draft. If you will reverse the current, contended this latter gentleman, you will find that you get an effect that is not caused by a vacuum. Smoke issues in increased volume from the end of the cigarette, or "pill."

Although the man holding to the draught theory seemed to have a good argument, the other dismissed the subject by saying:

"You can't tell me that a vacuum has nothing to do with it. I could never come to any other conclusion."—Rome News, July 12, 1921.

DAYS OF THE "HOWLING DERVISHES."—In few towns do the white and colored races get along better together than in Rome. This has not always been true. In Reconstruction days, for instance, the situation was chaotic, to say the least. A citizen wrote the Weekly Courier of Thursday, Aug. 20, 1868, as follows:

"Mr. Editor: We have the most pious reverence for the Christian religion and its honest votaries—we have been reared to esteem those who profess and follow its teachings, as the salt of the earth. More than this, we have as little sectarianism and as large a charity for all Christian denominations as any one, but we must and do solemnly protest against the use now being made of the houses of religious worship by the colored population of the city. Their manner of conducting religious service is not only a nuisance to those who live near, but it is a mockery and an insult to Him for whom these temples have been built. Let any one who has not heard those howling Dervishes in their nightly orgies draw near some night and listen. A few minutes will suffice to convince.

"At a recent attendance we heard a whining voice sing out, 'I'm gwine to Heben on a white hos.' Another jumped up and echoed, 'Bless de Lord, here's a poor sister gwine to hell on a black mule.' One raises her hands and with eyes fixed on the ceiling screams, 'I see Jesus, I see Jesus, I see Jesus a lookin' at me.' Another replies, 'I see him, too, a lookin' out de winder at me.' Another cries, 'Bless de Lord, tell Jesus to send down a rope, and I'll climb up to Heben.' This last idea strikes a dozen or more with force, and they jump up and down, shouting, 'Send down de rope, and we'll all climb to Heben.'

"Now, Mr. Editor, our observation long has been that the negroes who have the most of this kind of religion are the very meanest of the race. They are most idle, rougish and disobedient. They will shout all night, on Sunday night, and old Satan will possess them all the week after. The best negroes of the community are not of this sort, and there are very many good ones—negroes who make good servants, faithful agents, and diligent laborers. These have the sympathy of our race, and will always have it. They will be supported and protected by us. But there is a class, and it is much the largest class, who are idle and vicious, who make no effort to lay up a dollar for winter or want or sickness. We are informed that our city fathers have expended within the last 18 months nearly a thousand dollars in burying the pauper negroes. A negro child died in the city on Thursday last about noon. The sexton was sent for, and he informed the mother he had his orders to bury no more at the public expense. The house was full of negroes. They sang over the child all night, and had a good time, but made no more demonstrations whatever towards its interment. Next day about noon the sexton called again and found no progress. He called on a negro carpenter near by, and told him he had better make a box, or some sort of a coffin. The carpenter utterly refused, and the sexton had to bury the child at last.

"The mortality of the negroes in the city for the past year has been ten to one as compared with the whites, and it is not decreasing, but increasing. The charity practiced by our physicians among them has become a serious tax upon their time, and this is no small charity of this kind-hearted profession, for it is done among the most ignorant and neglectful of our population. What is to be done with them? Are



DR. ROBT. BATTEY, in the uniform of a colonel, Medical Corps, Confederate States Army, taken about 1863.

they under our care and protection, or not? If they are, then they ought to be under our control. Surely we have laws enough to reach the case. Will the city fathers, or the grand juries, or both take the matter in hand? We owe it as a duty to the negro and to ourselves. If pestilence comes among us, it will find an inviting field in these hovels, and from thence it will spread among us all.

"No, let the negro be made to understand the laws of labor and the laws of society. Freedom has exhausted itself in an effort to civilize him. There are many poor, very poor whites in our community, but they know they must labor and toil and struggle. They are generally cleanly and industrious —at all events, they live, and are not termed as paupers.

"Now we are not of the faith of Ariel—far from it—we believe the negro has a soul. More than this, we believe, as a race, they are peculiarly religious in their notions, and what is most wanted is a control of them by reasonable and well-directed effort. They should not be allowed to become vagrants and paupers, nor should they be allowed to howl and whoop like Hottentots and savages, under the idea that such is the way to worship God. If, however, this way is their profession, let them worship so far from our habitations as not to annoy or disturb our repose in the still hours of the night.

"We have said this much upon a subject that will have to be considered hereafter, though it is ignored now. The time has passed when the negro is considered superior to the white race. The time is almost at hand when he will take his own proper position, and be made to know his entire dependence upon his white friends. We fear that few of them will profit by any advice we may give, for their elevation has been so sudden and their ignorance so feasted by office seekers that they are not in condition to know the truth."

THE COST OF HIGH LIVING.—An exchange asks, "How civilized are we?" Not very, perhaps, when you consider that the big portion of our tax money (some say 95 per cent) goes into wars or preparations for wars, the big portion of the balance goes for luxuries and a measly sum, comparatively, goes toward education and other things that benefit the masses.

The High Point (N. C.) Enterprise presents the following amazing figures:

"Americans are quite given to boasting of their large expeditures for public education.

"From the point of view of relativity the boasting doesn't square with the facts.

"We spend something less than $1,000,000,000 a year on public education.

"In 1920 our tobacco bill was more than double this, and for face powder, cosmetics, perfumes, etc., we spent three-quarters of a billion.

"For every dollar we spend on public education, we spend 25 cents for ice cream, 50 cents for jewelry, 35 cents for soft drinks and 30 cents for furs.

"The $50,000,000 a year we spend for chewing gum is two and a half times the total expenditures for normal schools and almost exactly the same as all state and city appropriations for higher education.

"The U. S. Commissioner of Education points out that if we would smoke two cigarettes instead of three, two cigars instead of three, take two chews instead of three, and add the money thus saved to the teachers' pay roll, the salaries of teachers could be increased 120 per cent.

"As it is pretty generally admitted that our teachers as a class are criminally underpaid, these figures are, to say the least, rather humiliating.

" 'We think we believe in education,' says Claxton. 'No doubt we do believe in education in a way, but we have not paid and do not pay much for it.' "

Suppose we should spend 50 per cent of our tax money for education. Wouldn't we be well enough educated eventually to do without some of the luxuries, including wars?—Rome News, July 18, 1921.

FREE RURAL MAIL DELIVERY ROUTES (Floyd County, 1922).—No. 1, Summerville Road to Armuchee; No. 2, Calhoun Road; No. 3, Kingston Road; No. 4, Carlier Springs and Chulio; No. 5, Foster's Mill and Livingston District; No. 6, Black's Bluff Road and Cave Spring; No. 7, Horseleg Creek (Coosa River) and Burnett's Ferry roads; No. 8, Alabama Road, via Hamilton's and Shorter College; No. 9, O'Brien Gap and Redmond Gap Roads; No. 10, Chulio and Wax.

Miscellaneous---1920-1921 Chronology

1920

OCTOBER—

27—Rev. D. Coe Love, Presbyterian missionary, lectured at the Berry Schools.

NOVEMBER—

2—Rome News flashed results of overwhelming victory of Harding for President on screen at Elite Theatre; Tribune-Herald flashed results on Lanham store.

5—Miss Margaret Romaine, soprano, in recital at Shorter College.

6—Brewster Hall, first dormitory at the Berry Schools, destroyed by fire at 7:30 A. M. Professors and students lost their clothing.

11—Thos. H. Johnston, dean of St. Philip's Cathedral, Atlanta, addressed Rotary Club at Brown Betty Tea Room on Irish and International affairs. Parade down Broad Street by Confederate Veterans, World War Veterans, Boy Scouts and others, celebrating signing of the Armistice with the Germans.

12—Rev. John H. Elliott, of College Park, started two weeks' revival at the First Presbyterian church. Hagenback-Wallace Circus disbanded for the season at Rome.

13—Football at Hamilton Field: Darlington School 14, Powder Springs 6.

14 (Sunday)—Ice on streets; 25 degrees. Congressman Wm. D. Upshaw, of Atlanta, spoke on "A Stainless Flag and a Sober World" at the First Baptist church in the morning, the Cave Spring Methodist church and Shorter College in the afternoon, and the Fifth Avenue Baptist church at night.

16—Municipal election; Miss Ava Duncan was first Rome woman to vote, and Paul I. Morris first man to vote, at court house. Conference announced change of Rev. T. R. Kendall, Jr., from First Methodist Church to First Methodist at Gainesville, Rev. Elam F. Dempsey, of First Methodist at Athens to First Methodist at Rome; Rev. J. R. King, presiding elder of the Rome District, superannuated, and succeeded by Rev. W. T. Irvine, of Augusta.

19—Branch chapter of the League of Women Voters formed at Rome with Mrs. Annie Freeman Johnson as president.

21 (Sunday)—Rev. Sam W. Small, evangelist, spoke at Fifth Avenue Baptist church, and Rev. John H. Elliott at Berry Schools.

25—Football at Hamilton Field: Darlington School 6, Rome High School 0.

28 (Sunday)—Rev. T. R. Kendall, Jr. left for Gainesville, and Rev. Elam F. Dempsey, of Athens, assumed pastorate of First Methodist church.

DECEMBER—

1—Seventh District Medical Society, Dr. Howard E. Felton, of Cartersville, president, in one-day session at City Auditorium.

15—Kenneth G. Matheson, president of the Georgia School of Technology, Atlanta, addressed Rotary Club at Hotel Forrest; "Intelligence."

21—Tumlin Mercantile Co. burned at Cave Spring; loss, $25,000.

31—"Watch Nights" at churches; New Year ushered in.

1921

JANUARY—

1—Board of Roads and Revenues elected Judge John W. Maddox county attorney to succeed Graham Wright.

3—New city officials sworn in. Rev. A. J. Moncrief, pastor of the First Baptist church, accepted call to First Baptist of Pensacola, Fla.

4—Horace A. Wade, author at 12, drew 2,000 people in success talk at City Auditorium. Floyd County Farm Bureau guests of Kiwanis Club at Hotel Forrest in move to establish creamery.

7—Rome Writers' Club organized with Mrs. Perrin Bester Brown president and Jack D. McCartney secretary.

10—Alex W. Chambliss, mayor of Chattanooga, appeared in civil case in Judge Moses Wright's Superior Court at Court House.

21—President-elect Warren G. Harding, going to Florida, spoke ten minutes from rear of train to crowd of Romans at Southern Railway depot, promising an understanding between North and South, and was heartily cheered.

23 (Sunday)—Small fire in Taul B. White's apartment at Hotel Armstrong; water damage considerable.

24—Miss Elizabeth Lanier, of Greenwich, Conn. (now Mrs. Robert Bolling, of Philadelphia, Pa.) arrived to spend a week teaching folk songs and dancing at the Berry Schools.

27—Mrs. George Maynard Minor, President-General of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and Mrs. J. L. Buell, State Regent of Connecticut, at Berry Schools on visit. City Commission instructed Chief Harris to stop children from skating on streets.

FEBRUARY—

7—Dr. Chas. E. Barker, of Detroit, Mich., in talks deploring modern moral tendencies, addressed boys and girls, then women, at Auditorium, was entertained by Rotary Club at the Brown Betty Tea Room for dinner, and spoke again at night at the First Baptist church.

8—W. A. Sutton, principal of Tech High School, Atlanta, spoke to Boy and Girl Scouts at City Auditorium. Georgia School of Technology campaign for $5,000,000 launched in Floyd County. Wilson M. Hardy's garage on 3rd Avenue smashed by landslide from old Shorter College Hill.

11—Congressman Gordon Lee, of Chickamauga, registered for day at Armstrong Hotel.

MARCH—

2—Curb market projected by committee composed of Taul B. White, Walter S. Cothran, Wilson M. Hardy, and John M. Graham.

3—Capt. N. C. Remsen, of Greenville, S. C., new Tribune-Herald manager.

4—Better business predicted in Rome as Warren G. Harding, twenty-ninth President of the United States, is inaugurated at Washington, D. C.

5—Supt. W. C. Rash announced county school teachers would soon be paid.

7—Basketball at Mt. Berry: Berry Schools 43, Rome Athletic Club 35.

8—Fire at Armstrong Hotel; damage about $40,000.

10—Georgia Federated Musical Clubs, Mrs. Frederic E. Vaissiere, of Rome, president, opened three-day session in Carnegie Library Auditorium; delegates welcomed by Miss Lula Warner, president of the Rome Music Lovers' Club, and Mrs. Wm. P. Harbin, and response was made by Mrs. Harry P. Hermance, of Atlanta.

11—Lester C. Bush, of LaGrange, elected secretary of the Rome Chamber of Commerce, to report April 1.

20 (Sunday)—S. E. DeFrese, of Chattanooga, president of the Rome Municipal Gas Co., arrived at Hotel Forrest to investigate complaints against service furnished by his concern. Left hurriedly when Rome News invited irate citizens to lodge complaints with him by telephone.

24—Boy Scouts clean up Myrtle Hill cemetery.

27—First "Easter Sing" on top of Myrtle Hill Cemetery; speaker, Judge Moses Wright.

28—Baseball at Macon; University of Georgia 6, Yale 5.

30—Berry School students put in day of work on new artificial lake.

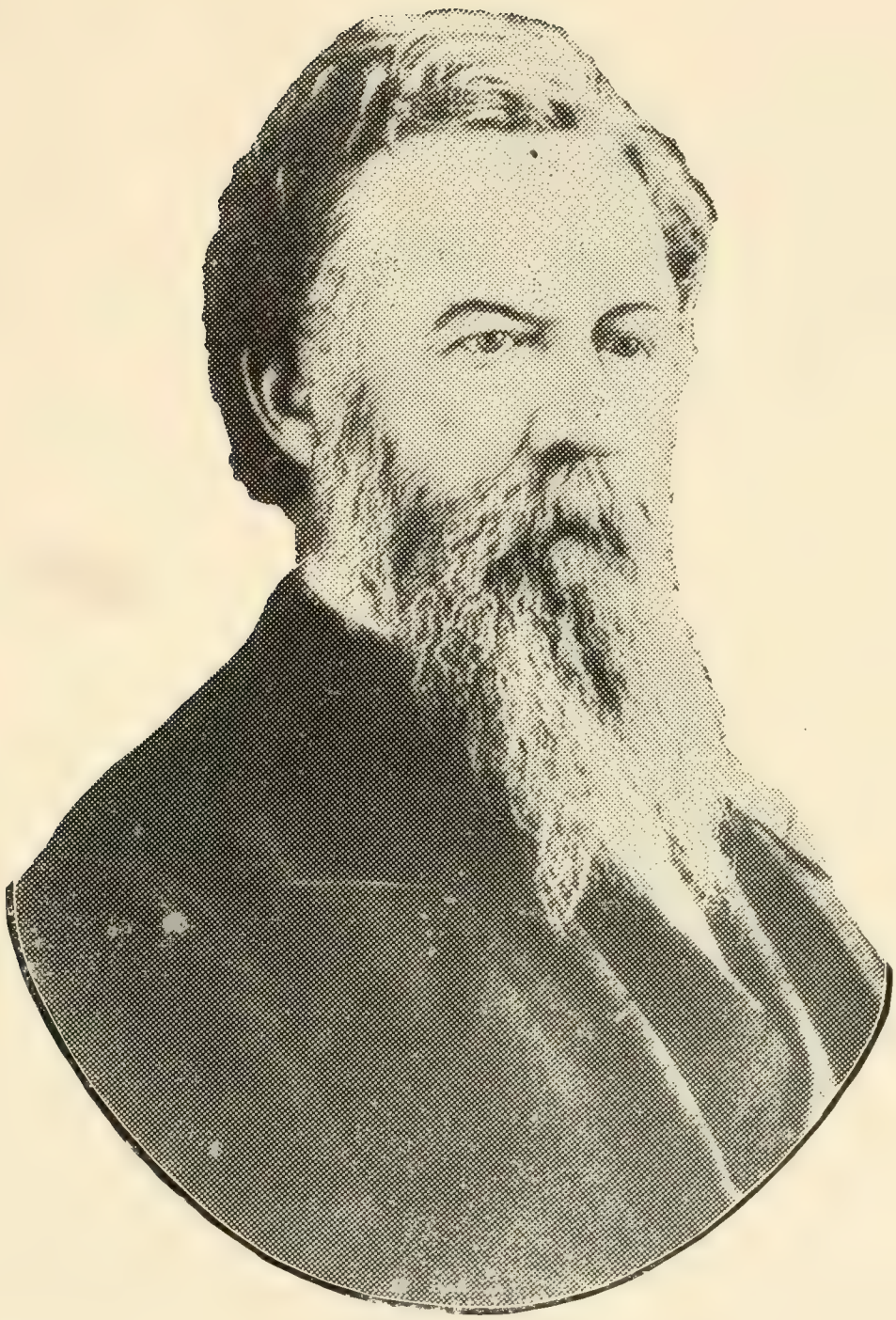
APRIL—

1—City Commission discussed $300,000 street and school bond issue.

2—Baseball at Athens: University of Georgia 2, Yale 1. Eagle Troop of Girl Scouts hiked to Rotary Lake, Shorter College.

3—Dr. B. V. Elmore, of Blountstown, Fla., arrived as new County Commissioner of Health, succeeding Dr. E. O. Chimene, who went to Greenville, S. C.

4—Georgia Tech Industrial Tour party, with K. G. Matheson, Governor Hugh M. Dorsey, former Governor Jos. M. Brown and others and Tech band, lunched at Hotel Forrest, was welcomed by J. Ed Maddox, responded through Dr. Matheson and inspected Rome.



Thomas Davis

5—J. H. Hoffman, Atlanta landscape architect, inspected City Auditorium Park with Mrs. W. M. Henry and Miss Anna Graham, of Women's Club. Simpson Grocery Co. fire; loss, $125,000.

9—Hawthorne Troop of Girl Scouts on hike to Carlier Springs.

11-12—American Legion showed official war films at City Auditorium.

14—Twenty-four Boy and Girl Scouts on trip up Oostanaula River nine miles to Whitmore's Bluff in Frank Holbrook's Steamer Annie H.

16—Emory University Glee Club at Shorter College.

21—Dr. Albert Shaw, of New York, editor of American Review of Reviews, and Mrs. Shaw arrived for five-day visit to Berry Schools from Cuba. Seventh District Water Power Convention in hot session at City Auditorium. Floyd County men pledged $6,000 to Georgia Tech fund.

25—Second Boy and Girl Scout trip to Whitmore's Bluff on Annie H.

26—Confederate Memorial Day exercises in Myrtle Hill Cemetery led by Judge John W. Maddox, Capt. Henry J. Stewart, Rev. E. R. Leyburn, Miss Helen Knox Spain and Major Wm. A. Patton; about 200 present.

27—Jos. S. Stewart, of Athens, professor of secondary education, on visit to Rome Public Schools.

28—City Attorney Max Meyerhardt, Mrs. Roy Berry, Mrs. J. Lindsay Johnson, Mrs. C. T. Jervis and Mrs. James Maddox as committee laid before State Railroad Commission at Capitol, Atlanta, Rome's complaint against inferior gas service.

MAY—

1 (Sunday)—C. R. Wilcox, of the McCallie School, Chattanooga, Tenn., arrived to take charge of the Darlington School. Camp sites at Cloudland, Chattooga County, offered Boy and Girl Scouts by Will and John Ledbetter. Rev. J. Ellis Sammons preached first sermon as pastor of the First Baptist church.

2—Southeastern Express branch office opened. City Commission in special session voted wreaths for Battey shaft May 5 at Rome and Grady shaft May 24 in Atlanta.

3—Dr. H. A. Morgan, president of the University of Tennessee, Knoxville, spoke at the Berry Schools.

4—Medical Association of Georgia opened three-day session at City Auditorium. Seventh District Masonic convention opened two-day session at Masonic Temple. University of Georgia drive for $1,000,000 started. Municipal band stand announced ready on City Hall park site.

5—Masons adjourned after midnight feast at Masonic Temple. Dr. Howard A. Kelly, of Baltimore, Dr. E. T. Coleman, of Graymont, Dr. Howard E. Felton, of Cartersville, and Dr. Geo. R. West, of Chattanooga, spoke at unveiling of monument to Dr. Robert Battey in City Hall Park, and shaft was accepted for City of Rome by Ernest E. Lindsey. Doctors repaired to Coosa Country Club for barbecue; at morning session passed resolutions giving to Dr. Crawford W. Long credit for the discovery of anesthesia, and calling on the Legislature to appropriate money to put his statue in Statuary Hall at Washington.

6—Doctors adjourned.

9—Baseball at Hamilton Park opened season in Georgia State League: Lindale 3, Rome 2 (15 innings).

14—Rome Curb Market opened opposite postoffice on Fourth Avenue, with Mrs. Hamilton Yancey, Jr. and Mrs. Bessie B. Troutman, president of the Women's Auxiliary of the Chamber of Commerce, and Chief of Police Charlie Harris in charge. Aurora Borealis seen in sky near midnight; got Thos. Colegate out of bed.

18—Third Boy and Girl Scout trip, to Black's Bluff, Coosa River, on Annie H. At Macon: Drill team of Rome Commandery No. 8, Knights Templar, Chas. N. Burks, drillmaster, won $100 Liberty Bond for drill.

20—Shorter College's 47th Commencement started.

21—Shorter players staged Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night."

22—Municipal band stand in City Hall Park presented to City of Rome by Women's Club through Mrs. W. M. Henry and accepted by E. E. Lindsey for City. Rev. J. Ellis Sammons delivered baccalaureate sermon at Shorter College.



A SUBSTANTIAL AMPHITHEATER FOR ORATORICAL FIREWORKS.

The Floyd County Court House, built in 1892-93 by Jos. B. Patton, contractor, and which replaced the old structure of Court (East First) Street, where barristers had pleaded the cause of justice for half a century. The northern outlook is upon the Oostanaula River.

Princess Rahme Haider, of Syria, and Miss Lucille Burgess in performance at Fifth Avenue Baptist church.

23—Rev. Wm. Russell Owen, of Macon, delivered Shorter Commencement oration; award of diplomas and barbecue at "Maplehurst." Berry Schools summer season opened.

26—Rev. Elam F. Dempsey spoke at Edmonia Newman Institute graduation exercises at First Baptist church. Darlington School commencement in East Rome.

27—Chautauqua Week opened; performances in tent behind City Auditorium.

31—Ben Greet Players on Chautauqua program.

JUNE—

3—Ralph Bingham, Philadelphia humorist, delighted large Chautauqua crowd.

5—North Georgia Fair Association directors elected H. A. Dean president; John M. Berry first vice-president; H. H. Shackelton second vice-president; James M. Harris treasurer and Lester C. Bush secretary.

6—Women held mass meeting in favor of issue of $750,000 road bonds for Floyd County.

16—Floyd County's $750,000 road bond issue carried by 3,102 to 67.

21—District School performance at City Auditorium as benefit for Women's Auxiliary of Chamber of Commerce.

JULY—

1—Judge Moses Wright, Barry Wright and Harry P. Meikleham speakers at Lindale, when Massachusetts Mills Auditorium is accepted by American Legion as memorial to Lindale men who lost lives in World War.

2—Greenwich, Conn.: J. Simpson Dean, Princeton 1921, of Rome, won Intercollegiate Golf championship, defeating Jesse Sweetser and others.

4—Double header baseball game at Hamilton Park: Lindale 5—2, Rome 2—3. Motor boats active all day on rivers.

7—Opening gun fired in fight to extend city limits of Rome and include 7,000 more people and revenue. Doctors returned from Seventh District Society meeting at Calhoun. Adj. Gen. Peter C. Harris told Rotary Club at Hotel Forrest he hoped for early end of all wars.

9—Municipal swimming pool project started.

13—Robt. W. Van Tassel, of Lindale, made Colonel on Governor Hardwick's staff.

16—Mrs. J. Lindsay Johnson sold controlling interest in Rome Tribune-Herald to J. Ed Maddox, Thos. W. Lipscomb, E. E. Lindsey and associates.

27—"Sequoyah," house boat built by Scoutmaster Ed King's Boy Scout Troop 2, launched on Oostanaula river in Fourth Ward before large crowd; prayer by Rev. J. L. Hodges; principal speakers, James Maddox and Claire J. Wyatt.

30—Rev. Harry F. Joyner's Maple Street Community House playground and gymnasium opened in East Rome.

31 (Sunday)—Notice given of approaching city Clean-up Week.

AUGUST—

3—Committees named for Home-coming Week, October 10-16.

8—Limits extension bill introduced in Georgia Legislature, Atlanta, by Hon. John Camp Davis, of Floyd.

11—News—Kiwanis dairying and creamery project commended at Hotel Forrest luncheon by Roland Turner, of Southern Railway Development Service. Rotary Club, Walter S. Cothran, president, started city planning project.

19—Kiwanis Club and Women's Auxiliary of the Chamber of Commerce presented Miss Frances Brown, lyric soprano, in song recital at City Auditorium.

20—Dr. Carl Betts, Richard A. Denny, Jr., and Edward Hine winners of finals cups in North Georgia Tennis Tournament at Coosa Country Club.

21 (Sunday)—Judge John C. Printup launched movement to erect monument to Floyd County boys who lost lives in World War.

22—Hughes T. Reynolds, Kiwanis Club president, and W. E. Bowers, county agricultural agent, addressed one-day farm institute members at Berry School. Dr. Carl Betts' Scout Troop 4 off for Ship Island, Oostanaula River, on Annie H.



TWO ORGANIZATIONS ACTIVE IN THE UPBUILD OF ROME

To "keep the pot boiilng" toward a more progressive citizenship is the job of a number of worthy organizations in Rome, one of which is the Rotary Club (at top), and another the Kiwanis Club (bottom). These business associations have taken the lead, as elsewhere, in charity work and warm welcomes to visiting individuals and delegations. "He profits most who serves best," say the Rotarians. "We build," chirp the Kiwanians.

23—Floyd County Sunday School Association Convention at Berry Schools.

24—Barclay Terhune, Chulio District farmer, again brought to Rome first bale of cotton of season; sold to Taul B. White at 21½ cents a pound.

26—Congressman Gordon Lee got Howitzer at Camp Jackson, S. C., for memorial to Floyd County boys of World War.

27—Coosa Country Club held swimming and diving contests. Miss Helen Knox Spain started Rome Musical Center on Lower Broad Street, with touch of Bohemia. Floyd County Farm Bureau's first annual picnic at Morrison's Camp Ground.

SEPTEMBER—

2—Rev. S. E. Wasson, of Atlanta, and Rev. Horace Freeman, of Newnan, officiated at military funeral at First Methodist church of Lieut. Walton Shanklin, U. S. A., killed in France Oct. 15, 1918, in Argonne Forest drive. City Commission refused petition of Rome Municipal Gas Co. for increased gas rate. Lee J. Langley, attorney, appointed by Governor Hardwick member of State Waterway and Canal Commission. Girls' School at Mt. Berry opened.

3—Hugh L. Hodgson, pianist, and T. Goodwin, both of Athens, motored through Rome on way home from Chattanooga tennis tournament.

5 (Labor Day)—Boy Scout swimming and diving events at "Head of Coosa." Motor boat races won by Fred Hoffman's "A. M. L." Baseball, double header: Lindale 6—2, Rome 2—1.

6—Rome committee failed to make connection at Cartersville with Dixie tourists going to Cincinnati from Jacksonville. Cotton up; 20 cents a pound.

10—Miss Nettie Dickerson, 60, of Cave Spring, killed in auto accident on Alabama Road. Fifty Rome girls nominated for Home-coming Queen.

11 (Sunday)—Rev. and Mrs. G. Campbell Morgan and Misses E. and K. Morgan and Howard Morgan, their children, had supper at the Hotel Forrest en route to their new home in Athens, Ga. Gordon L. Hight returned from Chicago radio convention.

12—LaGrange won Georgia State League baseball pennant from Lindale. Etowah River clearer than the Oostanaula at Rome.

13—Jas. A. Holloman, of Washington, addressed Kiwanis Club at Hotel Forrest on tax problems. Fatty Arbuckle movie pictures at Elite Theatre called off by Manager O. C. Lam. Main leak under Oostanaula River at Fifth Avenue caused City Manager Sam S. King to cut off water for about 10 hours for Fourth Ward, West Rome and Berry Schools.

15—Shorter College opened forty-eighth annual session with 207 girls from 16 states; 135 from Georgia, 15 from Alabama, 15 from Florida and 12 from Tennessee. Senator Wm. J. Harris, of Cedartown, on visit to Rome and Berry Schools.

16—Roman Minstrels put on Red Cross benefit performance at City Auditorium.

17—Robt. M. Gibson winner over Arthur S. West of Coosa Country Club golf trophy.

20—Public meeting addressed by Linton A. Dean, Bernard S. Fahy, Byard F. Quigg, H. H. Shackelton, Rev. W. M. Barnett and Gordon Watson, urging more money for public schools.

21—John Robinson's circus in Fourth Ward.

22—Salvation Army drive opened with W. L. Shaddix in charge. Dr. Elizabeth B. Reed, of the U. S. Public Health Service, Washington, spoke at the Berry Schools.

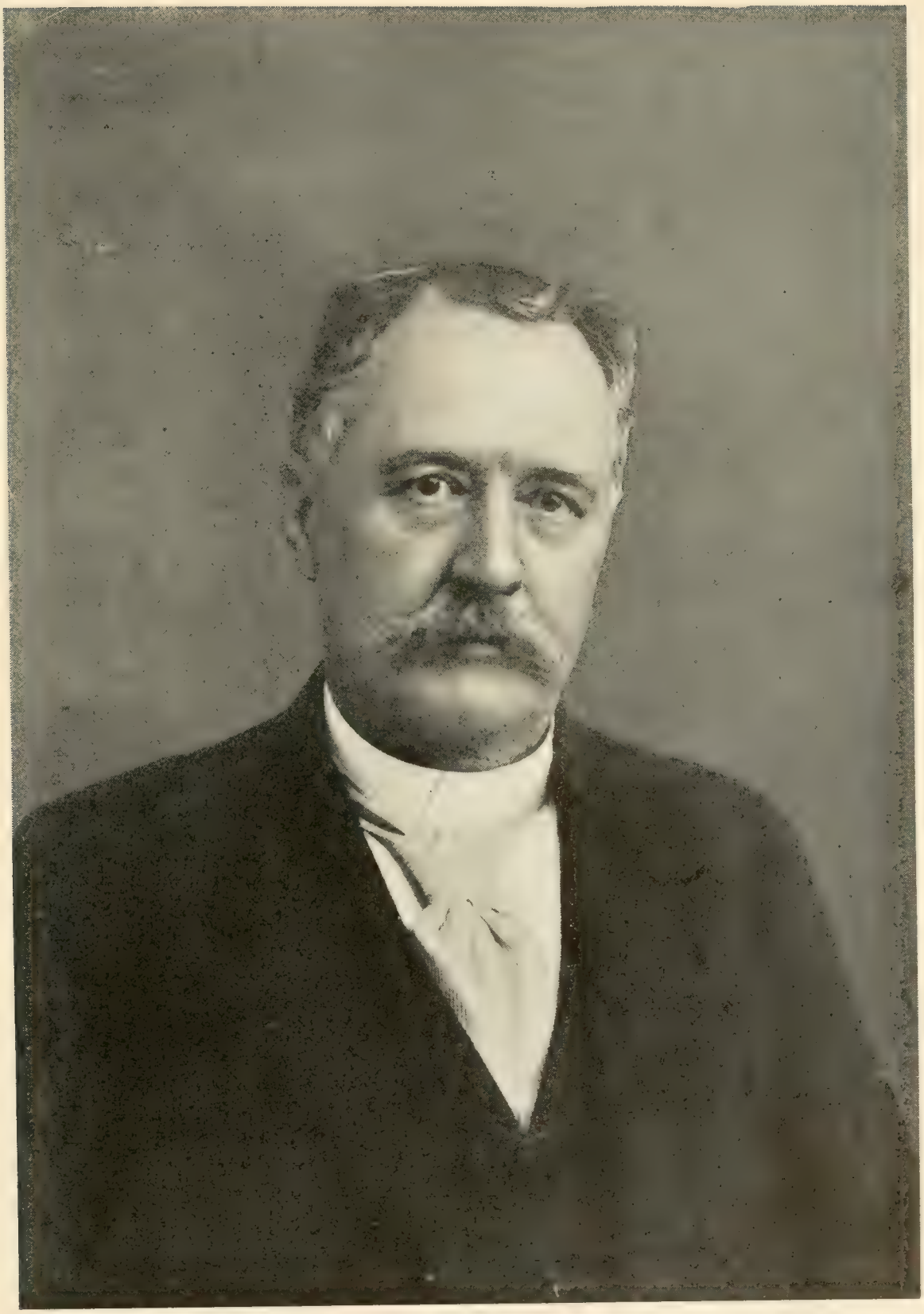
23—Miss Madeline Cashin, of Peoria, Ills., put on local amateur players in "O, O Cindy!" Gay Jespersen's Lindale band signed for North Georgia Fair, October 10-15.

24—Congressman Gordon Lee visited Curb Market. Bowie Stove Works destroyed in East Rome fire with loss of $100,000.

OCTOBER—

1—Football on Darlington Field, East Rome: Central High School (Chattanooga) 7, Darlington School 6.

2—Jewish New Year celebrated two days.



R. G. Clark

3—Mass meeting at City Auditorium discussed city limits extension and proposed McLin cotton mill.

8—Miss Louise Berry elected Queen of Home-coming week and ball. Football at Hamilton Field: Rome High School 30, Disque of Gadsden 0.

10—Fritz Lieber, Shakespearean player, in "The Merchant of Venice" at City Auditorium. Governor Thomas W. Hardwick, of Atlanta, spoke at opening of North Georgia Fair on state tax and revenue problems.

11—Horse races at fair, George Stiles winning. Principal speaker for day, Lee J. Langley.

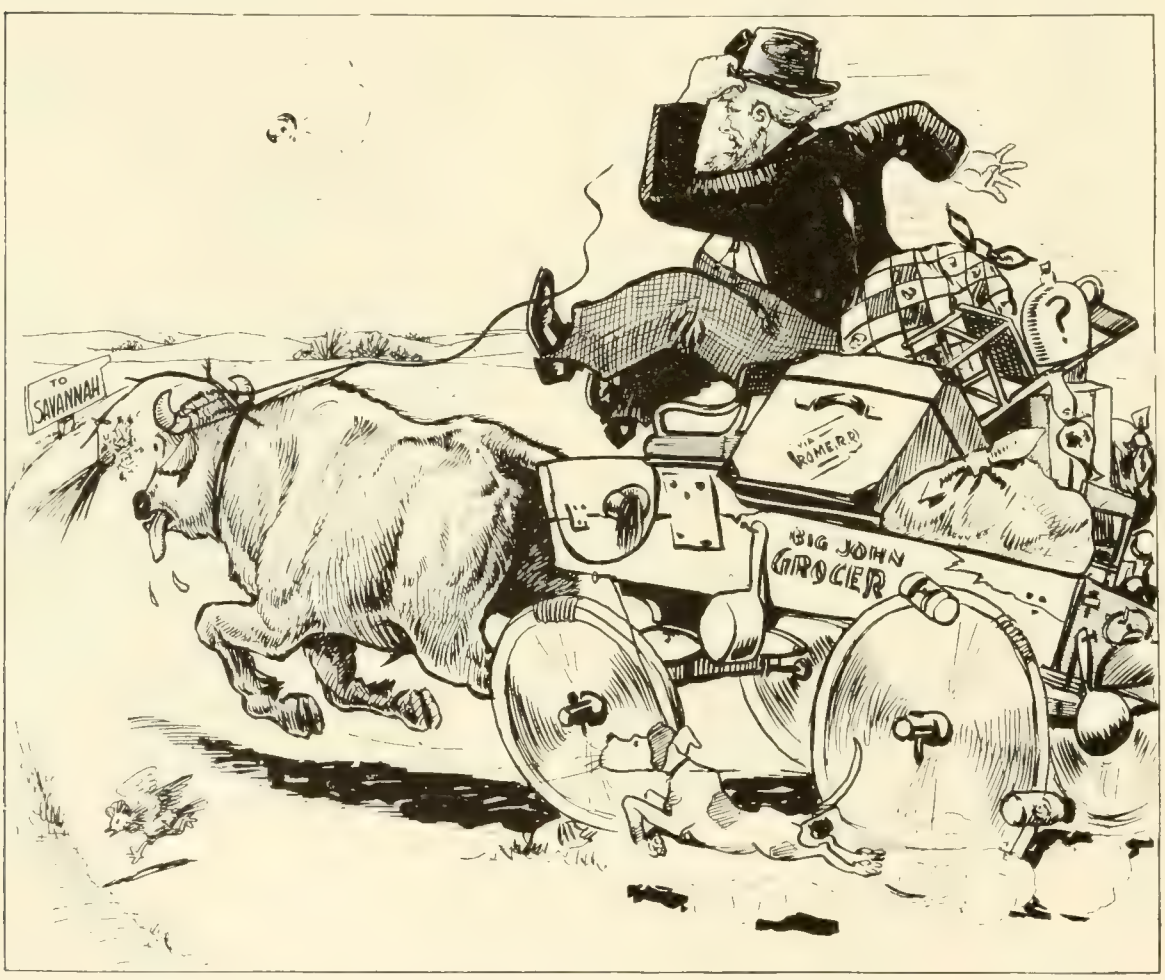
12—Horse races at fair. Principal speaker, State Senator J. H. Mills, of Butts Co.

14—Home-coming day at Fair. Races. Miss Louise Berry crowned Queen by H. A. Dean, following addresses by H. H. Shackelton, home-coming chairman, and Hon. Wright Willingham. Hon. Claude H. Porter spoke under auspices of the League of Women Voters in favor of disarmament and peace. Day's attendance, 10,000. Queen's Ball at Shrine Hall at night, Fred Malone acting as King.

14—Dairy Day at Fair. Roland Turner and J. F. Bazemore, speakers. Races. Boy Scouts in Indian pageant at night. Football at Marietta, Ga.: Rome High School 6, Marietta High School 0.

16 (Sunday)—Mrs. John R. Barclay assured of strong support in race for Rome postmastership. W. A. Parker, of Community Service, New York, N. Y., spoke at First Methodist and First Christian churches on need of more recreational and outdoor facilities in Rome as an aid to healthful and wholesome young citizenship.

21—Football at Hamilton Field: Rome High School 25, Marist College (Atlanta) 7.



MAKING THE MOST OF WAR CONDITIONS.

"Big John" Underwood, the grocer, "steered" away from Rome, according to "Bill Arp's Scrap Book," to accept a commission at Savannah as a member of the staff of Gov. Jos. E. Brown. Lacking harness, he employed other means. "Big John" was in the Georgia Guard detail which arrested John Howard Payne in 1835. Many other Romans refugeed from the city from 1863 to 1865.

Tabloid Facts

Did You Know That---

"Chiaha" was the Indian for "Otter Place" (now Rome)?

Bayard Franklin Jones, New York artist, was born in Rome in 1869?

Alexander H. Stephens, Benj. H. Hill and Alfred Iverson visited Rome in the same week in 1860?

James Noble, Jr., and associates founded the Rome Volunteer Fire Department? Henry W. Grady was a member of Rainbow Steam Fire Engine Company No. 1?

Judge John W. Hooper moved from Cassville to Rome directly after the Civil War?

George Barnsley, of Barnsley Gardens, Bartow County, before 1861 boarded with Mrs. J. G. Yeiser on Third Avenue, and Frank L. Stanton lived there for a short time?

Major Wm. A. Patton, stationed at headquarters telephones, helped direct sector artillery operations in the World War battles of St. Mihiel and the Argonne, France?

John Hume brought the first bath-tub to Rome, from Charleston, about 1850?

Daniel R. Mitchell owned the first piano?

Coosa Old Town was an Indian village on the Coosa River near Rome, South Rome side, and was destroyed on or about Oct. 17, 1793, by Gen. John Sevier, ancestor of numerous Romans?

An erratic character known to the Cherokee Indians as the "Widow Fool" operated a ferry in 1819 at the forks of the Oostanaula and Hightower (Etowah) Rivers?

Miss Eliza Frances Andrews, botanist, has had her habitat in Rome since 1911?

Major Ridge's ferry, opposite his home on the Oostanaula, was seized in 1835 by a white man named Garrett, who claimed Ridge would not run it or let anybody else run it?

Father Ryan, Indiana poet, once visited Rome to see about the Kane property in New York, and was the guest of Mrs. Mary Adkins, mother of Wm. H. Adkins?

Thos. A. Wheat, of Ridge Valley, loaded the first ten-inch Mortar cartridge fired at Fort Sumter in 1861?

The Santa Anna silver service, captured by Houston at the Battle of San Jacinto, was once the property of Henry Pope at Pope's Ferry?

Heavy guns furnished the Cherokee Artillery by the Nobles were captured by Gen. Sherman at Resaca?

Before Barney Swimmer and Terrapin, Cherokees, were hung on Broad Street for robbing and murdering Ezekiel Blatchford (or Braselton), of Hall County, a land seeker, in 1837, they were allowed to take a last swim under guard at the forks of the Etowah and the Oostanaula?

"Ga-la-gi-na" ("male deer" or "turkey") who later took the name of Elias Boudinot, president of Congress, was born in the present Floyd County in 1803?

"Stand Watie", Major Ridge's brother, who commanded a regiment of Indians in the Civil War as Confederates, lived near Rome?

Clyde Moore Shropshire, speaker of the Tennessee House of Representatives, Nashville, ran for Governor of Tennessee in 1918?

Col. Benj. Cudworth Yancey served in the Legislatures of South Carolina, Alabama and Georgia?

Rome once had thirteen whisky saloons?

Jack King was the second of Capt. Jno. D. Williamson in the Calhoun-Williamson duel, Dr. Henry Halsey Battey was his physician, and Capt. Jno. J. Seay and John G. Taylor were spectators?

William Smith owned a horse-race track between the forks of the rivers?

Col. Chas. Iverson Graves was in charge of the Confederate Naval School at Richmond, Va., in the Civil War, and in 1865 sent his wife and son, Chas. I. Graves, Jr., then a baby, in a covered wagon to Georgia from Richmond, in company with Mrs. Jefferson Davis?

Prize chicken fights used to be held in cock-pits on Broad Street?

Terrell Speed, Oostanaula River fisherman and trapper, was known as "The Coonskin Statesman," and that a cigar was named after him?

Judge William H. Underwood, father of Congressman Jno. W. H. Underwood, represented the Indians in claims against the Government, and sleeps in an unmarked grave in the old Seventh Avenue Cemetery, Rome?

The organ played by George Whitefield, the great churchman, at Savannah, once was installed in St. Peter's Episcopal Church?

Fourteen thousand Cherokees, headed by John Ross and others, marched afoot 600 miles to "The Arkansaw" in 1838 and 1839, and 4,500 of them died of disease or exposure, or were slain by United States troops, and the pilgrimage was known as "The Trail of Tears"?

Cave Spring, on Little Cedar Creek, was incorporated with a "growth radius" of ¼ mile and is an older town than Rome, and Rome is older than Atlanta?

The Bowies of Rome were descended from Gen. Bowie, of Alamo and "Bowie knife" fame?

Col. Nicholas James Bayard, Roman, was descended from Chevalier Bayard, the great Frenchman?

The Cherokees used to play a game similar to football?

Some historians claim that Ferdinand DeSoto, Spanish cavalier, spent nearly 30 days on the site of the present Rome in 1540?

Part of the Fourth Ward of Rome has always been called "DeSoto"?

The region north of the Chattahoochee River, some 25 counties, was called "Cherokee Georgia" before the Civil War?

John Ross, principal chief of the Cherokees, lived several years in DeSoto and started his letters "Head of Coosa"?

Major Ridge, leader of the Treaty Party of the Indians, lived from 1794 to 1837, 43 years, up the Oostanaula River two miles from Rome?

The Cherokees were the most intelligent nation of Indians on the North American continent?

Sequoyah, who invented the Cherokee alphabet, lived in the adjoining county of Chattooga, near Alpine?

Gen. John Floyd, of Fairfield Plantation, Camden County, made possible the peaceful settlement of Floyd County by dispersing Indian bands in Alabama? Also that Floyd County was named for him in 1832 when "Cherokee Georgia" was broken up into counties?

The county seat of Floyd County for about two years was Livingston, down the Coosa River?

Rome was founded in 1834 by Zachariah B. Hargrove, Philip W. Hemphill and Daniel R. Mitchell, lawyers, and William Smith, planter?

Names were drawn from a hat, and one put in by Col. Mitchell—Rome—was chosen?

Three of the four founders of Rome lie buried in Myrtle Hill?

William Smith built Rome's first steamboat, the William Smith?

Rome once depended upon her steamboat trade for her life?

Rome came near being placed on the main line of the W. & A. Railroad between Chattanooga and Atlanta?

Rome sent four men to Congress before the Civil War?

Rome has sent two men to Congress since the Civil War?

Floyd and several adjoining counties have never furnished a Governor?

Gen. Beauregard said after the First Battle of Manassas, "I lift my hat to the Eighth Georgia Regiment! (Rome companies). History will never forget you!"?

Gen. Forrest, with 410 Confederates, Sunday, May 3, 1863, captured 1,466 Union soldiers, marched them into Rome and saved it from destruction?

Forrest was given the finest horse in Rome by Col. A. M. Sloan, and admiring women cut off locks of his hair?

The celebrated "Green Corn Dances" of the Cherokee Indians used to be held on the lawn of Chief Ridge's home?

Maj. C. A. De La Mesa, U. S. A., hung a large American flag over Broad street in Reconstruction days and forced ex-Confederates and civilians to salute it?

Col. Marrast Perkins has served with the Marines all over the world?

Rome's first real cyclone came Saturday, April 16, 1921, and resulted in a loss of no lives?

The first Mrs. Woodrow Wilson lies buried beside her parents, Rev. and Mrs. Saml. Edward Axson, in Myrtle Hill Cemetery?

The term "Cherokee" means "Upland Fields"?

A Congressman—Judge John H. Lumpkin—sleeps in the old Seventh Avenue Cemetery?

Henry Grady was accustomed as a Rome newspaper editor to scratch notes on his cuffs? That his trunk was attached when he left Rome for Atlanta, and his wedding silver was threatened?

The Rev. Sam P. Jones did not start fighting liquor until after he had left Rome?

Major Chas. H. Smith ("Bill Arp") wrote a saucy open letter in 1861 to "Abe Linkhorn"? The original Bill Arp was a Chulio District farmer? Major Smith was a law partner of Judge Joel Branham and Judge J. W. H. Underwood?

Theodore P. Shonts, Chicago and New York traction magnate, came to Rome about 1900 to select a school for his daughters, Theodora and Marguerite, and on requesting a negro cabman to take him to the most interesting spot in town, was driven to Myrtle Hill Cemetery?

The Noble Foundry made cannon for the Confederacy in the Civil War, and the machine lathe that bored them is still in use at the Davis Foundry & Machine Shop?

Rome's business district was burned by Sherman's army in 1864, and the message that brought his orders to march to the sea was sent from Rome?

Chas. Morgan Seay, actor and playwright, formerly made motion pictures for Thos. A. Edison, and has had 50 photoplays produced?

Gen. Jos. E. Johnston, C. S. A., visited Rome Dec. 3, 1868, as the guest of Major Chas. H. Smith?

Henry A. Gartrell, uncle of Henry W. Grady, was mayor of Rome in 1860, and moved to Athens in 1865?

Mayor Zach Hargrove once issued $50,000 of local money to meet a financial stringency, and was called to account by the Federal authorities?

A sword hilt, a carved pipe and piece of breastplate were unearthed at Rome which are believed to have belonged to Ferdinand DeSoto?

The old Seventh Avenue Cemetery was abandoned and Myrtle Hill established in 1857?

Martha Baldwin Smith (Mrs. Robt. Battey) was the first white child to be brought into Floyd County?

The first monument to the Women of the Confederacy was erected in Rome?

Rome was visited Saturday, Oct. 8, 1910, by Theodore Roosevelt, and President Harding spoke to her citizens Friday, Jan. 21, 1921?

Woodrow Wilson was visiting an aunt, Mrs. J. W. Bones, at Rome, when he met his first wife, Ellen Lou Axson?

Mrs. Wilson's father, the Rev. Saml. Edward Axson, accepted the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church in 1866 without any promise of salary?

The benches of Rome churches were used to build pontoon bridges during the Civil War?

Church basements were used to quarter horses of the Northern Army?

William Jennings Bryan, Wm. G. McAdoo, Col. Roosevelt, Dr. Albert Shaw, Miss Ida M. Tarbell and Dr. Howard A. Kelly have addressed the students of the famous Berry Schools?

The Berry Schools constantly refuse admission to the sons of wealthy fathers?

Rome's Belgian Colony settled at Carlier Springs, three miles east of the city?

Dr. Louis Mathieu Edouard Berckmans, native Belgian, was a skilled violinist and maintained a hermit's retreat at Mt. Alto?

Chief John Ross as a boy was known as "Tsan-usdi" ("Little John"), and later as "Koo-wes-koo-wee" ("Swan")?

Chief Ridge was called "Ka-nun-ta-cla-ge" ("Man who walks on the ridges or mountain tops")?

Prof. J. J. Darlington furnished the inspiration for the establishment of the Darlington School?

Gen. John B. Gordon attended school at Hearn Academy, Cave Spring?

Lavender Mountain and Lavender Village were named after George Michael Lavender, pioneer trading post man?

Ferries were a profitable industry before Rome's bridges were built?

Col. John H. Wisdom rode like Paul Revere to warn Romans of the approach of the Federals from Gadsden in May, 1863?

Rome entertained Governors Jos. E. Brown, Herschel V. Johnson, John B. Gordon and other executives?

Benj. Cudworth Yancey, brother of Wm. L. Yancey, of Alabama, secession leader, served as minister to Argentina? Also that he was slated for Ambassador to Great Britain by President Buchanan when Civil War complications interfered?

A casual Roman—Capt. John D. Williamson—participated in the last affair of honor in the South under the code duello, with Pat Calhoun, of Atlanta, near Cedar Bluff, Ala., Saturday, Aug. 10, 1889?

A Roman—Wm. G. Campbell—established a world's record for looping-the-loop in an aeroplane?

Jim Montgomery created the "Velvet Joe" tobacco advertising?

Chas. Iverson Graves served abroad in the Khedive of Egypt's' army?

Thomas Berry and Col. J. G. Yeiser once commanded American troops on the Mexican border?

Two Romans—Rev. G. A. Nunnally and Seaborn Wright—once ran for Governor on the Prohibition ticket, and Seaborn Wright was mentioned for President? Hooper Alexander ran for Governor and Congress?

John Temple Graves once ran for Vice-President on the Independent ticket?

Col. J. Lindsay Johnson served as census director of the Philippines and died in the islands?

Donald Harper, Paris lawyer, is a chevalier of the French Legion of Honor?

"Lord Beresford's" real name was Sidney Lascelles, and that he wrote a booklet about Rome?

Stockton Axson, brother of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, was born at Rome in 1867?

The site of Rome 381 years ago was possibly an island?

Col. Cunningham M. Pennington laid before the Confederate Cabinet in 1861 at Montgomery a plan for an armored warship?

Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest hitched his horse where the Hotel Forrest now stands?

Danl. R. Mitchell was known as the father of the Rome bar?

A Confederate signal station was operated on Eighth avenue during the Federal occupation of Rome in 1864?

The bachelors of "Poverty Hall" some 25 years ago bought a tract of land on Mt. Alto with the idea of building a lodge?

Judge John H. Lumpkin died on the veranda of the Choice House (later the Central Hotel), July 10, 1860, while conversing with political friends?

Howard Tinsley is in the consular service at Montevideo, Uruguay?

A locomotive of the Rome Railroad, called the "Wm. R. Smith," was used April 12, 1862, in the pursuit past Kingston after Andrews' Wild Raiders on the "General"?

The Nobles tested Confederate cannon by shooting them into a bluff across the Etowah River during the Civil War?

A steamer steamed up Broad street to Third avenue in the flood, March 31, 1886?

Dr. George Magruder Battey, of the Augustus N. Verdery place, "Riverbank Farm," had one of the finest poultry establishments in the United States?



W. O. Connor

Rev. Luther R. Gwaltney first suggested to Col. Alfred Shorter the establishment of Shorter College?

Capt. Francis Marion Coulter built a dozen steamboats at Rome?

Telamon Cruger Smith-Cuyler shook hands with Grover Cleveland and King Edward VII of England?

Sproull Fouche filled the post of American vice-consul at Bucharest, Roumania?

Rome and Georgia doctors held indignation meetings and threatened to lynch Dr. Robert Battey for performing the Battey operation, Aug. 27, 1872? Also that Dr. Battey defended himself so ably at a meeting in the State Capitol, Atlanta, that Henry W. Grady referred to him as the "Cicero of the Georgia Medical Profession"? Dr. Battey was a civil engineer, then pharmacist, and had six children before he practised medicine? In his youth he clerked in a dry goods store at Detroit, Mich., for Zach Chandler, later United States Senator?

Col. Hamilton Yancey roomed with Henry W. Grady at the University of Georgia, Athens, and was one of his groomsmen at his marriage in Athens to Miss Julia King.?

Col. Alfred Shorter nearly always walked to town, a mile, from "Thornwood," his West Rome home, with his walking stick under his arm?

"Maplehurst," home place of the president of Shorter College, was bought in January, 1869, by Capt. J. M. Selkirk, of Charleston, and later became the property of Hugh T. Inman, of Atlanta, and Joe L. Bass, of Rome?

Dunlap Scott, member of the Legislature, passed around a petition March 20, 1872, for a bill admitting Forrestville (North Rome) into Rome? North Rome was first called Woodville?

Judge Joel Branham about 50 years ago enjoined owners from selling the face of Myrtle Hill Cemetery to negroes for residence purposes?

The Nobles left Rome and founded Anniston, Ala., because they thought East Rome land they wanted for their foundry extensions was priced too high?

Other names suggested for Rome were Hillsboro, Hamburg, Warsaw and Pittsburg? Also that South Rome along the Etowah River was once known as Hillsboro? Also that the Etowah was sometimes known as "Hightower"?

The Rev. Marcellus Lyttleton Troutman, Methodist minister of Pope's Ferry, graduated at the University of Georgia law school after he was 50?

Generals of the Northern Army occupying Rome in 1864 accused prominent Rome women of supplying the Confederates with information by "underground telephone"?

A Cherokee Indian returned from Indian Territory about 40 years ago and dug for buried treasure on the Sproull (Haynes-Howel) place, north of Rome?

Soldiers of the Union Army dug into graves in North Rome, searching for gold and silver plate?

Colquitt's Scouts hung Col. L. D. Burwell several minutes by the neck to make him tell where his money was hid? Also that Mrs. Robt. Battey concealed $500 in gold in her stockings and shoes for him?

Rome women used "smoke house salt" during the Civil War?

Miss Florence Fouche, the newly-wed wife of Capt. Edward Jones Magruder, of the Rome Light Guards, went marching off to war with him with pistol and dagger in her belt?

Mrs. Hiram Hill sent the Mitchell Guards away with a speech and a silk battle flag?

The Rome Courier, Capt. Melville Dwinell, editor, used to swap subscriptions for stove wood and "anything that could be eaten or worn"?

Danl. R. Mitchell gave the land on which the First Methodist Church originally stood on Sixth avenue?

Bishop Thos. Fielding Scott, of Marietta, founded St. Peter's Episcopal Church in Rome?

Alfred Shorter was a Baptist?

Ivy Ledbetter Lee, publicity director of the Standard Oil Co., New York, lived in Rome more than two years?

Bauxite was first mined in Floyd County?



MISS MARY DARLINGTON, of Washington, D. C., first graduate (in 1877) of Shorter College, and sister of J. J. Darlington.



J. J. DARLINGTON, lawyer and educator, who taught many Romans and whose generosity made possible the Darlington School.

The "Pony Clubs" were white men who blacked their faces and robbed the Indians, between 1830 and 1839?

Capt. Reuben Grove Clark donated $3,000 toward the Sunday School room of the First Presbyterian Church in 1896, and it was named the Rosalie Clark Memorial?

Prof. Palemon J. King was once the best-known school teacher in Floyd County?

Prof. Hay Watson Smith was a Presbyterian preacher as well as a teacher?

Miss Elizabeth Lanier, granddaughter of Sidney Lanier, the poet, spent a week from Jan. 24, 1921, at the Berry Schools? That Dr. Albert Shaw, of New York, editor of the American Review of Reviews, visited Berry April 21-26, 1921, with Mrs. Shaw and called the school idea the greatest in America?

The late Dr. A. W. Van Hoose, president of Shorter College, taught young ladies for 40 years?

Mrs. Woodrow Wilson attended the Rome Female College?

Joshua Daniel, grandfather of Lucian L. Knight, state historian, owned a plantation up the Oostanaula River?

Daniel R. Mitchell sold the Mitchell plantation of 2,500 acres, up the Oostanaula, including Whitmore's Bluff and Island, in 1863, for $80,000 in Confederate money in preference to $60,000 in gold?

Chief John Ross was arrested in Tennessee in 1835 near Spring Place, Murray County, with John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home," and John H. ("Big John") Underwood, of Rome, was one of their military guard?

Ross offered to sell the Cherokee lands to the Government for $20,000,000, but the proposition of his rival, Ridge, for $5,000,000, was accepted?

Major Ridge was breveted by General Andrew Jackson for bravery at the Battle of Horseshoe Bend, Tallapoosa River, Alabama, March, 1814? Also that the Cherokees nicknamed Jackson "Straight Talk"?

Judge Jas. M. Spullock, superintendent of the W. & A. (State) Railroad, contracted with the Noble Foundry for the construction of the first locomotive built

of native materials in the South, the Alfred Shorter (1856), at $11,000, and Governor Jos. E. Brown refused to pay such an "excessive price"?

John Ridge (son of Major Ridge) and his sister, Sally, were educated in the East, and were accomplished musicians?

In June, 1839, at an Indian Territory settlement, Major Ridge was shot to death from ambush; his son John was killed with knives, and Elias Boudinot, editor of the Cherokee Phoenix, was hacked to death with tomahawks by Cherokees who claimed they had betrayed the Nation?

The first automobile in Rome was driven from Atlanta by Edward H. Inman?

Bolling Sulivan owned the first pneumatic tire bicycle?

John Temple Graves rode a "big and little wheel" bicycle dressed in a silk hat?

The Mayo Bar Lock ("lock and dam") was named after Micajah Mayo?

Motor boating is now a popular sport in Rome?

The steamboats have practically disappeared?

Boy and Girl Scout organizations in Rome are among the livest in the State?

Rome lends itself more readily to development by the city beautiful plan than nearly any city in Georgia?

Rome and Floyd County commercial, educational, religious and social advantages are unsurpassed, and climate and water are of the best?

Rome and Floyd County have produced or sheltered the following: Congressmen Augustus R. Wright, Thos. C. Hackett, John H. Lumpkin, Jno. W. H. Underwood, Judson C. Clements, John W. Maddox and Milford W. Howard; United States Senators H. V. M. Miller and Wm. J. Harris; Comptroller General John T. Burns, Attorney General Richard A. Denny, Assistant Attorney General Graham Wright; William H. Hidell, secretary to Alexander H. Stephens; John Johnathan Pratt, inventor of the pterotype (typewriter); Col. B. F. Sawyer, inventor of the paper bag and a newspaper press; James Noble, Sr., and his six sons, the "Iron Kings"; Frank L. Stanton; the Rev. Jas. W. Lee; Jas. W. Lee, Jr., New York advertising expert; Major Chas. H. Smith ("Bill Arp"); Montgomery M. Folsom; Jno. Locke Martin; Jos. A. Magnus; Israel S. Jonas; Jno. H. Towers, naval aviator; Gen. Wm. L. Marshall; Eliza Frances Andrews, botanist; Miss Martha Berry; Geo. B. Ward, mayor of Birmingham; Arthur W. Tedcastle, shoe merchant; Jno. W. Bale, speaker pro tem of the Georgia Legislature and later Indian claim agent; Edward A. Heard, New York dry goods merchant; Will McKee, Boston shoe merchant; Edward E. Magill, of St. Louis; Dr. Elijah L. Connally, M. B. Wellborn, Walter C. Taylor and Walter G. Cooper, of Atlanta; Dr. Julius Caesar LeHardy de Beaulieu, yellow fever expert of Savannah; Eugene LeHardy de Beaulieu, chief construction engineer of the Selma, Rome & Dalton Railroad; Prof. Wesley O. Connor and Prof. Jas. Coffee Harris, principals of the Georgia School for the Deaf, Cave Spring; Gen. Francis S. Bartow, of Savannah and the Confederate Army; Col. B. F. Sawyer, Geo. T. Stovall, Phil Glenn Byrd, Melville Dwinell, John Temple Graves, J. B. Nevin, J. Lindsay Johnson, M. A. Nevin, Chas. H. Smith ("Bill Arp"), W. A. Knowles and A. B. S. Moseley, newspaper editors; Gen. James Hemphill, of Mississippi; Joseph Watters, Dunlap Scott, William Smith and James Wells, Legislators; Dr. W. C. Doss, of College Park, Ga., and Allie Watters, of Atlanta, inventors of the Doss puncture-proof automobile tire; J. H. Lanham, inventor of the Lanham cotton cultivator; Thos. F. Pierce, Wm. M. Crumley, Atticus G. Haygood, Alex M. Thigpen, Wm. H. LaPrade, Sr., Gen. Clement A. Evans, Weyman H. Potter, T. R. Kendall, Sr., W. F. Quillian, S. R. Belk, J. H. Eakes, B. F. Fraser, C. O. Jones, Walker Lewis, S. E. Wasson, Chas. H. Stillwell, W. M. Bridges, J. M. M. Caldwell, George T. Goetchius, Sam P. Jones, G. G. Sydnor, C. B. Hudgins, Father M. J. Clifford, and Marcellus L. Troutman, among ministers; L. P. Hammond, T. R. Garlington, James Banks Underwood, G. W. Holmes, Robert Battey, J. B. S. Holmes and Henry H. Battey, among doctors; John Temple Graves, Jr., and James Montgomery, authors; Gordon L. Hight, wireless expert; Hooper Alexander, United States District Attorney, and David J. Meyerhardt, Assistant United States District Attorney?

Items from the Press

A SPLENDID METEOR—On last Thursday night we were so fortunate as to behold one of those grand meteoric phenomena of which we had often read, but never before witnessed. A little before 10 o'clock our attention was attracted by a streak of pale white light which seemed to proceed from the moon. It moved with great rapidity across the sky, increasing in brilliancy and size, until about half way its career, it appeared as large as the full moon, its body as dazzling as the sun, surrounded by a beautiful purple and blue light, and followed by a stream of fire a foot or two in length. Just before it apparently reached the earth it changed to a red ball of fire, and exploding with a cracking noise, threw off fragments in every direction and disappeared. Its course was from southeast to the north and was visible not more than half a minute, but in that time traversed nearly the entire arch of the firmament, hundreds of miles in length. Although the moon, which was shining very brightly, was completely eclipsed, yet if that luminary had been below the horizon the effect would have been grander, if possible.

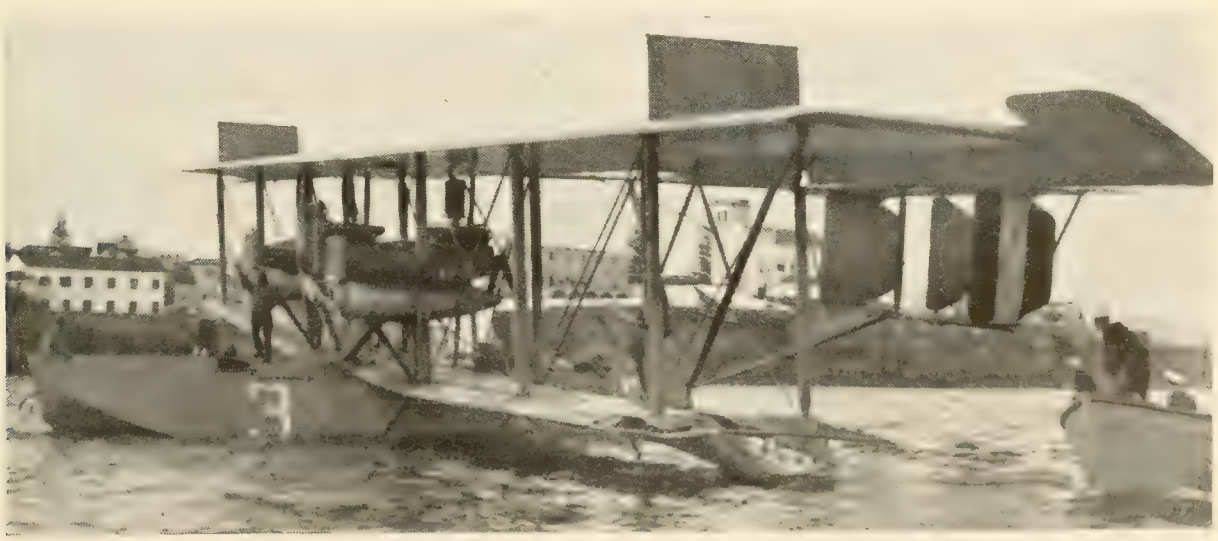
None of the meteors recently seen, of which graphic accounts have reached us, could have excelled this in magnificence and sublimity. Its size, brilliancy and velocity excited in the beholder sensations of mingled awe and admiration. It impressed us as a spark from the glory of Heaven, appearing for a little while to remind man of the existence of an avenging God and the doom of this wicked world, and then as if to remind him of His mercy also, it speedily vanished, lest he might gaze upon it and perish.—Rome Tri-Weekly Courier, 1860.

TOM COLEGATE SUSPECTED—Don't know whether Thomas Colegate, prominent advocate of the single tax system, and resident of the Fifth Ward, had anything to do with it, but it matters not whether he was the cause of this week-end of rain or not, he is responsible for a great deal of disappointment on the part of ardent lovers.

Last week, getting out his books on the stars and other things in the heavens, he made the discovery that on the night of November 27 the old world would pass through the tail of Biela's Comet, or rather what had been the tail, and that as it did the country would be treated to a great and grand shower of shooting stars.

This show comes about by reason of the fact that this comet has become divided against itself and is now only a mass of flying fragments, having broken in half a number of years ago, and is continually breaking up since that time.

Now, with the warning of the shooting stars for the twenty-seventh, young



THE BATTERED HYDROPLANE NC-3 MAKING PORT AT PONTA DELGADA

John Towers commanded the trans-Atlantic expedition in the spring of 1919, andpersonally had charge of the NC-3, which was nearly lost in a storm. (Note condition of lower wing). Lieut. Commander A. C. Read, in the NC-4, completed the flight to Plymouth, England, via the Azores and Portugal. It was the lrst time an air vessel had crossed the ocean.

and artful lovers recalling the right of man to implant a kiss on lips of maid for every shooting star, went out and made numerous "dates."

The dates were kept, and maybe the rest of it was carried out, but the shooting stars were not seen, for the skies are dark with clouds, and the heavens cannot be seen. It's a sad world, and no one is to blame but the weather man, unless Mr. Colegate by reason of the fact that he feared his reputation as an astrologer brought out the clouds and turned on the rain.

Lightning bugs can't even be rung in, as their season has passed with the coming of Jack Frost.—Wm. A. Patton in Rome News, Nov. 28, 1920.

ROME IS TREATED TO HAIL—Hail, hail, the gang don't care!

This parody on the popular song was sung by early risers going to work Tuesday about 8:30 o'clock in certain sections of Rome, including East. Rain fell hard first, then hail for five minutes, then more rain. The sky looked like it would be overcast practically all day.

The fall of rain was heaviest about 8. Street gutters became clogged with leaves, and citizens used rakes, especially at Second avenue and East Second street. Much warmer weather ruled during the day, and fires were not badly needed.—Feb. 8, 1921.



JOHN H. TOWERS, U. S. N., whose attempt to fly across the Atlantic Ocean in 1919 nearly cost him his life off the Azores Islands.

COMET FIZZLES OUT.

By G. M. B., Jr.

Just ten short years ago at night
A comet came to town
By name of Halley; flitted by
In sphere of great renown,
Full widely heralded as bright
And largest of the age,
The wonder of the milky way,
The joy of every sage.
It came and stayed a little while,
Proved quite a chilly frost;
Some folks fell off their lofty perch,
While other folks got lost.

Now, Biela's comet, so they say,
Was due in Rome last night;
The fog and rain so heavy fell
That none could get a sight,
But early tumbled off to bed
And did not bother much
About the comet's escapades,
Their debts or sins or such.

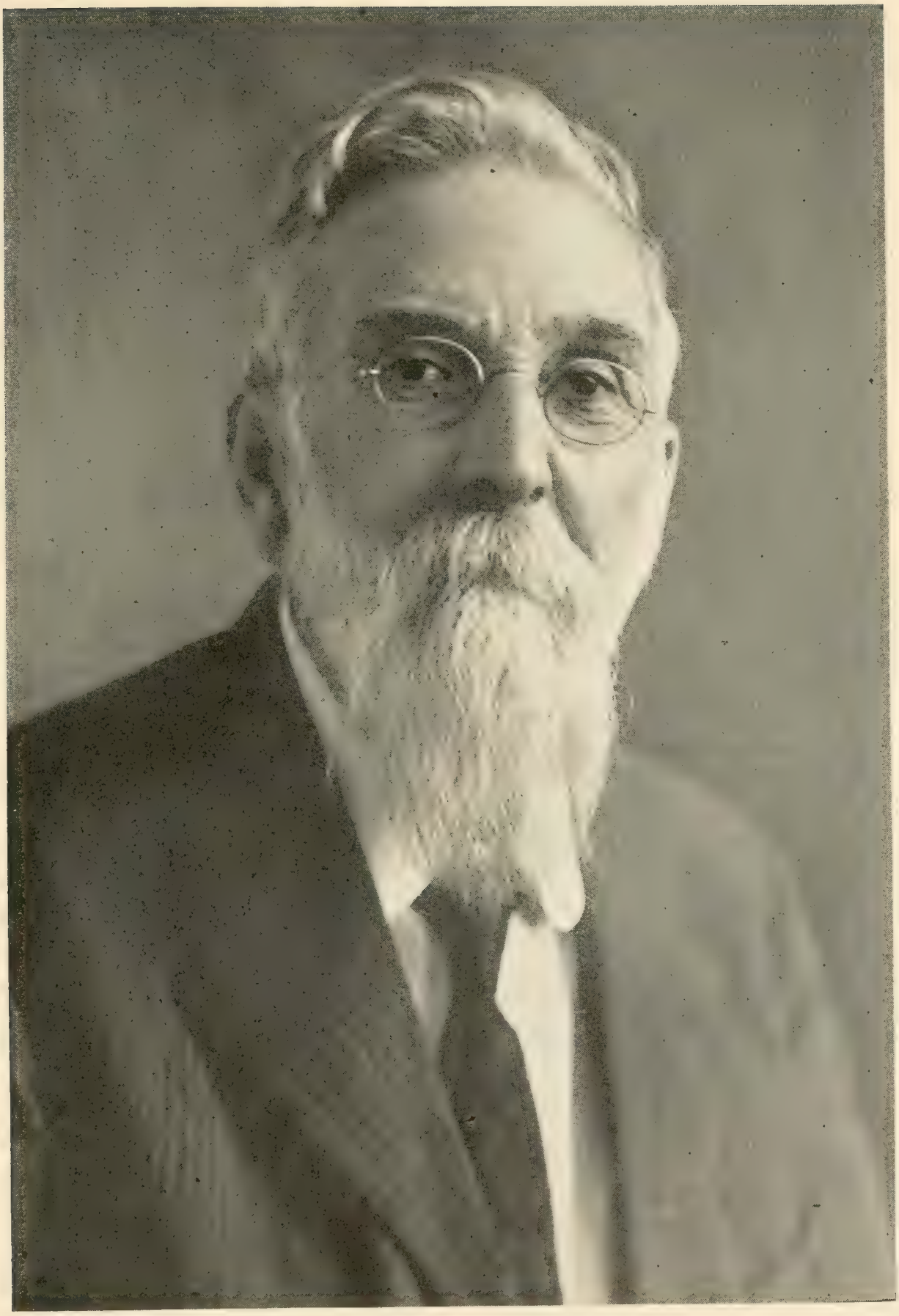
"The comets often worry me,"
Piped Thomas Colegate, seer;
"I sometimes wish they'd chase themselves
Around the world from here."
—Nov. 28, 1920.

SEES WILSON IN METEOR—A meteor of unusual brilliancy was observed in the northern heavens Friday night, March 4, about 6:40 by students and teachers of the Berry School as they were leaving the dining hall and going to their dormitories.

David Reynolds, who occupies the chair of history and has made a reputation at Berry as lecturer on "Southern Heroes and Celebrities," immediately attached a significance to the falling star in connection with the passing of Mr. Wilson from his high public position. "The brightest star in the political firmament is thus passing," said Mr. Reynolds, as he watched the meteor sweep slowly across the northern sky from west to east and disappear from sight.

"When beggars die there are no comets seen. The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

"I consider Mr. Wilson the third great American—Washington, the Father of his Country; Lincoln, the Emancipator, and Wilson, the great Pacificator and Idealist—stand alone



J. N. Glover

and unique among the many lesser stars in the wide stretch of our firmament of the great and wise and good leaders that have been raised up for our country."—Mar. 7, 1921.

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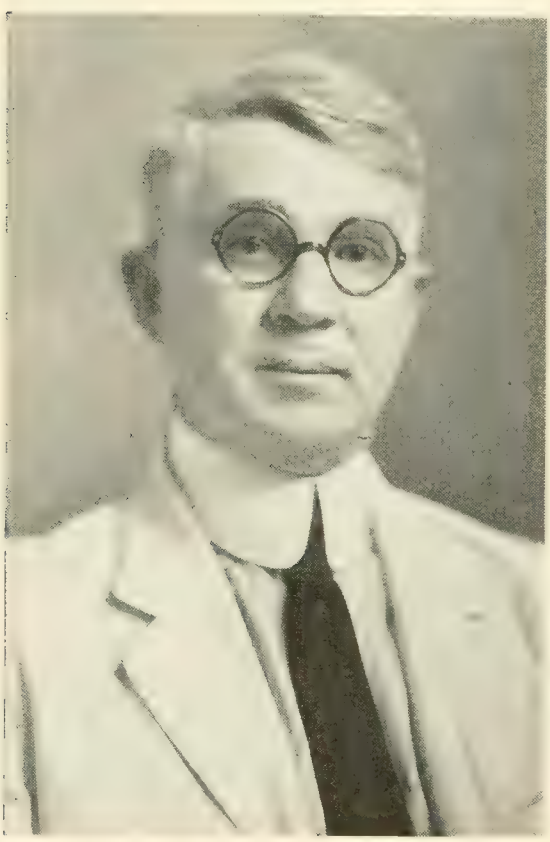
AURORA BOREALIS THRILLS ROME—The occasional appearing Aurora Borealis appeared in the sky over Rome last night near midnight and cut its capers for about 15 minutes, finally retreating after a spasm of subdued but spirted flashes. The flashes seemed to come together at a central point at zenith, arriving from a considerable distance outward. They shed a little light as far down as earth. The light was in beams.

Robert Shahan, Boy Scout and resident of Eighth avenue, phoned The News that he and Porter Harvey and Cundy Bryson were on Tower Hill watching the performance. The News passed the word to Thomas Colegate, the well-known astronomer, of 103 Myrtle street, South Rome, and Mr. Colegate declared he would stick his bean out the front door immediately.

Webster's Shorter School Dictionary gives the following definition of aurora borealis: "An atmospheric phenomenon consisting usually of streams of light radiating upwards and outward toward the east and west from the north polar region."

It was said that aurora interfered with the telephones and the telegraph.

After the above was written, a fair young lady of East Rome phoned The News that a young man calling on her had discovered the lights in the sky while looking for an inspiration up there.—May 15, 1921.



GEORGE B. WARD, former Roman, who served twice as Mayor of Birmingham, Ala., during the period of that city's greatest growth.

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HOTTEST DAY IN 7 YEARS—Romans had a perfect right to swelter today.

At 2:30 this afternoon it was the hottest in seven years, the thermometer registering 108 degres.

Records kept by Miss Mary Towers and by her father prior to his death showed that the previous high record was in 1913, at 109 degrees. No higher temperature has ever been recorded here.—Aug. 1, 1921.

———

A STAR THE LOVERS SAW—How many people saw that wonderful shooting star Monday night about 10:10 o'clock? (Of course all the lovers did!) It seemed to leave its place over Lavender Mountain and proceed in a curve toward John's Mountain, in a generally northern direction. For ten or fifteen seconds it could be seen, shooting like a fireball. Wonder it didn't hit some other star, and cause a shower of sparks to descend. Maybe it didn't because space is so infinite. The distance between stars must be as great as from the earth to the moon, which the astronomers say is 93,000,000 miles, if your correspondent remembers correctly.—Sept. 20, 1921.

———

PASTOR SINGS OF ROME—The Rev. J. L. Ballard, of Atlanta, a visitor to Rome Thursday, January 13, throws some nice bouquets at the Hill City in the current issue of the Wesleyan Christian Advocate, as follows:

"The work of the week was closed Thursday at Rome. Were you ever in Rome? If you never were, the first time you have the opportunity, go. It is one of the most picturesque places the writer ever saw. Wide streets, all paved, splendid stores mostly of brick or stone. Fine office buildings and handsome residences. But my, what a beautiful church! It was built in 1884 by the wonderful man, Dr. J. W. Lee, who was the greatest church builder among us. Bro. Irvine, the presiding elder, and Dr. Dempsey, pastor of the

First Church, Rome, are both first-year men, but have gotten hold of things, and the work moves on with great promise.

"The week's work was closed at beautiful, picturesque Rome. A hurried walk to the train, a ride to Kingston in sight of the beautiful Etowah River, then through the mountains trimmed with sleet and snow, and we came to Atlanta."—Jan. 24, 1921.

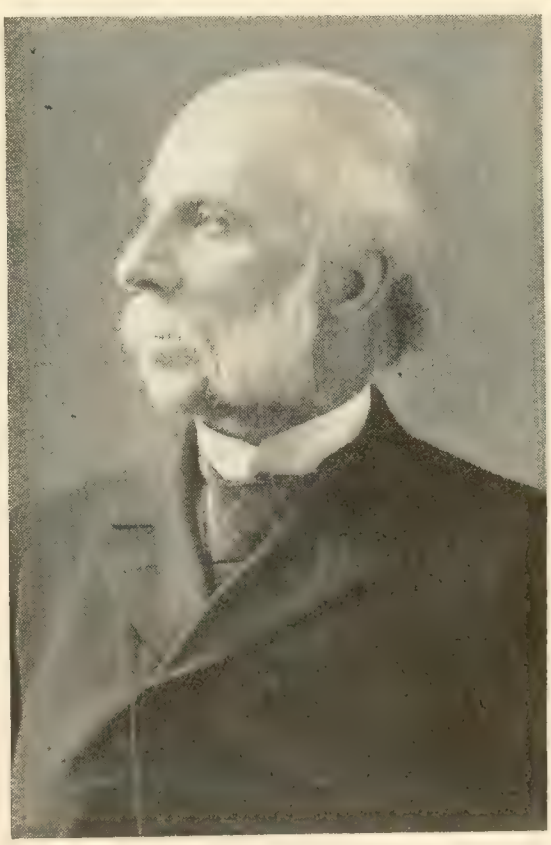
TO SWAT TEA HOUNDS—A brand new social club has been formed at Rome for the purpose of pursuing pleasure to her seductive lair and making war on all "tea hounds, lounge lizards, chewing gum buddies and cake eaters," as the charter preamble fiercely states. The members are petitioning informally for the right to operate and be operated upon in the courts of Epicurus, God of Pleasure, father of Epicurean June; Cupid, God of Love and Trouble, and Thor, God of Thunder and White Lightning. They are Ed Caldwell, W. E. Weathers, Fred Hull, Will A. Patton, Roy Echols, Fred Malone, Edwin Reese, Donald Cantrell, W. B. Watts, Denny King, Tom Rawls, Alfred King and Harris Best—thirteen leather-necked gentlemen who rise above the superstition of unlucky numbers.

The constitution swears, in addition to other things, that "the object of the corporation is not pecuniary gain for itself and members, but rather for a generous distribution of any pecuniary gains the members might latch onto from any possible source," and this object has caused their friends to hint that a deep-dyed plot is being hatched to resurrect the "Boys of Poverty Hall." The name for the present will be the "Moonlight Golf Association," and the members intend to let theirs shine. Branch clubs, not clubs on branches, are to be formed if desired.

The chief meeting place is not stated, but a rumor has it that the first initiation will be held at the place "where the jay--bird jarred the mountain," near Black's Bluff. If sky water does not prevent, that meeting will probably be held tonight, and the first monthly dinner will occur within a week at the Forrest. There will be no officers for the present, unless Charlie Harris should butt in. Each of the Silent Thirteen will govern himself in accordance with the emergency and the best interest of (the) society.—1-25-'21.



MRS. GEO. R. WARD, who prior to her marriage was Miss Margaret Ketcham, quite a belle in her day.



GEO. R. WARD, a leading business man of Rome, and the father of Geo. B. Ward, of Birmingham.

NOODLE SONG SKETCH—Major Tom Noodle's entertainment for the teachers last night at the court house was a success from every standpoint. The Major presided with a dignity and grace befitting the occasion, the Berry School quartette sang cleverly, as did Fred Hull in a solo, and the character sketch, "Old Black Joe," was well presented. Miss Ruth Colegate's reading was greatly appreciated.

The hit of the evening was a sketch entitled "Deal Fair," a sermon by a Methodist preacher, Byron Watters, of Pinson, assisted by his audacious deacon, Frank Gaines. Major Noodle, Miss Carrie Mull, Robt. Cowan and L. O. Phelps put on another clever sketch entitled "Charlie Over the Forest." Lemonade was not served, said the Major, because no lemons could be found in the crowd.—Jan. 7, 1921.

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A CHEERFUL CHRISTIAN.—Sam P. Jones, in Rome: "Christians should not be long-faced, but bright and happy. God never made a man who loved fun better than I do, and I'll say right here, Judge Bleckley told a mighty big truth when he said: 'The next best thing to religion is fun.'"

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FISHING IN WINTER—This is a fish story, folks! The tale is on the fish.

Jim White, Robert Middleton and Albert Lehman took Mrs. White and several other young ladies down to Hunt's Pond, about seven miles from Rome, on the Cave Spring road, Saturday, Jan. 22, on a fishing trip.

The weather was so warm that the party spread their lunch on the grassy banks of the pond, and the men caught several small fish.

Prof. Albert Lee Snyder, the Griffin weather prophet, was once heard to remark that the people who go picnicking in winter time will live to wear overcoats in July, so we shall see.—Jan. 24, 1921.

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SPRING MUST BE HERE—Some fisherman has stretched a trout line across the Oostanaula River just above the Fifth Avenue Bridge. Fishing this year is going to be good, especially below the lock and dam on the Coosa, say the wise ones.—Mar. 20, 1920.

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MORE CUSTOMERS SATURDAY.—There were more customers in the Gammon store Saturday than for many days preceding, said Mel Gammon, who felt that business conditions are showing improvement.—Mar. 20, 1921.

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BACK WITH FISH STORIES—W. C. ("Hawkshaw") Smith, assistant chief of the fire department, returned to his duties this morning at headquarters at the City Hall after a stay of ten days at a camp at Little River Falls, Lookout Mountain, DeKalb County, Ala. Mr. Smith was as brown as a nut after his vacation. He reported having caught a lot of bass, bream and trout, as long as his long arm, some of them.

Members of his family accompanied him. City Manager Sam King and Police Sergeant Lamar Talley visited his camp Sunday.—July 20, 1921.

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HISSING RATTLER IS KILLED—A rattlesnake that rattled and hissed when aroused Monday morning was killed by Deputy Sheriff Lindsey Wright, of Sheriff Wilson's force. Mr. Wright was passing in an automobile when he saw the snake stretched out in the Redmond Gap road, on Lavender Mountain. He shot once with his pistol and missed. The next shot hit the snake in the body, which caused him to coil and express his anger in his own peculiar way.

The snake's head became as large as a man's fist, and Mr. Wright drew a fine bead and shot through it. Mr. Wright left the snake, but severed his rattles, which were twelve, with a button. These he brought to the court house and showed his friends. The snake was as big as a man's forearm and about four feet long.

Mr. Wright was going to Little Texas Valley on business connected with his duties when he found the snake.—Aug. 30, 1921.

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THE MAIN QUALIFICATION.—When Maj. Chas. H. Smith (Bill Arp) was mayor of Rome in 1868, he and the city council received the following communication:

"I herewith make application to your honorable body for the office of night marshal of the city of Rome, and if appointed I promise in order to discharge my duties faithfully to try and keep awake at all hours.

"Thanking you in advance, I remain, yours respectfully,

"....."



THE BOAT AND THE DRENCHED BOATMEN LANDING.

BOAT UPSETS—An interesting experience from the standpoint of the spectators and an exciting one from the standpoint of the participants was staged Friday morning about 9:30 o'clock 100 yards above the Fifth Avenue Bridge when a batteau containing John Camp Davis, the well-known lawyer and member of the Legislature, and the Rev. Gordon Ezzell, pastor of the North Rome Baptist Church, capsized and threw them into the water, along with two boatmen.

The pastor and the attorney had taken a boat run by Cecil McGill and a man named McLeod on Fifth avenue, Fourth Ward, with the idea of paddling through the immersed "Beaver Slide" section and of landing at Sixth avenue and West First street, near the Auditorium. They went up Avenue A and then curved southward. After crossing the main body of the Oostanaula well above the bridge they encountered very swift water in a clump of small trees, and the boat hit a limb at the same time that the water hit its port side, upsetting and throwing one of the boatmen out. The others clung to the trees and the boatman grabbed his boat and swung it in, at the same time keeping his paddle, which was also new.

A shout went up from the crowd on the bridge, and two men with boats put out to the rescue. One was George Camp, janitor at the court house, and the other Mr. McIntire, fisherman well known in the Fourth Ward. Mr. McIntire took Mr. Davis and Mr. Ezzell into his boat and paddled them back across the river and landed them at the Rome end of the bridge, whence they went to Mr. Davis' office in the Masonic Temple to dry.

The other two clung to the trees a while longer and received assistance from Mr. Camp, who helped bail out their boat, in which they finally paddled to Sixth avenue and West First street, when they went to dry in the basement of the county jail. The distance from the trees to this point of landing was about 400 feet, and from the trees to the point where the other two landed about 600. The first pair clung to the trees about 15 minutes and the other two about 10 minutes longer.

The boatmen were due to have received some pecuniary consideration for the trip, but this was forgotten in the excitement. The friends of all congratulated them on such a thrilling experience, and in a group on the bridge composed of Almer R. Davis, Jack McCartney, the Rev. H. F. Saumenig, and W. C. Rash, it was remarked that since Mr. Ezzell was a Baptist and Mr. Davis a lawyer, a little water would hurt neither, and that the boatmen were used to it by nature and training.

Justice E. P. Treadaway yesterday bound over Charles Hand, charged with kicking Linton Jones, 10-year-old boy. near the Rome Hosiery Mills and on a tender part of his anatomy.—Feb. 11, 1921.

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5 THROWN INTO LAKE—Members of the Women's Auxiliary of the Floyd County Farm Bureau had a big time at Updegrove Lake, Armuchee, at their big picnic. A feature was the upsetting of a canoe carrying Misses Bertha Evans and Willie Bohannon, Harry Selman, Arthur and Elmore Miller, caused when one of the boys and one of the girls tried to exchange seats and produced an uneven keel effect which let water in. Several jumped to the other side of the boat all at once and she went over.

Most of those aboard could swim. The boys helped the girls and the girls clung to the boat, while Mr. Harrison luckily came along and fished them out. Mr. Harrison advised them that it was well to keep an even keel, but the boys were too busy blowing and the girls wringing out their skirts to hear.

Ethel Salmon, six-year-old daughter of one of the Salmons, of Armuchee, got run over by a buggy, but it did not hurt her to speak of.

After the excitement had subsided, the regular program was carried out, being the picnic and a lot of handshaking.—June 10, 1921.

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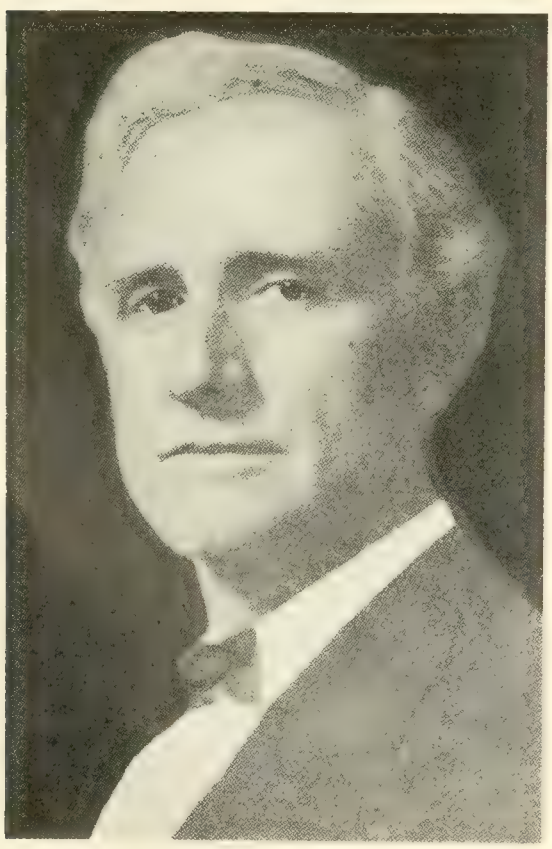
500 PEOPLE "BAPTIZED"—The largest "baptizing by immersion" in the history of Floyd County took place yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock at Armuchee, 100 yards below the bridge over Armuchee Creek and the Summerville road. Five hundred, more or less, received the heavenly sacrament, which penetrated to their skins and poured off their bonnets and hats.

The occasion was the scheduled baptism of 14 candidates for admission to the Armuchee Baptist Church, and the fact that so many others got drenched was due entirely to a sudden rain.

The Rev. Gordon Ezzell, pastor of the North Broad Baptist Church, also of the Armuchee Church, had arranged to submerge the following: Mrs. Cleve Salmon, Miss Lizzie Graham, Mr. and Mrs. Plant and their mother, Mrs. Eagle, Hill Yarbrough, Clifford and Selman Johnson and Jim Goodwin. At the water's edge Misses Beatrice and Annie Holder, Clara Graham and Addie May Salmon asked to be included.

Leaders of the church attending the candidates began singing that old hymn, "When We Gather at the River." The clouds, in the meantime, had been gathering, but very cautiously, and only a puny sprinkle gave warning of the buckets that were soon to fall. The pastor stood firm, the candidates for immersion held their ground and the singers chanted on. Only a few on the outer edge of the crowd scampered away to the bridge. The storm broke. Most of the crowd remained under the trees. A few ran to the gin house. A couple with a baby, six months old, across the creek from the most of the folks, crept into a dry goods box that some boys had set in the bank as a "cave" or "dugout," and they didn't come out until the rain had stopped, nearly an hour later.

Gradually those under the trees broke away to gin or bridge, until both places of refuge were well filled. The gin house was so full that the overflow ran to the bridge. The faces of some of the girls lost their luster, and many silk stockings and white shoes were dyed with the red old mud of Georgia. Hats were a sight. Nearly a hundred automobiles and conveyances stood in two or three inches of water near the gin.



SEABORN WRIGHT, orator and "prohi." leader, who once ran for Governor and was mentioned for President on dry ticket.



WHERE THE CROWD SOUGHT SHELTER.

The old Armuchee covered bridge (right), below which the baptizing took place. The old Buena Vista hotel, which stood at the northeast corner of Broad Street and Sixth Avenue, is shown at the left. The small frame building was Daniel R. Mitchell's law office.

Dr. Ezzell and the churchmen held their ground and were soaked thoroughly.

Half the crowd hopped into conveyances and went elsewhere. The other half trooped back to the creek with the candidates due to be immersed. They were all set again when a flash of lightning lit up the sky and struck a tree near the bridge, and the thunder roared like the wrath of Old Scratch. Nearly half of those remaining went back to the gin house, and it was announced that the ceremonies would be performed next Sunday at 2:30, provided it didn't rain.

The Rev. A. V. Carnes a little later immersed several new members in Hackney's pond, Summerville road, near Big Dry Creek. Members of this party arriving at Armuchee asked: "Did you have any rain here?"

And the answer came back: "We didn't have anything else."—Sept. 12, 1921.

COW IN "TANGLEFOOT TRAP"—Mrs. J. D. Clark called up the police yesterday and told them a cow had bogged up in a hole filled with tar at the end of the North Rome car line. When the officer arrived, the cow and the tar were gone.—Sept. 2, 1921.

Policeman Poole was painfully hurt yesterday afternoon when the fire chief's automobile hit him. Mr. Poole was in a Ford car ahead of the chief's car, which was answering a call to the Rome Oil Mill, and fearing a collision from behind, Mr. Poole jumped out of the Ford. In order to avoid hitting the Ford, the chief turned aside and hit the policeman.—Feb. 18, 1921.

INJURED IN FALL—Mrs. Fanny Nance, of South Rome, is being treated for a broken or badly sprained right arm as the result of an accident Friday night in the yard of her home after a visit to neighbors across the street.

About six years ago Mrs. Nance fell and broke her left wrist, and four years ago an automobile ran over her and broke her right shoulder and dislocated her left hip. Friends and relatives have made many inquiries about her.—Dec. 19, 1920.

GARAGE HIT BY LANDSLIDE—A landslide not quite political came Wilson M. Hardy's way last night at 1 o'clock which caused him to bounce out of bed in a hurry. Bank and rock wall on the old Nicholas J. Bayard lot, just above him at the northeast corner of Third avenue and East Fourth street, loosened by the heavy rains, came sliding down into his cement garageway, part of it falling against and crushing an edge of his garage and blocking the removal of his car until "Dr." Will Mitchell arrived with a gang of men and saved the situation.

Several tons of dirt from the steep bank came down with a five-foot retaining wall and made a pile about a foot high for a distance of 25 feet, the entire length of the garageway.

The highest point of the bank is several feet higher than the top of Mr. Hardy's bungalow, but it was thought

the retaining wall would hold it. Mr. Hardy owns part of the high bank, which contains the home of B. F. Quigg, superintendent of city schools, which was built many years ago by the late Nicholas J. Bayard, a descendant of the gentleman of the same name who was once United States Ambassador to France.

Mr. Hardy refused to confirm a rumor that he bought the bank from J. Paul Cooper.

A small house on Reservoir street fell over on its side yesterday morning when rain and a sluice caused the foundations to crumble.—Feb. 9, 1921.

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LUXURY UP THE RIVER—Rex Culpepper, Beecher Funderburk, Herman Shiflett and others are camping out at Whitmore's Island for a few days, having gone up the Oostanaula Sunday. They pushed their houseboat up with Mr. Culpepper's motor boat, and went through the rapids around the island without a bobble.—Aug. 15, 1921.

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MAN HANGING ON TREE—Wild excitement was created at a downtown cafe late last night when a party of northern tourists or eastern tourists who had driven into Rome on their way back home told of seeing a man hanging to a tree about five miles out on the Summerville Pike. They told the cafe proprietor they had often heard of lynchings in Georgia, but said they had never before been brought face to face with any.

Their story attracted considerable attention and two members of the local police force accompanied them in their automobile to the place and found—a scarecrow hanging to a tree. The tourists had never seen a scarecrow, for they were not used, they said, where they lived.—Tribune-Herald, Sept. 7, 1921.



DR. GEO. MAGRUDER BATTEY, whose marriage to Miss Emily Verdery caused him and his younger brother, Robert, to move to Rome.

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TYPEWRITER BUSINESS GOOD—A story of how two men who are said to have had safe-cracking reputations, took in a lot of gullible Romans on a typewriter repairing scheme has just came to light with the disappearance of the men and the clamor of a host of sadder but wiser creditors.

Incidentally, according to a detective who came here on the trail of the three, local officers of the law narrowly missed claiming a $7,000 reward offered for their arrest following a bank robbery and other depredations.

The two are gone from here. Their equipment and supplies are gone or tied up, and creditors are wondering how the assets will be untangled so as to satisfy all. The detective said he hoped to bag the fugitives by last Sunday night, but whether he has succeeded is not known here.—Aug. 7, 1921.

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NEW DEPUTY AT LINDALE—Harry P. Meikleham, agent of the Massachusetts Mills at Lindale, Friday appealed to Ordinary Harry Johnson to swear him in as a special deputy sheriff. Mr. Meikleham received an appointment to serve in the mill section, but has not yet taken the oath.

There was some question as to whether he should be put under bond, and if so, by whom, so the matter was deferred. —Jan. 14, 1921.

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BACK TO THE FARM—You can't keep 'em down on the farm unless you give them some of the privileges of the town. That was the substance of the opinion voiced by Leland Green, principal of the Berry School for Boys, in an address to the Kiwanis Club today. C. Bernard Keim's male quartette from

Berry School also enlivened the program with folk songs.

Doc Routledge, recently wedded, was the smiling recipient of a "kitchen shower" by the members, which left him with a great heap of utensils from can openers to baking dishes before him.—Sept. 27, 1921.

AN IDLE LAD'S PRANKS—The police have been asked by James M. Harris, local manager of the Southern Bell Telephone and Telegraph Company, to look out for a youth who on Friday at 12:20 p. m. shot four times into the company's 25-phone lead cable on the Lindale road and put a number of suburban and Lindale phones out of commission. The mischief was done between the Chas. Porter place and Mrs. Jno. C. Miller's, and a number of people heard the shots.—Nov. 28, 1920.

CHRISTMAS BEER DESTROYED —Christmas liquor trade of the La-Fayette district of Walker County was broken up to a considerable extent last week by Revenue Agents Williams and Wardlaw, who reported to headquarters in the Federal building here that they destroyed three or four stills with 7,000 to 10,000 gallons of beer, but without catching anybody.—Dec. 24, 1920.

SUIT IN CHICKEN CASE—Hearing on the injunction suit filed by J. L. Botts, of Chulio District, in Floyd Superior Court, to make Bud and Madge Hicks keep up their chickens, will be held Saturday at 10 o'clock before Judge Moses Wright. A temporary injunction was granted.

Botts alleges the chickens are eating his crops and the owners have persistently refused to restrain them.—Feb. 17, 1921.

PREACHER AFTER "MOONSHINE"—Moonshiners and bootleggers in this neck of the woods have another obstacle to deal with.

Bob Stewart, preacher, who made it so hot for the moonshiners in another section of North Georgia that he almost disrupted his church, many members of which were said to be secretly allied with the outlaws, and was removed to another charge by the Methodist conference, is now on the trail of the malefactors in Floyd County.

While pastor of churches in the more mountainous section of North Georgia, Bob Stewart is said to have led Federal officers on raids that resulted in 47 arrests of moonshiners. He also reported many other dew boys who "beat it." On one occasion he is said to have quit in the middle of a sermon to lead a party of revenue men who arrived at his summons.

Mr. Stewart is now in charge of the churches on the Armuchee circuit, having been assigned to that charge about a year ago. He has been going quietly about his duties and winning the confidence of the better element of the citizenship with whom he comes in contact. This he now has to the fullest extent, it is said, and the good citizens of the Armuchee section of Floyd County are said to be for him to a man. Now he is ready to begin his warfare on the illicit liquor makers and distributors.—Sept. 16, 1921.

AIRPLANE TRIP—Mr. and Mrs. Pennington Nixon flew over Biscayne Bay, near Miami, the other day in an aeroplane, according to a telegram received by Mr. Nixon's twin brother, George Nixon. They had just returnd to Florida after a trip to Cuba.

Mr. and Mrs. Nixon are due back in Rome tomorrow. Mrs. Nixon was formerly Miss Marion Dean.—Jan. 7, 1921.



CAPT. RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON, U. S. N., on a prohibition lecture tour in 1904. With him is Miss Alida Printup.



"OBSEQUIES" AT THE COURTHOUSE OVER A KEG OF "LICKER."

POURS OUT LIQUOR—City Manager Sam King had the rare pleasure last night of pouring out a gallon of licker at the police station which had been captured at the home of Bill Ballard, colored, on East Third street, near the railroad, by Revenue Raider Grover C. Williams and Policemen Jess and Mell Johnson. Bill was landed in a cell.

Mr. King poured it into a sink which became stopped up as the white lightning tried to escape through the drain. He could only sigh. "Them was the happy days."—Jan. 19, 1921.

INTO WATER WAGON—Harv. Wood, a hefty negro ditch digger employed by the city, was arrested yesterday at noon on West Fifth avenue by Officer Tolbert, charged with plain drunkenness. He worked hard for several hours, but got too close to some licker and fell off the water wagon, having been on it about a week.

The old man boarded a car bound for West Rome on Second avenue and started singing. He was warned at the transfer station to keep quiet, but the licker had put him in paradise, and so he was easy for the police to catch. It is said he can dig a lot of ditches when he leaves whisky alone, which he doesn't do about the same time each Saturday. —Sept. 4, 1921.

BOOTLEGGER WARNED—Judge W. J. Nunnally handed out Saturday in City Court sentences to a number of persons convicted during the week. Will Martin, old bootlegger, was fined $100 and given 12 months on the chaingang, but sentence was suspended pending good behavior. "If you are caught with a bottle on your hip, or whisky on your breath, Will, in you go," announced the court. "You have been coming up here about 40 years, it seems, and I have almost given up hope of reforming you. Last time you told me you were going to get into the church. I hope you will reform this time." Will swore by the everlasting devils that he was going to straighten up and be a man.—March 20, 1921.

FIERCE RABBITS—A rabbit fights and whips a hound belonging to John Andrews, farmer, says a report from Kingston, North Carolina.

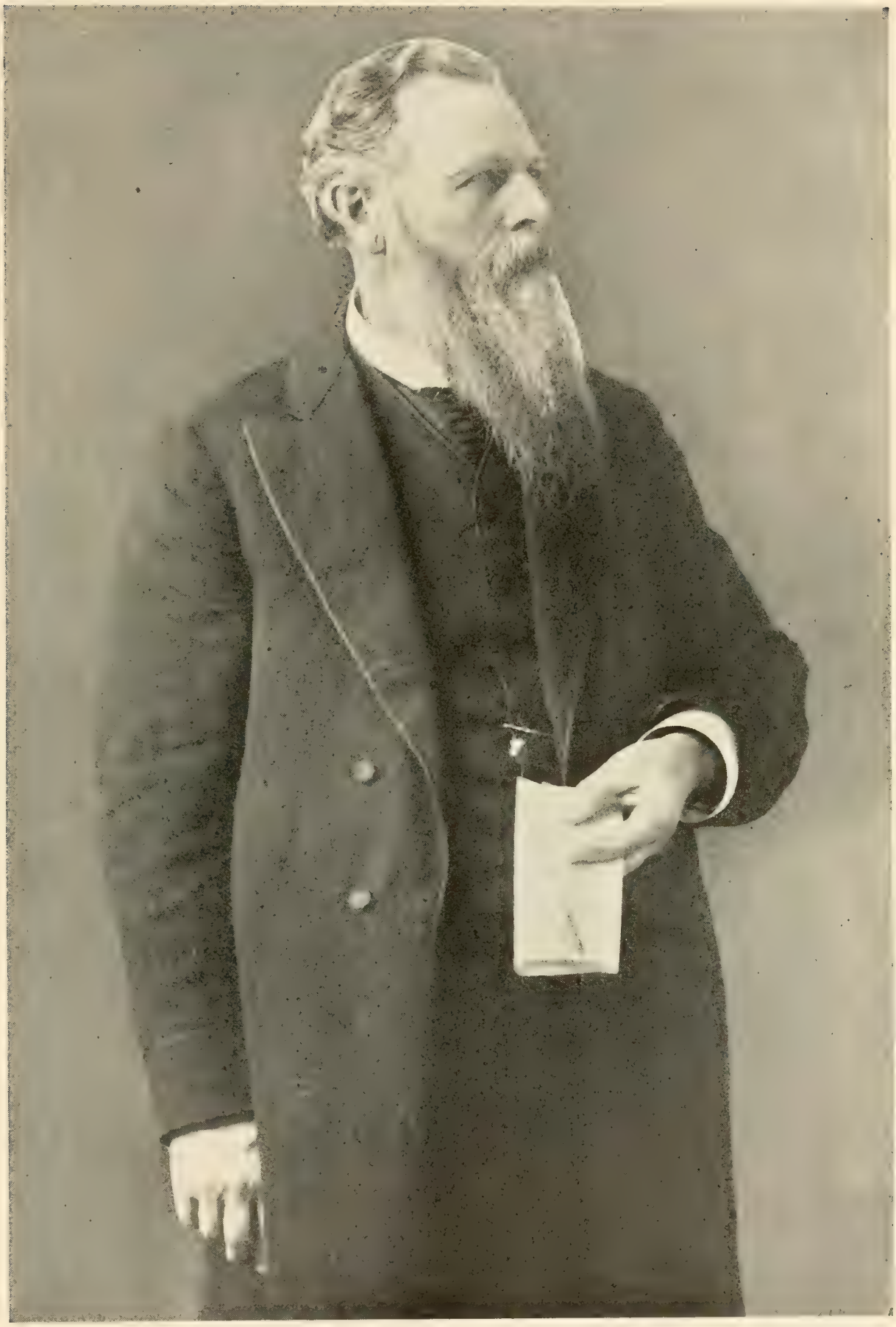
Andrews says the rabbit had been grazing around a moonshine still.

This is of great scientific interest to frequenters of back rooms and cellars, where they sell you a whisk broom with every drink, to brush yourself off when you get up.

It confirms the minstrel gag that "one drink of white-mule will make a rabbit spit in a bulldog's eye."—Sept. 2, 1921.

A QUEER APPETITE—An overdose of watermelon, canned fish and corn liquor proved more serious early this morning for Henderson Jackson, 40, than the usual colored folks' relish of catfish and ice cream might have been.

Henderson kept his soft drink stand open near the Fairbanks plant in West Rome Sunday and appeared to be all right up to 10 o'clock p. m. He had eaten some watermelon and salmon. At 1 a. m. today he staggered up to Annie Perkins' home nearby and complained of pains in his abdomen. He said he thought he would be able to make it home soon. He never got away from here, although Dr. C. I. Cain was called.



L. R. Gioaltney

Coroner Ogles held an inquest this morning, at which a verdict was returned saying he died from an imprudent use of whisky and watermelon. Investigators found a salmon can opened and empty at his stand.—Aug. 8, 1921.

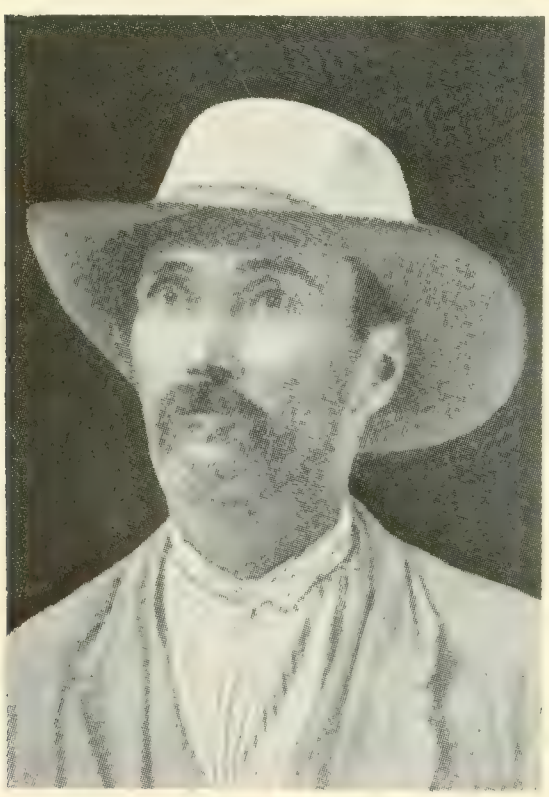
BEER ON SPEED PLACE—Two barrels or 130 gallons of distilled beer were discovered Friday morning by Revenue Agents Williams and Wardlaw at the home of J. M. Weatherby, at Bell's Ferry, Oostanaula River, on the old place of the late Terrell Speed, Floyd County "coonskin statesman." The officers searched a place where brush had been piled on the river bank, in the belief that the distillery had been inundated by the high water.

It is understood that a number of stills have been flooded along the Oostanaula and also the Etowah.

Weatherby is said to have stated that he had the beer as slop for his pigs. He was put under $100 bond by United States Commissioner Printup and he made the bond all right.

Judge Printup put Jim White, colored, under $1,000 bond, Jim having been charged with pumping water through a pipe line half a mile to a still, which was destroyed by Mr. Williams and Mr. Wardlaw. Another negro ran away too fast for the officers to overtake him. This was near Villanow, Walker County, and it was at this place, November 24, that the officers caught Bob Love, Dave Shahan and James Fitzpatrick, farmers, who were put under bond by Judge Printup.

"Lightning sometimes strikes twice in the same place," remarked Mr. Williams, "and it's sometimes white lightning."—Dec. 19, 1920.



TERRELL SPEED, the "coonskin statesman," trapper and fisherman whose friends urged him for the state legislature.

COMMEND CHIEF—Methodist ministers in weekly session this morning adopted resolutions commending Chief of Police Charles I. Harris for his order closing illegally operated stands and places in the city on Sunday.—Jan. 24, 1921.

CATFISH GET "DRINK"—Catfish in the Oostanaula River Thursday behaved queerly following a windfall of sprituous liquors that came their way Wednesday night when Policemen Mell and Jess Johnson and Revenue Agent Grover C. Williams poured 14 gallons of licker into the gutter at the police station, in the presence of Chief Harris, several other officers and a thirsty newspaper man.

The officers found the spirits in an automobile near the plant of the Indian Refining Company in East Rome, and brought car and contents to the station. The owner of the car is said to be known. The capture is supposed to have made a dent in the supply for a certain section of East Rome where young men gather.—Feb. 6, 1921.

WOMAN'S DIVINE RIGHT—Whether or not a wife has a right to take money from her husband's pockets while he is asleep or out of his room will be the point to be determined before Justice Sapp Reese this afternoon, when a man of middle age will appear as prosecutor of his young wife. It's a fine point of law that will be watched with much interest by all married men. It is alleged that the man left a goodly sum in his coat pocket under his pillow. When he went for it the money was gone. He charges that only his wife had been in the room.—Jan. 4, 1921.

PEANUT BUTTER CONSUMPTION—W. McIntyre, manager of the Rogers' store at 503 Broad street, has received a check for $20, being second prize offered by L. W. Rogers for the largest sale of peanut butter. Mr. McIntyre beat the best Atlanta store by $5.44, with 540 jars of peanut butter sold during two weeks.—Sept. 9, 1921.

SPEED DEMON IN 1910—Editor Tribune: Your account in Sunday's issue of the police court society event of Saturday morning was very interesting, as well as humorous. I am glad if the part I played in the performance was a means of entertaining the good people of Rome for a few minutes. Such recreation no doubt lengthens human life, as well also as making the said life a rippling stream of laughter—but "never again," so far as your humble servant is concerned.

I saw a machine going down Second avenue Saturday afternoon, Sept. 24th, 1910, at not less than 50 miles an hour. I have seen automobiles run at all speeds, slow, fast, touching the high planes, etc., but that machine beat all. Feeling it my duty to my fellow citizens to do what I could toward putting a stop to this reckless indifference to human life, I, at great personal inconvenience and neglect of my business, reported the matter to the police and attended the aforesaid society event.

The reckless driving of the autoist referred to is well known and much talked of.

In the future the aforesaid gentleman and his car, or any other man can drive down Second avenue or any other avenue, as fast as they please, so far as I am concerned. There will be no voluntary second appearance of your humble servant in police society events.

If the reckless running of machines on our streets is allowed to continue, the time will soon come when the broken limbs and lost lives of Rome people will present the automobile situation to you in a light so serious that it will not be presented to your readers as a humorous society police court event, but accounts of saddened, desolate homes and funeral processions will be their entertainment.—John H. Reynolds.

"PARSON" STAGES HOT BOUTS —"Parson" H. F. Joyner staged a series of hot juvenile bouts with gloves Friday night at the Maple Street Community gymnasium, and about 100 persons, mostly boys, attended.

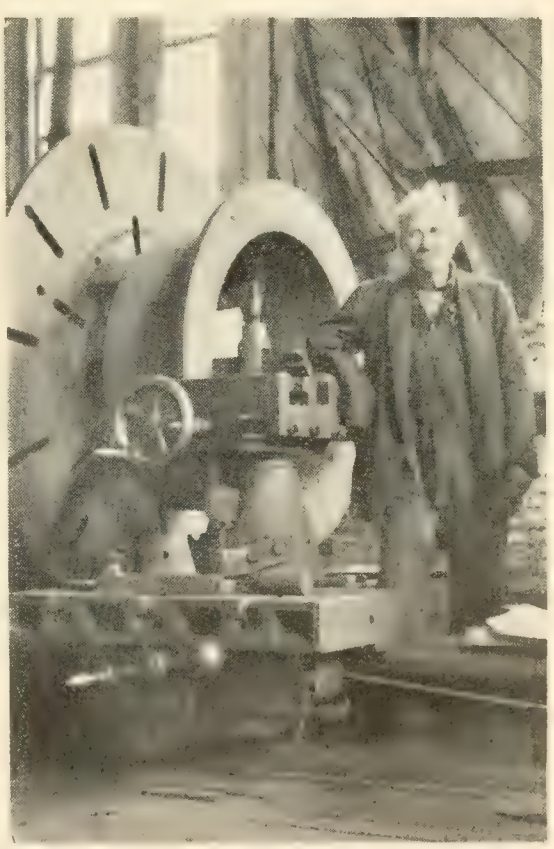
Alton Cole knocked out Broadus Murdock in the third round. Referee Carl Griffin counted ten over young Murdock and Cole was declared the winner.

W. E. Bridges got the decision over Joe Brauda in a six-round bout, and Porter Harvey knocked the wind out of Robert Shahan in the second round.

Another entertainment of the sort is being planned by Mr. Joyner in his effort to teach the boys how to take care of themselves.—July 31, 1921.

CIVILIANS BITE "SAWDUST"—Nearly 200 people attended the boxing bouts Friday night at "Parson" Joyner's Maple Street Community House gymnasium. It was a good show for the boys formerly in the army who had learned the noble art of self-defense, but not so good for certain civilians who were out of condition. The doughboys knocked the "sawdust" out of their antagonists in short order.

Concerning the moral involved in boxing fostered by a church organization, Dr. Joyner said yesterday: "Some people who are invited to invest in our work occasionally say we are teaching young men things that they are trying to get them away from—fighting. What we are doing is teaching boys how to defend themselves on a basis of fair play. Most young fellows growing up are sensitive. They nurse little grudges a long time. A lick with the fist is remembered; it calls for retaliation at some future time; a lick with the gloves usually does little harm, and sensitiveness and grudges die out with it.



WM. T. COMER, of the Davis Foundry, beside the machine lathe which the Nobles used to make Confederate cannon.

"After getting a stout punch in the 'slats' or the nose, a boy comes up laughing, and everybody laughs with him. It is seldom anybody gets mad. The exercise is good for the boys, and if they are ever called upon to defend themselves, they can do a good job. The boys bring their girls to our bouts; they leave oaths outside and cigarettes at home.

"Rubbing shoulders is the best thing in the world for boys. Competition puts them on the same plane. They learn to win through merit, and this encourages them to make adequate preparation, and to be prepared always. A boy who joins in with the bunch makes a better citizen than he who keeps aloof. He develops a sense of humor, of give and take, that is helpful throughout his

"Boys who engage in these friendly little bouts do not go around spreading tales and scandal about their companions. They are too busy playing the game right to indulge in such."

Lockers for the gymnasium are due to be installed this week, and the next thing, Mr. Joyner hinted, would be a Maple Street Athletic Association recruited from the boys of the Anchor Duck Mill.—Aug. 16, 1921.



SARAH JOYCE STEWART and Ben Yancey's South American parrot, "Polly," who is a great pet with children near the Clock Tower.

HOUSEWIVES SUFFER—J. S. Rider, manager of the local gas plant, found himself an unpopular mortal this morning when he was forced to cut the gas off from every home, office and shop in Rome. The trouble was that a main under the plant got clogged up with tar or water, or both. Housewives called the plant from so many sources that the office man left the telephone receiver off the hook until the damage could be remedied temporarily.—Nov. 2, 1920.

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HIGHT'S WIRELESS MUSIC—Gordon L. Hight, amateur wireless operator, entertained his friends at The News office and a good many others last night with a wireless phone concert, having picked up a "message" out of the air from Pittsburg and connected it through his instrument with telephones around Rome.—Nov. 21, 1920.

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BIBLE READING SET-BACK—Declaring the resolutions passed by the ministers and laymen on Bible reading in the public schools to be camouflage, Rev. H. Fields Saumenig, rector of St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Sunday urged his communicants to oppose the movement. He said he approved reading and prayer in principle, but was against the "unlimited measure" of the proponents.—Dec. 6, 1920.

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YANCEY PARROT ON HIKE—Ben Yancey's parrot "Polly" felt a touch of spring Tuesday and went flying away from his adopted home on East Second street, Tower Hill. He flew to the top of an oak tree in the yard of the Catholic parsonage on East First street, and there wailed:

"Polly wants a cracker, cracker, chew tobacco!"

Seeing a likely perch on the top of St. Peter's Episcopal Church, he flew there, and began to curse frightfully. His raucous cries brought a jaybird to find out what was the matter, and when the jay discovered that it was only a feathered biped like himself, he flew at "Polly" as if to devour him. The parrot flung out a long wing, and, as the small boy would say, "hit him on the chin."

"Polly" is a South American bird and has a tail about 18 inches long and a beautiful coat of red and green feathers.

He created considerable interest during the recent World War by perching on the end of a large American flag which flew from a flagstaff at the top

of the Neely School on Tower Hill, thus carrying out with a fine relish the eagle-like symbolism in Old Glory. The wind was strong enough to bear "Polly" at the tip end of the huge flag, and there he clung, shouting "Over the top and at the damned Germans, boys!" until hunger told him it was time to come down.—Mar. 17, 1921.

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FINDS POSSUM IN TRAP—Sam Whitmire, of Everett Springs, is lucky at catching 'possums now and then. He was coming in to the town the other day and wishing he had one to take Mrs. Robert Battey. Before leaving, he went to the hen house to gather the eggs, and attached to a steel trap which he had set for some quadruped that had been catching his chickens he found a big fat 'possum.

Mr. 'Possum had been caught by the left hind foot. He was shoved into a crocus sack and brought to town, and served by Mrs. Battey with his best smile on and potatoes six inches high.—Jan. 10, 1921.

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LINDALE HEN BUSY—R. C. Banks, who resides near Lindale, is the proud possessor of a hen—a real old-time hen—that is worth her weight in gold. Banks declared that she is laying one huge egg each day in the week, not resting on Sunday, and that every egg she lays has two yolks, which would make her laying equal to two eggs a day. At this rate, at the present price of fresh eggs, she would lay $50 worth of eggs in twelve months.—Tribune-Herald, October 29, 1920.

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FOG HINDERS FIREMEN—The heaviest fog in years hung over Rome Monday night like a blanket and proved dangerous for vehicle drivers and pedestrians. It was possible to see ahead only about 50 feet, and automobile lights proved almost useless. Horns sounded like the noise makers of steamers stuck in fogs.

At 10:02 p. m. the fire department answered a false alarm call from box 14, Fourth Ward, evidently turned in by a mischief maker. Through the fog the chief's car and the wagons plowed at reduced speed. The East Rome company also answered. It was found that the glass plate over the key to the box had been broken, and the key was gone. So were the practical jokers.—Feb. 4, 1921.

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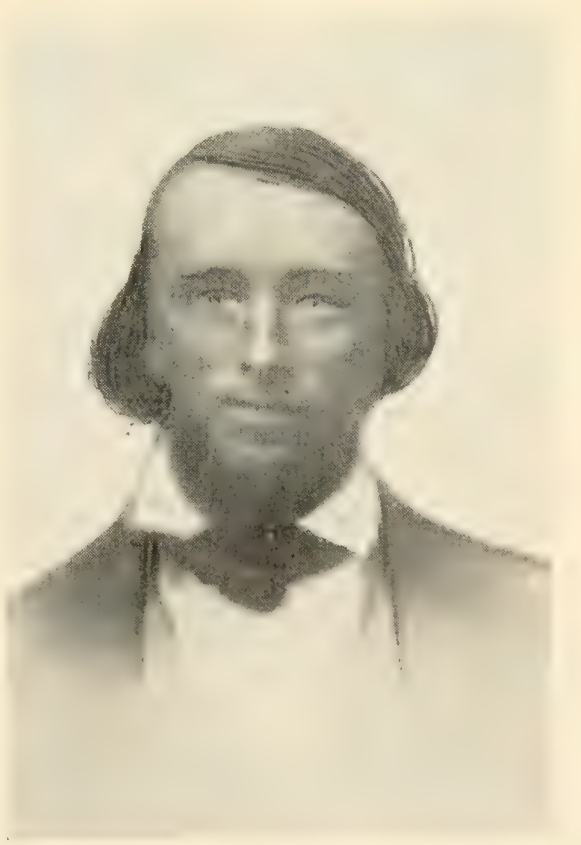
INSECT PLAGUE HALTS CARS—An insect plague hit Rome for a few hours Friday night. Although less were out last night, they could not be counted by any human device.

Romans attempted to get to their homes Friday night about 8:30 o'clock across the Second avenue bridge spanning the Etowah and Oostanaula Rivers, only to be held up because the insects were two feet thick in places. One business man's automobile was stalled on the Etowah bridge. His wheels slid around as if he had been on a ballroom floor, and it was only by applying a generous sprinkle of sand that he found it possible to continue home.

The insects swarmed on the windshield of another young citizen so he had to get down and scrape them off with a monkey wrench. At that he got plenty of them in his ears, eyes and hair, for they arose at his approach.

This young man said the critters emitted an odor as of stale fish. He ran into a meat market for some air.

The insects were about an inch long, with wings nearly that length, and narrow, black bodies. They did not bear any resemblance to anything worth while, but appeared to be devoid of all stingers. They congregated



FRANCIS MARION FREEMAN, of "Riverside," Etowah river, whose home was a center of generous hospitality many years.

especially under the electric lights, and there held close communion.

All day Friday and part of Saturday myriads of insects thought to have been the same as those infesting the streets gathered along the river banks. They weighted down willows and other bushes almost to the snapping point, to such an extent that many of the insects fell off and broke their necks or were drowned. Great patches floated down the rivers, but did not seem to attract the fish. They looked suspiciously like young snake doctors, but that is an unofficial surmise.—June 19, 1921.

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"PRIMA DONNA" AT CEDARTOWN—Julian Eltinge was driven from his fame as a feminine impersonator Friday night when Jim Maddox, disguised as the wife of Glenn Harris, captivated the Cedartown Kiwanis Club and guests with his presence and his voice (the voice being that of Mrs. Ben Yancey, who sang from a concealed position while Maddox manipulated his lips.) In addition to this humorous stunt, Rome Kiwanians also participated in the after-dinner speeches at the charter presentation of the Cedartown club, which was held with elaborate ceremony at the new Wayside Inn. The charter was presented by H. E. Kelley, lieutenant governor of Georgia Kiwanis clubs.

District Governor Bob Wessels also was present and made a happy address. Frank Reynolds' talk on "Bachelordom" was a scream.

Sixteen Romans attended the celebration. They were: Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Kelley, Mr. and Mrs. Benj. C. Yancey, Mr. and Mrs. Hilary Yeargan, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Combs, Mr. and Mrs. Hughes T. Reynolds, Henderson Lanham, Jr., James Maddox, G. G. Harris, E. Pierce McGhee, J. W. Bryson, G. H. Hays.—Dec. 12, 1920.

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A LAWYER ON THE HAT—Hats, styles of hats for men and how they should be worn, the evolution of the hat from barbaric days down through the ages, the hat as emblematic of man's downfall, the hat as a simile for man's attitude toward life was the topic of conversation and oratory at Wilson Hardy's presentation of a "top piece" to Walter Cothran last night at a dinner at the country club given by Mr. Hardy to members of the executive committee and special workers of the recent road bond campaign. The particular hat in question was one designed as an emblem of chieftainship. It was a creation that might be set up as a stunning sartorial adornment for the species to rival the hats worn by the fairer but not weaker sex.

The dinner was a delicious assortment of foods served faultlessly and was of a flavor to give zest to the mood of the men who had gathered for a jubilee over the overwhelming bond election victory. Mr. Hardy as host presided with his happy manner on such occasions and announced that Col. Wright Willingham would present the hat.

"The hat is a symbol of man's downfall, his subjugation," said Col. Willingham, "and I have no pleasure in presenting one to a man of such distinction as Walter Cothran, who should be regarded as one among the few capable of maintaining the exalted place of man."

"Time was when man wore horns!" dramatically cried Col. Willingham, with a hark-back to evolutionary processes and a shake of his handsome iron-gray mane. "He didn't wear a hat. Then he shed his horns and wore long, shaggy hair. In the present enlightened age we forego hair and wear



DONALD HARPER, native Roman who enjoys a snug berth in Paris as "Liaison Officer" between the French and American governments.

a hat. Verily, man is softened by civilization!"

Col. Willingham declared that if Walter Cothran must wear a hat, it should be one denoting courage, with the front pinned back to permit him to look every man in the eye, one with a feather to denote leadership, and one with streamers to ripple behind him as he goes forth to combat. It was such a hat that he presented to the chairman of the city committee whose generalship was credited with getting out a larger per cent of city votes for bonds than was cast in the rural districts under the leadership of Wilson Hardy.

Mr. Cothran responded, but did not promise to wear the hat beyond the confines of his home. His assigned subject was, "If the hat fits you, wear it." With this theme he likened the hat to a man's relationship to the community. Some men are loath to discard comfortable old hats for a new one of a different block; some are loath to get out of the rut of old ways to take on new ways. Some men are so old fashioned that they refuse to wear a new hat style; some are so old fogy that they refuse to do anything for the advancement of their community. Some keep up with the procession wearing new hats; some accept new duties and responsibilities of a civic nature. He said that in no other place in America are there more men and women who are willing to accept the new hat of civic service than in Rome and that the service is always well done.



WRIGHT WILLINGHAM, authority on hats, boll weevils, home-building, economics, better citizenship, high water and the law.

Lester C. Bush read a few spasms of original verse on the bond campaign. Hughes Reynolds spoke of "Bonds Is Bonds," Leon Covington told how to keep dead men from voting, Ed Maddox glorified the "immortal 67" who voted against bonds, saying that they represented the factor really responsible for the victory because they formed the opposition needed to arouse the advocates of bonds. He said he admired their courage if not their judgment, but that always on all questions men disagree and that they were entitled to their opinions.

Judge John W. Maddox, the "old war horse" of good roads, was asked to tell why he opposed (?) the bond issue. He said he was opposed (?) to spending the people's money for good roads because it wouldn't be long before everybody is flying in airships and the roads wouldn't be used any more.

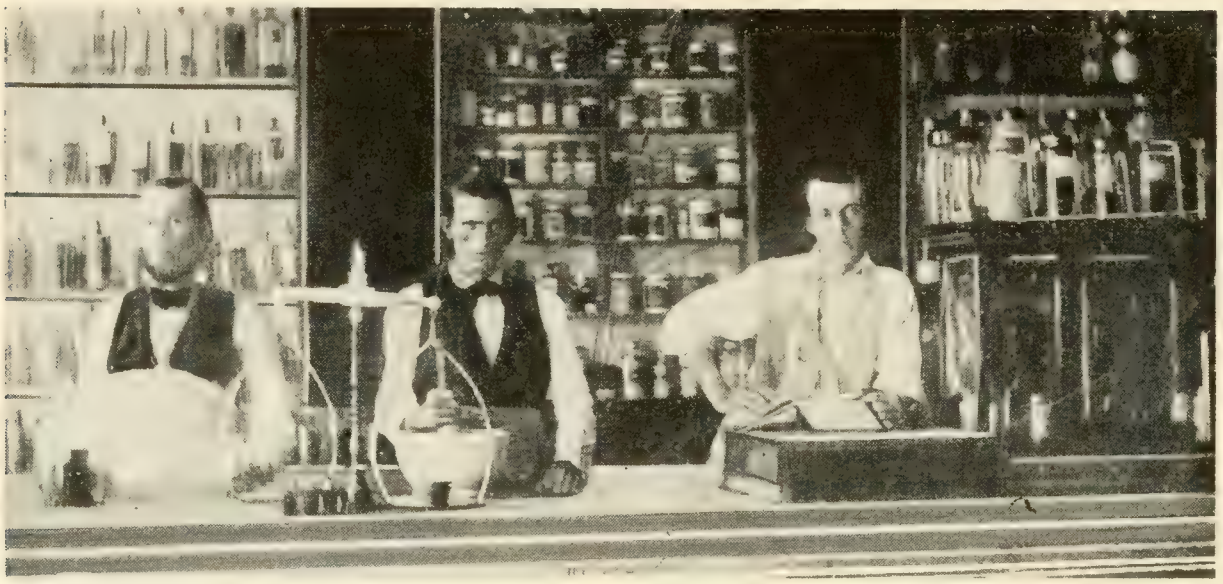
The guests responded to a toast to John M. Graham, whose personality as general chairman of the campaign was declared to have been the winning factor in the election. With a toast to the host who had so gracefully fulfilled a campaign pledge, the dinner adjourned.—June 23, 1921.

WUXTRY! FIRST STRAW—Saturday afternoon's balmy air brought out the first straw hat of the season. It was seen on a healthy young buck from a small town near Rome, and it attracted so much attention that a crowd of boys gathered and followed it some distance up Broad.

Rome merchants took the tip and began to search for bills of lading on straw goods ordered some time ago.

Easter is expected to bring out a lot of straw hat wearers who are a bit timid as yet, not to mention the Easter bonnets that the women always wear, and the new suits worn by men and women alike.—Mar. 20, 1921.

WORK STREETS OR PAY—Notices have been sent out by C. I. Harris, city marshal, requiring certain persons to appear at the City Hall Monday, May 16, at 7 o'clock a. m., with pick or shovel, for the purpose of working



ROBERT BATTEY AS A DRUG CLERK IN ROME.

Dr. Battey went into business with his brother, Dr. Geo. M. Battey, at No. 3 Exchange Hotel Block, and was a pharmacist nearly ten years before he studied surgery. On the left is Dr. Wm. Farell, once city physician, and between them Dr. Farell's son, Johnathan. (From a daguerreotype, about 1848).

on the streets four days. Nearly everybody is included. The streets are said to be in bad condition, particularly in some of the neighborhoods, and if everybody will work, they can be put in shape to walk and ride upon.

However, anybody who can't afford to work for a dollar a day will plank down $4 and be excused.—May 26, 1921.

A POET'S TRIBUTE TO THE COW—By R. S. Kennard: Little do we realize the debt we owe to the cow. During the dark ages of savagery and barbarism, we find her early ancestors natives of the forests of the old world. As the bright rays of civilization penetrated the darkness of that early period, man called upon the cow, and she came forth from her seclusion to share in the efforts that gave us a greater nation and more enlightened people.

In 1493, when Columbus made his second voyage to America, the cow came with him. Her sons helped till the soil of our ancestors, helped clear dense forests, and made homes possible for the coming generations—and when the tide of emigration turned westward, they hauled the belongings of the pioneer across the sun-scorched plains and over the mountain ranges to the homes beyond. Truly the cow is man's greatest benefactor. Hail, wind, drought and floods may come, destroy our crops and banish our hopes, but from what is left, the cow manufactures the most nourishing and life-sustaining foods. We love her for her docility, her beauty and her usefulness. Her loyalty has never weakened and should misfortune overtake us, as we become bowed down with the weight of years, we know that in the cow we have a friend that was never known to falter. She pays the debt. She saves the home.—May 1, 1921.

NECROLOGICAL—Frank C. Caldwell, aged 30 years, whose young wife died less than a year ago, and whose son died last week, passed away early this morning at his home, No. 604 East Third street, after a short illness with pneumonia. His only remaining child, a young boy, is now critically ill with the same disease.

The funeral, which will occur at 2 o'clock this afternoon from the residence, will be conducted by Rev. Mr. Nelson, under the direction of the local camp of Modern Woodmen of America, of which deceased was a member. Interment will be at Antioch Cemetery, where the wife and child also lie.

Mr. Caldwell was an honest, industrious and moral young man whose passing away is a source of regret to all who knew him.—Nov. 24, 1920.

FIRE AND RIDING HABIT—Miss Ora Belle Updegrove yesterday donned a habit not quite as extreme as the gray check riding suit she wore through the streets of Rome Friday following a fire



MARTHA BURNETT SPULLOCK, daughter of Judge and Mrs. Jas. M. Spullock, in her day one of the most beautiful belles in Cherokee Georgia. She married Willis P. Chisholm and went to live in Atlanta.



THE OLD CITY HALL, NOW ROME NEWS PLANT.

Thursday night at the residence of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George B. Updegrove, near Armuchee. A blaze that destroyed two rooms in the home took practically all her wearing apparel, and she came to Broadway without a horse for the purpose of replenishing her wardrobe, and spent Friday night with friends.

Neighbors rushed to the house with buckets and finally put out the fire. The rest of the home was saved. A defective flue caused the fire.—Dec. 19, 1921.

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"KAMERAD!"—"What is that monument at Broad and Second avenue?" inquired Harry Snellings, of the Firestone Tire Co., Atlanta, on his first visit to Rome, Thursday.

"That commemorates the day in 1863 when Col. Streight, of Indiana, with 1,400 men, yelled 'Kamerad!' at Gen. Nathan B. Forrest, with 400," replied a friend of Mr. Snellings.

Mr. Snellings immediately became interested in Rome history and went off looking for a pipe, a breastplate and a sword hilt dug up here years ago and supposed to have been left by Ferdinand DeSoto, the well-known Spanish cavalier.—Jan. 27, 1921.

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LOCAL INTELLIGENCE — There was no police court this morning, although it was the regular session day. Several cases were set for trial, but witnesses failed to show up and the cases went over to the Monday session, when Recorder Ben Yancey takes the judge's chair and will begin his four-year term of office. Mr. Yancey has been a recorder before as well as mayor of Rome, and those who remember his manner of performing his duty know that he will give the city a good administration.

There was no meeting of the Rome Baseball Association this morning, as had been called. Many of the members of the board of directors had business engagements that kept them from attending the meeting, and so, preferring to have the full directorate present, the meeting was postponed until a later date.—Dec. 31, 1920.

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ROME'S GARBAGE DUMP—The dead body of a boy baby was found Thursday afternoon when a garbage wagon dumped a box on the bank of the Oostanaula River, Fourth Ward, just across from the court house.—Mar. 20, 1921.

———

DON'T BE A SLACKER!—Every newspaper, almost all of the trade journals, and every man, woman and child, individually and collectively, are seemingly engaged in the delightful indoor sport of preaching pessimism, predicting disasters and hard times generally. Folks are meandering around

with faces as long as yardsticks, a yellow tinge to their physiognomies; and a bad condition of the liver, weak hearts and flimsy spinal columns—all because, in the process of readjustment, business has necessarily slumped. Nobody smiles—nobody thinks of the big bunch of simoleons he has made during the abnormally prosperous times. No indeed, the country is going to the bow-wows and everything is greased for the occasion.—First National Bank, Feb. 9, 1921.

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This is no time for slackers, either at the head of the business or at work in the shops. It will be a survival of the fittest, and many will fall by the wayside. It is up to you whether you will bite the dust in defeat or with a real spirit that brooks no obstacles, surmount all difficulties, emerging from the struggle a victorious, unconquerable, red-blooded American business man.—First National Bank, Feb. 11, 1921.

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JURY JUSTICE.—The following case is on record at the Floyd County Court house:

On Wednesday, July 21, 1869, two brothers, Adolphus and R. Pass, were arraigned for stealing a pig from a man named Warren. The case coming to trial in the Superior Court before Judge Francis A. Kirby, Judge Augustus R. Wright addressed the jury thus in behalf of the accused, after the solicitor, Joel Branham, had concluded his argument:

"Gentlemen of the jury, these men fought gallantly for their country during the war. It is true they are poor, while their accuser is prosperous; and the plaintiff not only did not fight, but he hired a substitute to fight for him. I ask you to take into account the unusual circumstances of the case, as well as the denial of the defendants."

The jury deliberated a few minutes and returned a verdict substantially as follows:

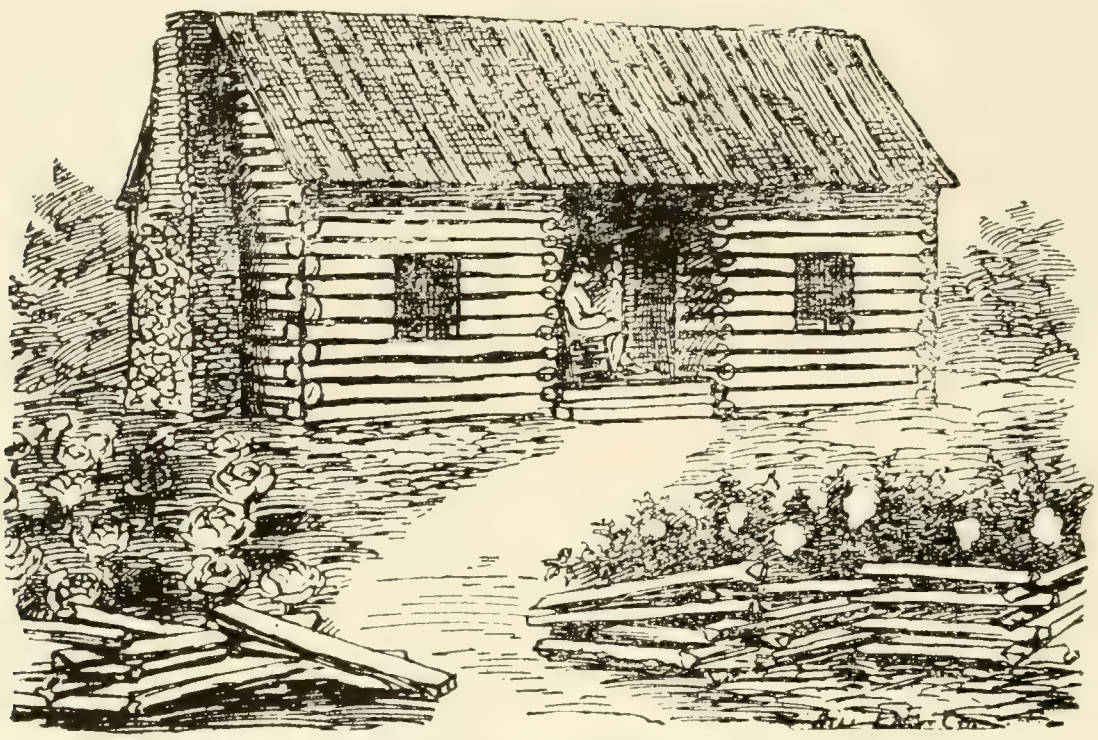
"On account of the scarcity of meat and the hardness of the times, we, the jury, find the defendants not guilty."



MRS. AUGUSTUS R. WRIGHT, wife of the Rome Congressman, from an old daguerreotype of their Washington days.



JOHN C. GLOVER'S BARACA CLASS OF THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, 1921.



FLOYD COUNTY'S FIRST COURTHOUSE, LIVINGSTON, 1833.

"OLD SETTLERS"

Following is a partial list of "pioneers" whose names appear on the books in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court as having participated in transfers of Rome and Floyd County real estate from 1833 through 1837. Among them are the ancestors of many well-known Georgians:

1833-1835—J. L. Abraham, A. B. Austin, J. B. Arnold, Mark Ambrose, J. F. Abernathy, A. J. Austin, John Bailey, Nathan Briton, James Belk, Robert Boyle, Ezekiel Buffington, Lewis M. Brantley, John Brewster, E. T. Bush, Jos. G. Blance, John Brooks, Jas. H. Bryan, William Blalock, John Baker, Benjamin Baker, T. Byrd, John Barry, A. L. Barry, W. B. Cone, John Caldwell, James Cunningham, J. C. Coker, John Carmichael, Jesse W. Cozzart, W. H. Cleghorn, Thos. Camp, Reuben Cone, Thos. W. Connally, H. M. Cunningham, John Copeland, Henry B. Cone, Henry Dillon, Thos. Dillard, James Donahoo, Alvin Dean, D. Dickson, Norman Duffie, W. H. Edwards, Jas. Eppinger, James Ellis, J. P. Ellington, Wm. Ezzard, Tomlinson Fort, Wm. Fish, Jos. Ford, A. B. Griffin, Benj. Garrett, W. B. Graves, Z. B. Hargrove, P. W. Hemphill, A. T. Harper, H. B. Hathaway, Saml. Hale, Josiah Horton, Nathaniel Harris, K. W. Hargrove, Wm. Hardin, Seaton Hall, Jas. Hemphill, John Harwell, Thos. H. Hughes, John A. Hughes, Moses Hendricks, Alex Hawkins, Thos. Holland, Theo T. Horseby, Joab Kendricks, John Humphries, S. J. Johnson, T. D. Johnson, John A. Jones, Jesse Johnson, A. H. Johnson, Berry Jones, Thos. G. James, Seaborn Johnson, Joseph Johnson, J. W. Jackson, John Jolly, Jr., Thos. B. King, Freeman Kellogg, Andrew Kimberley, Jas. S. King, Francis W. King, Francis Kirby, Robt. Knight, Anson Kimberly, G. W. F. Lamkin, John Lamar, B. Lawrence, Geo. M. Lavender, Jas. Lawrence, Sarah Leggett, James Long, Peter Lamar, Jesse Lane, Tice Lowry, Lewis A. L. Lamkin, Thos. W. A. Lumtix, Pleasant R. Lyle, J. H. Lumpkin, Robt. Ligon, Setha Moore, M. Montgomery, Geo. Miller, Mordecai Myers, David Mimms, Lelm Milliga, Pat Marlow, Chas. H. McCall, Shad Morris, Hudson Moss, F. G. Moss, Elijah Maddox, Wm. G. Morris, Wright Murph, X. G. McFarland, D. R. Mitchell, John W. Martin, Geo. Moore, Robt. Mitchell, Jas. A. Nesbit, P. Nugent, J. M. Norwood, James O'Bryan, Benj. Odell, Asa Prior, Wm. T. Price, James Price, Drewery Peoples, M. Pendegrass, Chas. Price, Jacob C. Putnam, George Park, John L. Ponder, Jas. Phillips, Saml. T. Payne, Hugh Quin, J. Richards, W. T. Richards, C. P. Richardson, E. G. Rogers, Jos. Rivers, Jas. Russell, John Rush, Saml. Roe, Edwin G. Rogers, Isham S. Rainey, Amos G. Robinson, Robt. Ralston, Wm. Smith, Peter Strickland, Morgan H. Snow, Leastom Snead, Stephen Smith, Adam G. Safford, Eralboa Seymour, Wm. R. Smith, W. Shropshire, Jas. Sanborn, John Smith, James Scott, Reuben C.



HOME BUILT BY COL. DANIEL S. PRINTUP AT 707 BROAD STREET.

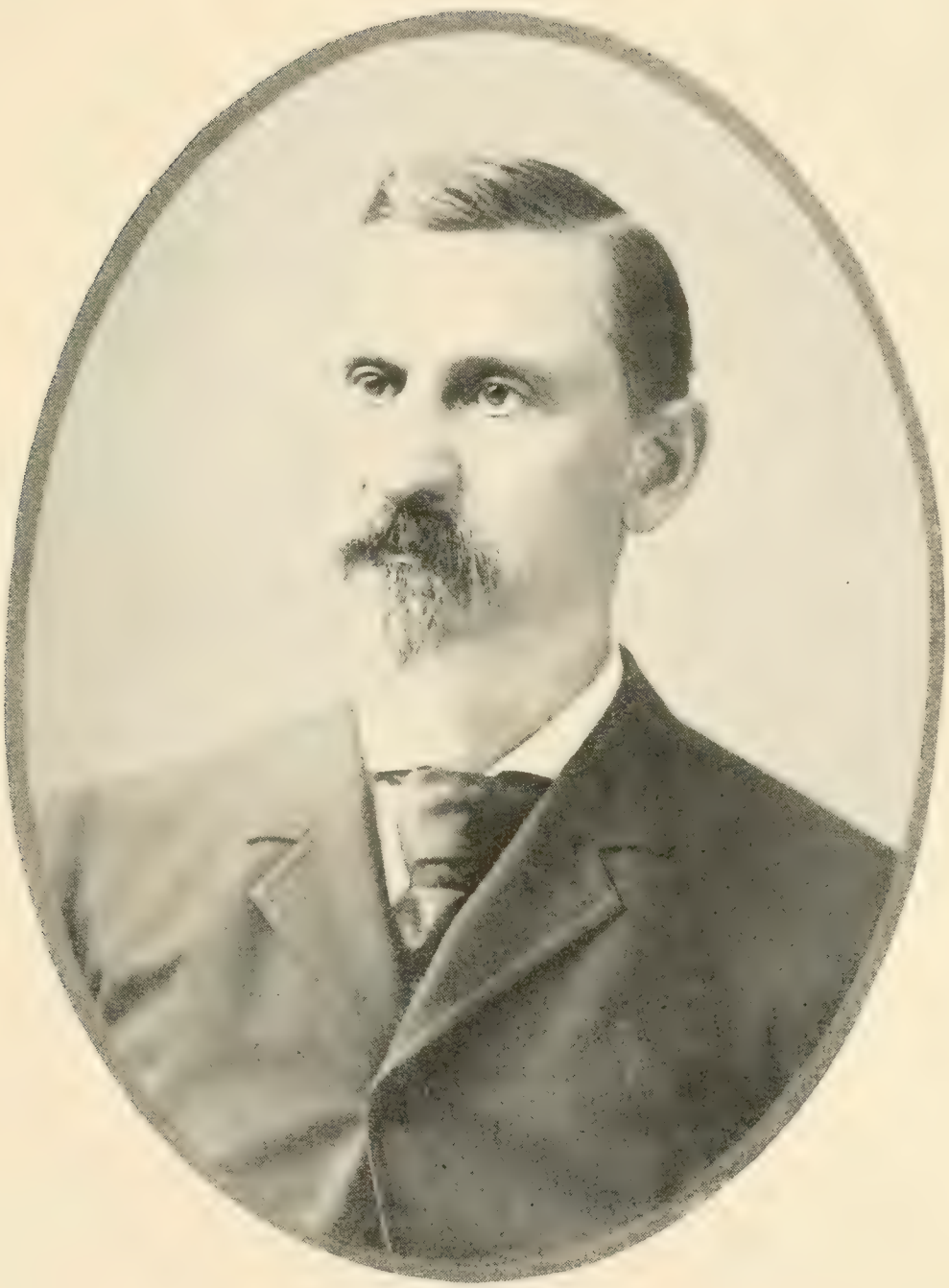
Shutre, W. C. Street, Jackson Trout, John Townsend, Thos. Treadaway, Tucbey F. Thomas, John Trammell, Wm. Terrell, Geo. W. Underwood, Henry Vincent, Asa W. Veal, Aug. N. Verdery, Math. Varner, Sr., N. N. Verdery, A. Weatherford, J. B. Williams, Benj. Watson, Jos. Watson, George Wood, Robt. Ware, Wm. H. Williamson, James Wells, Jeremiah Watters, Moses Wright, Norman Wallace, Jos. Watters, Elisha Yancey, Joseph York, Danl. Zuber, Jas. B. Zachey, N. B. Felton, Nathan Maroney, Joshua Smith, John Dailey, Jr., Edwin Lattimer, Lyman Sherwood, Granberry Templeton, Silas Mercer, Jr., Wm. Carlisle, W. M. Clemons, Francis Riviere, E. B. Wallace, Telfair Posey, Richmond Holmes, Thos. Eason. P. W. Kimbrell, S. R. Hargis, Wm. R. Patton, Wm. P. Kolb, Jeremiah Clarke, Wm. Chestnutt, F. B. Holliday, Wm. Todd, W. R. Welborn, John B. Harvey, W. Connor, Joshua Humphries, Sarah Woodcock, Eli Ajor, John Cabbage, Wm. Seals, Z. Carpenter, Jas. H. Watts, Jesse Walker, Pressley Garner, Ann Smith, Saml. Whitfield, Jno. Nablett, Mary Ford, H. Redingfield, Jno. J. Averett, H. B. Hill, Esther Jepson, Benj. Jepson, Reuben Early, Jno. Sparrow, Nancy Yancey, Ambrose Sanders, Wm. S. Booth, J. D. Jourden, Nath Johnson, Rhoda Whidden, Ferriba Freeman, Jos. Brantley, Barnea West, Denny Peeples, Jas. W. Cooper, Isaac Roberts, Major Peace, H. P. Brannon, Simeon Taylor, Saml. Wilkins, Mark Wilcox, Allen Vanderford, J. C. Campbell, Henry S. Melton, Littleton Thomaston, Aaron Cross, John Higgs, C. G. Fleming, Geo. W. McIntosh, Wm. Hardin, Wm. Young, Julius Clark, Berry Hobbs, Eping Harris, C. Garrison, Fountain Wood, Jno. Osteen, John Stewart, Henry T. Brumby, Isham R. Burkhalter, A. T. Hardin, Danl. Majors, Wm. Duke, Wm. Carroll, Thos. Pope, Garrett Hudman, Seaborn Hall, Seaborn Nally, Ausborn Reeves, Isaiah Goulden, Jas. Monk, Thos. Edge, Marquis Ambrose, Luke Johnson, Absalom Duncan, John R. Jeter, Wm. Henderson, Henry Monger, Stephen O. Kelly, Robt. Thompson, Josh Hatcheisiegnor, Mary Parish, Mary Carter, Gilford Kent, Hosea Camp, John Buckner, H. V. Hathaway, Abel Lee, Thos. Dillard, Jesse Lipthrop, Thos. C. Bolton, Sampoa Black, Jno. R. Boon, Asa Weaver, Garrett Hudinaw, Seaborn Delk, Washington Baker, A. D. Woods, Vincent Gordon, Wm. Truscott, Jno. Pedon, Hollis Cooley, Wm. D. Hansell, J. McKinney, Richard Ferkinson, Saml. H. Harrison, Jos. Bohan, Asa McLusky, Jacob Coxe, Jas. C. Grizzle, Sion Hall, Jos. Janson, Mathew Siglar, G. McFarland, Wm. H. Broach, John Kilgore, J. M. Kilgore, Nathan Lewis, Wm. C. Swindle, Wm. B. Hardison, N. Yancey, John Carlton, Mary Yates and Jesse Lickroy.

1835-1837—J. T. Cunningham, John Cathey, H. M. Cunningham, R. G. Dunlap, S. P. Dugas. Jno. J. Dodd, S. C. Ellington, John Ellis, James Ellis, John Fife, Wm. Fain, Geo. French, W. G. Fields, Wm. Glover, Jas. Gamble, Jacob Gimble, Jas. Glenn, Larkin Griffin, Jno. E. Glover, Jno. Gent, Jos. Glaze, Asaph Hall, Lyon Hall, Johnathan Hopper, Jno. Holsenback, G. W. Hanson, Jas. Hart, Alex Harkins, Jno. Hines, Frances Irwin, Wm. Jeffries, Chas. Knowles, Samuel Knox, Geo. Kellogg, Saml. Knox, Jr., Wm. Kimball, Geo. Kitchen, Lawrence Bennett, Lewis R. Lewis, Jno. Mooney, Seab Mays, Jas. Morrison, A. & Z. Metz, Hugh McCullock, J. J. Miller, Wm. McCain, Saml. Millican, Hugh McGhee, A. Moseley, Fuller Millsaps, Jas. Moore, John L. Moody, Micajah Martin, Jno. McMorrin, Jesse New, Saml. R. Overby, Jno. Onstead, Jacob C. Putnam, Geo. Parks, Thos. S. Price, Saml. T. Payne, Dennis Paschal, Wm. Post, Benj. G. Pollard, Saml. Post, Penel Quarles, Thos. Ragland, M. & T. Reece, Armistead Richardson, D. Reynolds, Margaret Reed, Jno. C. Rasberry, Martin P. Sparks, Wm. Slay, Jas. Spullock, Jno. Standard, Jas. W. Strong, Chas. Smith, Jno. Trammell, Henry B. Thompson, Saml. Tate, Seaborn Thornton, Jno. Townsend, J. I. Thompson, H. B. Troutman, David Taylor, Jr., J. C. Treadaway, Henry Ware, R. M. Yancey, W. Zuber, Michael Pilgrim, Jefferson Bonds, Redding Bass, Nicholas Jennings, Gabriel Wallis, Jas. Montgomery, T. C. Tatum, Jacob Wilf, Nelson Allman, D. Paschall, Russell Maberry, Jno. Varner, Thos. J. Key, T. B. King, Shadrack Turner, Saml. Street, D. Ingo, Elizabeth Grand, Watson Crawford, Chas. Haddock, Jas. Jermany, Benj. Dunnagan, Chas. C. Whitmore, C. W. C. Wright, Levi Pattillo, Jno. L. Baird, Chas. Deadwiler, Sarah Atkinson, E. Denny, Ransom Kimball, Joel Brown, Isaac Burch, Dennis Hills, Thos. Colbert, Thos. Blackburn, Geo. Gentle, Jno. Lay, Jacob Ramey, Geo. W. Morgan, Mirick Ivey, Jandy W. King, Norman McDuffie, Wm. Gilliland, Hughes Walton, Jno. Ellis, Gideon Pouldridge, Dally Boggs, Saml. McBride, Jeptha Baker, Sarah Beavers, Ebinezer Pitts, Jesse M. Callaway, Reuben Aleamie, W. B. Troutman, Alfred Lamberth, Wm. R. Beasley, Joel M. Bryan, Saml. W. Littles, Wm. J. Breed, Alfred Perry, Geo. Schley, Ann Campbell, Horace R. Ware, Jacob Reed, Robt. Alexander, Richard Iley, Benj. Couge, Geo. M. Weekley, John Johns, Levi Bizzard, C. N. Daniel, H. T. Gimmons, Wm. Webster, Jr., Aug. Collier, Danl. Stanford, Robt. Ligon, Alfred B. Gray, Wiley Moore, Levi Freeman, Jno. F. Ransom, Saml. B. McNears, T. Bennett, Jno. Banks, Robt. Cameron, Eralborne Legmore, Thos. B. Wells, Beverly Slaughter, A. F. Harris, Jno. Crumley, Asa Wade, Euclid Waterhouse, Jno. Humphrey, Moses Bradberry, John Jolly, W. G. Mitchell, L. M. Wilson, Wm. E. Aikin, Jno. S. Simpson, Wm. Cornway, Ann Glenn, Jas. R. Cox, Thos. Smith, Wm. A. Sinkler, Jas. Summerville, Saml. Hayse, Willis Richards, Geo. S. Street, Jno. Byard, Jiles S. Boggs, Jos. Wilders, Wm. Stocks, E. W. Hackett, Jos. Alba, Isaac Newberry, M. Oliver, Thos. Massey, John Pate, Henry Ware, Elijah Williams, Wm. Smith and Wm. Boling.

GRADUATES OF GEORGIA TECH.—M. S. Cone, R. D. Harvey, D. Harrison, C. W. Hill, Felix H. Lanham, Frank R. Maddox, Pierce McGhee, W. F. Montgomery, John H. Towers, W. R. Reese, C. M. Simmons and Linton G. Watters. Former



ROME IN 1857 (Courtesy of Luke McDonald.)



COL. MARK ANTHONY HARDIN



A "LANDSLIDE" NOT QUITE POLITICAL.

Early in 1921, late at night, a part of the old Shorter College wall gave away and crushed Wilson Hardy's garage like an egg-shell. Mr. Hardy's friends declared this is what comes of owning one bank and living next to another.

students—Dick Harrison, B. I. Hughes, Jr., John Jervis, T. N. Kennebrew, E. E. Lindsey, James Maddox, R. L. Nichols, A. A. Simonton, Norris N. Smith, Dr. H. A. Turner, Geo. P. Weathers, Joe White and J. Tim Willis. Students—R. B. Betts, R. G. Burkhalter, S. P. Coalson, James D'Arcy, B. E. Huffaker, J. H. Taylor and J. W. Weems. Other Tech men in Floyd County—Quin McArver, Coosa; V. M. Davis, Cave Spring; C. H. Edmondson and J. W. Houseal, Lindale; J. T. Watters, Hermitage.

Home-Coming Visitors, Oct. 11-16, 1920—L. W. Arnold and wife and C. K. Ayer, Atlanta; Elmo Ballew, Calhoun; J. M. Brisendine, Griffin; B. M. Brewer and wife, Chattanooga, Tenn.; B. S. Barner, Gainesville; F. F. Berry, Cambridge, Mass.; George Battey, Jr., Dr. H. I. Battey and H. Branch, Atlanta; Mrs. D. C. Buell, Nashville, Tenn.; J. H. Bradfield and Chas. Berst, Atlanta; R. G. Black, Washington, D. C.; Miss Amy K. Crook, Bluffton, Ala.; Mrs. S. J. Cobb, Gadsden, Ala.; Whit Cooper, Salem, Oreg.; J. L. Couch, Atlanta; Mrs. B. H. Cannon, Cedar Rapids, Iowa; W. B. Cody and Roy Chamblee, Atlanta; Mrs. J. W. Crawford, Dalton; Mrs. L. A. Crumley, Miss Lena Clark and G. B. Carther, Atlanta; Mrs. J. R. DuBose, Lorain, O.; J. F. Davis, Gadsden, Ala.; Maj. R. C. Eddy, Simsbury, Conn.; H. A. Ewing, Atlanta; Jay Fowler, Subligna; Mrs. F. F. Foster, Selma, Ala.; Jesse Foster, Atlanta; Mrs. A. B. Freeman, New Orleans, La.; Ward Greene and wife, Miss Mary Glenn, L. C. Goering, Jr., J. C. Gentry and R. L. Haire, Atlanta; Mrs. H. R. Hume, Cedar Bluff, Ala.; Mrs. R. M. Heptinstall, Lawton, Okla.; Mrs. J. M. Hunt, Jora Harrison, I. W. Hill, G. W. Hanson, J. N. Hull, H. S. Hammett and Maj. Baxter Hunter, Atlanta; H. B. Harper, Evansville, Ind.; Mrs. J. H. Hawkins, Youngs; P. C. Haire, Greenville, Ala.; H. R. Hume, Cedar Bluff, Ala.; Shelley Ivey, Shelley Ivey, Jr., Fred Jones, Lang Jones and John Jentzen, Atlanta; K. E. Johnston, Montpelier, Vt.; E. M. Jones, Tampa, Fla.; Steve R. Johnston, Miss Frances Jones, Miss Lucille Jones, J. L. Key and A. R. King, Atlanta; G. E. Kammerer, Wilmington, N. C.; Mrs. Howard King, Nashville, Tenn.; J. C. Landers, Eastman; H. L. Lansdell and wife, Atlanta, Ga.; E. A. Leonard and wife, Summerville; J. N. Landers, Atlanta; W. E. Meredith, Doe Run; Gip McWilliams, Ooltewah, Tenn.; Mrs. R. M. Martin, Columbia, Tenn.; A. J. Miller, A. H. Martin and W. F. Moat, Atlanta; Mrs. Clopton Mitchell, Chevy Chase, Md.; Andy McElroy, Atlanta; J. W. McCord, Tallahassee, Fla.; James B. Nevin, Atlanta; Geo. C. Norton, Nashville, Tenn.; R. S. Pringle, W. C. Pierce,

E. A. Randle, J. O. Reynolds, Hill Shropshire, Miss Tommie Strickland, Joe Spiegelberg, J. R. Seawright and I. F. Styron, Atlanta; Mrs. Alvah Stone, Roanoke, Va.; Paul Stevenson, Mrs. Jno. E. Smith, Ralph Smith and wife and Jno. E. Smith, Atlanta; Miss Margaret Taylor and Miss Frances Taylor, Bowling Green, Ky.; Mrs. J. G. Tracy, Syracuse, N. Y.; Mrs. C. C. Turner, L. M. Turner, Jr., Cedartown; Miss Jessie Turner, J. S. Turner, Lieut. F. B. Teganer, Ralph Trate, Miss Marion Van Dyke and H. B. Vaughan, Atlanta; Miss Ora White, Subligna; Miss Mary White, Atlanta; A. W. Walton, Decatur, Ala.; D. R. Wilder and B. Graham West, Atlanta.

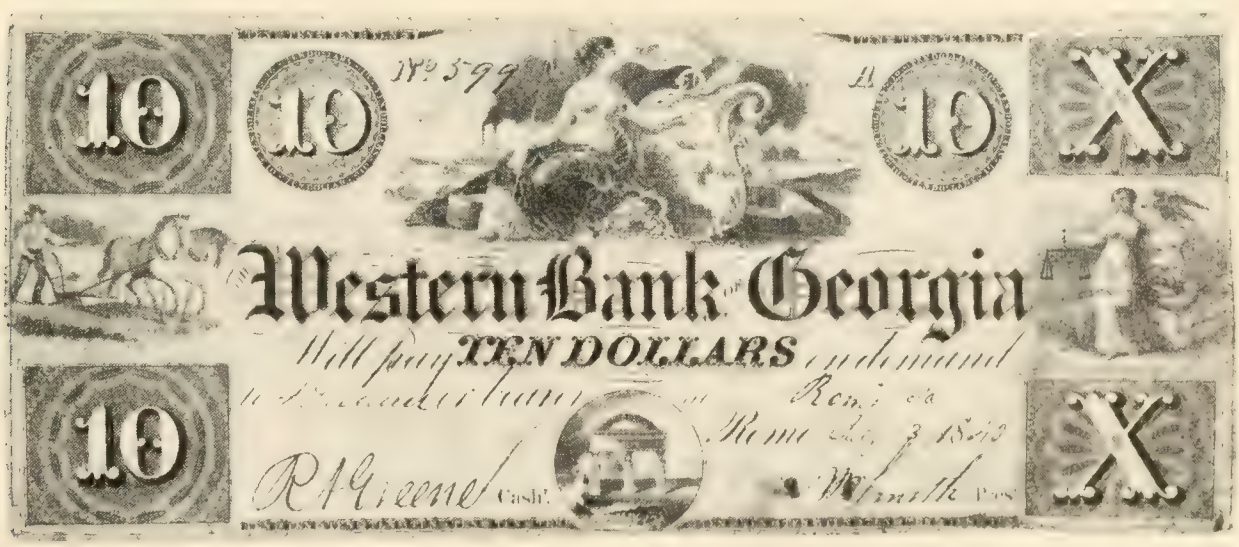
Rome Volunteer Fire Department Chiefs from Apr. 6, 1868—Jas. Noble, Jr., 3 years; Harry A. Hills, 3 years (secretary National Fire Chiefs' Convention); Henry A. Smith, 3 years; Richard V. Allen, 1 year; Mulford M. Pepper, 1 year; Richard V. Allen, 2 years; Wm. M. Towers, 1 year; Mulford M. Pepper, 1 year; Louis J. Wagner, 3 years; Wm. W. Seay, 2 years; Wm. H. Steele, 2 years; J. D. Hanks, 2 years; Thomas J. Cornelius, 2 years; Joseph B. Owens, 1 year; Wm. J. Griffin, 1 year; Arthur M. Word, 1 year; P. H. Vandiver, 2 years; Harry C. Harrington, 7 years with Volunteers, until beginning as fully paid department of city (July 1, 1908); J. Albert Sharp, Horace L. Taylor.

Rainbow Steam Fire Engine Co. No. 1, (organized Apr. 6, 1868—list from 1902 to 1908). Motto: "When duty calls us, it is ours to respond."

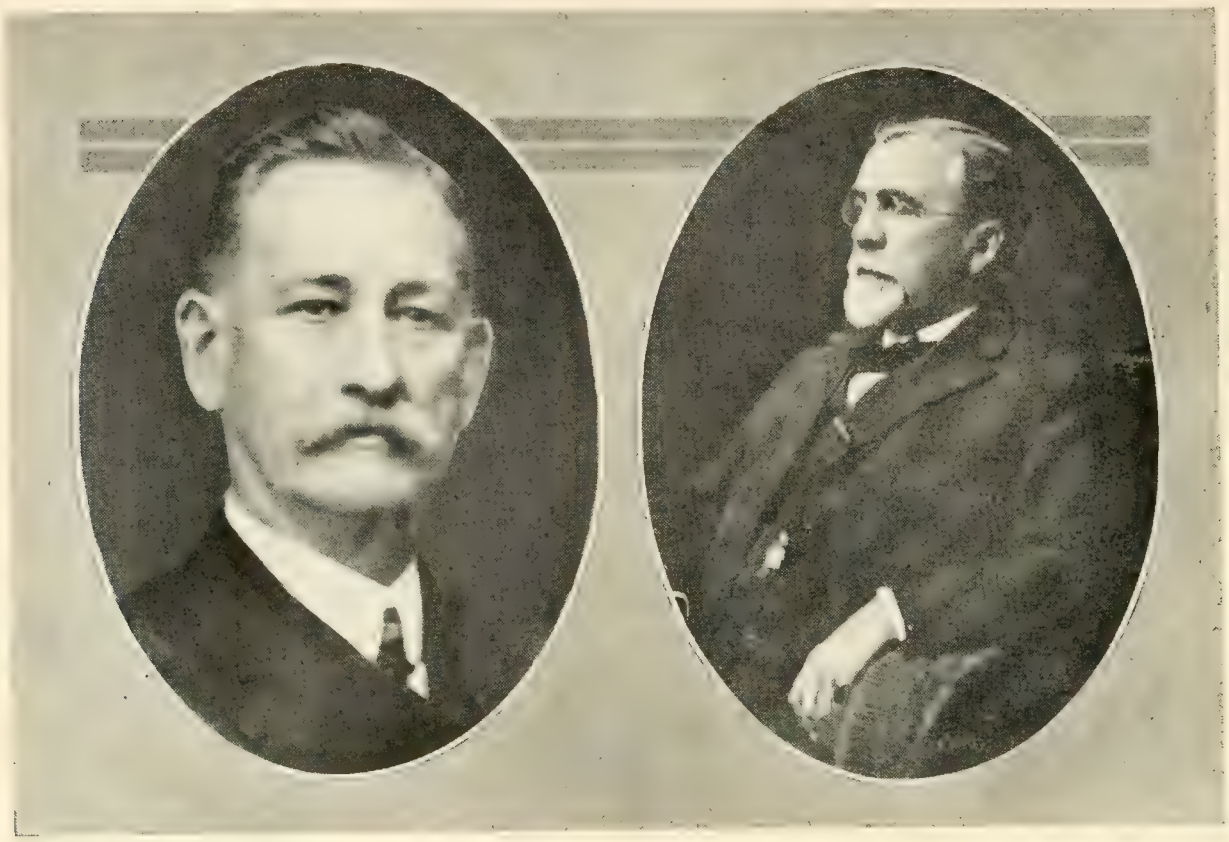
.....Honorary Members: Thomas R. Logan, M. D. McOsker, G. H. Rawlins, Henry A. Smith, W. P. McLeod, James A. Smith, W. H. Steele, Wm. M. Towers, H. Yancey, George Ramey.

Active Members: J. D. Hanks, Pres.; Andrew V. Brown, V. P.; Frank J. Kane, Sec'y; J. H. Lanham, Treas.; Tom Caldwell, 1st Director; W. E. Bryan, 2nd Director; R. W. Calloway, 3rd Director; John Cantrell, 4th Director; Dr. R. H. Wicker, Surgeon; Jas. McLeod and A. W. Davis, Pipemen; L. A. Helms and G. F. Redden, Axmen; A. M. Word, Delegate; Jas. M. Lay, Geo. Ramey and W. M. Towers, Trustees; James M. Dempsey, Driver; Gib Austin, Asst. Driver; Walter Quin, John Watson and R. V. Mitchell, Finance Committee; J. A. Buffington, A. B. McArver, Wm. May, Jr., Joe Johnson, Frank Holtzclaw, W. M. Lanham, W. J. Atwood, Eugene Logan, Tom Tolbert, Albert Sharp, George Sharp, W. L. Tolbert, Newt Tolbert and A. Randle.

Floyd County World War Victims.—Capt. Thomas Edward Grafton, Lieut. Lofton H. Stamps, Lieut. Roy Lanham, Lieut. A. Walton Shanklin, Cadet James Hugh Webb, Sgt. Raymond Lee Johnson, Julius Clyde Price (U. S. N.), Addis E. Moore, William Joseph Attaway, George M. Fisher, Allen D'Arcy, Carl Davis, George E. Davis, Clifford Davis Washington, Penny Spann and Albert Wright, Rome; Lester Taylor, Wax; Quillian Hayes, Robert J. McClain, Robert J. Stansell, Archie C. Autrey, Mikel Whalem Satterfield, Porter Williams, Thomas L.



ROME'S OLDEST BANK NOTE. (Courtesy of Chas. J. Warner.)



JOHN M. VANDIVER (left) AND CAPT. JNO. C. FOSTER.

Williams, Maynard Neal, Myley B. McCauley and Alonzo O. Staggers, Lindale; James P. Williams, Frank McGinnis and Frank Sewell, Cave Spring; Thomas Claude Horton, Everett Springs; Buford McCullough, Silver Creek; Chas. W. Graves, Rome.

ROME COMMITTEE ON WORLD WAR MEMORIAL.

Judge Joel Branham, Judge John W. Maddox, Judge Max Meyerhardt, John M. Vandiver, John M. Graham, Wright Willingham, Harry P. Meikleham, Rev. H. F. Saumenig, E. E. Lindsey, E. A. Heard, John C. Printup, T. E. Edwards, Ike D. Gailliard, James D'Arcy, Mrs. J. Lindsay Johnson, Mrs. Charles E. Berry, Mrs. Charles A. Hight, Mrs. W. M. Henry, Mrs. Bessie Battey Troutman, Mrs. J. Paul Cooper, Mrs. Mary C. Johnson, Mrs. James A. Rounsaville, Miss Lillie Mitchell.

Chairmen of militia districts: Armuchee, John W. Salmon; Barker's, W. E. Powell; Chulio, Barclay Terhune; Cave Spring, A. N. Tumlin; Etowah, John F. Sproull; Everett Springs, A. R. Griffith; Foster's Mill, John L. Simms; Floyd Springs, W. M. McKenzie; Glenwood, O. L. Titrud; Howell's, J. H. Johnson; Lindale, H. P. Meikleham; Livingston, J. B. Williams; Mt. Alto, R. C. Sharp; North Carolina, M. L. Espy; State Line, O. D. Brown; Texas Valley, Foster Selman; Vann's Valley, J. M. Montgomery; Watters, Homer Davis.

Boys and Girls at School and College.—September has come and with it the opening of schools and colleges, and Rome boys and girls are preparing to leave.

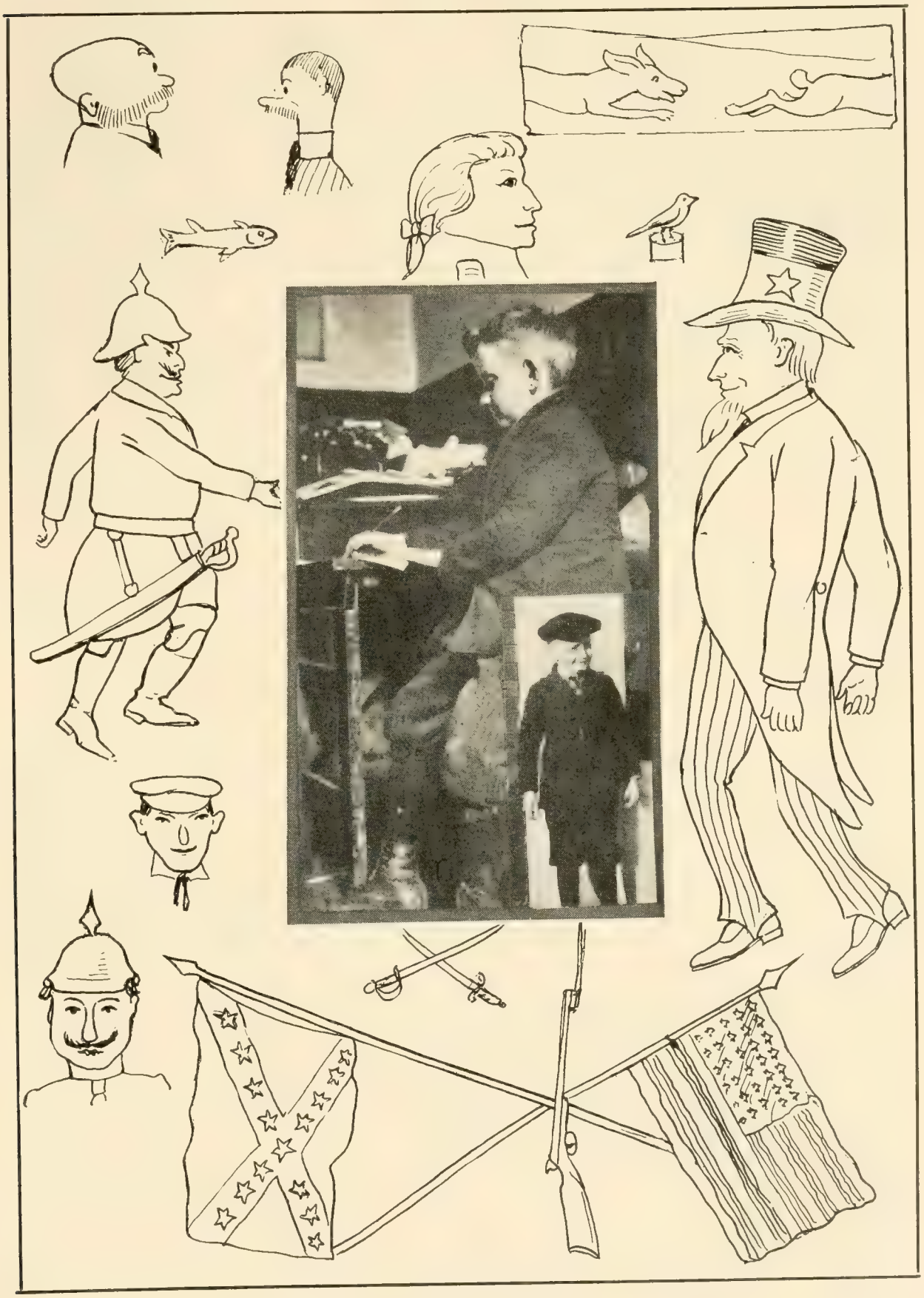
Earl Shamblin and James Barefield have left for Auburn, and last evening Bob Graves, Jr., and John Bachman, Jr., went to Davidson to prepare for Princeton.

About September 20 the following will go to Atlanta to enter Georgia Tech: Hamilton and Wallace Grant, Harold McKew, Dennison Hull, William Penn Daniel, Julian Cumming, Brette Hammond, John Robert Brannon, Dick Denny, Oscar Betts and Erwin Leimbrook.

Loyd Fickling, Robert Harbin, Henry Powers and Cyrus Fields will go about the 18th to the University at Athens.

Curry Porter, Walker and Denny Curry will return to G. M. A. in Atlanta.

Porter Harvey, Marion Watson, Will Sherard, William Wilkerson, William



ROME'S YOUNGEST CARTOONIST AT WORK.

William King, better known as "Billy", began drawing when he was six, and at nine, as we see him here, he could do better than most grown-ups. He has already been to Atlanta and called on the "funny men", who predict for him a brilliant future. He drew all of the pictures shown here and can sketch many others equally as well. He is a consistent member of the church and a strong singer as well as an artist.



DOCTORS HONOR ROME SURGEON WITH SHAFT.

On Thursday, April 5, 1921, the Medical Association of the State of Georgia unveiled a monument at City Hall park to the late Dr. Robert Battey, at its annual meeting in Rome. Dr. Howard A. Kelly, of Baltimore, delivered the principal address, and the monument was accepted for the city by E. E. Lindsey. A group of the Seventh District Medical Society, which started the movement, is shown above.

Strange and Cundy Bryson will be among the Rome boys at Emory. They expect to leave about the 24th.

Albert Swain will be at Mercer and William Wimbish will go to Young-Harris.

Miss Laura Weller Graham leaves the 12th for Sweetbriar College in Virginia, Miss Ora Cole the following day for Winston-Salem, Miss Kathleen Barron the 19th to Hollins Institute at Hollins, Va.; Miss Marshall Norton, the 18th, to Sophie Newcomb, at New Orleans; Miss Mildred McFall to Barnard College, New York; Miss Pearl Smith will return to Agnes Scott; Misses Mildred Wood, Virginia Daniel, Florence Burney, Katherine Beysiegel, Gertrude and Louise DeLay will again enroll at G. N. I. C. at Milledgeville.

At Wesleyan, in Macon, will be Misses Doris Morris and Mary and Sarah Wilkerson.

Miss Louise Orr will return to Bethel College, at Hopkinsville, Ky., and Miss Katherine Cox will again be at Peabody, in Nashville.

Misses Bonnie and Grace Hale will return to LaGrange Female College at LaGrange.

Misses Mary Harrison, Mary McKoy and Lila Willingham returned Wednesday to Forsyth, where they will resume their work at Bessie Tift.

Among the Rome girls who will attend Shorter College at Rome are the following: Misses Rebecca Yeargan, Virginia Penn, Patti Berry, Olyra Horton, Ruby Mae Sherard, Ruby Mae Ward, Emma Jane Hanna, Geraldine McKenzie, Lillian Venable, Evelyn Cantrell, Mary Warters, May Morton, Elizabeth Ramey, Miriam McConnell, Minette Weems, Sarah Glover, Mabel Owens, Edith McKenzie and Isabel Bross.—Sept. 9, 1921.

Home-Coming Queen Entrants, 1921.— Louise Berry (winner), Betty Betts, Tot Moultrie, Maynor Montgomery, Bobby Daniel, Ruby Wilkerson, Minette Weems, Patti B. Berry, Elise Stamps, Virginia Dixon, Annie Mae Bachman, Diana Meyerhardt, Louise Shamblin, Maybeth Graham, Lucille Nicholson, Maebeth Hagin, Shelia Roberts, Eleanor Graham, Polly McGill, Eugenia Malone, Janice McCormack, Goodwyn Denny, Josephine Arrington, Mary Best, Cobbie Mae Dean, Hazel Blackstock, Elizabeth Bryan, Jessie Collier, Beth Turner, Ruby Wilson, Virginia Mann, Inez Carter, Mildred Burney, Willine Roberts, Katherine Daniel,



IMPROVING THE BICEPS ON TOWER HILL.

Prof. E. Montague Gammon, principal of the Rome High School, exercising a group of his charges with iron dumb-bells, about 1897. Prof. Gammon was the "giant" of Rome at this time, and took part in most of the athletic games with his younger brother, Von Albade Gammon. The third boy in the picture is Dr. Robert O. Simmons.

Velma Maxwell, Blanche Wilkins, Julia Pope Smith, Isabel Bross, Edith McKenzie, Lee Ella Dean, Mary Emma Saunders, Evelyn Harrington, Miriam McConnell, Verda Broach, Ruth Colegate, Mrs. Kenneth Hamilton, Mrs. Leo F. Hackett, Mrs. Max Kuttner, Mrs. Felton Jones and Mrs. Carden Bunn.

Rome Chapter, Shorter College Alumnae Association, 1921—Miss Daisy Allen, Mrs. Leland Angle, Mrs. A. B. Arrington, Sr., Miss Amelia Berry, Mrs. Carl Betts, Miss Elizabeth Betts, Miss Mary Boyd, Mrs. Bestor Brown, Miss Hattie Benjamin, Mrs. Josie Hine Boozer, Mrs. J. R. Cantrell, Miss Ethel Cantrell, Miss Eva Cantrell, Mrs. M. A. Cooper, Mrs. J. P. Cooper, Mrs. Mark Cooper, Miss Imo Coulter, Miss Gertrude Cheney, Miss Jessie Cheney, Mrs. J. C. Davis, Miss Cobbie Mae Dean, Mrs. R. A. Denny, Mrs. Tom Davison, Mrs. Paul Doyal, Miss Moselle Eubanks, Miss Nellie Vail Eubanks, Mrs. Albert Fahy, Mrs. Walter Futrelle, Mrs. Robt. W. Graves, Mrs. Mel Gammon, Mrs. James Glover, Mrs. John M. Graham, Mrs. E. P. Grant, Mrs. W. T. Guest, Mrs. W. B. Hale, Mrs. Linton Hamilton, Miss Edith Harvey, Miss Lillie Hardin, Miss Elizabeth Harris, Mrs. Ed. Harris, Mrs. Wm. P. Harbin, Miss Gussie Henderson, Mrs. A. C. Hogg, Miss Sara Hardy, Miss Rosa Hammond, Miss Ada Jenkins, Mrs. C. W. King, Miss Elizabeth Knowles, Mrs. Will Ledbetter, Mrs. John Ledbetter, Mrs. Bessie M. Lawrence, Mrs. E. E. Lindsey, Mrs. T. W. Lipscomb, Mrs. Ed. Maddox, Mrs. F. G. Merriam, Mrs. D. A. Moore, Mrs. A. B. S. Moseley, Miss Maynor Montgomery, Mrs. Geo. Miller, Mrs. Arthur Milhollin, Mrs. Glover McGhee, Mrs. Frank McGhee, Mrs. Pierce McGhee, Mrs. Oscar McWilliams, Mrs. Mark McDonald, Mrs. Luke McDonald, Miss Lilly Nunnally, Mrs. Pennington Nixon, Mrs. J. B. Owens, Mrs. J. H. O'Neill, Miss Leni O'Neill, Miss Alice Parks, rs. Joe Palmer, Miss Alida Printup, Mrs. Ed. Proctor, Mrs. C. S. Pruden, Mrs. G. C. Phillips, Mrs. R. O. Pitts, Jr., Miss Miriam Reynolds, Miss Gussie Ross, Miss Mattie Sheibley, Mrs. George B. Smith, Miss Florence Smith, Mrs. C. S. Sparks, Mrs. Bolling Sullivan, Miss Lilly Trawick, Mrs. E. P. Treadaway, Mrs. Clarence Todd, Mrs. Leonard Todd, Mrs. Henry A. Turner, Miss Cordelia P. Veal, Mrs. A. W. Van Hoose, Miss Fannie Wood, Miss Susie Warlick, Miss Ruth Watters, Miss Lilly Williamson, Miss Mary Williamson, Miss Ethel Wilkerson, Miss Eleanor Wilcox, Mrs. C. J. Wyatt, Mrs. William Wyatt, Mrs. Leila Hill Wright, Miss Mary Julia Woodruff and Mrs. Ben C. Yancey.

Floyd County Road Work District Committees, 1921—Armuchee, Dr. J. H. Griffin, Kieffer Lindsey, J. C. Lovell; Barker's, J. D. Washington, Ernest Taylor, J. H. Orr; Cave Spring, G. W. Williamson, A. J. Spence, C. W. Wright; Chulio, Sam R. Ellis, Smiley Johnson, Sr., J. C. Couch; Etowah, Kinney Fincher, W. G. Kerce, Jno. F. Sproull; Everett Springs, J. H. Barton, S. H. Dew, J. C. Everett; Floyd

Springs, J. F. Barnett, J. F. Martin, W. M. McKenzie; Foster's Mill, R. B. Simms, Wade McGhee, Jas. A. Cantrell; Glenwood, H. E. Cochrell, O. L. Titrud, L. A. Dean; Howell's, F. M. Shiflett, J. P. Morris, J. H. Johnson; Lindale, J. E. Smith, J. V. Lemaster, Sam Johnson; Livingston, J. A. Webb, J. P. Cuzzort, J. B. Williams; Mount Alto, R. M. Patillo, W. E. Camp, R. C. Sharp; North Carolina, J. W. Brown, W. E. Vann, Kinney Brock; State Line, J. T. Early, W. M. Kerr, J. C. King; Texas Valley, W. C. Cordle, H. J. Green, W. S. Evans; Watters, J. T. Watters, I. M. Dodd, T. H. Smith; Vann's Valley, C. L. Powers, W. S. Simms, J. T. Spann.

Members Rome Kiwanis Club, Nov. 27, 1921—Homer N. Arrington, Geo. E. Bennett, Dr. Carl L. Betts, O. L. Betts, Ross Bosworth, T. Berry Broach, C. B. Brown, James W. Bryson, W. I. Burkhalter, Chas. N. Burks, Grover C. Byars, A. F. Cantrell, Robt. H. Clagett, Tom Clemmons, Harry C. Collins, Richard B. Combs, Paul M. Cousins, Leon H. Covington, Linton A. Dean, James W. Fryer, Jr., W. E. Fuller, C. N. Featherston, Saml. L. Graham, Kenneth Hamilton, Dr. Wm. P. Harbin, B. F. Harris, G. Glenn Harris, Evan P. Harvey, Geo. H. Hays, Emmett A. Heard, Gordon L. Hight, Rev. Harry F. Joyner, H. E. Kelley, Henderson L. Lanham, Albert Lehmann, Jr., Dr. M. M. McCord, Hugh McCrary, E. Pierce McGhee, J. Frank McGhee, Jr., James Maddox, T. N. Merriam, Paul Nixon, W. Joseph Nunnally, H. B. Neal, B. F. Parker, Byard F. Quigg, Hughes T. Reynolds, O. R. Ross, W. Sinclair Rowell, Dr. A. F. Routledge, Harry H. Shackelton, Louis N. Shahan, Jr., C. M. Strange, W. O. Tarpley, Ernest L. Wright, Benj. C. Yancey, Hilary F. Yeargan, W. U. Barefield, Lester C. Bush, M. S. Cone, S. J. Davis, A. E. Drew, Robt. M. Gibson, U. N. Howell, Wm. J. Marshall and A. E. Purvianoe.

MEMBERS OF THE ROME CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, 1921.

Anchor Duck Mills, Amer. Ry. Exp. Co., T. C. Autry, I. M. Adams, C. B. Brown, T. B. Broach, C. W. Boockholdt, Best Motor Car Co., Burnes-White Merc. Co., W. I. Burkhalter, C. E. Berry, D. W. Barnett, S. P. Coalson, Caldwell Ptg. Co., Richard B. Combs, Lamar Camp, D. W. Curry, T. E. Clemmons, Davis Fdry. & Mch. Wks., Darlington School, Rev. Gordon Ezzell, The Fahy Store, First National Bank, E. R. Fishburne, Gibson & DeJournette, Peyton Grimm, L. F. Hackett, Harbin Hospital, P. J. Henderson, Junius Hillyer, Harvey-Given Co., J. W. Houseal, J. P. Jones, H. C. Johnson, Jervis-Davidson Co., S. H. Kress & Co., H. L. Lanham, T. W. Lipscomb, Ledbetter Bros., Rev. E. R. Leyburn, Dr. M. M. McCord, Wallace H. McRae, Montgomery & Co., McCord-Stewart Co., Dr. T. C. Mason, Dr.



VIEW OF ROME FROM TOWER HILL.

J. D. Moreland, W. G. McWilliams, H. W. Morton, Mahan Co., McWilliams & Co., Norton Drug Co., Paul Nixon, G. C. Phillips Motor Co., B. F. Quigg, Rome Mfg. Co., J. M. Randall, W. S. Rowell, Rome Coca-Cola Co., Rome Bakery Co., Rome Farm Equip. Co., L. W. Rogers Co., Rome Whistle Bott. Co., Rome Ry. & Lt. Co., Norris N. Smith & Co., S. H. Smith, Standard Oil Co., Shorter College, Dr. Geo. B. Smith, Standard Sewer Pipe Co., Dr. R. O. Simmons, W. C. Tucker, Utter-Johnson Co., Tony Vincenzi, Rev. Jno. H. Wood, Moses Wright, Dr. Wm. Winston, Willingham, Wright & Covington, Atlantic Ice & Coal Corp., B. F. Archer, G. H. Albea, A. S. Burney, Brittain Bros. Co., Bowie Stove Co., Battey Mch. Co., J. S. Bachman, W. P. Bradfield, D. A. Boulgaris, Chas. Blackstock, Commercial Printing Co., Consolidated Groc. Co., Culpepper-Storey Co., C. I. Carey, Leon H. Covington, J. B. Chidsey, Sam J. Davis, Rev. E. F. Dempsey, L. A. Dean, Dr. B. V. Elmore, Fifth Ave. Drug Co., Fidelity Loan & Trust Co., Graves-Harper Co., W. M. Gammon & Sons, Ben Gann, Harper Mfg. Co., Hight Access. Co., Dr. Chas. Hamilton, Hale Drug Co., E. A. Heard, Harper Hamilton, Hanks Stove & Range Co., Rev. H. F. Joyner, Harry Johnson, Keith & Gray, J. Kuttner & Co., E. E. Lindsey, E. A. Leonard Co., Gordon Lee, Merriam Coal Co., Maddox & Doyal, W. H. Mitchell, Dr. J. T. McCall, Geo. P. Weathers, Miller Cash Store, Hugh McCrary, E. J. Moultrie, James Maddox, Max Meyerhardt, National City Bank, E. H. Norrell, Parsons & Ward, Pete Petropol, Rome Oil Mill, O. R. Ross, Dr. A. F. Routledge, Rome Chero-Cola Bott. Co., Rome News, Rome Supply Co., B. E. Rakestraw & Co., L. C. Robertson, Rome Box & Mfg. Co., Rome Hosiery Mills, F. L. Sammons, H. H. Shackelton, Stotts Bros., Rev. J. E. Sammons, R. C. Sharp, W. T. Sherard, Stamps & Co., John T. Taylor, Updegrove Mkt. Assn., John M. Vandiver, Walker Elec. & Pl. Co., C. O. Walden, Wyatt Jewelry Co., Hamilton Yancey I. Agy., Geo. B. Wood, O. P. Willingham, Young-Hamilton Jewelry Co., Dr. R. E. Andrews, Asrington-Buick Co., J. L. Adams, Thos. Berry, Bradfield & Striplin, Hugh H. Best, J. L. Brannon & Co., J. W. Bryson, Bartlett Auto E. Co., Beard & Helton, W. H. Bennett, Dr. R. P. Cox, R. E. Carter, Citizens' Bank, Central of Ga. Ry., Andrew A. Cooper, Curry-Arrington Co., Daniel Furniture Co., Dempsey & Holloway, Etowah Cooperage Co., Exide Battery Service Co., Floyd County Bank, A. R. Fouche, Geston Garner, Griffin-Cantrell Hdwe. Co., Holder Coal & Lumber Co., G. H. Hays, W. W. Hawkins, W. T. Huff, Hill & Owens, Howel Cotton Co. of Ga., Geo. W. Hamby, Hale-Brannon Co., Jones Poster Adv. Co., James Supply Co., Jas. H. Keown, C. J. King & Starr, Dr. T. E. Lindsey, A. Lehmann, Jr., Kieffer Lindsey, McGhee Cotton Co., McWilliams Feed & Groc. Co., Paul I. Morris, Marshall Cigar Co., E. Pierce McGhee, Marshall Mfg. Co., Dr. L. F. McKoy, G. H. McRae, McGhee Tire Co., McDonald Furniture Co., W. J. Nunnally, Nixon Hwde. Co., H. B. Parks & Co., Persinger Co., Rome Tribune-Herald, Rome Merc. Co., Rome Furn. Co., Geo. S. Reese, R. J. Ragan, Rome Mch. & Fdry. Co., Rabuzzi & Thomas, Rome Stationery Co., Rome Laundry Co., H. T. Reynolds, Standard Marble Co., Simpson Groc. Co., H. A. Spencer, Southern Bell T. & T. Co., Dr. W. J. Shaw, Geo. G. Stiles, Towers & Sullivan Co., Third Avenue Hotel, Dr. F. E. Vaissiere, Thos. Warters, B. E. Welch, R. E. Wilson, Wyatt Book Store, Dr. J. C. Watts and O. Willingham.



THE HORSE IN THE DAYS OF HIS UNDISPUTED RIGHT-OF-WAY.

Memorial Day marshals, snapped on the old Land Company Bridge about 20 years ago. From left to right the riders are J. H. Camp, Capt. A. B. S. Moseley, Col. A. B. Montgomery, Capt. Henry S. Lansdell, W. Addison Knowles and Terrell Speed, "Coonskin Statesman."



TIDING THE FARMER OVER THE CRISIS.

The pictures above show scenes at Rome's curb market, started in 1921 by the Woman's Auxiliary of the Chamber of Commerce, with Mrs. Bessie B. Troutman in charge, and one of the first trading meccas in Georgia under the new plan, which seeks to remove the farmer from the influence of exploiters and put him in a position to make a living by direct trading at a fixed price.

Girl Scout Organization.—The Rome Council, Girl Scouts of America, was organized Nov. 11, 1921, with Mrs. Howard Hull as commissioner. In October, 1922, the officers were as follows: Mrs. W. H. Lewis, commissioner; Mrs. J. Paul Cooper, deputy commissioner; Mrs. Wm. Winston, deputy commissioner; Mrs. R. L. Wilson, secretary; Mrs. S. B. Norton, treasurer.

The Eecutive Committee was made up of the officers and Mrs. J. H. O'Neill and Mrs. C. Bryant Graves.

In 1921 John and Will Ledbetter, representing the Cloudland Park Corporation, developers of the mountain resort known as Cloudland, Chattooga County, gave a ten-acre tract of land to the Cherokee Council of Boy Scouts at Cloudland, for camp purposes. They also presented a site some distance away from the Boy Scout camp for the girls' summer playground, and this latter is now known as Camp Juliette Lowe, after the Scout leader from Savannah by that name. Miss Dorris S. Hough, of Southern Regional headquarters, 84 Marietta Street, Atlanta, is in charge. Mrs. J. P. Cooper, Mrs. J. H. O'Neill and Mrs. W. H. Lewis represented the Rome Council in the negotiations and construction.

A few shacks were built by the boys in 1921, and in 1922 others were added. The girls have an assembly hall, 40x72 feet. The grounds of each camp are high and healthful, and each season finds larger numbers of Scouts attending. The length of stay is usually two weeks. Ample facilities are offered for bathing and athletic games, in addition to the Scout programs.

Rome is proud of the second girl in Georgia to receive the order of the Golden Eaglet. She is Virginia Robert Lipscomb, of Troop 2.

The eight troops, their officers and members follow:

ROME GIRL SCOUT TROOPS.

Troop 1,—Mrs. Julian Reese, captain (Mrs. Andrew Cooper resigned in September, 1922); Ellen Hagin, lieutenant.

Madeline Peacock,
Louise Caldwell,
Lucille Scott,
Frances Bridgen,
Mary Hammer,
Margaret Landrell,
Lulu Schnedl,
Elizabeth Wilkins,
Marguerite McKenzie,
Evelyn McDonald,
Louise Harbour,
Mary Louise Stillwell,
Daisy Harrington,
Mildred Tippen,
Lillian McCormack,
Annie Hicks,
Juanita Schnedl,
Martha White,
Nellie Cooley,
Marion Peacock,
Annie Harris,
Evelyn Copeland,
Marguerite Elmore,
Isabel Wilkins,
Ollie Drummond,
Anna L. Venable,
Janie Shropshire.

Troop 2.—Mrs. Mark A. Cooper, captain; Mrs. Gordon Hight and Mrs. Dorris Morris, lieutenants; Virginia Robert Lipscomb (the Golden Eaglet).

Florence Morgan,
Elizabeth Morris,
Juliet Graves,
Maynor McWilliams,
Elizabeth McRae,
Martha Ledbetter,
Margaret Hardin,
Media Godwin,
Ruth McConnell,
Sarah Malone,
Bessie McConnell,
Olivia Coalson,
Dorothy Stamps,
Anna King,
Bonnie Angle,
Sinclair Norton,
Martha Porter,
Dorothy Ledbetter,
Cornelia Littleton,
Helen McCloud,
Sarah Belle Penrod,
Katherine Burney,
Elizabeth Ward,
Elizabeth Barton,
Joy Shackelton,
Anna Lawrence,
Mary Bryan,
Edith Bryan,
Elizabeth Lipscomb,
Nan Elizabeth Penn,
Elizabeth Warner,
Dorothy Holland,
Eleanor Lawrence.

Troop 3.—Mrs. Will Wimberly, captain.

Margaret Bryson,
Mary J. Doyal,
Ruth Maddox,
Mildred Wilkerson,
Myra Daniel,
Adelaide Simpson,
Elizabeth Hand,
Katherine Phillips,
Lucy E. Trammell,
Rose Williams,
Annette Stroud,
Dorothy Harrison,
Nell Daniel,
Frances Adams,
Mary J. Pyle,
Willie Waters,
Leonora Stone,
Eunice Stone,
Lucy E. Coulter,
Katherine Allen,
Katherine Gann,
Edith Stroud,
Frankie Daniel,
Dorothy Trammell,
Genevieve Burke,
Thelma Davis,
Imogene Dempsey,
Elizabeth Daniel.

Troop 4.—Miss Rae Sheppard, captain.

Ruth Mendelson,
Rebecca Mendelson,
Sadie Sheppard,
Lillie Miller,
Freda Levinston,
Terba Pintchuck,
Beulah Mendelson,
Mildred Esserman,
Fagie Esserman,
Mendell Rothenburg,
Celia Lesser,
Fannie Shapiro,
Edna Esserman.

Troop 5.—Miss Louie Crawford, captain.

Patti W. McGhee,
Mary Harbin,
Martha King,
Ellen Harvey,
Louise Smith,
Mildred Crawford,
Frances Ledbetter,
Marjorie Moreland,
Louise Hardin,
Mary L. Slaton,
Mattie Wall Glover,
Christine Frix,
Jean Landrum,
Jean Hancock,
Mae K. Ennis,
Josephine Brazelton.

Troop 6.—Miss Verda Broach, captain; Miss Diana Meyerhardt, first lieutenant; Miss Louise Shamblin, second lieutenant.

Sarah Rose,
Helen Ellis,
Helen Tate,
Lena Miller,
Louise Loveless,
Ludie Higgins,

Lulu Stanley, Adele Lumpkin, Beatrice Phillips,
Myrtle Stone, Janie Hill, Jane Tolbert,
Eunice Fricks, Clara Ramsey, Susie Tolbert,
Frances Wunden, Marlin Beddin, Louie Brown.
Mabel Brown,

Troop 7.—Mrs. James O'Neill, Jr., captain; Miss Goodwyn Denny, lieutenant.

Virginia Moore, Amy Avery, Adelene Wright,
Agnes Moss, Jewell Lester, Ruth Coker,
Elizabeth Wilkins, Ruby Johnson, Alma Bishop,
Amy Lou Lester, Mary Broach, Lillian Fletcher,
Irma Farom, Rochelle Stewart, Cecelia Kughlman,
Augusta Ragsdale, Cleo Moss, Gertrude Shropshire,
Louise Johnson, Susie Arnold, Anna F. Head,
Opal Hill, Rowie Ragsdale, Louise Sewell.

Troop 8.—Maebeth Hagin, captain.

Ida Coalson, Virginia McConnell, Lucile Dowman,
Margaret Coalson, Mildred Tippin, Mary A. Davis,
Margaret Lansdell, Lois Wallace, Nell Daniel.
Madeline McConnell, Daisy M. Price,

CHEROKEE COUNCIL, BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA.

Officers and members of Council (list dated June, 1922): President, Robt. W. Graves; first vice-president, Geston Garner; second vice-president, Rev. Wallace Rogers; third vice-president, James Maddox; fourth vice-president, L. H. Covington; commissioner, H. P. Meikleham; treasurer, Julian Cumming; C. B. Caperton, Trion, Chattooga County chairman; Walter Shaw, LaFayette, Walker County chairman; A. L. Henson, Calhoun, Gordon County chairman; C. L. Vass, Cartersville, Bartow County chairman; Herbert Judd, Dalton, Whitfield County chairman; G. N. Lemmon, Marietta, Cobb County chairman; W. W. Mundy, Cedartown, Polk County chairman.

Dr. H. F. Saumenig, W. W. Woodruff, B. C. Yancey,
H. T. Reynolds, G. L. Hight, R. B. Combs,
E. Pierce McGhee, J. B. Chidsey, J. P. Cooper,
Prof. B. F. Quigg, Mather Daniel, S. H. Smith,
R. H. Clagett, J. W. Quarles, W. C. Rash,
Dr. C. L. Betts, T. E. Edwards, J. H. Townes,
Joe Sulzbacher, H. F. Yeargan, E. P. Grant,
H. E. Kelley, L. B. Gammon, E. P. Harvey,
Isaac May, S. B. Norton, C. J. Wyatt,
W. S. Cothran, C. E. McLin, John C. Glover,
J. N. King, J. B. Sullivan, E. L. Wright,
P. H. Doyal, N. N. Smith, J. M. Harris,
J. L. Brannon, Dr. Geo. B. Smith, B. S. Tilly,
J. M. Graham, Graham Wright, A. Lehman,
T. J. Simpson, Hugh McCrary, A. P. Hardin,
H. H. Arrington, H. L. Lanham, W. O. Parsons,
Wilson Hardy, Rev. H. F. Joyner, B. F. Archer,
George Nixon, J. E. Sammons, J. M. Cooley,
S. A. Marshall, Rev. E. R. Leyburn, J. F. Carmany,
M. S. Lanier, Rev. John H. Wood, S. L. Hancock,
B. S. Fahy, Thos. D. Caldwell, Homer Davis.
H. J. Arnold, Dr. M. M. McCord,

BOY SCOUTS, FLOYD COUNTY, JUNE, 1922

Troop 1, *Rome.*—Geston Garner, scoutmaster; C. N. Featherston, assistant.

Ralph Griffin, James Hill, Hendree Harrison,
Joe Stegall, Ben Grafton, Frank Anderson,
Claude Saunders, James Bryson, Frank Dobbins,
Cyril Hull, Riley McKoy, Claude White,
Paul Carmany, Carl Griffin, Robert Miller.
Clifford Carmany,



ZACHARIAH BRANSCOME HARGROVE, one of four founders of Rome and a prominent Cherokee Georgia pioneer. He sleeps on the peak of beautiful Myrtle Hill, which once was his prized possession.

Troop 2, *Rome.*—Ed. L. King, scoutmaster; J. F. Brooks, assistant.

Hayne Wicker,
Burie Sammons,
L. C. Mitchell, Jr.,
James Whitehead,
Clarence Rash,
Harbin Holland,
Robert Wilkerson,
Darrell McKenzie,
Malcolmn Curdy,
Tom Harris,
John T. Sessler,
William Treadaway,
Wesley Terrell,
Blandford Eubanks,
Charles Duncan,
Howard Painter,
Wilbur Culpepper,
George McGinnis,
William A. Brooks,
Harry Fricks,
Hillyer Johnson,
Hendricks Landers,
Seab Horton,
William Jones,
Jack Walker,
Wallace Tatum.

Troop 3, *Rome.*—W. J. Marshall, scoutmaster.

John Locklear,
Clarence Cowart,
Alvin Mims,
Thos. Spratling,
John Hames,
Clyde Locklear,
Ollie Cole,
Kellett Goodwin,
Arthur Ellison,
Fred Mathis,
Alton Cole,
James Locklear.

Troop 4, *Rome.*—Dr. Carl L. Betts, scoutmaster; P. A. Landers, assistant.

William Betts,
Ellis Hale,
Edmund Yeargan,
Richard Smith,
Will Cothran,
William Harbin,
Lester Harbin,
Wingfield Glover,
James Glover,
J. D. Bryan,
Parks Dodd,
William Gibbons,
Alfred Barron,
William Davis,
John Cumming,
Jennings Gordon,
Maitland Lawrence,
Lang Gammon,
John Maddox,
Thomas Strickland,
Hamilton Yancey.

Troop 5, *Rome.*—C. Beecher Funderburk, scoutmaster, W. H. Powers, assistant.

Leroy Wright,
Lewis Davis,
Lloyd Wright,
Alton Floyd,
Howard Langston,
Donald Ragsdale,
Herbert Hardin,
Hastings Scoggins,
Elvis Kendrick,
Willie Kendrick,
Donald Hall,
Ralph Penn,
Hugh Green,
Shaw Hardin,
Carl Hammond,
John Penn,
Bruce Clement,
Lewis Dodson,
Chas. Akridge,
Henry Lovelace,
Dean Hall,
Grafton Copeland.

Troop 6, *Rome.*—Rev. H. F. Joyner, scoutmaster; R. H. Elliott, assistant.

Hoyt Cook,
George Reeves,
Preston Blackwelder,
Harry Booz,
Elbert Sheldon,
Marion Free,
Aubrey Verner,
Otis Parsons,
Edmund O'Connor,
I. T. O'Bryan,
Joe Branda,
J. Kenneth Elliott,
C. H. Booker,
Robert Wood,
Cecil Branda,
Frank Foster,
Franks Cabes,
Paul Hames
John Hames,
Ernest Bland,
Hugh Hitchcock,
Burton Collins,
Claude Shiflett.

Troop 7, *Rome.*—Jerome C. Henson, scoutmaster; Rev. Jno H. Wood assistant.

R. C. Gilmer,
James Barton,
J. B. Flemming,
Clinton Flemming,
Victor Vincenzi,
Waring Best,
J. S. Schnedl,
Aubrey McBrayer,
Paul Morris,
Benj. Archer,
Robert Stephens,
Wm. Montgomery,
John Watson,
Murrell McGinnis,
George Nixon,
George Morrow,
Gordon Higgins.

Troop 8, *Rome.*—W. J. Carey, scoutmaster; Chas. N. Burks, assistant.

John House,
Paul Grimm,
William Holler,
James Carey,
Julius Cooley,
Thomas Warters,
Walter Jones,
J. W. Whitehead, Jr.,
Malcolm Pyle,
Marvin House,
G. W. Warren,
Harold Wallace,
Ross Montague,
Ryan Hicks,
Copeland Bridges,
Roy Knight,
Ralph Caldwell,
Charles Landsell,
Watson Clement,
Marshall Griffin,
George Clement,
James Keown,
Thos. McKinney,
Samuel Vandiver,
Charles Franks.

Troop 9, *Rome.*—Jos. H. Lesser, scoutmaster; Hyman Esserman, assistant.

Felix Lesser,
Alex Pintchuck,
Abe Aronoff,
Phillip Friedman,
Joe Esserman,
Moses Esserman,
Isadore Levy,
Ben Esserman,
Frank Lesser,
Herman Lesser,
Ike Pintchuck,
Alex. Levison,
Harry Esserman,
David Freedman,
Lazarus Levy.

Troop 10, *Rome.*—Jno. K. Hardin, scoutmaster; W. E. Dunwoody, assistant.

Edward Gaines,
George Jones,
Linton Broach,
Luther Wacaster,
John W. Hardin,
Eugene McCurry,
Lawrence Barnett,
Ralph Drummond,
John Smith,
Lindsey Ford,
Lawrence Wilkins,
Varnell Littlejohn,
Herbert Barton,
John Smith,
Paul Lackey.

Troop 11, *Rome.*—Frank McLeod, scoutmaster.

Robert Mixon,
Morris Keener,
Melvin Fuller,
Bud Keys,
Hugh Lanham,
John Williamson,
Huston Patterson,
Pat Gentry,
William Allen,
Burk Floyd,
Embree Walden,
Henry Stone,
Fred Mixon,
Vandiver Reed,
Sharon Williams,
James Tutton,
Homer Masters,
Jack Permenter,
Lawrence Wilkins.

Troop 12, *Rome.*—L. A. Farr, scoutmaster; W. E. Lumpkin, assistant.

Olin A. Deitz,
S. Leroy Hancock,
Elmer Cooper,
Hubert Langston,
Clyde Langston,
Ed. Dobson,
Wade Conn,
Wafford Farr,
Wallace Cooper,
Ray Holland,
W. C. Dobson,
Clarke Landers,
Eddie Conn,
Herbert Conn,
Allen Partee,
Webb Roberts,
Lytill Dobson,
Fred Henson,
Esbin Henson,
Walter McCreary,
William Saul,
Shaw White.

Troop 13, *Rome.*—E. F. Padgett, scoutmaster; S. L. Rush, assistant.

James W. Whatley,
William Fain,
Cecil White,
Ronald Padgett,
Thomas Davis,
Edwin Fain,
Guy Davis,
Johnnie Beam,
Harry Davis,
William Ward,
Delsar Barber,
Winford Rush,
Ralph Perry,
Millard M. Fincher,
Robt. Billingsley,
William McCary,
Howard Rush,
Raymond Stephens,
Edmund Horton,
Henley Floyd,
Tennis Light,
Samuel Cowan,
Charles Hall,
Reece Dempsey,
Carl White,
Hugh White,
Winthrop Murchison.

Troop 14, *Rome.*—Wm. B. Broach, scoutmaster.

Walter Camp,
Holmes Smith, Jr.,
Kerner Primm,
John Bennett,
Allen Hammond,
Coley Harvey,
Ralph McCord,
Alfred Spears,
Victor Yeargan.

The departure of Rev. Geo. E. Bennett in the summer of 1922 for Florida left a vacancy in the Scout executive's office which was filled by the selection of W. A. Dobson; and the death Sunday, Sept. 24, 1922, of Robt. W. Graves, president of the Cherokee Council, caused a vacancy in that position. Mr. Graves was 51 years old. He was buried Tuesday, Sept. 26, in Myrtle Hill cemetery, Rome.

Troop 1, *Lindale.*—

Robert Hill,
Charles MacDonald,
Forrest Porter,
Grady Rogers,
Harry Davidson,
Melvin Pool,
Athos Pool,
Roy Roach,
Darnell Richardson,
Wyatt Wallace,
John B. Satterfield,
Clarence Bowman,
Harry Marion,
Paul J. Marion,
Will Ed. Hopkins,
Rosser Wallace,
Richard Beam,
Bert Bruce,
Clifford Tyson,
Charles McCarson, Jr.,
Roscoe Reynolds,
Roy Coggins.

Troop 2, *Lindale.*—

Harry Loyd,
Lonnie Coley,
Glen Baker,
Howard West,
Harry Foss,
Richard Smith,
Fred Smith,
George Morris,
Nixon Webb,
Clayton White,
Philip Duckett,
Claude Beam,
Robt. Green,
Elmer Holsomback,
Leonard Holsomback,
Keith Humphrey,
Bill Jones,
Wesley Lewis,
Henry Parker,
Edell Evans,
Lewis Baker,
Ben Godfrey,
Joe Roberts,
Floyd Bell,
Barnett Barton.

Troop 3, *Lindale.*—

Harold Crow,
Elmer Spratling,
Wallace Rogers,
Mark Webb,
James Erwin,
Victor Schram,
Arvil Schram,
Clifford Merony,
Eugene Williams,
Wm. Thomason,
Overton Tyson,
Homer Smith,
Grady Shields,
Robt. Stephens,
Lonnie Roberts,
David New,
Cecil Looney,
Lawrence Jackson,
Henry Henderson,
Gwinie Grogan,
J. T. Gravett,
Reuben Fields,
Ted. Christian,
Jefferson Bramlett,
L. T. Bannister,
Clyde Cox,
Wesley Lewis,
Leslie Lenning,
John Fulton,
Will E. Hopkins,
Paul Ray,
Ernest Mathis.

Troop 4, *Lindale.*—

Henry Autrey,
Wm. Clinton,
Huston Hendricks,
Robt. Padgett,
John Bagley,
Roy Baker,
Bill Wynn,
Harry Stagg,
Clarence Padgett,
Marshall Turley,
Claude Eaton,
Clyde Watson,
Henry Neal,
Walter Green,
Wm. Watson,
James Reed,
Thos. Howe,
Lamar Burns,
Dewey Patterson,
J. P. Melton,
Leroy Watson,
Alvin Gaddy,
Roy Lanham,
Detroy Bell,
T. J. Craton,
T. J. Eubanks,
Burley Eaton,
Donald Callaway,
Grady Williams,
Henry Wynn,
Lawrence Dillingham.

Troop 1, *Cave Spring.*—

R. W. Fincher,
Otis Grimes,
Earl Wilson,
John Pruitt,
Samuel Parres,
Bill Montgomery,
Ellis Casey,
Marshall Berry,
William Spence,
Bennie Jessmith,
George Lou Albea,
A. J. Casey, Jr.,
Weldon Griffith,
Isaac Sewell,
Duel Wilson,
Louie Casey.

GOING SNAKE'S ADVENTURE.—In a memorial to Congress and President Jackson, John Ross and his associates recited that the arrangements made by the Government agents for the July, 1835, council at Running Waters (Rome), were entirely inadequate. The Indians were quartered in a wood convenient to the council ground; they slept on the earth, and their horses were tethered nearby. Going Snake was there. He was the speaker of the Cherokee National Council and one of Ross' right-hand men. His son, it will be recalled, was occupying a "berth" in the log cabin at Spring Place when John Howard Payne and Ross arrived there as prisoners.

Going Snake's horse got loose and stepped on his head while he slept. The chief's injuries were thought to have been serious, but he stayed on his feet and in a short while came around all right.

DOLLARS AND IDEAS.—Mrs. Simpson Fouche Magruder expressed a helpful thought at the Chamber of Commerce banquet Jan. 1, 1921, at the Armstrong Hotel when she declared: "If I have a dollar and you have a dollar, and we swap, each of us still has only a dollar; but if I have an idea and you have an idea, and we exchange, each of us has two ideas which may lead to something worth while."

Life in the Districts

Pinson.

By Major Tom Noodle.
(Tribune-Herald, Nov. 24, 1920)

Low-priced cotton is putting a crimp in most people's programs. I am like an old man I boarded with once. He always carried his family to the circus, and one fall he had no money and they were greatly upset over not being able to see the show. However, the last morning he found his cow had broken her neck. He rushed to the house and told his wife that providence was with them, to get ready, he would sell the cow hide and take in the show after all. It seems I am lucky. I planted for a bale of cotton, but the weevils caused me to miss it; therefore I have no bale for cheap price.

I went to church Sunday afternoon and came home and found the old cow out and gone. She was located in a neighbor's garden. She put me to a nice trip across plowed ground on my way home. I beefed the calf the other day. The cow has not found it out yet. I am afraid to tell her about it. That cow puzzles me at times. She often refuses to let the milk flow. I pull and squeeze, but get nothing but a thin "speen" in the bucket till she consents to give it down, and now on a cold morning that little "speen" is no attractive sound. I am glad that cow is no twin.

Several killed hogs last week.

Henry Johnston and family, of Rome, were here last Sunday.

Arthur Thedford was here last week.

Most everybody out this way is fat and saucy.

(Won't you invite us out to dinner, Major Noodle? We of the city must eat now and then!—Author.)

School begins next Monday.

Things are getting cheaper. I hear that silk and whisky are off a lot. Land seems to be selling lower and cattle and stock are cheap. Diamonds are off a little, so is radium. Cotton sure is. Coal, eggs, foodstuff and fruit are not. Politics is off. Taxes are not. Money is timid. Tramps are increasing. Too many people are going to town. Wages will be cheap if you don't look out. Because of one bad year on the farm is no reason to quit. Call the farmer an "opulent cuss" if you desire, but what business or manufacture is expected to go on selling below cost of production? There is a silver lining, however. Better market conditions, facilities and organization for farmers will and must come or blooie!

One of the best ways for farmers to economize I find is to make their syrup thick and put it in jugs. Only a little will run out during cold weather. I am trying that plan. It certainly works. A gallon will outlast two in buckets. There are many ways to save if you will only think them out. One's wife will not eat so much if one will have her teeth pulled. I offer that suggestion. It will work out nicely. It will help greatly to work, save and carry on.

By Major Tom Noodle.
(Rome News, Sept. 13, 1921)

Busy times. Fodder-pulling, haymaking and sirup-making on hand all at once.

Edgar Sanders and bride spent last week with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Sanders.



JOS. WATTERS, state senator who vigorously fought the so-called "fire-eaters," or men who wanted the Civil War in 1850.

Mrs. W. T. Carden is convalescing after a serious illness of three weeks.

Some road-working been done and some yet to be done.

Sam Davis was out this way Thursday.

Cotton picking in full blast. If kept up with, the present crop may be gathered in September. The yield will be about half.

Phew! Hot weather makes you sweat and fret but have to work. Light showers intersperse the torrid term, however.

Will the disarmament conference interfere with courting?

Mrs. Cora Hopkins' baby was quite sick last week.

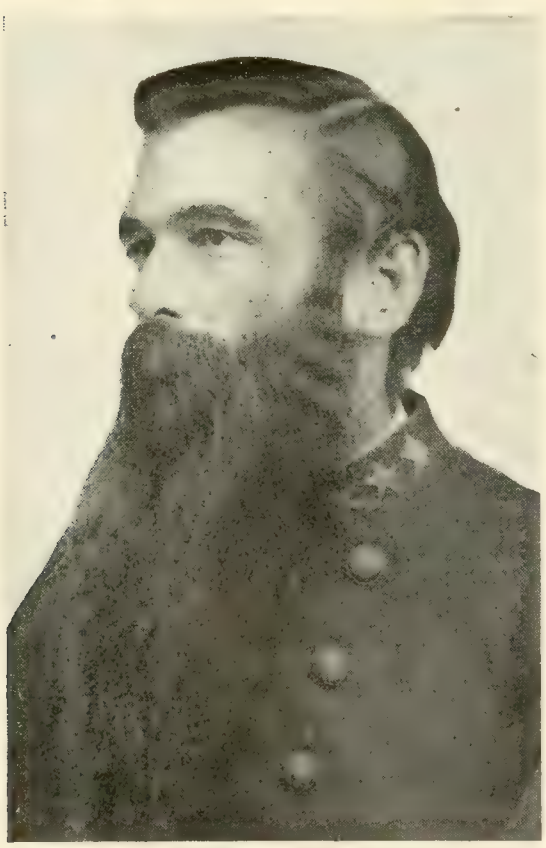
Hugh Sanders and Miss Minnie Itson were quietly married Sunday at Plainville, Esq. W. M. Miller officiating. Congratulations.

Do they eat ham at Hamburg and liver at Liverpool? Do they wash at Washington and roam at Rome?

If weeds were cultivated, would they be hard to get a stand like cultivated plants?

Chickens are the dickens—if they belong to neighbors and often if they are your own. They scratch up what you plant, eat what comes up and then try to get the rest of it when it ripens. They begin on the fruit soon after it blooms and continue till it is gone. They eat up all outdoors, come into the house to devour and rob the stock of their meals. They eat anything and everything. One time I went to sleep out on the porch and they tried to peck out my teeth, and one lighted on the stove and began eating fried corn that was cooking. They are sights. They are pretty good eats, however, when cooked right.

Will Gaines, Sr., who recently broke his arm playing ball, is doing as well as could be expected.



COL. J. G. YEISER, in his uniform of the Mexican War. Col. Yeiser also fought with distinction in the war of 1861-1865.

(Sept. 19, 1921)

Nice rain Sunday. Good deal of hay down, but it was needed on pastures and gardens.

Rev. J. L. Hodges was called as pastor of Enon Church Saturday for another year.

Rev. J. N. Hightower filled Rev. Mr. Hodges' appointment at Enon Saturday and Sunday.

Odis Drummonds and family, of Rome, visited his father and family Sunday.

J. W. Sisk and wife, O. L. Floyd, wife and son, of Plainville, visited relatives here Sunday afternoon.

I do not believe a hen can reason, for if she could she would not set on a door knob in the nest till she raised blood blisters on her bosom.

It is funny to see a dog laugh. He just wags his tail.

A mule carries his defense in the rear and fights backwards, but it is effective.

If the eating end of a cow is provided for, the milking end will take care of itself.

One time one of my children was sick at night. To be on the safe side I gave it castor oil. Next morning I found a sore toe was the trouble.

It takes corn to curl a pig's tail.

(Feb. 6, 1922)

Will Johnson, who moved across the river Christmas, has moved back to this side.

Mrs. Wiley Davis is on the sick list.

Mrs. Lizzie Frix came up from Rome Thursday to visit her children and parents.



ROME TURNS OUT IN THE RAIN TO HEAR THEODORE ROOSEVELT

On Oct. 8, 1910, Colonel Roosevelt addressed a large and enthusiastic crowd of Romans on Broad street between the Medical Building and the Monument to the Women of the Confederacy. He had previously been given a lesson in practical democracy at the Berry Schools, where he also delivered an inspiring address. He spoke beneath the canopy and the cross mark. Colonel Roosevelt paid a high tribute to the human products of the mountain slopes. (Find the dapple gray horse in the foreground.)

W. E. Watters and Mrs. J. G. Whatley attended the funeral of Mrs. Nettie Milner in Atlanta last week.

School at Enon is overflowing.

Several farmers lately had their sorghum seed and soy beans threshed.

The old churn runs the old cat out of the chimney corner these days.

Old Man Winter has not swatted all the flies yet; so it must be the same with the boll weevils. Cut your cotton acreage.

I once heard a fellow say that there were only two classes of people—the caught and the uncaught. Court proceedings reveal that there is some truth to the statement.

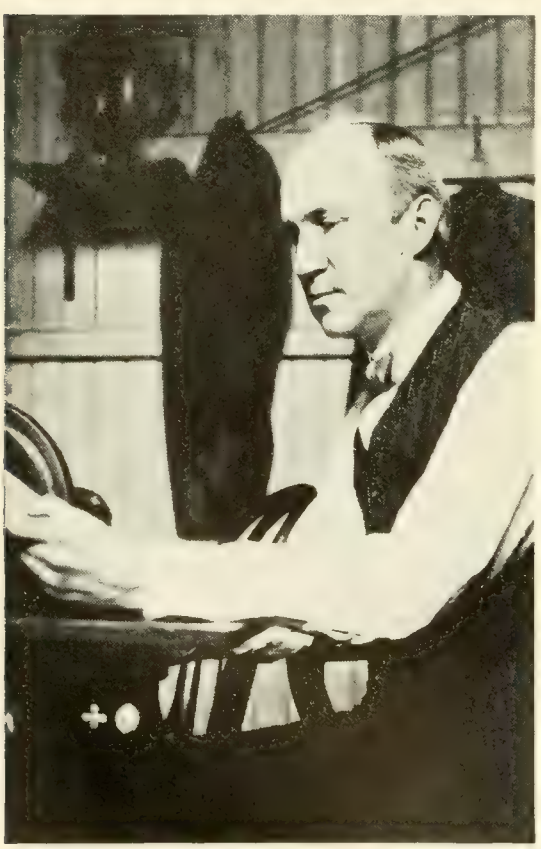
Miss Oline Arnold gave a singing Sunday night and Oren Dodd gave a singing Sunday afternoon.

Bush Arbor.

(Dec. 28, 1920)

Mrs. G. A. Cantrell spent one night last week with her daughter, Mrs. Will Knight.

P. M. Foster has vacated his school at Foster's academy until January 10, 1921.



JAS. B. NEVIN, one of Rome's most brilliant sons, snapped at his desk as editor of The Atlanta Georgian and American.

H. A. Swinford, who is at work in Lindale, spent the holidays with his family here.

Mrs. C. A. Cantrell and Mrs. Will Knight had dinner Sunday with J. P. Swinford, of West Point.

Ira Thrasher, of Anniston, is here visiting his uncle, H. A. Swinford.

P. W. Pew has moved to the homestead of Miss Bulah Thomas, of Rome.

(Jan. 27, 1921)

Ed Swinford and Jesse Cantrell, of West Rome, had dinner with James A. Cantrell and family.

Mrs. Georgia Hart is still unimproved, confined in bed.

H. A. Swinford has gone to Anniston to secure work.

The Bush Arbor singing society met in their regular monthly singing Sunday afternoon.

(Feb. 2, 1921)

H. A. Swinford has returned from Anniston, where he went to secure work. He reports a very dull place there.

J. A. Elrod has moved from Mr. J. T. Bryant's farm to Mr. Wm. Parker's farm.

Mesdames G. A. Cantrell and Stella Blackwelder visited Mrs. Kate Swinford and family last week.

Will Knight was in Rome last week on business.

Mrs. Gladys Phillips and children, of Anniston, while here on an extended visit to her mother, Mrs. H. A. Swinford, spent Friday night with her aunt, Mrs. G. A. Cantrell.

(Feb. 15, 1921)

Mrs. Mattie Sharp is reported very feeble at present.

P. W. Pew intends to move to J. B. Williams' farm at Livingston.

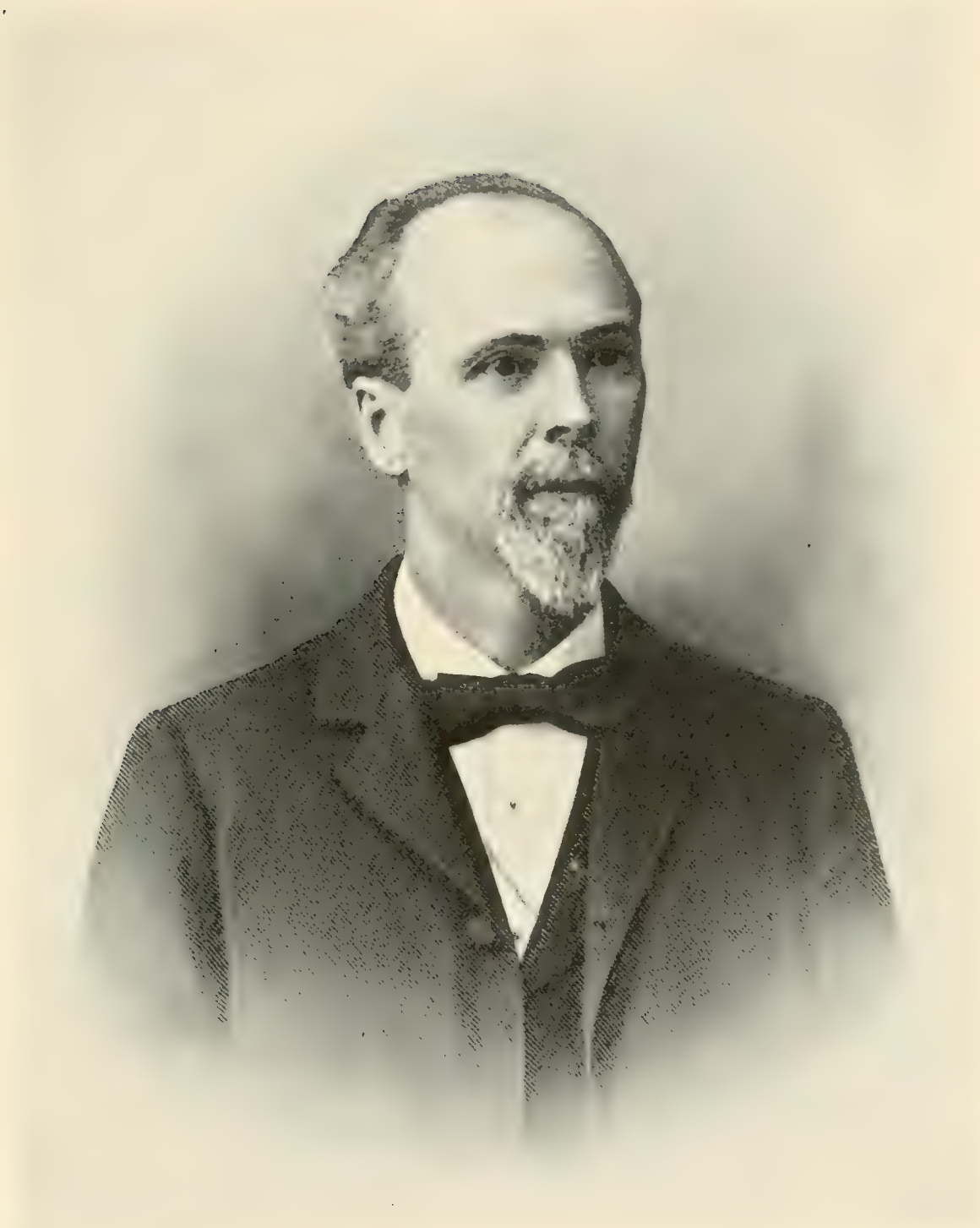
The high water has stopped all traffic on the road here. Also U. S. mail and school children.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Swinford had dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Jas. A. Cantrell Friday.

(Apr. 5, 1821)

John Warnack, of Lindale, was here last week looking after the finny tribe.

Several of the music people attended the singing at Livingston Sunday afternoon.



John W Macdox



THE OLD ROME FEMALE COLLEGE.

The Eighth Avenue institution was established about 1850 by Col. Simpson Fouche, who was soon succeeded by Rev. and Mrs. J. M. M. Caldwell. Here the first Mrs. Woodrow Wilson was taught, with numerous young women of the South. The building was later used as the Holmes sanitarium, and eventually burned down. It was located where the A. S. Burney home now stands.

(May 12, 1921)

Mrs. Lois Hill has gone to Anniston, Ala., for a position.

There was a large number of people at Bush Arbor last Friday who cleaned up the cemetery in good order.

Jesse Cantrell, of Rome, spent Sunday night with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. A. Cantrell.

The farmers are having to plant their cotton over. The cold weather was the cause for the poor stand of the first planting.

(July 7, 1921)

Dr. H. A. Turner, of Rome, was in our midst last week.

A storm passed through here last Saturday afternoon. It blew the roof off of Will Knight's barn.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Knight and children spent the week-end with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Cantrell.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Cantrell, of near Canton, Ga., are visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Cantrell.

Last week was the hottest weather this summer. The thermometer was at 100 degrees three days in the shade.

Gus Glozier, with a fishing party from Lindale, are on a fishing spree here.

Jesse Cantrell and brothers, Earl, Raymond, Dewey and Willie, were in Rome the Fourth to see the fun.

Jas. A. Cantrell and family had as their guests for dinner Sunday Will Knight and family and Mr. and Mrs. Dewey Cantrell. After dinner the party received a nice ice cream repast and then motored to the lock and dam for pleasure.

Will Knight and Dewey Cantrell were in Rome last week on legal business.

During the rain storm one day last week the lightning set fire to some fodder in W. J. Carter's barn, but he was quick enough to put it out.

Kieffer Lindsey and his staff of Rome were here making some surveys on the public road last week.

The county chaingang is going to take camp here—near the Foster Academy school house.

H. A. Swinford, of Anniston, is here visiting his family.

Rev. S. H. Pendley, of Cave Spring, preached at Bush Arbor last Saturday.

Rev. J. E. Smith and son, Cheney, of Silver Creek, had dinner last Saturday with J. W. Keith.

Arthur Hunt, of Summerville, worshipped at Bush Arbor Sunday.

Rev. S. H. Pendley and C. L. Casey, of Cave Spring, had dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Jas. A. Cantrell Saturday. They are students of the Hearn Academy.

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(Sept. 7, 1921)

The mad dogs are causing a great excitement around here. They have bit Mrs. C. McDaniel, also a little boy at Buck Lemming's. One dog was killed Sunday.

Messrs. J. T. Spann and B. M. Barna attended the dedication of the new house of worship at Pleasant Hope Baptist Church.

W. J. Carter's little child was bitten by a snake Sunday morning.

———

Central Grove.

(Jan. 27, 1921)

One of the things which we have been hoping for has come to pass. There is a new bridge across Cooper creek where the ford was. The fill is high enough that travel need not be stopped during a flood.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Moon and son, Robert, have returned from a visit with Mr. Moon's two brothers near Tampa, Fla. They report vegetables and fruit flourishing, and beautiful, sunny weather, but prefer to live in Floyd County, Georgia.

Horace King has moved his family into one of the houses on the Butler farm.

C. Reese and family are living on the farm formerly owned by J. L. Peddycourt.

Mr. Hubbard, from Rome, is occupying the McGinnis place on Central Grove road.

Miss Grace Anderson, home demonstration agent, spent Thursday afternoon and night with the W. A. Littlejohn family.

Dr. Chimene, county health officer, visited Central Grove school Monday and examined the pupils.

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(Feb. 3, 1921)

H. O. Littlejohn has become possessor of a young mule.

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(Apr. 27, 1921)

All last week the pupils at Central Grove school spent their spare time making a flower garden back of the school house. Jack Beard plowed the



THE OLD ROBT. BATTEY HOME ON FIRST AVENUE.



"THORNWOOD," OLD HOME OF COL. ALFRED SHORTER.

land, which was then laid off in beds, each of which was in charge of a group of children. There was considerable competition among the groups arranging the plants to make the prettiest bed, for which a prize is offered. Plans were laid to keep up the work john, chairman of the Woman's Branch of the Farm Bureau, and Mrs. H. O. Littlejohn, chairman of the Beautification Committee, are supervising the work.

Friday was the last day of the school term at Central Grove. Although the day was rainy, the pupils had a good time. There was a contest in running and jumping, in charge of O. L. Titrud. After lunch the children played games and had a general good time before parting for the long vacation.

Those who attended school regularly during the term made good progress and the patrons are all pleased with the good work of the teacher, Miss Kate Morrison.

Hattie Price, Clara Hogan, Helen Camp, Bessie Lee Hopkins, Felton Beard, Clyde Titrud and Lon Thompson were the winners in the races.

Mr. Fulcher was in the path of the tornado last week and had his buggy and harness badly damaged.

Mrs. H. O. Littlejohn and Mrs. O. L. Titrud visited the Berry School for Girls Wednesday.

The little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Hughes has been quite ill.

Mrs. Rip Payne and children have been visiting their relatives, the Hughes, this past week.

Mrs. W. A. Littlejohn and Madge made a week-end visit with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Beard, at Silver Creek. Mr. Littlejohn and Lois visited there Sunday and brought them home.

Elbert Beard is working at Pinehaven this summer. He has joined the Corn Club, and Clyde Titrud has joined the Calf Club.

Charlie Thompson and Milton Brown are working at Gore.

Sam McClung is working at the stone quarry in Rome.

(Jan. 18, 1921)

F. C. Moon and family are enjoying a visit with Mr. Moon's two brothers, who live near Tampa, Fla.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Harris and niece, May Bell, are living at the Moon residence during their absence.

C. I. Butler has bought the farm he once owned from Mr. Crumley, and expects to move back some time during the year.

Charlie Thompson has moved his family into Mr. Butler's house for the winter.

Charlie Fowler and family have rented from Ed. Beard and are now living in this settlement again.

Bill Hogan has moved his family to a house on the Beard place.

Floyd Springs.

(Feb. 13, 1921)

Miss Edna Holsonback is on the sick list with the chicken pox.

The school at this place is progressing fine under Misses Barton and Cleo Whisenant.

Miss Amie Jackson is on the sick list at this writing.

(Mar. 30, 1921)

All farmers are busy plowing and planting corn. Gardens are looking fine. Everybody will soon have something to eat at home.

Miss Cora Whistnant was Miss Lillie Boatfield's guest Sunday.

Miss Lillie Boatfield, Mrs. Gussie Boatfield and Mrs. Cora Whisenant motored to Rome Sunday afternoon.

Wayside.

(Jan. 27, 1921)

The box supper at Wayside school house has been postponed until February 12. Every one is cordially invited.

Misses Autha Hopkins and Agnes Barnes were pleasant guests of Misses Grace and Ozella Byars Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Rogers spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Sam Bing.

(Feb. 18, 1921)

Aunt Betsy Carnes, of Barnsley, is seriously ill at this writing.

The many friends of Mrs. Mittie Taylor will rejoice to know that her bone-felon is improving nicely.

J. V. Kerce got hurt hauling crossties last week.

E. N. Moat is on the sick list.

Mrs. Jim Bing was the pleasant guest of Mrs. Bill Reeves Sunday.

(May 12, 1921)

We appreciate these beautiful warm days after so much Jack Frost and cold north wind. It makes us think we are soon to say "good-bye lettuce and turnip greens and welcome tomatoes and snap beans."

Mr. and Mrs. Hamp McClain announce the birth of a son born last Friday. The baby has been named William Thomas.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Hice visited relatives at this place last Sunday.

Several of our young people attended service at Barnsley Chapel last Sunday.

We rejoice that the whooping cough epidemic in this section has about subsided. Its excuse for doing so is that it has served them all.

Early.

(Apr. 5, 1921)

Mrs. J. I. Early and Sybil motored to Rome Tuesday.

Mrs. Lois Hall is the proud mother of a fine bouncing baby boy.

C. A. Hall was in Rome Thursday on business.



MAJ. CHAS. H. SMITH appeared under the above caption for many years as a contributor to The Atlanta Constitution.

Mrs. C. A. J. Ware was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Nannie Hall, last week.

G. B. Good and J. I. Early made a flying trip to Rome Friday afternoon.

Miss Beth Bridges has accepted a position with the Georgia School for the Deaf.

Dr. Garner was in town Wednesday on business.

Van Hall was the guest of his father, Lon Hall, last week.

Utopia.

(May 16, 1921)

The farmers are very busy getting their crops planted this pretty weather.

R. E. Holsonback motored to Rome Saturday morning on business.

The many friends of Miss Mattie Barnett are sorry to hear of her serious illness.

(Sept. 9, 1921)

A large crowd attended the singing at this place Sunday afternoon.

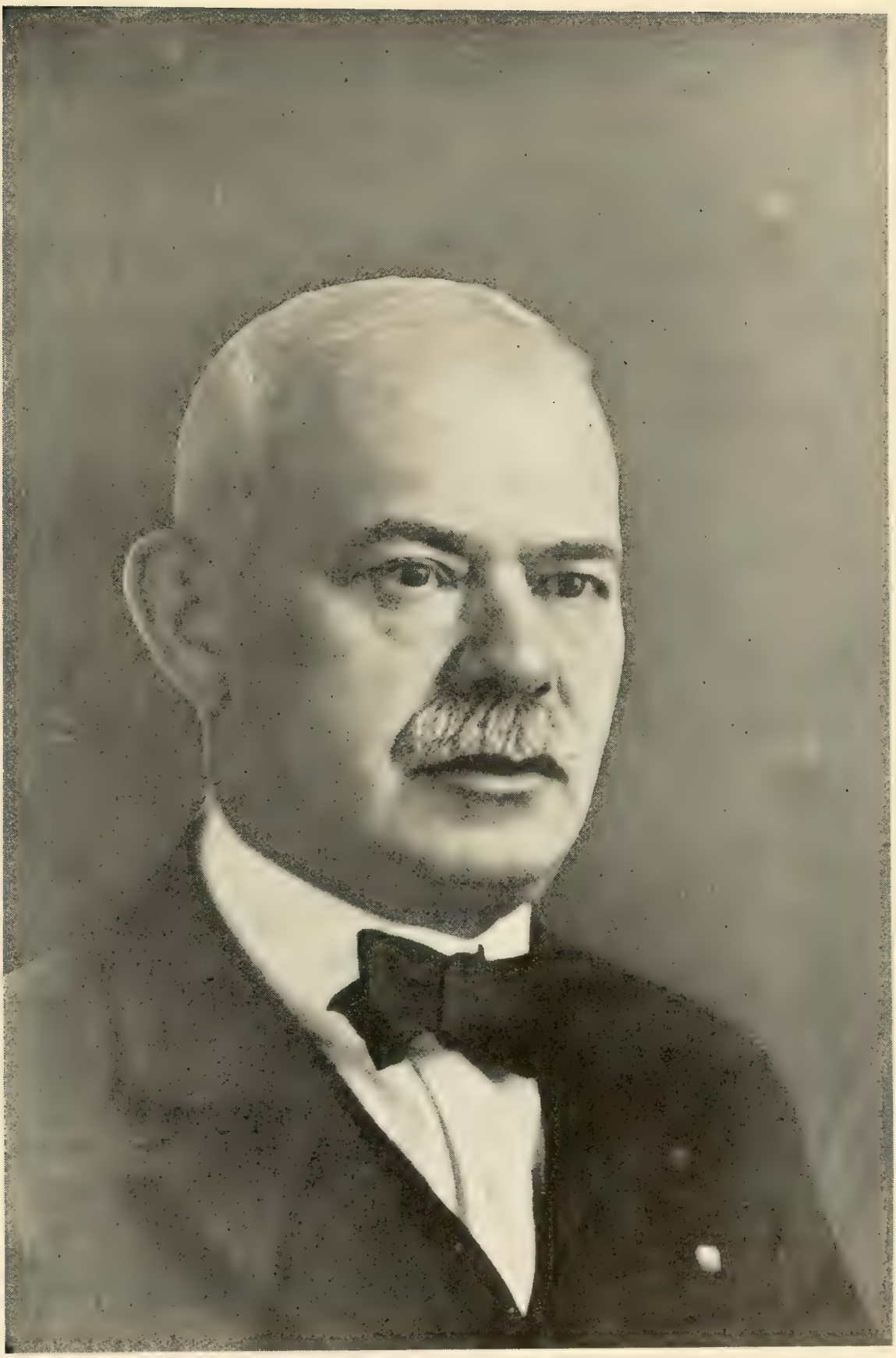
Rev. Green spent the day with Marvin Owens, Sunday.

Azmon Mills was the guest of Artemus Barton Saturday night.



FIVE ROMANS OF THE EARLY DAYS.

Top, left to light, DeWitt Clinton Hargrove, who was killed at the First Battle of Manassas as a member of the Rome Light Guards; Henry W. Dean, father of Linton A., H. A. and J. Ed. Dean; Dr. George M. Battey, pharmacist and physician; Zachariah B. Hargrove, Jr., mayor of Rome in 1869; Wm. Hemphill Jones, son of Walton H. Jones and husband of Mrs. Flora McAfee Jones.



Isaac May



A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR AND HIS SECRETARY.

Alexander H. Stephens (at bottom) visited Rome in the fall of 1860 and was introduced the next day at a Floyd Springs barbecue speaking by Judge Augustus R. Wright. At another time he was the guest of C. G. Samuel at 101 Second Avenue. His private secretary during the Civil War was Col. Wm. H. Hidell (at top), lawyer, who bought The Courier from Capt. Dwinell. Frank W. Copeland now owns the Hidell home in North Rome.

Miss Edna Holsonback was Miss Agnes Davis' guest Sunday.

The ice cream party given by Misses Marie and Janie Barton Saturday was highly enjoyed by a large crowd.

Everett Springs.

(Mar. 14, 1921)

Prof. T. E. Perry, principal of the school, is justly proud of the record made so far this year. Seventy-five pupils are enrolled and the attendance has been excellent.

Prof. Perry's hobby is mathematics, and the pupils in the higher grades have made great progress in this study.

Mrs. Ina White, of John's Creek Valley, is entitled to rank with farm supervisors, if results count. Her garden is acknowledged to be the finest in the vicinity. English peas, beets, onions and lettuce are far above the ground and long rows of perfect cabbage are beginning to head.

The younger set had a candy pulling at the home of Marcus Burns.

Miss Gilla Landrum is in charge of the school and her pupils are devoted to her. She is always alert and enthusiastic. Her department is particularly elated because through their efforts a very fine portrait of President Wilson has been secured for the school and they are expecting its arrival daily.

Dr. Chas. McArthur is making an enviable reputation in surgery. He performed a major operation on Mrs. Geo. Deason last Monday. Dr. Russell, of Rome, assisted, and Mrs. McArthur, who is a graduate nurse, administered the anesthetic.

There are over 150 bales of cotton in the valley. The farmers are holding it, hoping for a better price.

DeWitt Dew will leave this week for Bristol, Tenn. He will travel for the Barrow-Scott Milling Co., selling Supreme Loaf Flour.

Oscar Patterson, of this valley, ranked second in a class of 34 who stood examinations at the Rome Postoffice for carrier and clerical positions.

Probably this item belongs in your exchange column: Mr. Tump Holsonback wishes to swap eight drakes for laying ducks.

Mrs. John Pettitt continues critically ill at her home in the Pocket.

Miss Josie Touchstone, from the Bend of the River, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Price Christian.

———

(Mar. 27, 1921)

Easter week—beginning the spiritual New Year.

Aside from the Sunday School, conducted by a few faithful members of the congregation, there have been no regular services in the Baptist Church since last October.

The pastor, Rev. Hightower, broke his leg and it was impossible to secure a substitute for him, or it.

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(May 31, 1921)

In a straw ballot taken at Whitmire's Store, Saturday night, among registered voters, the result was 16 to 1 in favor of the issue of road bonds in Floyd County.

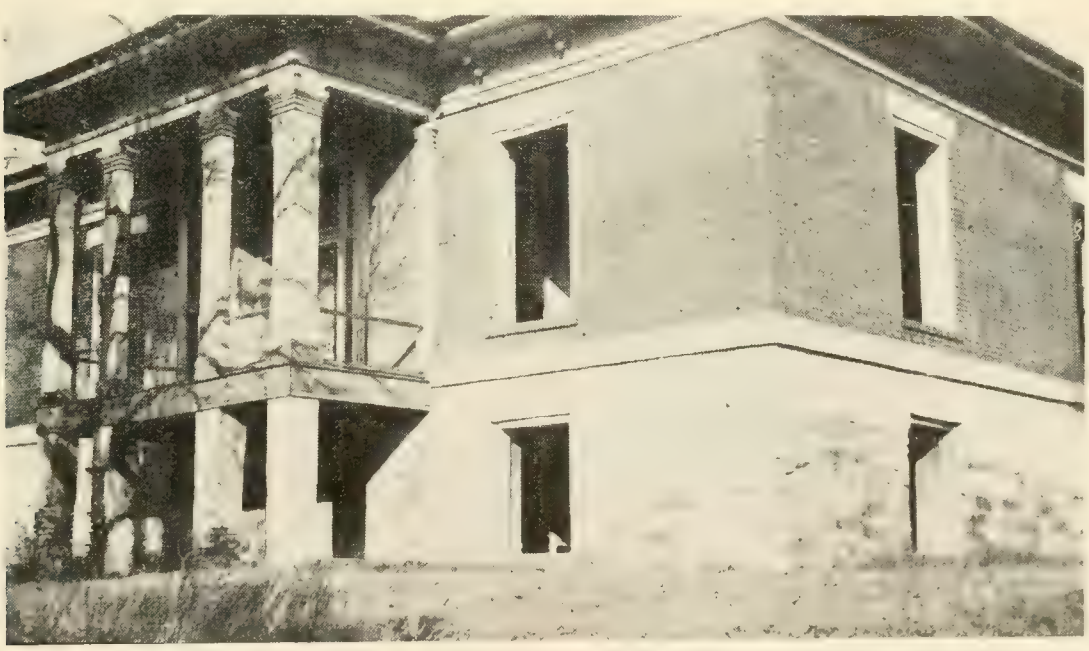
Farmer Lincolnfeldt went to Calhoun last week and sold a load of produce, and while on the way home after night he was held up in Rocky Creek Valley, tied and gagged and robbed of his cash —$38.50. He believes he knows who got his money.

J. C. Everett has the largest onions in the valley, and J. Mitt White the finest field of growing watermelon vines.

Christian Bros. are to reopen their grocery store at Everett Springs about June 1, having compromised with their creditors.

Everett Springs has another grocery store, opened by J. A. Lynch, who was in business here years ago.

Judge John W. Maddox has been invited to come here at 4 p. m., Saturday, June 4, to address the natives on the road bond question. All of the voters



IT MAY NOT BE "HANTED," BUT LOOKS THE PART.

The abandoned Lewis D. Burwell house near the Seventh Avenue cemetery is a finely built place, but ghost stories connected with it make superstitious neighbors stay away at dark. Judge Burwell was hung up in 1864 by Colquitt's Scouts, who got his money, but he was not on this placd at the time. The site has been suggested for a city school and park connecting with other city property—Ft. Jackson and the Seventh Avenue cemetery. The owner is an old Roman, John Montgomery.

have agreed to take a half-holiday to hear him.

Two weeks ago a record assembly welcomed Dr. Hodges, of Rome, and this Sunday practically the entire Valley came to greet Rev. Culpepper. He had ministered to this congregation years ago and is held in sincerest love and respect.

Now come glad tidings indeed—Mr. Hightower is well and will preach our Easter sermon. The people are delighted and are planning for serious church work in future.

The Methodist Church has been doing double duty during this period and a feeling of neighborly (Christian) good fellowship has resulted from a seeming affliction.

Despite the hard times, we of Everett Springs have much to be grateful for in running up our blessings.

The farmers and their families are intensely interested in the Curb Market, and much earnest thought and discussion are devoted to the project. But, on all sides objections are made to the plans of holding it indoors or on Broad street. There must be ample space for wagons to line up and for crowds to move freely among them. Just a hint to prove we are studying the field.



A BATTLE TRENCH, thrown up by "Rebels" or "Yanks" between Fort Jackson (waterworks) and the old Seventh avenue cemetery.

The school children are enjoying an egg hunt. Instead of daring Death by the consumption of untold quantities of hard-boiled eggs, the children have brought dozens of laid-fresh-today eggs that will be hidden in every conceivable nook and cranny of the big school yard. Then the hunt, and when uncovered again the children will form in line and march to the stores, where the eggs will be exchanged for candy, cakes, soda pop and chewing gum.

There is a new baby in the home of Mr. Hughes, a boy.

A big crowd enjoyed a sacred musical at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Levi Hidler Sunday night.

Sidney Drew was here this week. His home is in St. Louis, Mo., but he comes every few weeks to inspect his large plantation. He is enthusiastically welcomed, for his own sake principally, and then because his pay roll is large and real money accompanies him.

Cedartown.

(Mar. 27, 1921)

Mrs. R. O. Pitts, Jr., and young son, Robt. III, have returned from a visit in Rome.

Mrs. W. O. Robinson, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Noble, returned to her home in Anniston last Friday.

Mrs. Carl Pickett entertained informally at a delightful luncheon on Friday. Covers were marked for Mrs. C. C. Bunn, Mrs. T. B. Munroe, Mrs. H. H. Hogg, Mrs. R. O. Pitts, Jr., Mrs. R. A. Adams.

Capt. J. A. Peek is the guest of his daughter, Mrs. C. R. Brown, in Atco.

Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Richardson, of Atlanta, were the week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Adamson.

Guy Ritchie, of Commerce, was here over Sunday.

Chas. Adamson, Jr., and Liddell Turner spent Wednesday in Rome.

Miss Frances Wood was home from Shorter College the first of the week.

The Kiwanis Club enjoyed their weekly luncheon held Friday at the Wayside Inn. Senator W. J. Harris, an honorary member, and Prof. J. C. Harris, of Cave Spring, made interesting talks.

The members of the Cedartown Club are looking forward to the Fancy Dress Ball to be given on April 1. Prizes will be given for the best costumes. The judges have not been announced as yet.

Hon. L. S. Ledbetter has bought the Beasley place on College street and will begin remodeling it at an early date.

(Apr. 3, 1921)

Congressman Gordon Lee was here Friday morning en route to Newnan.

Miss Laura Belle Brewster, of Shorter College, is spending the week-end with relatives here.

Miss Rea King, of Atlanta, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. C. Porter.

Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Noble spent Thursday in Rome as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Berry.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Watkins are remodeling their home on College street.

Miss Christine Smith, of England, who has been visiting her cousins, Dr. and Mrs. William Parker, left Saturday for a visit to Mrs. W. H. Hall, in Yalaba, Fla.

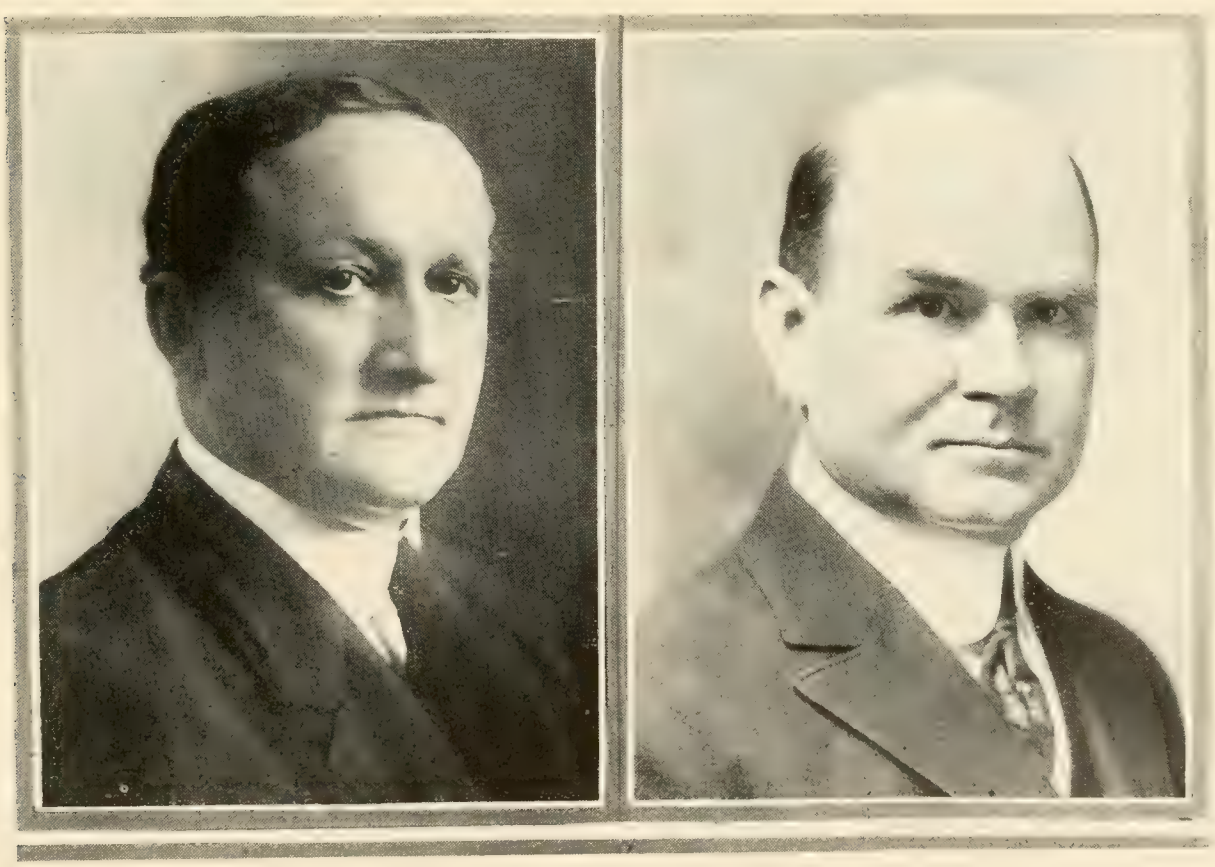
The Fancy Dress Ball given at the Cedartown Club rooms Friday evening was one of the most enjoyable of the season. A number of pretty costumes were worn and many visitors from Rome, Cartersville and Atlanta added to the gaiety of the occasion.

Mrs. Edgar Stubbs, of Atlanta, and Mrs. Hal Bowie, of Rome, are expected to arrive Tuesday and be the guests of Mrs. A. W. Stubbs.

Mrs. C. C. Bunn returned Friday after a few days' visit to her mother, Mrs. Annie F. Johnson, in Rome.

Mrs. H. H. Hogg, Mrs. John Blackwell, Mrs. R. O. Pitts, Jr., returned the last of the week after a short visit to relatives in Rome.

Mrs. O. D. Bartlett returned to Rome last Sunday after a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Fielder.



NOW SERVING GEORGIA IN CONGRESS.

Gordon Lee (left) represents the Seventh District in the House and Wm. J. Harris is Georgia's senior in the Senate. Mr. Lee is not a native Roman, but he is a brother of Mrs. Charlie Hight and has been such a frequent sojourner that his "adoption" is complete. Mr. Harris is a brother of Prof. J. C. Harris, and is a Roman by virtue of the fact that as a boy he clerked several months at a grocery stone on Second Avenue. He went away and finally landed at the peak in Washington.

W. K. Fielder spent Tuesday in Anniston.

J. W. Houseal, of Lindale, spent Sunday here.

Summerville.

(May 2, 1921)

Miss Essie Martin spent the week-end with relatives in Broomtown Valley.

Miss Eleanor Wilson, of Cedar Bluff, Ala., is visiting her sister, Miss Frances Wilson, who is critically ill.

Misses Mattie Green and Margaret Myers, who are teaching in the Lindale school, spent the week-end with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Myers.

Miss Mary Cordle spent Sunday with Mrs. Bob McWhorter at Menlo.

Burrell Simmons spent Sunday in Trion with his sister, Miss Ethel Simmons.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Cleghorn and children spent Thursday in Rome.

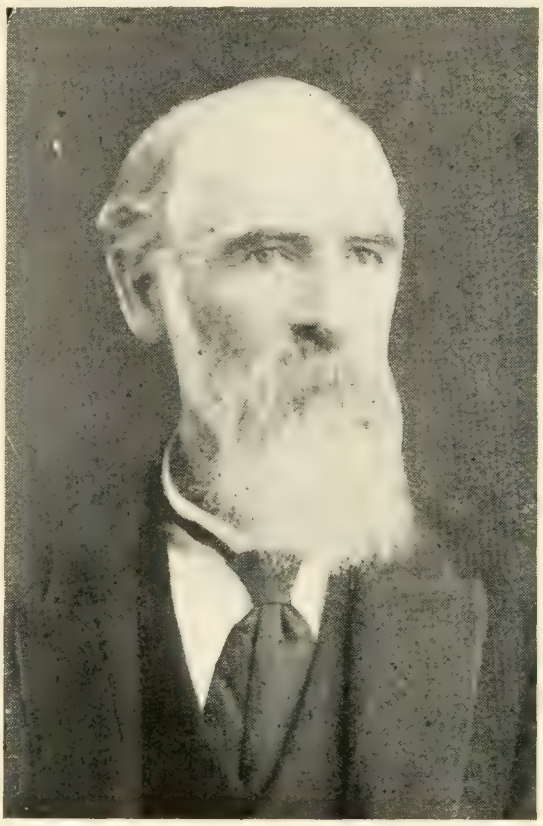
Coosa.

(Jan. 27, 1921)

Jake Hooker and Billie Spinks, of Atlanta, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Kinnie Vann.



MRS. NAOMI PRISCILLA BALE, Rome's beloved "Grandma Georgy," whose pen has made Romans venerate their town.



PALEMON J. KING, an old-fashioned school teacher who believed that spare rods meant spoiled children, and acted accordingly.

W. M. McCurry was visiting friends at Dalton Sunday.

William Wimbish and Martin D'Arcy, of Rome, were at Coosa Saturday on a hunting trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Vann and children, of Bush Creek, were the guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Weaver.

Arthur Lloyd is attending court in Rome this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Lumpkin are expected home from New Orleans Thursday, and will be with Cicero Evans for several days before going to their home in Virginia.

Mt. Alto.

(Apr. 20, 1921)

The little child of Mr. and Mrs. Dock Alexander was badly burned Friday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnie Salmon were the guests of Ed. Salmon and family at Armuchee, Sunday.

Miss Minnie Watson was the guest of Mrs. Ruth Salmon Thursday afternoon.

Grady Holland was in Rome Monday on business.



A HOME ONCE VANN'S VALLEY'S PRIDE.

Cave Spring road residence built about 1840 by Gen. Jas. Hemphill, state senator and militia officer who helped remove the Indians. Gen. Hemphill sold it to Wm. Montgomery and moved to Mississippi in 1846. Note the unique entrance, entirely open, and the winding hardwood stairway; this arrangement has been changed. Ten large and beautiful cedars grace the front yard.

Misses Maud, Cora and Effie Hollaway were the pleasant guests of Miss Nola Alexander Sunday afternoon.

Wesley Dillard was at the home of B. F. Watson's, Sunday.

Lindale.

(Tribune-Herald, Dec. 25, 1920)

There will be no issue of The Tribune-Herald tomorrow, therefore no paper can be delivered in Lindale.

Mrs. C. E. League left yesterday for a visit to her mother at Trion. She will be gone a week.

Mrs. C. Irby, of Kingston, after a brief visit to her daughter, Mrs. C. L. Bradley, returned home yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Seab Bryant and children, of Columbus, Ga., and Clifford Bryant, of Gordon, Ga., are guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Bryant.

Mr. T. Mungall and daughter, Miss Martha Mungall, of Pell City, Ala., are guests of his son, A. W. Mungall, for the holidays.

Mrs. J. H. Anderson was removed from her home at 117 Park avenue yesterday to the Frances Berrien Hospital for treatment.

T. N. Holsomback, of Wyatt, La., was a recent guest of T. P. Fitzpatrick.

Mrs. H. S. Clinton is seriously ill at her home in Boozeville.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Hayes, of Trion, are the guests of his mother, Mrs. G. S. Hayes, during the holidays.

Foster's Mill.

(May 12, 1921)

The people of this place are busy farming.

There will be an all-day singing at Cedar Creek Baptist Church the second Sunday in June. Everybody is invited to come and bring well-filled baskets and spend the day.

Mrs. Berta McGhee spent last week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Vann, of near Cave Springs.



A GEM IN NATURE'S FIRMAMENT.

Cave Spring is admitted by poets, writers and admirers everywhere to be one of the most beautiful spots in the United States. The views carry us to Woodstock Lake and the Episcopal church, with both of which Dr. and Mrs. Theodosius Bartow and their son, Col. Francis S. Bartow, were connected; the Alexander Thornton Harper home; the ancient Baptist church, and the marvelous cave, from which gush nearly 3,500,000 gallons of crystal pure water daily.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Steed took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Dan House Sunday.

Rockmart.

(Mar. 22, 1921.

The farmers of this place are very busy turning their land for another crop.

Miss Marion Smith spent Thursday afternoon with Miss Mary Morgan.

Miss Mattie Lou Gann has been on the sick list but is better now.

Miss Jennie Bee Carter and Sam Finch are married.

Miss Zelma Allgood has returned to her home in Rockmart after spending a few days in Atlanta.

Miss Marie Carpenter is on the sick list now.

Armuchee.

(Tribune-Herald, Apr. 13, 1921)

Miss Annie Louise Rush was a charming hostess Wednesday evening when she entertained about forty of



ONE OF ROME'S EARLY MAYORS AND HIS WIFE.

Nathan Yarbrough was mayor of Rome in 1852; some say he was the first mayor. At any rate, he wasn't satisfied, so after the war he was made sheriff. He was a short, red-headed man, and a terror to lawbreakers. He moved to Texas and eventually died there. His wife is shown by his side.

her friends in honor of her sixteenth birthday anniversary at the home of her sister, Mrs. Barnett Rice. Honeysuckles and roses were used in an artistic effect as decorations. Music and games were the diversions of the evening and at a late hour an ice course was served. The many beautiful presents received denoted the popularity of the young hostess.

Rev. Mr. Stuart will preach at the Methodist Church Sunday morning at 11 o'clock and his subject is "Mother, Home and Heaven." Special music will be an enjoyable feature also. The members of both the Baptist churches as well as the Methodist are most cordially invited.

Mrs. Jabe Hendricks is the guest for a fortnight of her sister, Mrs. Seab Evans.

Mrs. W. G. Scoggin and Mrs. John W. Salmon were guests of Mrs. Seab Terry Saturday.

Mrs. George Shouse and sons, Willie and Tom, were guests of relatives near Trion Sunday.

Cave Spring.

(Tribune-Herald, Apr. 28, 1921)

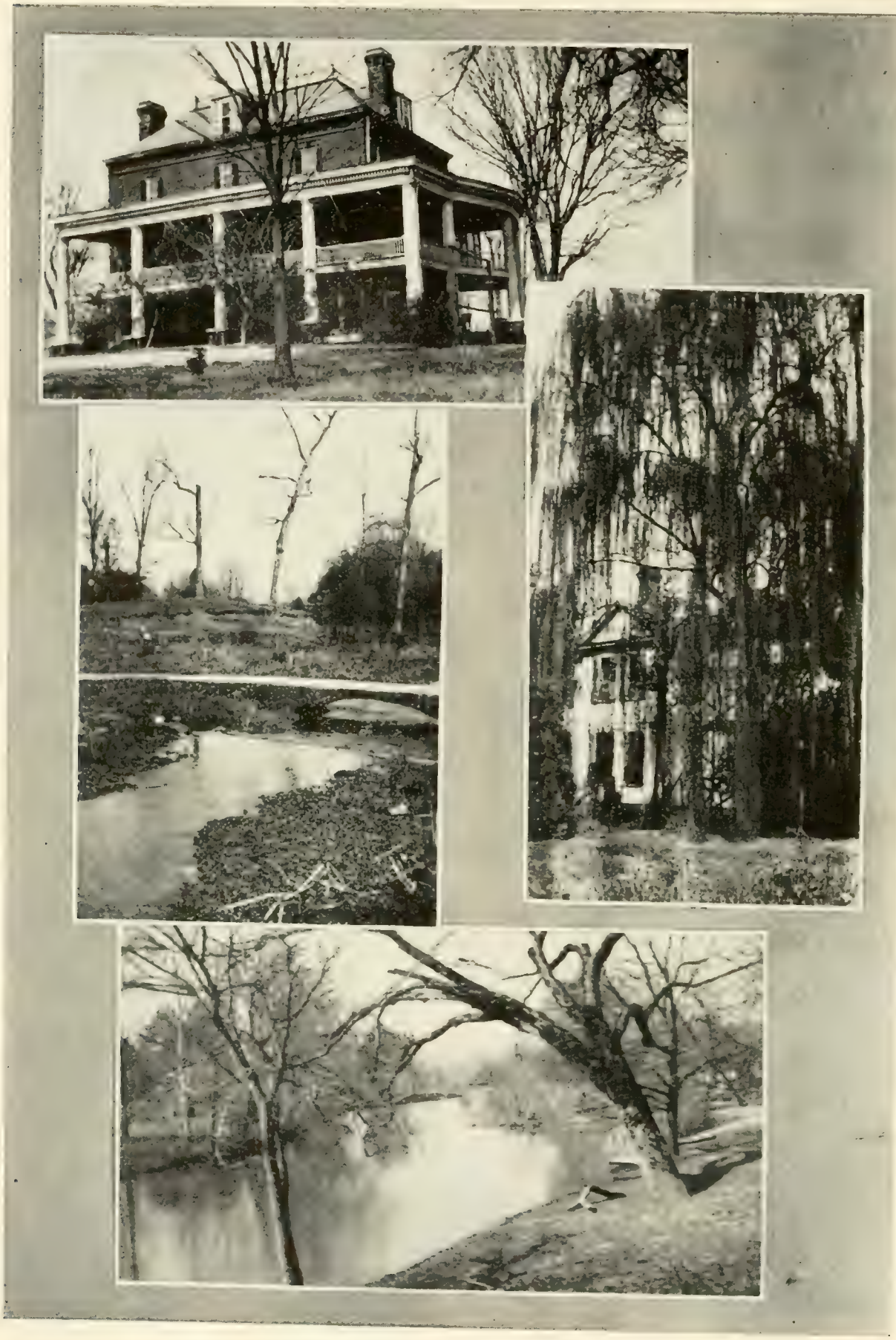
The passing of the old Carroll homestead, which was completely destroyed by fire a few days ago, removes another link in the chain which bound the Cave Spring of the present to that other Cave Spring of ante-bellum days. In the olden days this splendid southern home was a noted center of social life and gaiety, sheltering dozens of guests in its large high ceiling rooms, with that hospitality known so well to the Old South.

During the past few years, since Mrs. John Hill, nee Miss Ann Carroll, took up her permanent residence in Atlanta, the place has had other occupants, but it was still owned by the family until last year, when it was purchased by Hearn Academy. At the time of the fire it was occupied by Rev. Mr. Harris and the family of a student minister.

The many friends of Harold Williams will be very sorry to learn that he has not been improving satisfactorily during the past few days. Mr. Williams has been critically ill with pneumonia.

The teachers of the Georgia School for the Deaf enjoyed a little outing at Woodstock Lake Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. James Perry entertained a few friends at a bridge party Wednesday afternoon at her beautiful home, "Sunshine."



WHY CAVE SPRINGERS LOVE THEIR TOWN.

Daniel Webster once said of Dartmouth: "It is a small college, but there are those who love it!" Cave Spring is also small. The picture at the top is "Sunshine," built by Robt. Swain Perry, of Germantown, Pa., a descendant of Commodore Oliver H. Perry; Big Cedar Creek, Cave Spring branch, and Ben Watts' remarkable 11-year-old Babylonian willow are also presented.

Poetry

THE VALES OF ROME.

By Frank L. Stanton.

No cold and crumbling arches—
The frolic of the Fates;
No senatorial marches
Through the lion-guarded gates;
No Caesar's glittering legions,
Whose eagles crown its dome,
But Love, in Love's own regions,—
The violet vales of Rome!

There rise the dark, blue mountains,
Where clouds are fair and fleet;
There leap the living fountains,
There sing the rivers sweet!
There morning breaks in showers
Of light and silver foam,
And from their airy towers
Smile stormless stars on Rome!

And there gay birds are winging
Their wild and wondrous flight;
The splendid day dies singing
A dream song to the night;
And Love's sweet voices calling
Love's weary wanderers home,
In golden music falling
Thrill all the vales of Rome.

That love which woos and wonders
Far from the wreck and strife,
Is echoed in the thunders
And tempests of my life,
And answers, "Love, I hear thee,
O'er the seas of storm and foam;
Thy lover's steps draw near thee,—
Ring sweet, ye bells of Rome!"

RETROSPECTIVE.

By Montgomery M. Folsom.

I watch the sunshine slowly ebb
Along the shores of day,
And winter weaves a silver web
On the hillsides far away.
Above my head there shines afar
Heaven's softly beaming eyes,
But Oh, my God, I miss the star
That illumed my paradise!

One summer morn when field and wood
Were promiseful and green,
Far off the blue Cohuttas stood,
Oostanaula rolled between;
On this same spot I met my love
And held her hand in mine,
And all the earth and heaven above
O'erflowed with light divine!

In whispered accents breathed low
I pledged my solemn vow;
And would to heaven that she might know
How much I miss her now!

I loved as few have loved with all
Of heart's devotion free;
She held my very soul in thrall,
I knew that she loved me!

What recks the dull routine of life
If wrong may Christ forgive?
The joy is not worth half the strife
To simply breathe and live!
Poor erring creature, this my prayer,
To heaven my only plea,
That in that blissful region there
My love may be with me!

"LOVE ME AND THE HAT IS THINE."

By Frank L. Stanton.

Each eve she meets me at the gate—
Her brow has roses on it;
And for one kiss she gives me eight.
(That means an Easter bonnet!)

Each dish that most delights my eyes
The table has upon it;
And "Dear, try this and this!" she cries.
(That means an Easter bonnet!)

My slippers always are in sight,
My smoking cap, I don it;
She strokes my hair; "You're tired to-night!"
(That means an Easter bonnet!)

Such kind attention! Never saw
The like! Heaven's blessing on it;
God praise both wife and mother-in-law!
(I'll BUY that Easter bonnet!)

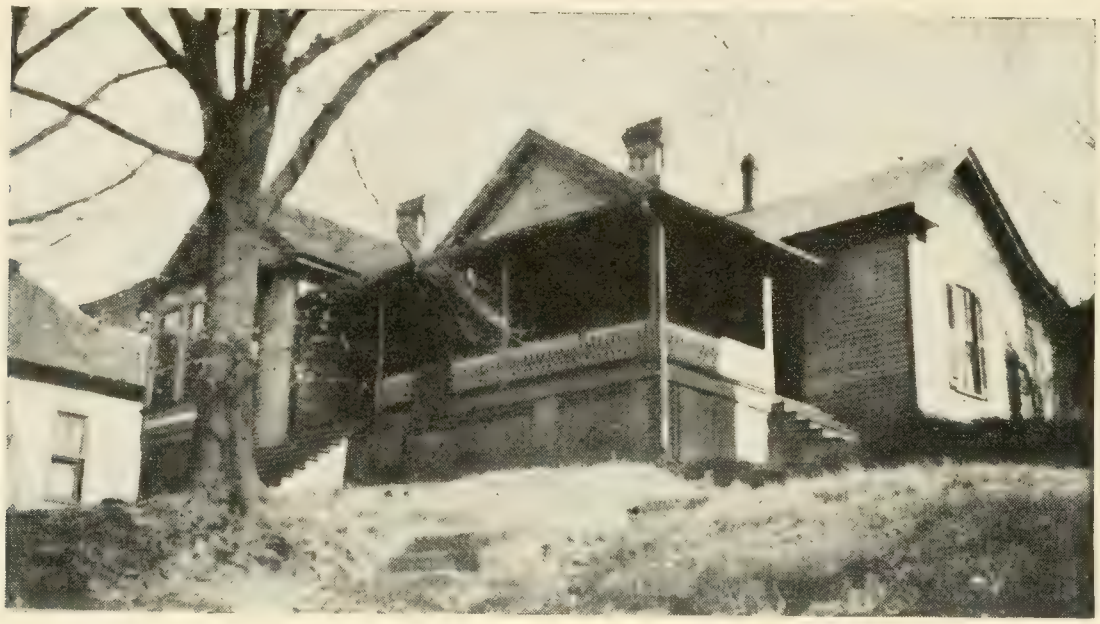
UNDER THE SPELL OF SUMMER.

By Montgomery M. Folsom, in The Rome Tribune, About 1895.

Sweet solitude
Of field and wood,
Free from all worldly care and canker,
On yon bright sky
The light clouds lie
Like fair dream freighted ships at anchor.

And soon to sail
With favoring gale
To ports beyond the gates of even
Where bloom the flowers
And rise the towers
Reflected in the sunset heaven.

The south wind sighs
Low lullabies,
The day seems fill'd with love unspok'n,
And pours its balm



CATHOLIC PARSONAGE, ONCE HOME OF MONTGOMERY M. FOLSOM.

Of summer calm
In this sad heart so bruised and broken!

Through arches green
With summer sheen
Their gay festoons the wild vines wreathing
In every breeze
That stirs the trees
The still small voice of God is breathing!

Oh, love, if thou
Wert with me now
To add thy presence to my vision,
My wondering eyes
Might realize
The poet's fondly dreamed Elysian!

Still incomplete
This rare retreat
Though all the arts of earth contended
To add their grace
Since in thy face
All life and light and love are blended!

RUSTICATING.

I wish you could be out here with me for a day, dear.

It is so sweet and pleasant to be away from the busy din of the city.

The restful sighs of the summer wind among the trees and the showers of sunshine flood the weird trunks of the stately oaks.

Then there are birds and bees and blossoms, and all complete to fill the world with summer dreams.

It seems to me that if you were here I could dream away the hours in sweet content, but, alas! you are elsewhere.

There are four young mockingbirds here whom I have made friends with already.

I have asked them many things and in their way they have told me and they are very cheerful and comforting.

Then out yonder where the orchard trees are fluttering their bannerets in the breezes, there is a royal singer.

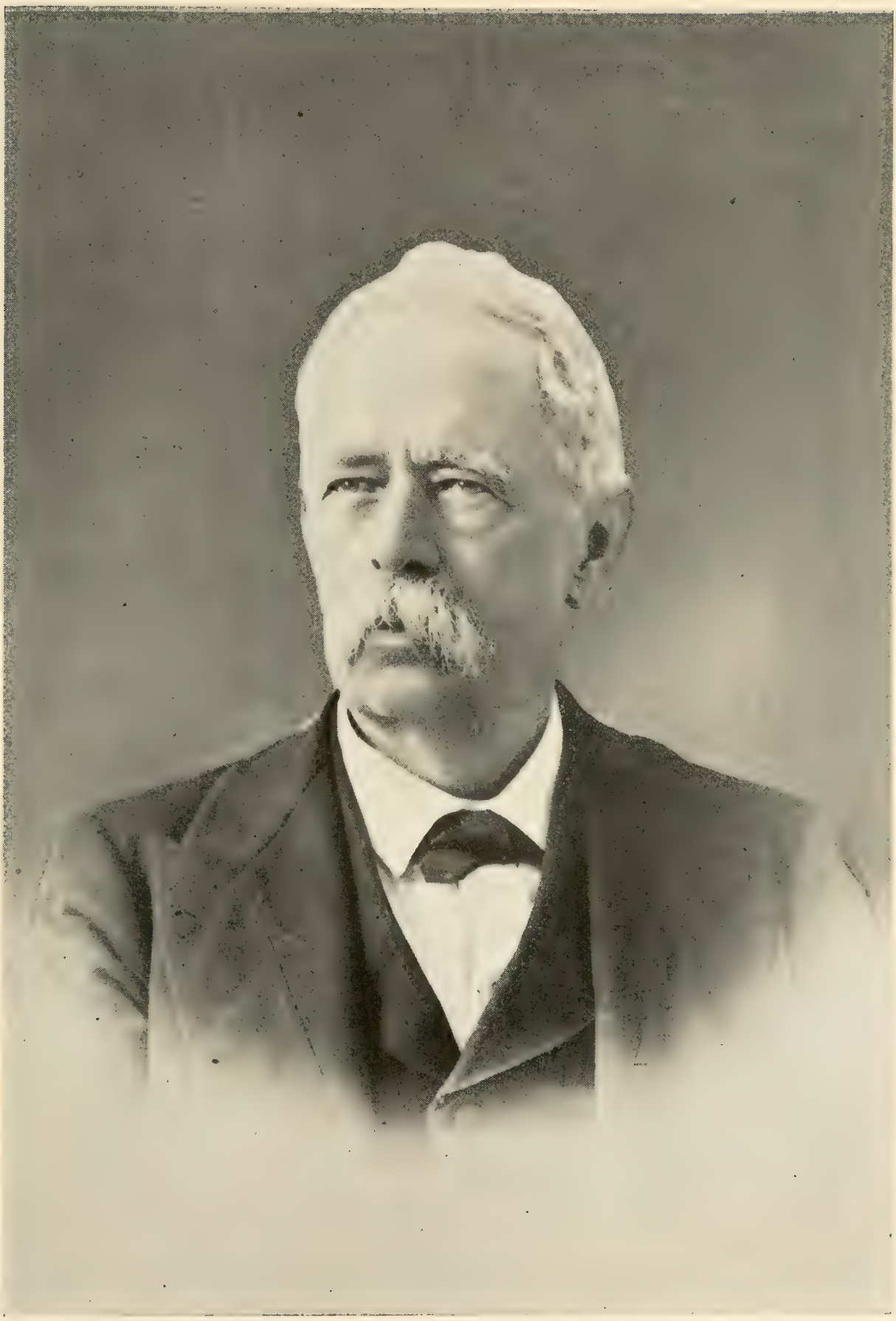
And when she is at her best she reminds me of you.

There are nooks and corners among the somber cedars and the waving altheas, crimson and purple with bloom, like the refined hues of an old maid's cheek, and I have counted half a dozen sorts of birds that join in the most delightful melodies at sundown time.

You know I never see the sun set in glory upon the western hills but I think of you.

I saw a brown thrush slipping along the Cherokee rose hedge today—the sly old poacher—and as I attempted to get a better view, a drab-colored cedar bird with shining eyes fluttered up from the path and accosted me petulantly.

But they will soon know me better and then they will permit me to pass



H. W. Mitchell

unheeded, knowing that I would not harm them for worlds.

I have been sitting out on the green grass, all alone, watching the sun go down beyond the ranges of old Lavender.

Oh, how gloriously beautiful is the prospect. The amethystine dyes of the bright blue heavens are blended with the purple hues of the distant peaks, and God's own sunshine enriches the landscape and the changeful clouds afloat in seas of splendor indescribable.

I have been so weak and ill that I have almost lost heart. "Cerebro-Spinal," the doctors call it, but it comes nearer being heart break.

Rest was never sweeter to me than it has been here. In the songs of the soothing winds it seems to me that I can hear the still, small voice of God bidding me look up and be brave and strong to endure.

You have often chided me gently, dear, for being so weak and despondent, but you never realized how fierce was the battle that raged within me.

For your sake I have accomplished many things, and the same holy inspiration shall bear my spirit up until I stand upon the shore of yon mysterious river.

Work is restful when it is not filled with anxiety and foreboding.

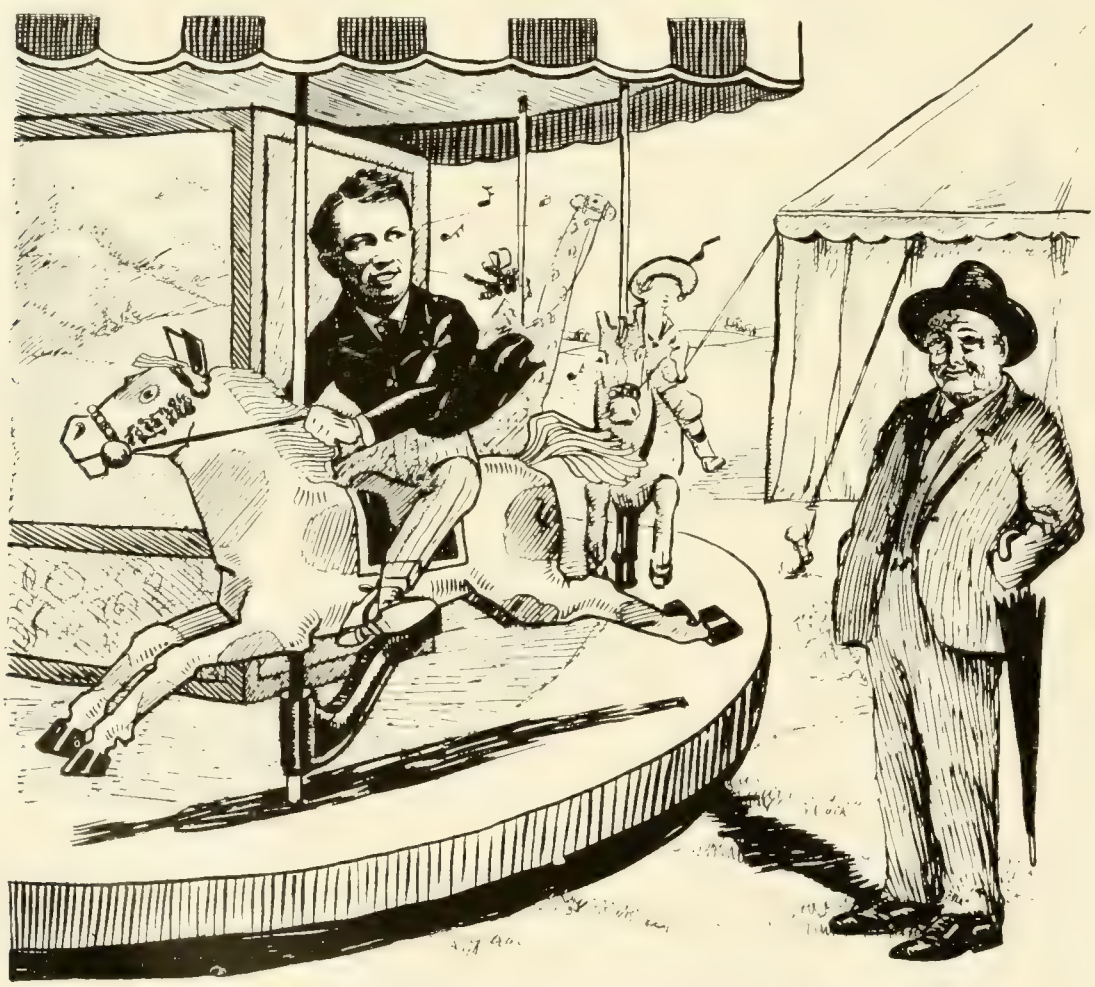
It is the worry that kills. When you know that your strength is failing and your labor accumulating, then is when despondency and gloom overwhelm the soul.

MY MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

By Montgomery M. Folsom.

(Republished by request of a Tribune reader.)

Shines the green upon the willow
And the sheen upon the billow



HENRY W. GRADY AND THE SPIRIT OF PLAY.

The late Joel Chandler Harris ("Uncle Remus") once went unannounced to Rome to see his friend Grady. He was directed by the office boy to the circus, where he found Mr. Grady riding a "flying Jenny." The ride over, the young scribe rushed to Mr. Harris and embraced him fondly.

With the limning of the rainbow on the spray,
Now amid life's dark afflictions
Come the cheering benedictions
Of thy spirit up in Heaven far away.

Unrelenting gales have driven
This frail bark from out the haven
Where 'twas sheltered when the darkness fell that day,
Yet among the shadows groping
I am seeking thee and hoping
For thy welcome up in Heaven far away.

Nevermore shall feet unheeding
Trample on the heart that's bleeding
When the sunburst of that presence sheds its ray
On the path that I have trodden,
With salt views of sorrows sodden
And I reach that restful Heaven far away.

Well thou kennest every weakness
Of my heart, the dreary bleakness
Of my life and anguish stricken as I pray,
Every tear-bedimmed confession
Through thy blessed intercession
Reaches Him who reigns in Heaven far away.

THE TWO GATES.

By G. S. Kinard.

In the far away east is a beautiful gate;
We call it the gate of the morn;
It opens, and through it, in royal estate,
Comes the king of the day just born.

In the far away west is a beautiful gate;
We call it the gate of the eve;
It opens, and through it, 'mid shadows of fate.
The king of the day takes his leave.

Both gates, far away in the east and the west,
Are closed by the goddess of night;
Above them she hovers, with star-sprinkled breast,
'Mid the stars with their twinkling light.

And the starlets are saying, to comfort our hearts:
"The king of the day still lives;
From his course through the gates he never departs;
We shine with the light that he gives!"

As pilgrims, we pass on our way, like the sun;
We enter the morn-gate at birth,
Go out by the eve-gate at death, and are done
With the course of our life on the earth.

But the gates are not closed by the goddess of night
That sits at the end of the way;
They are shut by the hand of an angel of light,
And he leads to the perfect day.

ODE TO BIG SHANTY (Kennesaw.)

By an anonymous writer, probably Chas. H. Smith, in The Rome Tri-Weekly Courier, Feb. 9, 1860. Written in memory of a half dollar invested—and lost.

All hail to ye, Big Shanty, hail!
Ye offspring of the big Black Cat!
Ye eminent appintment of Spikey John,
By and with the advice and consent of Joe, the Senate!
How ye did kill up "Fletcher"
And shake the dew drops off of
Dr. Thompson's mane!

How ye doth git a half dollar
With an eagle on it, and give a passenger
No chicken back!
Oh, whar did ye hatch that little shanty
What's nursed by Mr. Hilburn;
And will the progeny be like its great ancestor?

Whar did ye git that kind of tabel cloth
What lasts so long without washin'?
It may be water's scarce, and soap
In yore free-stone country.
Whar did ye buy yore ice
To put around yore coffy pot
And keep yore coffy cold?

Oh, whar, tell me whar, has yore Kalorie gone
When I tuck supper with ye?
Oh, hail, Big Shanty, hail agin!
Could ye tell me whar ye buy sich strong kologne
To odorize them darkies what hands
Them sassengers unto the passengers!

Did ye import your knives and forks from Greece;
What makes their handles greasy?
And tell us whar ye got yore Yelefant
What steps on pies and things (pizen things)
And makes 'em so flat!

Ye object of commiseration!
Ye stationary beggar!
What great misfortune did befall

That so many people daily does give
Yer a half dollar out of charity?

Maybe ye was shipwrecked
Or maybe old Versuvious
Run down its red hot gravy
Upon yore little town!
Or maybe ye was gored by the Pope's bull
In Italy or some such like!

Great Big Shanty, ye state institushoon
Ye publik work, ye metropolitan hotel!
Ye speculator upon appetite! In yer brief history
Does ye ever remember to have fed the same man twice?
If so, alas! for Paradise was never made for fools!

OOSTANAULA, WHISPERING WATER.

By Elinor Van Dozier Allen.

Oostanaula, whispering water,
As upon your brink I stand,
Comes the gentle murmur, murmur
Of your lapping on the sand,
Come the lisping, whispering voices,
Where your ripples kiss the land.

Oostanaula, whispering water,
What is this you speak so low?
Where the willows gently quiver,
And the water lilies grow,
Where the sun and shadows mingle
As you softly, softly flow?

Oostanaula, whispering water,
Did you catch the morning breeze
Where the throstle sings his love-song
To his mate among the trees?
Did you hear the droning work-song
Of the honey-gathering bees?

Up and down the hills and valleys,
Where the waters dash and roar,
Have you heard the mountain folk-songs
Echo back, and yearn for more—
Heart-songs of the lads and lassies,
Home-songs loved in days of yore?

Oostanaula, whispering water,
In the years of long ago
Did some Indian maiden linger
Where the muscadine does grow;
Did you hear her swarthy lover
Calling to her soft and low?

Oostanaula, whispering water,
You have heard them every one,
Heard the songs of love and gladness,
Where your silver waters run;
And you'll bear them on your bosom
'Till your earthly course is done!

OOSTANAULA.*

By Lollie Belle Wylie.

O, beautiful river,
The moonbeams aquiver,
Lie palpitant now on thy bosom so fair,
And through the tall rushes,
And dew-scented bushes
Dim mist-shapes arise like wraiths on the air.

O, silver, still river,
Flowing onward forever,
Breathing heavenly harmonies out on the night,
Each musical number
Awakes my soul-slumber,
To quick revelation of Heaven and Light.

O, mystical river,
When soul-life shall sever,
From flesh of the Adam-Dream, seraphs divine,
From sphere far-celestial,
May come sphere terrestrial
Just to resolve my glad spirit with thine!

THE HUCKLEBERRY PICNIC.

(An old Virginia animal song, as played on the guitar and sung by E. L. Wright, headmaster of Darlington School, to the delight of many young Romans.)

I looked down the river 'bout the crack of day,
I heard a big commotion 'bout a mile away;
The critters from the fields and the forests had come,
All had collected for to have a little fun;
'Twas the badger and the bear, the fox and the hare,
The otter and the coon, the mink and baboon.
The 'possum and the kangaroo, the wolf and weasel, too;
The monkey and the owl were a-settin' up a howl!

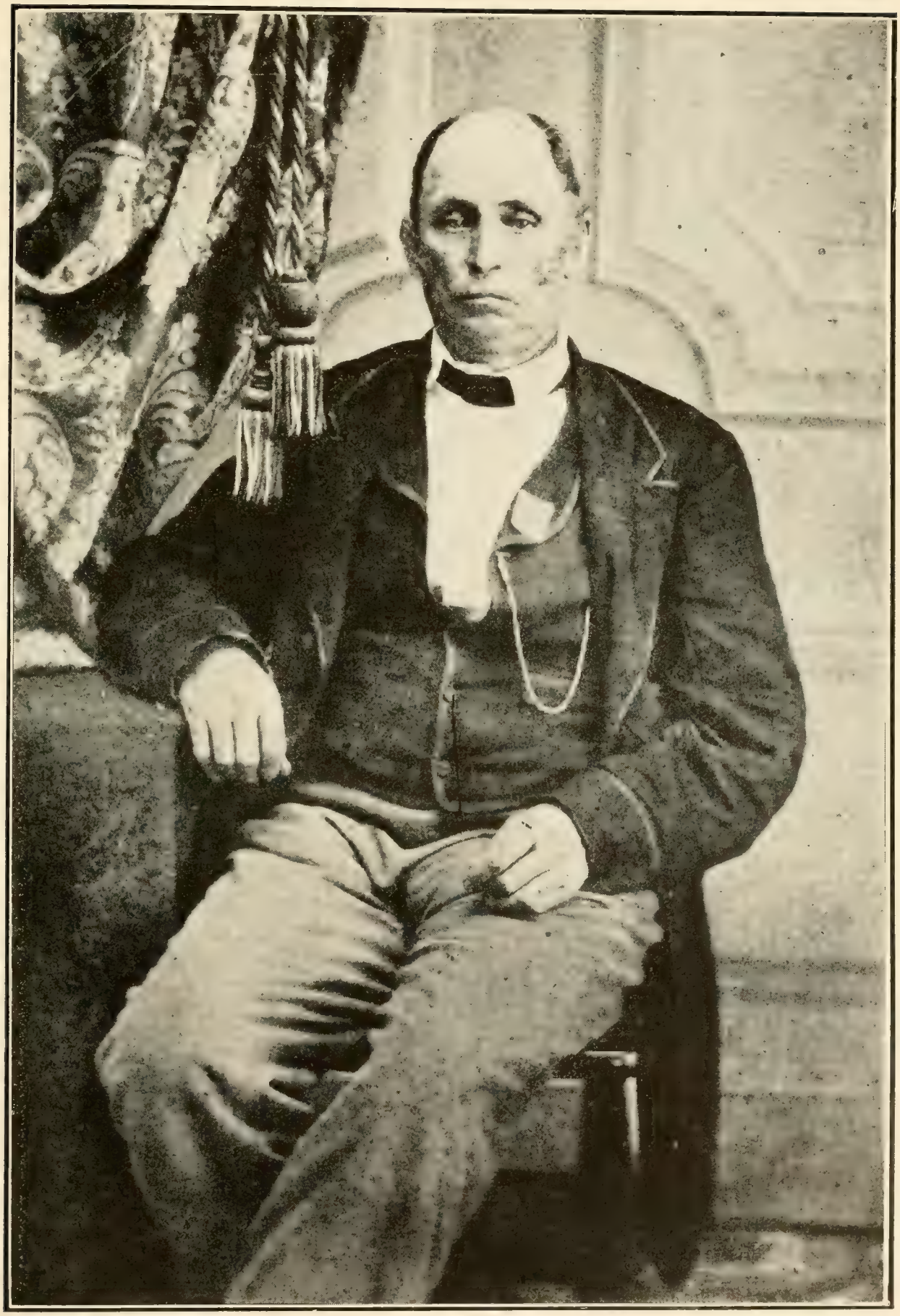
Chorus:

"Come jine the huckleberry picnic,
'Tis gwine to take place today;
I'm on the committee for to 'vite you all,
But I ain't got long to stay!"

'Long about noon the table was set.—
They brought out to eat everything they could get;
The badger and the bear took hash Francaise,

---

*Whispering Water.



D R Mitchell



THE STEAMER "CHEROKEE" "MAKING KNOTS."

This picture was taken as the First Methodist Church Sunday School members were on their annual picnic down the Coosa in June, 1921. Behind the speedy "Cherokee" sputtered the Boy Scout Motor Boat, which gave the "big wagon" a hot race coming back to Rome, and kicked some salty spray on her noble bow.

The fox and the hare took consomme;
The otter and the coon took simmons a-la-frost,
The mink and baboon took fish cream sauce,
The mule had a fit and the ground-hog died,
And all were chuck full when the hyena cried:

Chorus

Buffalo and hogs hollered "Right hand across!"
Jenny and Jack hollered "Left hand back!"
It looked sorter strange in the ladies' change
To see the nanny goat swapping places with the shoat;
They tried to "grand change" over and again,
But a little cur pup kep' a-mixin' 'em up,
'Bout to be a fight in the "ladies to the right,"
When the cats began to bawl, "Promenade all!"

Chorus

'Long about night the varmints took sick,
Sent for the old snake doctor mighty quick,
Like the railroad cars his wings did hum;
The varmints all hollered, "Yon he come!"
Started for to open the head of the hoss,
When the varmints all hollered, "Hold on, Boss!
It ain't no use to do like dat,
Dat ain't de place whar de misery's at!"

Chorus

Tied the tail of the monkey with a rope,
Looked down his throat with a microscope;
You just ought to seen that monkey's tail—
'Clare 'fore goodness it turned right pale!
Rubbed it and he rubbed it, but 'twant no use,
So he greased it all over with pokeberry juice,
When that ugly monkey up and died,
He turned right over and softly sighed:

Chorus

Animals went down the river for to bathe,
Just couldn't make the baboon behave;
When it came time to look for a towel,
They had to wipe off on the little screech owl.



SAM P. JONES AND HIS ROME SANCTUARIES.

The great evangelist came to Rome about 1875 from the Van Wert (Polk County) circuit, and spent two stormy years, in which he had Trinity Methodist church (at the bottom, then known as the Second) and two churches in the country. He built the original church, part of which is now a residence next to the Second Christian on W. Fifth Avenue. The other house, at 733 Avenue A, was his home.

The screech owl screeched and the bull-frog hopped,
The tadpole wiggled and the terrapin flopped,
The monkey he then run out and hid,
The elephant spied him and said, "O, you kid!"

THE SWEETNESS OF SORROW.

By Col. B. F. Sawyer.

(From The Rome Georgian, May 28, 1898.)

Cheer up, cheer up, thou fainting heart,
Put off thy sad repining;
The darkest cloud that ever lowered
Must have its silver lining!

And every bitter has its sweet,—
The bitterest the sweetest.—
For deepest sorrows always make
Their after-joys completest.

The heavy load, the bitter cup,
Are oft in memory given;
Even death itself is but the gate
That opens up to Heaven.

Then let us gather faith and hope
From life's unfailing crosses,
Nor idly hope to reap a gain
Without its price of losses!

A FRIEND.

By Alfred Arnold.

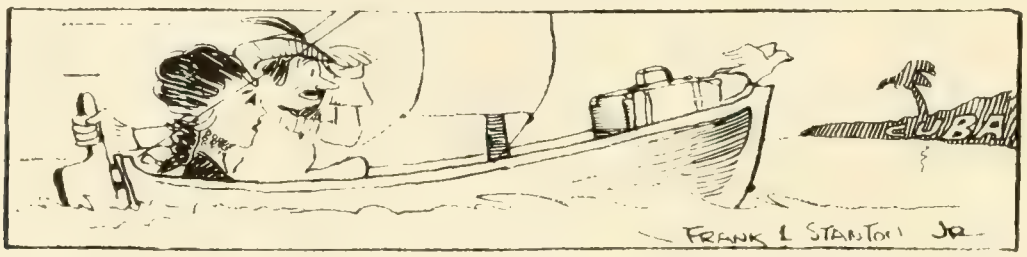
A friend is one who's lived a while
And learned a world of stuff;
Who smiles a kind of patient smile
Though things be smooth or rough.

A friend is one who's tried you out;
Who's heard your every plan;
Knows all your weakness and your doubt,
And says, "I like that man."

A friend is one who knows your faults,
Yet doesn't hide his own;
Who'd rather walk with one who halts
Than plod along alone.

BALLAD OF FERDINAND DeSOTO

By George Magruder Battey, Jr. *Decorations by Frank L. Stanton, Jr.*



When Ferdinand DeSoto went to Rome in search of gold,
He never thought to make a name like pirate chiefs of old,
But rather hoped to gather pelf from far-off hills and near,
And divvy with his hard-up king—he was no profiteer!

No doubt he would have got away in handsome style with this
Except he thought that fire and sword were not so far amiss
And Gent of Elvas, taking notes, not heard all Ferdie said
And writ the story out in Spain long after Ferd was dead.

Now, harking back a span or so, we find Ferd in Peru,
A-fighting for the native spoils—in Nicaragua, too—
So when he took himself back home, a pretty maiden there
Thought Ferdie was the bravest man in Spain or anywhere.

Yet Isabella's dad was rich and Ferdie's dad was poor;
The king took Ferdie's share of gold and loudly called for more.
Here Isabella proved her worth—she married Ferdinand,
Forsook her dad and all his wealth for Ferdie's horny hand.

Away they went in rocking ships, stopped on a lonely isle,
Proceeded on their honeymoon, the journey seemed a mile—
'Till Cuba's pearly shore loomed up, Havana on the bow,
And Ferd reviewed his motley crew from soldier down to sow.

In town they rented cozy flat that gave them latitude
For all the charms of wedded life, their souls with love imbued;
But Ferdinand was wise enough to know it couldn't last,
And so he piped to Isabelle that time for love was past.

"Oh, Ferdinand, you cannot go and leave me lonely here
With perfect strangers, out of funds!" she wailed into his ear.
But Ferdinand was adamant; "You do not vote," quoth he,—
"My orders say to Florida to see what I can see."

He took his leave of Isabelle and promised soon return;
She sobbed aloud, disconsolate; her heart with grief did burn.
Six hundred of this little band, some wearing coats of mail,
A lot of horses, pigs and food, but not a wife set sail.

Interpreters there were a few, some priests and sailor men,
A doctor, prophet and a wag to cheer them now and then;
The chroniclers formed quite a train, a cannoneer had piece
To thunder through the country-side that red-skin war must cease.

Some muskets, lances, spears and shot they bore in proud array,
A banner by DeSoto planned, fierce bloodhounds, meat and hay.
In Florida they landed well, at Tampa, in a calm;
DeSoto lifted up his voice, the chorus sang a psalm.

From inland quite a distance came Juan Ortiz, Spanish lad,
Left with the savage years before by Narvaez the Bad.
Ten Indians with Juan were took by Baltasar and men,
To camp brought in that they might guide DeSoto through the fen.

Before the troop began its march from Tampa up the coast,
DeSoto sent a lengthy note to Santiago host
Of townsmen and their magistrate to tell them how he lit,
But loving news to Isabelle he failed to send a bit.

Now, lots of fights DeSoto had with red-skins bold and gory,
His exploits made his little band far-famed in song and story.
He came to Cutifachiqui, Savannah River city,
And how he grubbed in sepulchres—Egad, it was a pity!

The Princess Cuti gave him drink, a regal string of pearls,
Threw up a piny barricade around the tribal girls;
Then handed Ferd his feathered hat, and prayed he would not hurry;
"If I could think YOU would not go," said Ferdie, "I should worry!"

So saying Ferd put tenderly iron band upon her neck;
"I guess we'll travel safely now or all bite dust, by heck!"
He let her bear a box of gems, not wishing to be rude,
And planned to get them when she left—with tale of solitude.

But Cutifachiqui was wise, and wisely built, was good;
She took the pearls and Soto's ring, escaped into the wood;
Poor Ferd could ill have turned around to chase her in the night;
He thought of 'Bella's sacrifice, but still he didn't write.

Nacoochee Valley broke ahead, Gray Yonah called them on,
Lorenzo, Soto's cavalier, went searching after corn,
But found fair Echoee, the wife of savage Chief Tee-halp,
Who hacked Lorenzo on the bean and snipt Garillo's scalp.

"All roads from here," the chief did grunt, "lead o'er the hills to Rome!"
"That's Eldorado!" Soto cried. "Let's find our happy home!"
Meanwile, glum Isabella wept, her grief she did confess,
And would have writ a lot except for Ferdie's vague address.

Chiaha, site of Rome, was reached by dashing Soto's men;
They found a lot of salty dope for Gent of Elvas' pen.
Pearl hunt along the Coosa took with forty red-skins brave,
Louis Bravo shot old Mateos at entrance to the cave.

Silvestre, Villalobos fared to Chisca, seeking gold;
They stalked back in a week or so, in rags, downcast and cold.
When Soto asked for 30 squaws to join his hapless band,
The chief wrote out a double cross on Oostanaula sand.

Away they trudged to Cosa next—no Eldorado found,
But poisoned dart of Cherokee put Spaniards in the ground.
Strong heart kept Soto on the mark to cop the king some dough;
Neglected 'Bella languished still a thousand miles below.

At last DeSoto crossed a stream full dark and deep and wide,
And with the fever in his blood one day he up and died;
His bones found welcome resting place beneath the waters cold,
But never did he sip content from Midas' cup of gold.

The faithful Isabella, too, explored the other shore
With broken heart still full of love for Soto evermore.
Quite possibly both might have lived a hundred years and nine,
If Soto in his frenzied quest had penned her just a line!



ROME IN 1934—A DREAM.

Oh, noble Roman, let us trip to good year Thirty-four,
Which witnesseth 100 years have gone on here before,
Since Rome became a husky babe and now is called a town;
Up goes the curtain on a scene of passing great renown:

One hundred thousand folks there be and happily reside
For quite a distance 'round the clock within our limits wide;
Fair Chattanooga keeps an eye on Rome's expanding chest,
Atlanta girds her loins to fight, and so do all the rest.

In every ward we have a park where children play and grow —
Red-blooded life is everywhere: the folks aren't dying so!
The sexton's looking for a job as keeper of the log
That tells how Romans live and love but slip no mortal cog.

The city swimming pool is built, the market owns its home;
Things generally are looking up in ancient modern Rome!
Around for miles is boulevard that hits the mountain tops
And jumps the rivers seven times—Egad, it never stops!

The Berry School has built a shaft to doughty Cherokee
Consisting of a model course in beads and basketry;
And Shorter College now has oaks instead of trees austere,
Which give the scholars welcome shade and make them dream while here.

The little czars that reigned in state on seven hills of yore
Are chumming with the rest of us: they're haughty nevermore!
The schools are adequate at last and every child is in;
Miss Spain yells through a megaphone and Langley sees them win.

The Fair is run by Mr. Bush and mighty Fair it seems;
The aeroplanes are hauling freight, the sun looks down and beams.
The river banks have had a shave, mosquitoes gone from here,
All undesirables have quit; the bootleg sheds a tear.

John Berry in the suburbs lives—he's moved his plant to Wax,
His hosiery is still the rage—to Rome he pays his tax.
Judge Wright has gone to Washington to get some things for Rome;
The farmers keep on digging deep in Floyd County's loam.

The President and Cabinet on Lavender have perch;
They ponder o'er the nation's weal, and come to Rome to church.
The diplomats of other lands troop here with open purse,
The shark of yesterday has left, some other field to curse.

And how has Rome attained to this—by finding pot of gold
In Alto's top or miser's hoard or anything of old?
Ah, no, my friend, the Rome we love received belated start
By tapping of the gold that lies in every Roman heart!

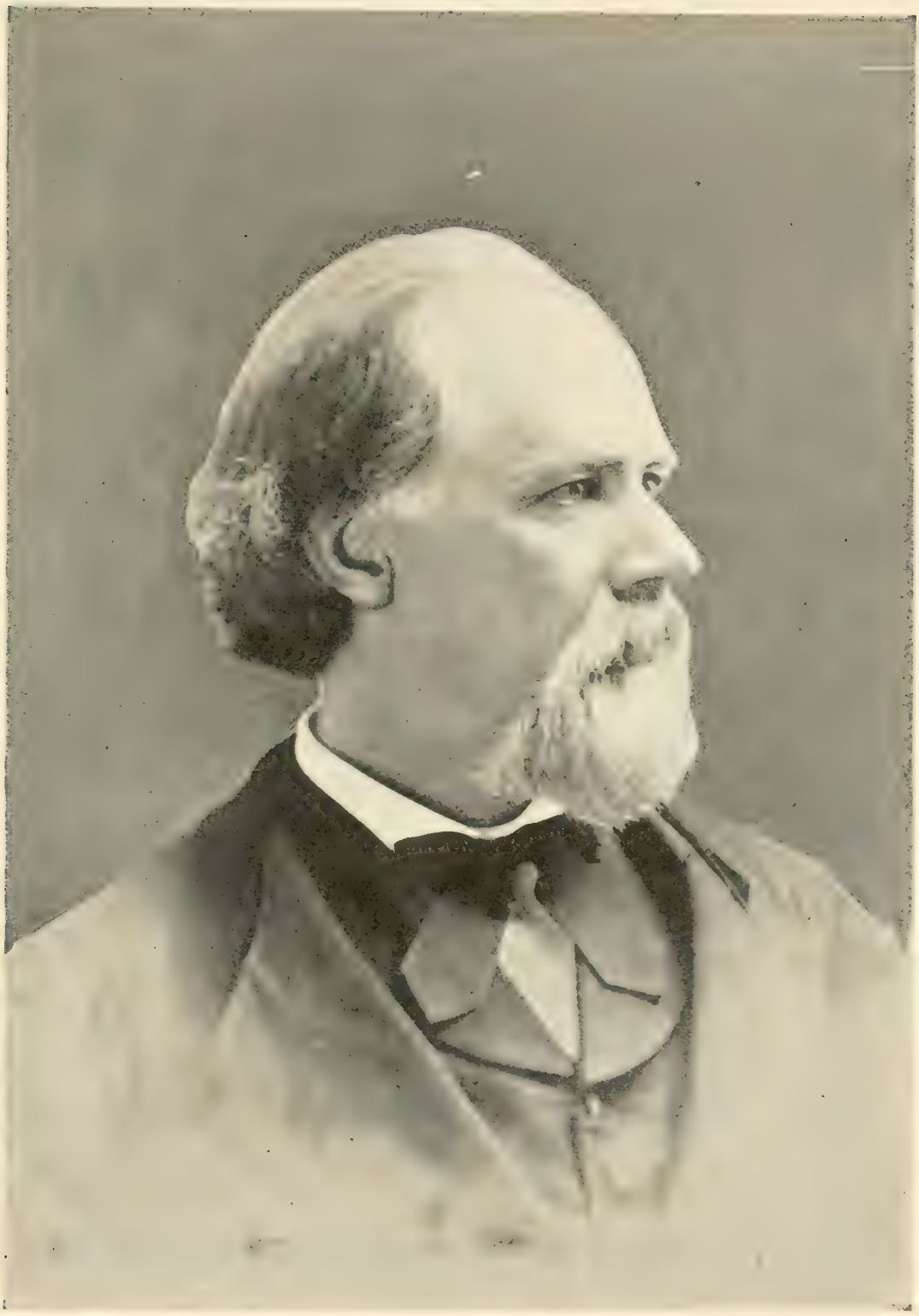
LOVE'S KISS THE SWEETEST.

By Phil Glenn Byrd
in The Hustler of Rome, Jan. 15, 1895.

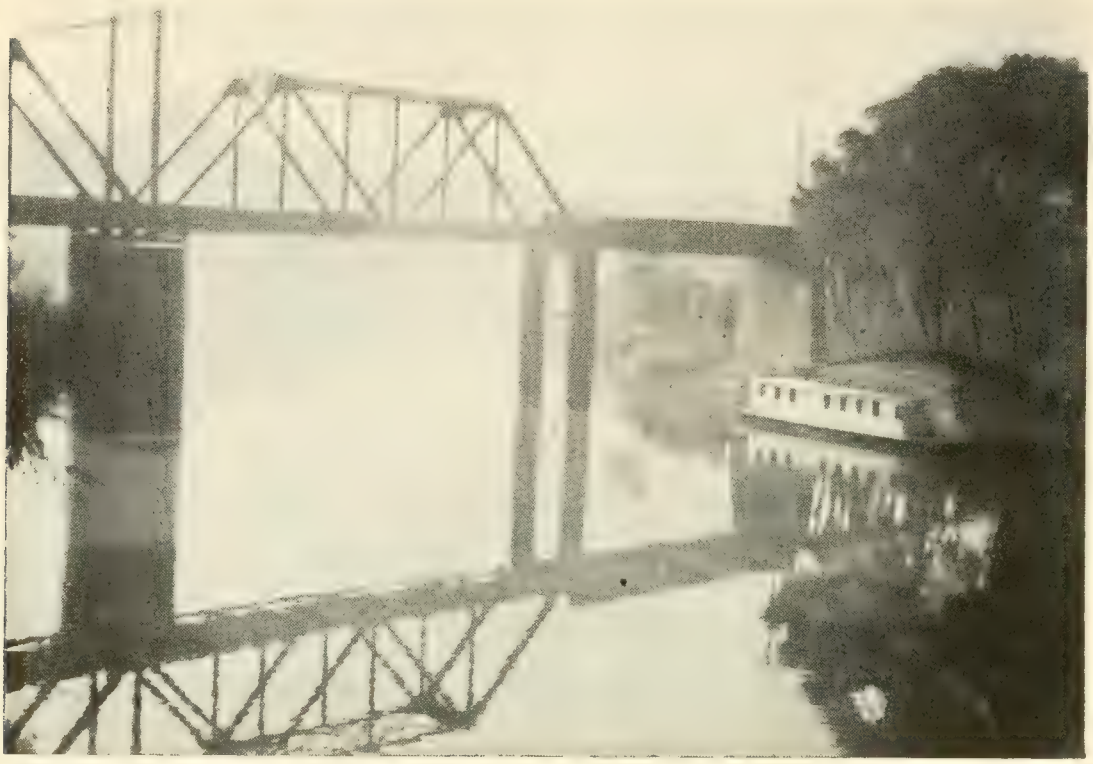
The pure kiss of friendship that falls from the lips
Of a girl is as precious as gems of the realm.
Like the signals exchanged in the passing of ships;
"All is well. There's no fear, for a man's at the helm!"

But when the caress kindles passion's wild fire,
There is danger ahead, there's the squall and the reef
In the waters forbidden, 'round the Isle of Desire,
And the craft that would land is indeed doomed to grief.

Yet the best of them all is the clinging caress,
When a soul meets a soul and in lover-like bliss,
In the language of eyes plight the truth they confess,
As they seal the sweet vows in a Love's deathless kiss!



Dan'l L. Printup



PSYCHE'S MIRROR AT ROME. (Now Turn the Book Upside Down.)

THE RIVERS OF CHEROKEE GEORGIA.

By Ernest Neal.

Have you heard of the land of the Cherokees,
With its wonderful streams and beautiful trees,
Of its flowers abloom and the wild perfume
That floated like myrrh on the evening breeze?

Have you heard of Echota, the capital town,
And the brave old chief with feathery crown?
Of the warrior band and the pow-wow grand,
In the light of the moon when the sun went down?

Far away in the past this quaint land lies,
And around it the mists obscure arise;
It is only in dreams we hear shrill screams
Of the eagles afloat in their native skies.

But the rivers glide on in rhythmical flow
Through fields of today that grew maize long ago.
The slow Connasauga, the clear Oostanaula—
Like their musical names—gurgle soft and low.

In the laugh of the ripples of sweet Salacoa,
In the fall of the current of silvery Toccoa,
In the roar of Tallulah and the splash of Yahoola
Are the weird and sad notes of an unwritten lore.

And we list to the song of the sad Etowah—
In his voice is a sob, a refrain from afar—
While the rough Chattahoochee makes love to Nachooochee
In the shade of the vale of the Evening Star.

From the gold-bearing mountains comes rich Chestatee
Through the vales to the west flows Coosawattee;
In their music shall roll the Indian soul
As long as his rivers flow into the sea!

SUBMERGENCE OF THE SHORTER "PERISCOPE."

(From The Rome News, Jan. 9, 1921.)

Two months ago The Periscope for Shorter girls was full of dope, ground out by Senior Class so wise, concerning pretty hills and skies, philosophy on how to live, study, work and gladly give; replete with health and beauty hints, fine art in rouge and fleshy tints, and brimming o'er with snappy ads and warnings not to break their Dads.

Alas; though Periscopes may skim the placid seas of joy and whim, they also now and then submerge (hark to the Seniors' mournful dirge!); and this one truly dropped from sight completely as it could one night. The reason why; the censor took a more than friendly, passing look at what the Seniors wished to tell within that periscopean shell, and so the sad-eyed Seniors swore of Periscopes they'd have no more.

Alumnae now will try their hand to make subscribers understand just why for such a lengthy time they've missed their prose and jokes and rhyme. Eventually the Freshmen brave will take the helm and try to save this pleasing vehicle the fate of steaming deep and slow and late. The teachers long ago have fled to tall uncut with aching head, lest torpedo should hit His Nibs between his first and second ribs. In dreams we hear the Freshmen shout as censor tries to cut it out:

"Please buy the verdant Periscope and get the latest Shorter dope!"

THE UNBECKONED HEART.

By Montgomery M. Folsom.

(From Tribune, Nov. 15, 1896.)

Convinced at last, and I have striven so long
To win and keep you, all my powers of song
And sentiment and pure ideals, too,
Have I exerted, sweetheart, just for you.

Sweetheart! Ah! did I use that sacred word?
'Tis long, so long, ah me! since I have heard
From those dear lips the thrilling accents sweet
That gladdest echoes in my heart repeat!

I will not chide you. I have learned to bear
Through long gray days of deepening despair
The burdens of indifference and wrong,—
The faith once placed in you has made me strong!

This is the last remonstrance I shall make
Who sacrificed so much; my heart may ache
But though my love and labor all are vain,
For your dear sake I'd do as much again!

'Tis sad to be deceived, I must confess,
And yet I love you in my loneliness!
'Twas not ephemeral, this love of mine,
But lasting as eternity divine!

The chords are mute you woke within my soul.
And ne'er again shall those sweet dream bells toll;
To you I gave my full heart harvest store,—
And fallow shall it stay forever more!

THE JAYBIRD'S RETORT.

(An old jingle sung by small boys in 1895.)

Jaybird sittin' on a hickory limb,—
He winked at me and I winked at him;
Picked up a rock and hit him on the chin;
He said, "Little boy, don't you do that again!"



POVERTY HALL (Southwest Corner of Third Avenue and E. First Street.)

THE POVERTY HALL BOYS.

Oh, who does not with joy recall
The noble boys of Poverty Hall,
Full panoplied in manly pride,
With naught but poverty to hide?

Theirs not to dodge the sheriff's men,
Theirs but to say, "Please call again!"
Theirs but to pluck a summer rose,
And go the way the lover goes!

Oh, time will bless them every one,
As maids in every clime have done!
High up or with no funds at all,—
Heroic knights of Poverty Hall!

———

THE WEALTH OF POVERTY HALL

Oh, how can time or weather dim
The glory and the joy of him
Who lived in Poverty Hall?
Full courtly, kind, immaculate,
With many dates, and never late,
Though pressed against the wall!

A red carnation in his coat,
A thousand letters fondly wrote,—
Perfumed his handkerchief;
Fared bravely forth as moon shone bright,
With banjo tunes lost in the night,
And often came to grief!

His plaint he piped into her ear,—
Forsooth, she showed a little fear,—
At party or at ball;
"Fair maid of Rome, please take my life,
My everything,—just be my wife,—
And live in Poverty Hall!"

Some maids succumbed and some did not,
Love lingered on; the chase was hot,
And many took a fall;
Great in the present be the men
Who hoped and fought and perished then
As the Boys of Poverty Hall!

———

Twenty-one of the original Poverty Hall boys, as recalled by one of the survivors: Jas. Creswell Sproull, B. Tolly Haynes, William L. McKee, Jas. Nephew King, Harry P. Weatherly, Samuel L. Crook, Ellery A. Johnson, C. S. ("Tap") Sparks, William A. McGhee, Samuel S. King, Harry Page Johnson, Wade Cothran Sproull, Hunter H. McClure, Claude B. Hargrove, Fleetwood Lester, Morton R. Emmons, Edward S. Emmons, Charles N. Patterson, Crawford W. Wingfield, Nat Trout, and George McManigal.

———

LYRIC OF THE OOSTANAULA.

(June 1, 1921.)

June trips in quite blithesomely,
Speckled trout is king,
Lads are bathing in the creeks,—
What a heap to bring!

Hurry, hurry, carpenter,—
Speed our craft along!
Let the heavy winter hearts
Sing our boating song!



ROME.

By Montgomery M. Folsom.

Guarded by thy mighty mountains
Softly toned by sun and shade,
Watered in thy flowing fountains
Flashing through each glen and glade
Twined amid thy winding rivers,
Mirrored by their shining foam,
Where thy glowing splendor quivers,
Standest thou, imperial Rome!

Pictured plains and verdant valleys
Flushed with glorious harvest hopes,
Blithe the balmy breeze that dallies
On thy bloom-embroidered slopes;
Opulent with promise springing
From the freshly-furrowed loam,
Jubilant the joy bells ringing
On thy hills, resplendent Rome!

Other lands may boast their trophies,
Vacuous vagaries of art,
Nature needs no straining strophes
To reveal thy golden heart;
And indelibly recorded
In each love-illumined tome,
Free from every instinct sordid
Shines thy story, radiant Rome!

Fertile fields and frowsy fallows,
Breezy banks where violets blow,



JACK D. M'CARTNEY, of Savannah, whose lyrics and journalistic quips entertained Romans for more than a decade.

Fragrant flags and musky mallows
Framed in drowsy deeps below;
Shadowy woodlands, history haunted,
Where each fancied nymph and gnome
Long thy varied charms have daunted,
Rome, incomparable Rome!

There may each wayfaring stranger,
Free as falls the summer dew
Menaced by no dread or danger,
Find a welcome warm and true;
Free to share in all thy treasures
And to find in thee a home,
Peace pursue and plenteous pleasures
In thy precincts, prosperous Rome!

Sturdy sons and star-eyed daughters
Blend their songs of hope and joy,
Sweet as sound of falling waters
Busied with each sweet employ;
Peace and plenty reign around thee,
Potent progress gilds each dome
Where thy stalwart sons have crowned thee
Realmed in riches, regal Rome!

LOWLAND PHILOSOPHY.

By The Canoe Man.

(From The Rome News, Feb. 10, 1921; inspired by the high water.)

Said the sage, "You can't have rivers three
That wind in silver threads,
Without some water now and then
That leaves the river beds!"

Said the Roman of the lowland sweep,
"When freshets come,—who cares?
We simply shut the front door fast
And move our things upstairs!"

BRICK, BRICK, BRICK!

Brick, brick, brick
On thy warm gray landscape, Rome,
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts of the ideal home!

O, well for the fisherman's boy
And well for the shop-keeper's, too,
O, well for the man who doesn't care
But not so well for YOU!

And the motor boats go on
To their cozy mooring place,
But O, for the touch of an artist's hand
On this God-given place!

Brick, brick, brick
On Broad and highest hill,
But the tender grace of a load of stone
May come to soothe us still!



THE PALMY DAYS OF THE VOLUNTEER FIRE DEPARTMENT.

When Rome was without funds to maintain a paid organization, many of her best citizens enlisted for hand reel duty. These pictures, believed to have been taken about 1890, show the regalia on "tournament day" scene, Broad Street and Second Avenue, before the shade trees were cut. The tournaments were held on Broad, and Rome's competitors were usually Anniston and Gadsden. In the bottom snap, left to right, are Arthur M. Word, chief; second, Prof. J. C. Harris; third, Henry Stoffregen; fifth, Wm. W. Seay, and sixth, Wm. J. Griffin.



HOUSE PARTY DAYS AT POPE'S FERRY.

A group at the Troutman place, on the Oostanaula, which includes Rev. and Mrs. Marcellus L. Troutman, Henry, Baldwin and Grace Troutman, Mrs. Mary B. King, Linton C. Hopkins and Miss Maggie Foote, of Atlanta, and the Lustrat girls of Athens, formerly of Rome. The dwelling was destroyed by fire in 1921.

LITTLE HANDS THAT MOTHER LOVES.

By Frank L. Stanton.

Little hands whose work is o'er,
Tired hands that toil no more,
Tender little hands that rest
Folded on the sinless breast—
Bending o'er them mother stands,
Kisses still these little hands.

God, who ever does the best,
Crossed them there and bade them rest,
Would He then these hands condemn
With a mother's kiss on them
When they've crossed the burning sands?
Mother loved those little hands!

Mother loved them in the past,
Mother's kiss was on them last;
Little hands, beneath the sod,
Take a mother's kiss to God!
Waft it o'er the troubled lands,—
Little snow-white angel hands!

———

CAPTIVE WATER LILIES.

Montgomery M. Folsom

(In The Rome Tribune Nov. 7, 1896.)

Wide eyed and golden hearted
Ye peep through lattice bars;
Far from your sisters parted
Spirits of stolen stars.

Not where the soft waves tumble
Along the marshy glen;
But near the roar and rumble
And hurrying feet of men.

Born where the rushes bending
To hear the reed birds sing;
Where wayward winds are wending
The heron plumes her wing.

Your heavenly kin half hiding
Peep at the blushing dawn;
When the Lord of day comes striding
Through crimson curtains drawn.

How can ye bloom so blithely
Amid this groan and grind?
How can you float so lithely
In this cold close confined?

No humming birds shall kiss you
On flashing wings aglide;
The western winds will miss you
When falls the eventide.
Pale prisoners! In wonder
Ye gaze through darkened bars
From life and light asunder;
Wan wraiths of fallen stars!

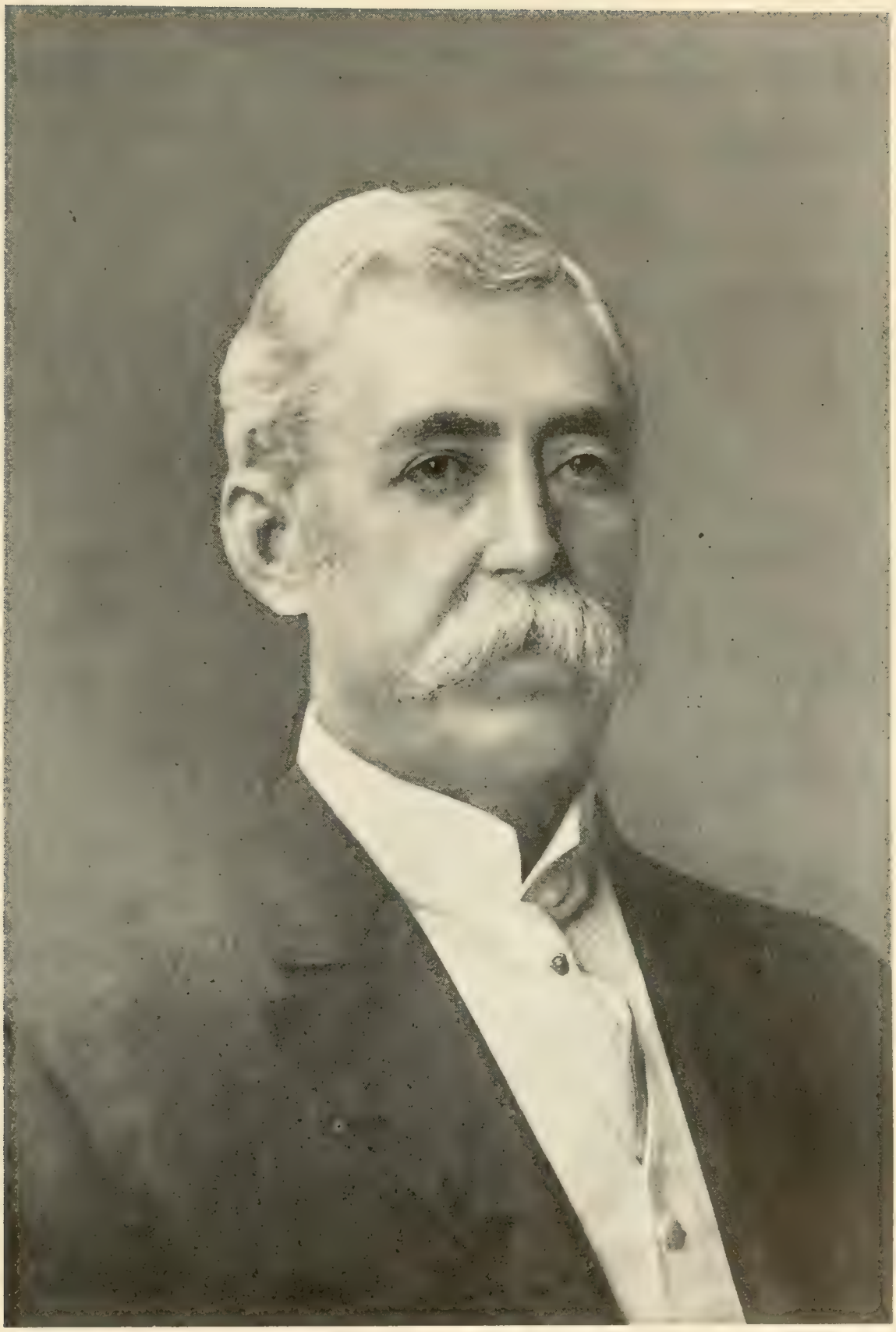
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THE GRASSHOPPER'S REVENGE.

News Item.—A St. Louis paper says the grasshoppers have eaten up the entire tobacco crop of Franklin county, Missouri, and the last that was heard from them they were seated on the street corners, begging every man that passed for a chew.—Rome Tri-Weekly Courier, 1860.

A locust with a gauzy wing,
Orthopterous and full of vim,
Met sad mishap one summer day—
A man with quid spat juice on him!

Enraged, the locust flew ahead
And spat right in the bad man's eye,
Then perched upon a limb and yelled,
"You may can squirt, but you can't fly!"



J. A. Ramsey

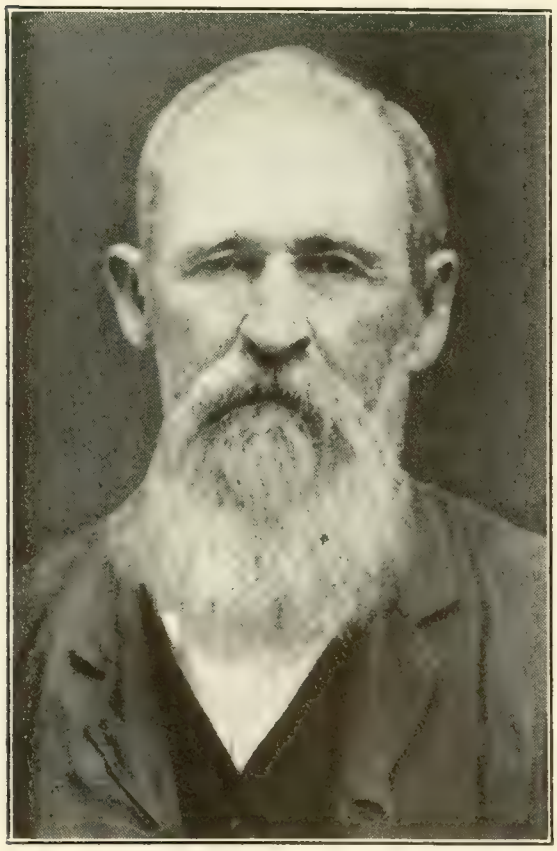
JOHN WISDOM'S RIDE.

By George M. Battey, Jr.

Listen, O, Romans, and you shall hear
Of a midnight ride—not Paul Revere—
But John H. Wisdom, Roman true;
There's scarce a poet who dares to do
Him justice on this mundane sphere!

He yelled to a friend, "The Yankees
march
From Gadsden; Rome to take by night!
My steed is old, my throat does parch,
But I will bear the beacon light
That all the countryside may see
What dangers lurking near there be;
I'll sound the note of shrill alarm
From town to town and farm to farm,
That Rome and all may up and arm!"

Then said adieu to Coosa's shore
And whipped his charger more and
more,
'Till buggy creaked and jerked along
Like unpoetic, mournful song;
Hoke's Bluff he passed with piercing
shout,
At Gnatville horse's strength gave out,
And handsome Widow Hanks did pout
At lending pony young and small,
To take John on to Goshen Hall.



JNO. H. WISDOM, Rome stage coach driver, who rode 67 miles like Paul Revere to warn Romans of Streight's approach in 1863.

But pony's lameness proved severe:
With stubborn "plug" John hit the
trail;
Five miles they thumped the beaten
track
And met old Farmer Johnson near;
Two steeds espied, then told his tale,—
The son rode one to bring them back.

Full forty miles were left to go,
'Twas seven then and dark the night;
Like wild birds in a sudden flight
The horses raced, their nostrils red;
The riders rushed to halt the blow
Intended for the star so bright
That shone above the Southland's
dead.

Now, Wisdom once the stage had
manned
From Rome to Alabama town;
Spring Garden put him well adown
The pike he oft had traveled o'er.
Eleven miles to preacher's home
And fresher horse; the boy returned;
'Twas not so very far to Rome,—
John's bump of indignation burned.
This latest horse was likewise old,
But put him to the Georgia line,—
There groaned in pain and could not
go
And died, no doubt, for all I know.
So John did spur himself again
And rapped with pistol butt on door:
The farmer answered with a scold,
"You can't take nary horse of mine!"

Not far ahead he got a steed,
Passed Cave Spring like a lightning
streak,
Heard "Halt!" a musket shot or so,—
Just kept on riding, did not speak;
Vann's Valley reached in cloud of dust,
Then cast aside another horse,
And buckled saddle on a mule
With spirits high, without remorse.
No telephone from west to east,
No train to bear the message grim,
But get the warning there he must,
And Rome was just an hour from him;
Once charger stumbled to his knees,
The rider hit the rocky road:
'Twas but a trifle; up came John,
Still more his faithful mount to goad.

Meanwhile, unknown to John, the foe
Across the Coosa raced for Rome;
Two hundred, if they sacked the town,
Could have some gold and then go
home.
With Captain Russell at their head
This troop would win or join the dead;
And also, back of Russell came
Streight's main command, full sorely
stung
By Forrest's hornets, tired but game.



A COUNTRY PLACE NOTED FOR ITS HOSPITALITY.

Here are shown some congenial parties at "Riverside," the home of Francis Marion Freeman, at Freeman's Ferry, Etowah River. Under the spreading mulberry tree are Robt. W. Graves and his wife, who was then Miss Juliet Howel, and Ed. Maddox and Miss Sue Freeman. Col. Freeman entertained Benj. H. Hill here late in 1860 when the statesman came to Rome to make a political speech. Other noted Georgians were his guests at various times.

'Twas early morn by Tower clock
When bridge at Rome John dashed across;
He heard no bleating of the flock
Or twitter of birds among the trees,
But snores of Romans filled the breeze,
Blowing over the river moss;
"To arms, to arms!" he cried with glee,
"And if you have not arms, then flee!
Under the sloping banks, away!"
The church bells rang out on the air,
Then princely John sank in a chair
And a lovely maiden stroked his hair.

You know the rest. In the books you've read
How at dawn Streight's motley crew looked down
A cannon's mouth, squir'l guns and all,
And swore they couldn't take the town,
And Forrest, pushing on behind,
With force one-third as large as Streight
Nabbed the bunch near the city's watery gate.

Thus ends our tale of Honest John;
Pray let his fame spread far and near,
For he could ride with the best of them,
And so could the patriot Paul Revere!

SIDNEY LANIER.

By Montgomery M. Folsom.

(From The Rome Tribune, May 1, 1895; dedicated to the Lanier Circle of Rome and read at the anniversary meeting by the president, Rev. A. J. Battle.)

He caught the lisp of lowly wings in shadowy nooks remote,
And counted them as holy things; the glad inspiring note
Of mocking bird at break of day in songful Southern woods,
Or whip-poor-will's weird roundelay in somber solitudes;
The whispers of the dying wind on sunless summer eves
In minor key incarnadined among the listless leaves;
He was our chivalrous Bayard, without reproach or fear,
Incomparable Southern bard, our myrtle-crowned Lanier!

His mind exalted far above earth's circumscribing bound,
Still stooped with tenderest touch of love to soothe the weakling's wound,
And though he sang in martial tone of victories won for art,
As gentle as a woman's own his sympathetic heart;
Rapt seer of a prophetic age, now that his work is done
His name is writ on fairer page than human triumph won;
Our constellation mourns the loss of such scintillant sphere,
The brightest in the Southern Cross, our troubadour—Lanier!

He lived within the realm of dreams of more than mortal ken,
His spirit dwelt on loftier themes than move the hearts of men,
And while his weary, way-worn feet still pressed the tear-stained sod,
In solemn, soul-communion sweet his form did walk with God,
Interpreting the unvoiced thought which in a blossom lies,
And from the flash of star-beams caught a glimpse of Paradise!
Though fell the dark, untimely blight upon his earthly bier,
Still blooms anew in life and light the spirit of Lanier!

He searched the depths of seas unknown, their treasure chests revealed,
He caught the sweet, sad undertone from other hearts concealed,
He swept the chords of nature's lyre with potent, master hand,
And felt the wild, prophetic fire that few can understand.
What if the branch be withered now, the drooping tree bereft,
Still clinging round that broken bough the rare perfume is left;
Bequeathing us his deathless fame, he sought a nobler sphere,
But earth shall claim that sacred name forevermore—Lanier!

No more the soul of song shall thrill with joy that magic flute,—
The lips melodious are still, the vibrant voice is mute,—
But where the sacred seraphim their gladdest anthems raise
And all the chanting cherubim echo the lingering lays,
And asphodels of Eden bloom in fair Elysian fields,
The lily's lingering perfume divine ambrosia yields;
There, foremost of that choral throng the hosts of Heaven hear
The voice attuned to raptured song of our own lost Lanier!

NEW YEAR'S CALLIN'.

By Frank L. Stanton.

(From The Tribune of Rome, Jan. 21, 1895.)

I ain't much on sassiety—hain't bin thar more'n twice—
But when they take a feller round, he gits to feelin' nice!
They had been goin' New Year's night, an' sakes alive! the way
Them purty girls kept smilin' made me think the dark was day!

"Now, let me interduce you, Frank," John Taylor sez, sez he,
An' he whispered, "Pull yer gloves off—you mus' shake hands, don't yer see?"
An..' then he muttered, with a frown, "Well, I wish I may be ded,
But you're goin' in the parlor with your hat upon yer head!"

'Twas a fact! I clean forgot and didn't realize at all
I was bang up in sassiety and on a New Year's call!



Jno. W. Rounsaville

"Some folks is quite pertick-ler," says Taylor, "See the Jack!
He's hung his hat upon the floor as if there warn't a rack!"

He throwed me clean at every turn—kerflummuxed all erbout;
I didn't know which way ter move, but felt like movin' out;
"Now here's Miss Blank a-comin' in," he sez, "Don't look so flat;
Why, bless my soul, you've clean forgot—now whar's yer white cravat?"

My patience was a-weakenin fast; sez I, "Now look a-here!
I'm tired o' this 'ere foolin', an' I'm gwine to git in there!"
An' in I walked, and heard him say (still viewin' my construction),
"Jes' look at him a-shakin' hands 'thout ary interduction!"

An' "Whut's yer name?" I sez to one, all drest in pink an' white;
"That diamond you're a-wearin' mus' ha' cost a powerful sight!
You're jes' the purtiest creetur that I've seed fer many a year;
Nigh onto twenty years, ain't yer; been long a-livin' here?"

Then Taylor nudged me with his arm, all in a powerful rage:
"Fer pity's sake, my fren'," he sez, "don't ax the girls their age!"
That fairy creetur smil'd on me like basket full o' chips,—
Sed it didn't make no difference. (An' Oh! them rosy lips!)

One place we went I can't ferget; a chap who didn't know
The custom of the purty girls got 'neath the mistletoe,
When—Smack! she give him such a kiss, 'twould done yer good ter see;
But I think I kinder miss'd it when I axed her ter kiss me!

Good gracious; but the purtiness—I never seed the like:
The ugly people in the worl' was all out on a strike!
An' lookin' at them faces fair, them cheeks o' lovely glow
I felt like sayin' loud, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow!"

Well, I got on first-class foremost, 'spite of Taylor an' his talk,
Shook hands with all the purty girls an' made the vittles walk!
I et three dozen suppers, 'cause I minded well the text:
"Ef you're hungry on a New Year's night, you'll be that way till next!"

We went fum house to house; shuk hands, and sich a happy shakin'!
Until when nuthin' else would break, the day hit went to breakin',
As if the Lord had smiled upon the world an' made it bright
An' I went out o' sassiety chock full o' New Year's Night!

THE OLD TOWN CLOCK.

By Mrs. Naomi P. Bale.

Since 1871, thus mused the old town clock,
I've stood the storms of wind and rain,
Have felt the earthquake shock.
My house was torn by lightning stroke,
Yet my patient hands moved on
And not a moment have I lost
In all the years agone.

Many who oft looked in my face,
Are scattered far and wide.
Others are quietly resting in peace
On the hill by the river's side.

Other bright faces still greet me here,
Each day in their school hour's task,
And I make new friends year after year
And this is all I could ask.
To you, my new friends, who look on
With eager and laughing eyes,
Upon each mind this lesson I'd trace,
"Be earnest, be watchful, be wise."

There's a place in the strenuous battle of life,
Which each one must surely fill.
The hero's place can be yours in the strife,
Or the sluggard's place, if you so will.

Then choose your place—
The voice was hushed—
There was silence in the old town clock.
The potent spell of the fairy was gone,
And nothing was heard but "tick, tock."



FINE HOMES, LARGE HOMES AND SMALL.

1—P. B. Brown (Dr. Eben Hillyer); 2—Wright Willingham (Dr. Ross P. Cox); 3—The Old Noble home; 4—W. J. Griffin (S. G. Hardy-Thompson Hiles); 5—B. T. Haynes (C. W. King); 6—H. W. Morton (W. T. McWilliams); 7—Part of old Robt. Battey home; 8—P. M. Sheibley (now owned by Woman's Auxiliary of Chamber of Commerce); 9—Battey Infirmary Group; 10—Miss Julia Omberg; 11—Geo. F. Nixon; 12—B. F. Quigg (Col. N. J. Bayard); 13—Dr. R. M. Harbin; 14—Judge Joel Branham; 15—Robt. W. Graves; 16—Rev. L. R. Gwaltney; 17—J. W. Bryson (W. M. Towers); 18—Judge Jno. W. Maddox.

THE ACCESSION OF QUEEN LOUISE.

(To Miss Louise Berry, Home-Coming Week, Oct. 13, 1921.)

And now we'll give attention, please,
To crowning of the fair Louise:

This Indian Summer day her host
  Of loyal subjects trooped in state
Through panoplied procession grand
  Her gentleness to emulate,
Forsooth, her beauty and her charm,
  Her wisdom and her wit adore,
And suppliant, with loving hands,
  Obey her bidding evermore!
(That is, as long as she return
  The queenly incense for to burn).

Sat also in an autumn haze
  Of fast expiring, gracious reign
The fair Penelope the First,
  Who soon will be a queen again!
And all around were courtiers,
  'Till one rose up with bulging chest
And by the power in his voice
  Writ down himself with princes best.

Prince Willingham! His doublet fit
  Immaculate; his sleeves of lace
And coat of purple told entire
  The glory of a noble race;



A JOLLY HOME-COMING GROUP of visitors and hostesses at the East Rome entrance to the city, October, 1920.

And from his silver tongue there flowed
  Philippic to the moulding past:
"Good Queen Penelope is gone,
  Good Queen Louise is not the last!"
(Prince Dean, of passing great renown,
  Then gave Her Loveliness the crown).

A chapter yet ere day is done:
  In gathering shadows comes the Ball;
The queens will slowly march and shed
  Their radiant loveliness o'er all;
The hills will echo back the note
  Of herald's trumpet blast ahead:
"Wake, Romans, wake, and look beyond
  To future bright; the past is dead!"

———

SONNET TO A DEPARTED FRIEND

(Sept. 3, 1920.)

Sweet lady of the olden South we come
To pay our fond respects as thou dost go
Up into fairer land that none may know
Or wonder how strange mystery issues from!
Amid a bower of roses, lilies, phlox
We sadly sing from deep our souls within,—
If not too late, thy peaceful smile to win;
Thy Lord beyond the portal gently knocks!
And then the last farewell; 'tis good to live
If living means to think of thee in prayer,
Uncovered, stand in swishing autumn wind
And wonder if the noble life you give
Can find its saintly counterpart up there;
Oh, how we need thee who are left behind!

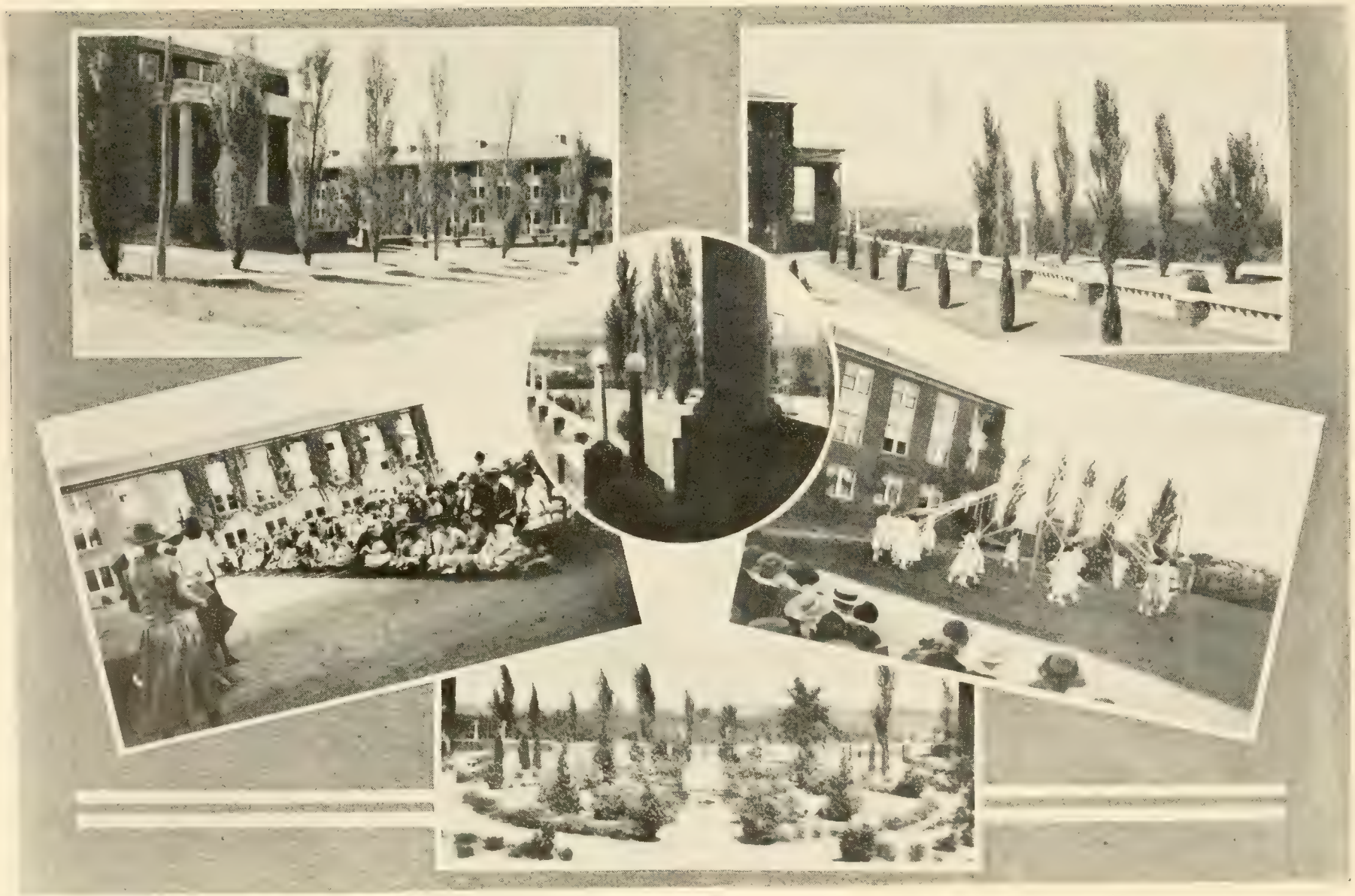
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LINES TO A HUMMINGBIRD SEEN AT A LADY'S WINDOW.

By John Rollin Ridge.

Yon dew-drunk bacchanal
  Hath emptied all the roses of their sweets,
And drained the fluent souls
  Of all the lilies from their jeweled bowls;
And now on rapid wings he fleets
  To where by yonder crystal pane
A lady, young and fair,
  Looks out upon the sifting sun-lit rain.

That ripe, red mouth he takes
  For rarer flower than ever yet was quaffed,



May Day Celebration, commencement, 1921, and other Shorter College views. The new location of the institution for young women is at the northern foot of Mt. Alto and affords a fine view of the surrounding country.

And longeth much to sip
The honey of that warm and dewy lip,
And drain its sweetness at a draught.
Ah! vain, delusive hope! 'tis hard,
But rainbow-winged bird,
Thou'rt not alone from those sweet lips debarred!

Now, charm-ed with her eyes,
And dazzled by their more than sunny light,
He winnoweth with his wings
The fineness of the golden mist, and swings,
A breathing glory in her sight!
Too happy bird, he's won a smile
From that proud beauty rare
Which from his throne an angel might beguile!

How dizzy with delight
He spins his radiant circles in the air!
Now, on their spiral breath
Upborn, he 'scapes th' enchantress underneath
And will not die of joy or of despair—
The gleam in her bright eyes, and wild,
Ne'er hoping once to win
The nectar from those lips which on him smiled!



DR. RICHARD VENABLE MITCHELL, an old Roman who is fondly recalled by many members of the present generation.

A CHEROKEE LOVE SONG.*

By John Rollin Ridge.

Come with me by moonlight, love
And let us seek the river's shore;
My light canoe awaits thee, love,
The sweetest burden e'er it bore!

The soft, low winds are whispering there
Of human beauty, human love,
And with approving faces, too,
The stars are shining from above.

Come place thy small white hand in mine,
My boat is 'neath the willow trees,
And with my practised arm the oar
Will ask no favor from the breeze.

Now, now, we're on the waters, love,
Alone upon the murmuring tide—
Alone! but why should we regret
If there were none on earth besides?

What matters it if all were gone?
Thy bird-like voice would yet beguile,
And earth were heaven's substitute
If thou wert left to make it smile!

Oh, mark how soft the dipping oar,
That silent cleaves the yielding blue—
Oh, list the low sweet melody
Of waves that beat our vessel too!

Oh, look to heaven, how pure it seems,
No cloud to dim, no blot, no stain;
And say—if we refuse to love,
Ought we to hope or smile again?

That island green, with roses gemmed,**
Let's seek it, love—how sweet a spot!
Then let the hours of night speed on—
We live to love—it matters not!

HALLOWED GROUND.

Oh, some may think it matters not
Where one first sees the light of day,
But lucky is the man whose lot
It was to enter life's glad way,
Beneath the Oostanaula's shade,
Where red-skin once his pallet laid!
Yea, hallowed be the ground of Rome—
My heart is there though I'm afar!
Abode I like, I worship home,
And all its folk who blithesome are!
May not all those who love it still
Clasp hands some day in Myrtle Hill?

*His thoughts here go back to his happy days spent on the Oostanaula.

**Reference is probably to Whitmore's Island.

PARTIAL LIST OF INTERMENTS IN MYRTLE HILL CEMETERY

NOTE—This list was taken from the records of City Sexton C. L. King, dating from 1874 through Sept. 2, 1922, and contains approximately 1,500 names, which is probably one-sixth of total. Additions and corrections for Vol. II. are desired.

The figure after the name is the age at death; the figure after the date of death is the day of burial. In most cases the deceased were natives of Rome or Floyd County; unless otherwise noted, death occurred there. The first entry is translated thus: Burwell, Lewis D.; 59 years old; born in North Carolina; died at Rome Jan. 9, 1874; buried Jan. 11, 1874.

Myrtle Hill Cemetery is situated in South Rome at the junction of the Etowah and the Oostanaula on a knoll 100 feet or more above the rivers. It is often referred to by visitors as one of the most beautiful natural locations in the United States. The first interments were made in 1857, when the old Seventh Avenue Cemetery was officially abandoned, but the records do not go back that far.

1874.

Burwell, Lewis D., 59; bn. N. C.; 1-9-74; 1-11.
Bruce, Caleb, 57; 2-11-74; 2-14.
Terhune, Wm. Barclay, 53, of N. J.; 6-30-74; 7-1.
Landrum, Mrs. C. T., 28; bn. Ala.; DeSoto; 2-27-74; 2-28.
McGuire, Mrs. T. J., 34; bn. Ga.; 3-8-74; 3-9.
Landers, J. M. B., 61; bn. Ala.; 3-19-74; 3-21.
Buchanan, A. J., 57; bn. Ga.; 3-2-74; 3-21; drowned.
Bergman, Peter, 35; of Sweden, res. Ala.; 3-24-74; 3-25.
Mooney, J. P., 27; of N. C., killed; 4-18-74; 4-25.
Shockley, Mrs. Elizabeth, 86; Fl. Co.; 5-14-74; 5-15.
Adkins, W. E.; 6-16-75; 6-17.
Morrison, Geo., 20; bn. Ga.; killed on R. R., 7-14-74; 7-16.
Seay, Mrs. Mary, 28; bn. Ga., 7-25-74; 7-26.
Wimpee, Mrs. A. V., 30; DeSoto; 10-25-74; 10-26.
McAfee, Mrs. M. M., 64; 11-22-74; 11-23.
Marable, Mrs. M. A.; 58; 12-22-74; 12-23.
LeHardy, Eugene, 58; bn. Belgium; 12-27-74; 12-28.

1875.

Mills, Mrs. Lizzie, 30; 4-2-75; 4-4.
Funderburk, Mrs. T., 65; S. C.; 3-7-75; 3-8.
Attaway, Charley, 73; S. C.; 3-26-75; 3-28.
Mattson, Emil, 23; Sweden; 4-2-75; 4-12.
Smith, Rev. J. H., 23; bn. Ga.; res. Fla., 4-13-75; 4-17.
Veal, Mrs. Sarah A., 42; bn. Ga.; 5-30-75; 5-31.
Smith, Asahel R., 81; 6-25-75; 6-26.
Sullivan, Walter; 20; bn. S. C.; dd. N. Y.; 8-2-75; 8-6.
Scott, Dunlap, 42; 10-30-75; 11-1.
Stillwell, Mrs. Mary, 23; 11-10-75; 11-11.
Stansbury, Miss Mary, 25; Tenn.; 11-17-75; 11-18.

1876.

McDonald, Mrs. Ellen, 72; 1-6-76; 1-7.
Jack, Mrs. Eliza, 72; N. C.; 1-12-76; 1-13.
Brownlow, Jas., 88; S. C.; 2-16-76; 2-17.
Jack, Howard, 44; 4-11-76; 4-12.
Burwell, Mrs. M., 75; Va.; 4-11-76; 4-13.
Printup, Mrs. J. J., 25; 5-11-76; 5-12.
West, Jane M., 81; Tenn.; 5-20-75; 5-23.
Edmondson, Mrs. Belle Watters, 25; 7-17-76; 7-18.
Stewart, Sam'l., 64; 9-4-76; 9-5.
Selkirk, Mrs. M. C.; 54; 8-17-76; 8-19.
Carver, Mrs. Edith, 63; N. C.; 9-24-76; 9-25.
Mitchell, D. R., 74; bn. Ga.; 11-10-76, in Fla.; 11-18.
Jones, Wm. F., 76; res. N. C.; bn. Ga.; 12-14-76; 12-16.
Dayton, Thos., 26, of Pa.; 12-27-76 from pistol wound; 12-29.

1877.

Gregory, Mrs. S. M.; 77; 1-4-77; 1-6.
Graham, G. W., 52; S. C.; 2-5-77; 2-6.
Underwood, John H., 61; 2-24-77; 2-26.
Wildsmith, Jane, 29; England; 3-4-77; 3-5.
Butler, Green B., 42; res. Atlanta; 3-13-77; 3-14.
Shorter, Mrs. Martha, 78; 3-22-77; 3-23.
Meigs, R. L., 62; bn. N. C.; 4-22-77.
Cutter, M. N., 61; bn. N. Y.; 4-23-77; 4-24.
May, Mrs. S. M., 48; bn. Tenn.; 5-10-77; 5-11.



GLIMPSES IN ROME'S "SILENT CITY OF THE DEAD."

A crowd at Easter singing, 1921; tomb of Alfred Shorter; the Confederate monument; Daniel S. Printup shaft; the Connally lot; Forrest monument and shaft to Women of the Confederacy, on Broad; a group at the Battey vault; the C. N. Featherston grave; grave of Mitchell A. Nevin; Chas. A. Hight lot; a group at the grave of the first Mrs. Woodrow Wilson.

Woods, Thos., 27; bn. England; 5-29-77; 5-30.
Norton, Wm. G., 20; bn. Conn.; 6-2-77; 6-3.
Cothran, W. S., 73; bn. S. C.; 7-20-77; 7-21.
Wildsmith, Ann, 54; bn. England; 8-6-77; 8-7.
May, S. M., 50; bn. Tenn;. 8-9-77; 8-10.
Wilkerson, Eliza, 66; 8-21-77; 8-22.
Beysiegel, Chas., 55; bn. Germany; lived DeSoto; 8-21-77; 8-22.
Dewberry, Thos., 43; bn. S. C.; 9-14-77; 9-15.
Hazelton, Mrs. Mary., 103; bn. England; 10-11-77; 10-12.
Reynolds, Larkin H.; 33; bn. Bartow Co.; 11-12-77; 11-13.
Connor, Mrs. R. L., 54; 12-7-77; 12-9.
Shropshire, Lizzie, 19; 11-18-77; 11-19.
Crossman, J. W., 45; lived DeSoto; 12-30-77; 12-31.

1878.

Bowen, Elizabeth; 57; 4-29-78; 4-30.
Brower, Minnie Lester, 21; bn. S. C.; 2-6-78; 2-7.
Watters, G. W.; 56; 3-9-78; 3-11.
Sproull, J. C., 46; bn. S. C.; Cartersville 1-12-66; mvd to Rome 4-4-78.
Mills, Mrs. E. W., 60; bn. N. C.; 4-14-78; 4-15.
Howell, J. C., 21; kld. in battle, 7-30-64; mvd. from Kingston 4-24-78.
Hart, J. R., 52; bn. N. C.; 6-1-78; 6-2.
Seavey, Wm. T., 31; Hot Springs, Ark., 6-25-78; 6-28.
Gardner, Geo. H., 56; bn. England; 8-25-78; 8-27.
Smith, Greenville, 64; bn. Tenn.; 9-17-78; 9-18.
Perry, Thos. J., 54; 9-28-78; 9-29.
Maguire, Terrence; 57; bn. N. Y.; 10-3-78; 10-4.
Howell, G. W., 61; bn. Tenn., lved Ala.; 10-13-78; 10-14.
Pitner, A. G.; 62; 11-28-78; 11-30.
Miller, H. H., 60; bn. Tenn;. 11-30-78; 12-1.

1879.

Wardlaw, H. H., 27; bn. Ga.; res. Ark.; 1-3-79; 1-7.
Jackson, Wm., 79; bn. S. C.; 2-5-79; 2-6.
Jones, Elizabeth, 59; res. Floyd Co.; 3-2-79; 3-3.
McIntyre, Mrs. Margaret, 40; bn. Scotland, lvd S. Rome; 3-3-79; 3-4.
McKenzie, Hattie, 32; 3-7-79; 3-9.
Walker, L. P., 56; bn. Penn., res. DeSoto; 3-24-79; 3-25.
O'Rear, Richard, 7; drowned 5-17-79; 5-21.
Lee, Geo. W., 49; 4-3-79; 4-6.
Galloway, Thos., 30; bn. Scotland; 5-28-79; 5-29.
Graves, M. L., 83; bn. N. C.; 6-1-79; 6-2.
Wood, Mrs. Sarah G., 78; bn. N. C.; 6-4-79; 6-5.
Aldridge, Mrs. A. M., bn. England; 6-7-79; 6-8.
Cooley, J. C., 15; bn. Tenn.; concussion brain caused by fall; 6-25-79; 6-26.
Langston, Mrs. A. J., 42; 6-27-79; 6-29.
Britt, Mrs. F. R.; 48; res. DeSoto; 6-28-79; 6-30.
Lee, James, 73; bn. Ireland; 7-11-79; 7-12.
Gersley, Mrs. M. E., 65; bn. Germany, lvd Ohio; 7-13-79; 7-14.
Lansdell, Mrs. A. M., 70; 7-26-79; 7-28.
Towns, J. R., DeSoto; 8-3-79; 8-4.
Mapp, Frank, 16; concussion brain, accident; 8-17-79; 8-18.
Lee, Mrs. Mary, 65; 8-22-79; 8-23.
Buford, Mrs. Mary A.; bn. S. C.; res. DeSoto; 9-8-79; 9.
Trammell, V. B.; 35; res. DeSoto; dd. 9-15-79, of gunshot wds.; 16.
Gibbons, Mrs. C.; 77; bn. Va.; dd. 9-16-79; 17.
Freeman, Mrs. Sarah G.; 9-26-79; 28.
Berry, James E.; 59; bn. Tenn.; 10-2-79; 3.
Omberg, Nick; 24; 10-3-79; 4.
McDonald, Alexander; 82; 10-6-79; 7.
Wimpee, John; 29; 10-7-79; 8.
Trainor. Mrs. Kate; 29; bn. Penna.; res. S. Rome; dd. 11-4-79, by drowning in well; 5.
Bowie, Mrs. Clara Mills; 26; bn. Ills.; 11-7-79; 9.
Buckley, Dan'l C.; bn. Irel'd; 12-1-79; 3.
Morris, Mrs. Mary; 32; E. Rome; 12-2-79; 4.

1880.

Burke, Mrs. Sarah E.; 39; bn. Ala.; 2-17-80; 18.
Hinton, Mrs. Sarah; 71; bn. N. C.; 2-20-80; 21.
Omberg, Mrs. M. A.; 43; bn. S. C.; 2-22-80; 23.
Marion, Mrs. Mary B.; 36; 3-1-80; 2.
Lansdell, A. M.; 73; bn. N. C.; 3-25-80; 28.
McDonald, Mrs. Martha; 41; 4-1-80; 3.
Johnson, Geo.; 36; bn. S. Rome: dd. 4-17-80, from knife wounds; 19.
McDonald, Mattie; 19; 4-29-80; May 1.
Cline, Mrs. Jane: 41; bn. S. C.; res. E. Rome; 5-24-80; 26.
Richardson, Mrs. Lizzie; 18; dd. 6-4-80, of burns at home; 6.
Hargrove, Malinda; 78; res. S. Rome; 6-7-80; 8.
Johnson, Janie; 20; S. Rome; 6-23-80; 24.
McCullough, Thos.: 69: bn. Scotland; E. Rome; 6-28-80; 23.



THROUGH THE COUNTRY WITH A KODAK.

Top, left to right, the Tarvin place, Carlier Springs, deathplace of Dr. Robt. Battey; a view from Tubbs' Mountain; old school house at Carlier; the Mt. Alto school; A. C. Fincher, mayor of Cave Spring; the Rush place, near which Major Ridge used to live; Dr. John F. Lawrence at his Radio Spring; a rural cottage; the Gailliard place; Dykes' Creek spring; Primitive (Hardshell) Baptist church, East Rome; the Wyatt place, near Mt. Alto.

Bryant, Mrs. Julia H.; 80; bn. N. C.; 7-24-80; 26.
Axe, David; 45; bn. Pa.; 8-2-80; 3.
McNulty, Gertrude; 20; bn. S. C.; 8-18-80; 19.
Perkins, Henry; 22; bn. Tenn.; killed 8-20-80, under falling bank of dirt; 21.
Thomas, J. A.; 44; bn. N. C.; res. Ohio; 9-16-80; 18.
Williams, E. A.; 37; bn. Va.; 10-10-80; 12.
Gunn, Donald M.; 42; bn. Scotland; 10-18-80; 19.
Cornelius, W. T.; 38; bn. Cobb Co.; 11-3-80; 5.
Pearson, Mrs. M. A.; 63; bn. S. C.; 11-10-80; 11.
Keith, E. M.; 60; bn. Tenn., lived Ala.; 11-25-80; 27.
Berry, M. J.; 35; bn. Ala.; 11-28-80; 30.
Ross, Eugene M.; 34; 11-29-80; Dec. 1.
Norton, Isaac; 53; bn. Conn.; 12-7-80; 8.
Berry, Emma; 16; 12-7-80; 9.
Ross, Mrs. Nancy; 70; 12-8-80; 9.

1881.

Moore, Mrs. M. L.; 42; bn. Va.; 1-26-81; 27.
Mitchell, Effie; 19; bn. Ala.; dd. from burns; 2-8-81; 9.
Gregory, Jackson; 81; bn. Va.; res. Polk Co.; 2-9-81; 11.
Carwile, Mrs. Martha; 42; bn. Ala.; 2-14-81; 15.
Mills, Mrs. C. W.; 68; res. S. Rome; bn. Va.; 2-19-81; 21.
Moore, Mrs. Matilda; 90; bn. S. C.; 3-28-81; 29.
Ramey, Lula; 18; dd. 4-15-81, from gangrene in lung caused by swallowing piece of cedar; 16.
Rumph, Wm. M.; 72; bn. S. C.; 4-16-81; 18.
Battey, Robt.; 15; dd. at Bishop Haygood's home, Emory College, Oxford, Ga.; 4-18-81; 19.
Wingfield, M. P.; 62; 4-18-81; 19.
Underwood, Dr. Jno. Banks; 71; res. Floyd Co.; 5-6-81; 8.
Mitchell, Mrs. Amanda C.; 47; bn. S. C.; res. DeSoto; 5-10-81; 11.
DeJournett, Jno. C.; 71; bn. N. C.; 5-17-81; 18.
Thompson, W. A.; 60; bn. N. C.; res. DeSoto; 6-3-81; 4.
Harris, Mrs. Emma D.; 39; bn. Ala.; 6-6-81; 7.
Williamson, Jeff C.; 9; drowned by accident; 6-6-81; 9.
Harris, Elizabeth; 82; bn. Va.; res. DeSoto; 6-15-81; 16.
Callahan, M. H.; 64; bn. Ireland; 6-20-81; 21.
Trainer, C. A.; 51; bn. Md.; res. S. Rome; 8-18-81; 19.
Reece, Mrs. Agnes Silvers; 24; bn. Eng.; res. DeSoto; 9-6-81; 7.
Robinson, Mrs. Frances A.; 48; 9-11-81; 12.
Axson, Mrs. Margaret E.; 43; 11-4-81; 5.
Graves, Fannie; 18; 11-23-81; 25.
Alexander, Thos.; 22; res. S. Rome; 12-10-81; 11.

1882.

Richardson, Geo.; 28; dd. Catoosa, Ga. 1-7-82; 9.
Hamilton, Mrs. Malinda; res. DeSoto; dd. Atlanta; 1-27-82; 28.
Cooley, Milton A.; 54; res. Gordon Co.; dd. of accidental gunshot wound in Gordon; 1-31-82; 2-1.
Harris, Bud; 25; res. Polk Co.; drowned; 2-21-82; Mar. 16.
Wardlaw, Mrs. E. L.; 59; 4-24-82; 25.
Govan, Moore Fontenoy, Jr.; 16; 4-28-82. 30.
Holbrook, Mrs. S. C.; 54; bn. Tenn.; 5-19-82; 20.
Craig, Mrs. Anna; 36; bn. N. Y.; 5-20-82; 22.
Maguffee, Mrs. Elizabeth; 83; bn. N. C.; res. DeSoto; 5-21-82; 22.
West, Mattie, 15; 5-30-82; 31.
Connor, Ty C.; 65; 6-30-82; 1.
Dick, Sm'l., Sr.; 75; bn. Tenn.; dd. Tenn.; 1-25-1867; 7-18-82.
Shorter, Alfred, 79; bn. Ga.; 7-18-82; 20.
Stokes, Andrew J.; 46; bn. Tenn.; 7-20-82; 21.
Rawlins, J. C.; 66; bn. Va.; dd. Atlanta; 7-28-82; 30.
Moon, A. F.; 60; bn. Mass.; 8-2-82; 2.
Barron, Mrs. H. A.; 62; 8-8-82; 9.
Hardin, Mrs. Rebecca; 66; 8-9-82; 10.
Moore, Gardner; 21; 9-4-82; 5.
Woodward, Mrs. Maggie; 36; bn. Ala.; 9-10-82; 11.
Bones, Mrs. J. W.; 49; bn. Eng.; res. E. Rome; 9-24-82; 26.
Reynolds, W. B.; 62; bn. Ind.; 10-7-82; 9.
Parks, H. H.; 42; res. DeSoto; 10-24-82; 26.
Sill, O. W.; 65; bn. N. C.; dd. from concussion of brain; 11-5-82; 6.
Bayard, Nicholas J., Jr.; 34; bn. Ga.; dd. Fla.; 11-20-82; 23.
Cheney, Dr. F. W.; 74; res. Chattooga Co.; 12-5-82; 7.
Moore, Mrs. Frances; 82; 12-29-82; 30.

1883.

Webb, Mrs. L. M.; 68; bn. S. C.; 2-14-83; 16.
Tolbey, Wm.; bn. Ala.; 2-28-83; Mar. 1.
Mapp, Wm. T.; 44; 3-21-83; 23.

Sproull, Chas. Wm.; 35; res. Bartow Co.; dd. Bartow Co.; 3-24-83; 26.
Colclough, Walter; 22; 3-24-83; 26.
Echols, Lon A.; 22; bn. Ala.; 4-1-83; 3.
Hutchings, Mrs. A. R.; 72; bn. Va.; 4-7-83; 8.
Mayo, Jno. Willis; 72; dd. concussion of brain; 4-12-83; 13.
Glanton, Mrs. Polk; 48; bn. S. C.; 4-21-83; 23.
Elam, Mrs. M. N.; 56; 5-5-83; 6.
Omberg, Mrs. Emma M.; 79; bn. Norway; 5-23-83; 25.
Berry, John M.; 48; bn. Tenn.; 6-20-83; 21.
White, Mrs. Jane; 81; bn. S. C.; res. Macon; 7-14-83; 15.
Noble, Rosa; 19; res. S. Rome; 8-3-83; 4.
Hoyt, Ida Belle; 16; 8-14-83; 15.
Smalley, Geo. G.; bn. Whitfield Co.; res. Chattooga Co.; 9-19-83; 20.
Jenkins, Mrs. Matilda C.; 44; bn. Va.; 9-26-83; 27.
Messenger, L. E.; 59; bn. Sweden; res. S. Rome; 10-13-83; 14.
Gentry, Mrs. Flora S.; 35; 10-20-83; 21.
Sheras, Thos. S.; 50; bn. N. Y.; 11-3-83; 4.
Jenkins, Jos.; 25; res. DeSoto; 11-4-83; 5.
Smith, Geo.; 67; bn. England; res. S. Rome; 11-6-83; 7.
Watkins, Mrs. Lizzie; 35; bn. Ga.; res. Tenn.; 11-11-83; 13.
Wilson, Rev. G. W.; 50; bn. Ohio; 11-16-83; 17.
Bailey, Mrs. Martha; 60; res. DeSoto; 11-17-83; 18.
Spullock, Jas. M.; 67; 12-5-83; 6.
Cashman, Wesley; 39; bn. Ohio; killed on railroad; 12-12-83; 14.
Jones, Wm.; 45; res. Floyd Co.; 12-31-83; 1-1-84.

1884.

Clyne, P. H.; 53; bn. Ireland; res. S. Rome; 1-6-84; 7.
Towers, Mrs. Mary; 23; res. S. Rome; 1-23-84; 25.
Bale, Mrs. P. G.; 79; bn. S. C.; res. DeSoto; 2-13-84; 14.
Hughes, Wm.; 25; 2-29-84; Mar. 1.
McEntee, James; 91; bn. Ireland; 3-8-84; 8.
West, Mrs. Martha; 55; bn. Tenn.; 3-11-84; 12.
Taylor, Mrs. Malinda; 73; bn. N. C.; 3-21-84; 23.
Camp, Elizabeth; 35; res. DeSoto; 3-27-84; 28.
Bernhard, Augustus; 35; bn. Germany; 4-4-84; 5.
West, Wm.; 67; bn. Tenn.; 4-19-84; 21.
Trammell, Mrs. Elizabeth; 80; res. N. Rome; 5-21-84; 22.
Axson, Rev. Sm'l. E.; 48; 4-28-84; 30.
Todd, Mrs. Augusta; 58; 6-10-84; 11.
Smith, Tom M.; 36; 6-23-84; 24.
Webb, Mrs. Blanche; 26; bn. N. Y.; 7-5-84; 6.
Peter, Mrs. H. G.; 39; bn. Holland; 7-18-84; 19.
Stokes, Mrs. Sallie; 42; 7-20-84; 21.
Harris, John; 35; dd. concussion of brain; res. DeSoto; 7-24-84; 25.
Sproull, Mrs. Fannie; 27; bn. and res. Bartow Co.; 8-14-84; 15.
Crozier, G. W.; 36; bn. and res. W. Va.; 8-23-84; 24.
Knight, Job; 68; bn. England; 9-12-84; 13.
Griffin, Jerry; 25; bn. Pa.; res. Miss.; killed on railroad train, York, Miss.; 9-13-84; 15.
Franks, John; 58; bn. S. C.; res. DeSoto; 9-21-84; 22.
Denny, Mrs. R. B.; 56; bn. Pa.; 10-9-84; 11.
Horn, Q. N. or I. N.; 46; bn. Tenn.; res. Atlanta; 11-5-84; 7.
Pentecost, Mrs. E. A.; 40; 11-11-84; 13.
Hardwick, Mrs. M. A.; 37; res. Selma, Ala.; 11-26-84; 28.
Wheeler, H. A.; 65; bn. Mo.; lived N. Y.; 12-20-84; 22.
May, Mrs. Catherine; 12-26-84; 27.

1885.

Omberg, A. A.; 65; bn. Norway; 1-9-85; 10.
Smith, Jacob H.; 75; bn. Vermont; 1-12-85; 13.
Cheney, Mrs. M. L.; 58; 1-24-85; 26.
Moffett, Wm.; 70; bn. Mexico; 1-28-85; 30.
Panchen, Mrs. Gertie B.; 41; bn. Decatur, Ga.; dd. Atlanta; 2-7-85; 9.
George, Mrs. Hannah; 34; bn. Ind.; 3-5-85; 7.
Allen, Tim; 28; bn. Ala.; res. E. Rome; 3-11-85; 12.
Whitely, W. L.; 66; bn. Va.; 3-11-85; 14.
Glover, Cain; 57; bn. S. C.; 3-17-85; 20.
Fouche, Simpson; 59; 4-1-85; 3.
Young, J. S.; 58; bn. Ohio; res. E. Rome; 4-3-85; 4.
Stoffregen, H. A.; 65; bn. Germany; res. Cedartown; 4-7-85; 9.
Stewart, Mrs. Bettie; 37; bn. Va.; 4-15-85; 17.
Hine, J. B.; 44; 4-20-85; 21.
Ralston, James Emmett; 37; bn. Ills.; res. Chattanooga; 4-23-85; 24.
Hardy, Mrs. Kate M.; 35; bn. Mo.; 4-28-85; 29.
Stanbury, L.; 85; bn. N. C.; 5-22-85; 24.
Smith, Dr. S. P.; 72; bn. Tenn.; dd. Floyd Co.; 5-23-85; 24.



FOUR BROTHERS OF THE "OLD SCHOOL."

Left to right, Anderson Redding ("Red"), George Magruder, William Cephas and Dr. Henry Halsey Battey, well known to the hunting, business and professional world.

Tracy, James; 44; 6-15-85; 16.
Williams, Lillie P.; 30; res. Atlanta; 7-13-85; 14.
Rhodes, Mrs. Mary; 42; 8-9-85; 10.
Proctor, Alice; 26; bn. Bartow Co.; res. S. Rome; 8-15-85; 17.
Black, Belle M.; 38; bn. Ala.; res. Floyd Co.; 8-20-85; 21.
Pennington, Cunningham M.; 72; bn. S. C.; res. S. Rome; 8-23-85; 24.
Battey, Henry VanDyke; 3; 8-28-85; 29. Later to Battey vault.
Coulter, Mary, 15, and Vivian, 3; drowned in Coosa River; 9-6-85; 8.
Lambert, Robt.; 75; bn. Ireland; 9-29-85; Oct. 1.
Maxwell, Madison; 26; bn. Bartow Co.; lived Atlanta; dd. fractured skull; 9-25-85; 27.
Westunter, Thos.; 58; bn. Ireland; res. S. Rome; 10-8-85; 9.
Powers, Mrs. Julia A.; 45; bn. Ala.; 11-17-85; 18.
Ford, Oscar R.; 30; bn. Floyd Co.; res. Kans.; 11-16-85; 21.
Hardy, S. G.; 38; bn. Va.; 11-24-85; 27.

1886.

Hoyt, Robt. T.; 50; bn. Athens; 1-3-86; 5.
Wimberly, W. W.; 29; 1-5-86; 7.
Almand, B. H.; 28; res. S. Rome; 1-11-86; 12.
Morrison, John; 35; 1-15-86; 16.

Rice, Mrs. F. D.; 63; bn. McMinn Co., Tenn; 1-29-86; 30.
Fouche, Miss Sally B.; 30; 2-16-86; 18.
Omberg, Wm. L.; 30; 2-24-86; 26.
King, Dr. Joshua; 62; bn. N. C.; 3-1-86; 4.
Smith, Caroline A.; 77; bn. S. C.; 3-9-86; 10.
Wimpee, Mary L.; 30; bn. Ala.; 3-17-86; 19.
Powell, Mrs. E. A. E.; 46; res. S. Rome; burned to death; 3-26-86; 27.
Nowlin, Dr. James H.; 73; bn. Va.; 4-12-86; 13.
Jones, Walton H.; 71; bn. Ga.; dd. injuries in railroad accident; 5-2-86; 4.
Andrews, Mrs. L. E.; 50; bn. Ohio; res. Tenn; 5-13-86; 14.
Caldwell, Mrs. J. M. M.; 63; bn. N. H.; 6-9-86; 10.
Beavers, T. R.; 28; bn. Texas; lived Chattanooga; 6-10-86; 11.
Smith, Cicero A.; 51; bn. Morgan Co.; 7-14-86; 15.
Trammell, Wm.; 82; bn. Lincoln Co.; res. Forrestville; 6-25-86; 26.
MacKenzie, Mrs. Catherine; 83; bn. S. C.; 7-8-86; 9.
Fouche, Stella M.; 19; bn. and res. Floyd Co.; 7-12-86; 13.
Cheney, Paul; 21; 7-14-86; 16.
Wimpee, Mrs. Mary C.; 35; 4 wd.; 7-27-86; 28.
Harbour, James M.; 24; 4 wd.; 7-30-86; 31.
Hardy, Dabney T.; 26; bn. Va.; 9-26-86; 28.
McGlashan, Andrew; 64; bn. Scotland; 10-6-86; 7.
Savage, Florence A.; 38; bn. Rome: dd. Chicago; 11-6-86; 10.
Buttel, August; 51; bn. Prussia; 11-16-86; 18.
Wolff, Mrs. G. O.; 40; bn. Ala.; 11-21-86; 22.
Sanders, Miss Nina; 26; bn. S. C.; res. Charleston; 12-22-86; 24.

1887.

Printup, Col. Danl. S.; 64; bn. N. Y.; 1-18-87; 19.
Berry, Capt. Thos.; 65; bn. Tenn.; 1-18-87; 20.
McIntyre, James; 50; bn. Scotland; res. S. Rome; 2-4-87; 5.
Wharton, Ann F.; 76; bn. Va.; 3-5-
Stansbury, Mrs. D.; 84; bn. Tenn.; 3-8-87; 9.
Harvey, Judge R. D.; 60; dd. injuries runaway horse; 3-12-87; 13.
Meakin, Mrs. Sophia; 50; res. Atlanta; 4-23-87; 25.
Wood, Mrs. Mary E.; 59; 5-15-87; 16.
Clinard, A. D.; 57; bn. N. C.; drowned; 4-27-87; May 1.
Watters, Mrs. E. C.; 58; 6-3-87; 4.
Stansbury, Jas. L.; 26; bn. Rome; dd. B'ham; 6-6-87; 7.
Harris, Miss Callie V.; 18; bn. Tenn.; 7-4-87; 5.
Lamkin, Obedience C.; 83; bn. N. C.; res. E. Rome; 7-6-87; 7.
Bailey, W. M.; 65; bn. N. C.; 7-27-87; 28.
Mapp, Mrs. S. A.; 71; 8-4-87; 5.
Penny, Mrs. Jennie; 28; bn. Tenn.; res. Gadsden, Ala.; 8-20-87; 21.
Printup, Col. Dan'l. S.; 64; bn. N. Y.; 1-18-87; 19.
Berry, Capt. Thos.; 65; bn. Tenn.; 1-18-87; 20.
Pritchett, Mrs. S. J.; 43; bn. Ala.; 8-21-87; 22.
Barker, Dr. Rufus; 75; res. Floyd Co.; 8-30-87; 31.
Williams, Mrs. Maria; 80; bn. N. C.; 9-6-87; 7.
Conner, Eugene C.; 22; bn. Rome; res. Chicago; 9-6-87; 9.
Stillwell, Rev. Chas. H.; 82; bn. Savannah; 9-10-87; 11.
Sargent, J. H.; 56; bn. Vermont; 9-13-87; 14.
Steele, Miss Sadie; bn. S. C.; lived Chattooga Co.; 9-30-87; Oct. 1.
Dempsey, Mrs. Edna; 53; bn. S. C.; 11-23-87; 24.
Hidle, Mrs. Anna M.; 69; 11-30-87; Dec. 1.
Neeld, Mrs. H. W.; 65; bn. Ills.; 12-4-87; 5.
Warren, Sarah C.; 49; bn. N. C.; 12-19-87; 20.

1888.

Pressly, J. H.; 58; bn. S. C.; 1-9-88; 10.
Lamberth, Jesse; 77; bn. Walton Co.; 1-17-88; 18.
Bones, Miss Marion M.; bn. Augusta; res. Rome; 3-6-88; 9.
Benjamin, Forrest; 29; 4-4-88; 5.
Hood, Donald Mack; 63; bn. Tenn.; 4-7-88; 8.
Harrison, John; 48; bn. N. Y.; 4-12-87; 13.
Gough, Rosanna; 47; res. S. Rome; 5-14-88; 14.
Dodson, Mrs.; 65; bn. S. C.; 5-20-88; 21
Mitchell, Alden; 20; bn. La.; res. N. O.; accidentally killed on bridge; 6-16-88; 17.
Stillwell, Mrs. Mary; 70; 7-3-88; 4.
Hartman, L. R.; 61; bn. Md.; res. Ills.; 7-10-88; 11.
Buffington, Jno. W.; 16; res. N. Rome; 7-15-88; 16.
Underwood, Jno. W. H.; 71; 7-18-88; 30.



W. Thumlee

Burch, Mary J.; 70; bn. N. C.; res. Gordon Co.; 7-22-88; 23.
Omberg, Albin; 40; bn. Norway; 7-31-88; Aug. 1.
Gwaltney, Lizzie S.; 20; bn. S. C.; 8-3-88; 5.
Wimpee, Sarah; 76; bn. S. C.; 8-5-88; 7.
Walker, L. V. A., Jr.; 26; killed by lightning; 8-9-88; 10.
Wardlaw, Wm. H.; 36; 8-29-88; 30.
Ayer, Nellie; 26; bn. S. C.; 9-4-88; 5.
Hall, A. J.; 27; res. Ala.; 9-5-88; 8.
Peter, H. G.; 66; bn. Germany; 9-16-88; 18.
Burnett, Elizabeth A.; 51; bn. Ala.; 9-26-88; 28.
Fort, Eudocia; 65; res. S. Rome; 9-28-88; 30.
Robison, Mrs. W. F.; 45; Floyd Co.; 10-3-88; 4.
Clement, Mrs. W. A.; 73; bn. Va.; 10-21-88; 22.
Jones, Wm. Hemphill; 11-88.
Dailey, J. G.; 64; bn. Ireland; 11-26-88; 28.
Wood, I. J.; 73; bn. S. C.; 12-3-88; 4.
Vandiver, J. T.; 39; bn. Ala.; 12-3-88; 5.
Battey, Lucie Stollenwerck; 30; bn. Ala.; 12-30-88; Jan. 1.

1889.

Eastman, E. M.; 55; bn. Ohio; 1-2-89; 3.
Lampkin, Frances R.; 44; bn. Ala.; 1-7-89; 9.
Lancaster, Lula; 22; res. Augusta; 1-9-89; 11.
Branham, Mrs. Joel; 45; 1-13-89; 14.
Neal, Mrs. Mary Octavia; 53; 1-15-89; 17.
Smith, Mrs. Emily W.; 77; 1-16-89; 17.
Cuyler, Thos.; 41; 1-17-89; 18.
Johnson, Mrs. Willie; 33; bn. S. C.; 1-17-89; 18.
Gregory, Dr. Jas. M.; 65; bn. Va.; 1-31-89; Feb. 2.
Stillwell, Clarence; 18; res. Cave Spg.; bn. Rome; 2-8-89; 9.
Lee, Joe; 62; bn. China; murdered; 2-9-89; 11.
Hardin, A. T.; 78; 2-20-89; 21.
Logan, E. G.; 71; bn. N. C.; res. Gadsden, Ala.; 2-24-89; 25.
Robinson, F. P.; 33; res. Anniston, Ala.; 3-4-89; 4.
Graham, John; bn. S. C.; res. Floyd Co.; 3-8-89; 10.
Watters, Thos. G.; 71; bn. Ala.; 3-7-89; 9.
Johnson, Euclid; 53; bn. Ala.; 3-10-89; 11.
Martin, J. N.; 54; bn. Va.; res. Chattooga Co.; 3-23-89; 26.
Smith, H. M., Jr.; 4-22-89; 23.
Harrison, Martha A.; 56; res. Floyd Co.; 3-29-89; 31.
Dozier, Thos. H.; 81; res. S. Rome; 4-5-89; 6.
Carlin, A. J.; 59; bn. Ills.; 4-28-89; 29.
Sprayberry, Mary; 17; bn. Ala.; res. Floyd Co.; 5-17-89; 18.
Mills, Julia Q.; 41; bn. La.; res. Atlanta; 5-20-89; 21.
Lyon, Henry; 19; bn. Ala.; crushed on railroad; 5-29-89; 1.
Autrey, Mary L.; 76; 6-2-89; 4 P.
Moore, Fannie S.; 40; bn. Fla.; 6-15-89; 16.
Howel, Hudon; 8; accidental drowning; 6-17-89; 18.
Ivey, Jno. T.; 60; res. E. Rome; 6-24-89; 25.
Wortham, J. T.; 31; 7-2-89; 3.
Rhudy, S. G.; 64; bn. Va.; 7-23-89; 24.
Coats, W. J.; 53; bn. S. C.; res. E. Rome; 7-27-89; 28 P.
Graves, Mattie S.; 33; 8-12-89; 13.
Ensley, Matilda; 75; bn. Pa.; res. Floyd Co.; 8-18-89; 19.
Rhudy, Rachel A.; 56; 8-28-89; 29.
Townsley, Fannie; 21; bn. Tenn.; 9-2-89; 3.
Lamkin, G. W. F.; 89; bn. N. C.; res. E. Rome; 9-4-89; 6.
Elliott, Lillie; 31; bn. Miss.; res. Rnd. Mt., Ala.; 9-30-89; 1.
Roebuck, Willis; 86; bn. S. C.; 10-16-89; 17.
Sproull, C. M.; 31; bn. S. C.; killed on railroad; 10-5-89; 6.
DeGraffenried, Mrs. L. T.; 77; bn. S. C.; res. Decatur, Ga.; dd. Decatur, 6-30-80; removed to Rome 11-6-89.
Dailey, S. A.; 62; 11-13-89; 14.
Lansdell, Edward; 16; accidental shooting; 11-27-89; 29.
Pritchett, Wm.; 31; 12-25-89; 27.

1890.

McCaffrey, Mrs. C. A. (M. E.); 27; bn. Ala.; 1-14-90; 15.
Billbro, Harriet A.; 66; bn. N. C.; res. Forrestville; 2-7-90; 9.
Marion, Mrs. Lena; 77; res. Floyd Co.; 2-17-90; 19.
Willingham, Harriet R.; 65; res. W. Rome; 3-6-90; 8.
Reynolds, Mrs. C. J.; 63; res. E. Rome; 4-2-90; 3.
Mitchell, W. H.; 70; res. Floyd Co.; 4-9-90; 11.
Bowen, Mrs. Elizabeth A.; 85; bn. Va.
Coleman, Jno. H.; 49; bn. Tenn.; 5-6-90; 7.
McDonald, Mrs. Theresa; 64; res. Atlanta; 5-11-90; 13.
Word, Thos. Jefferson, M. D.; 64; 5-31-90; 31.
Brown, Sallie; 36; bn. Tenn.; 6-10-90; 11.

Cantrell, Julia E.; 28; 6-30-90; 1.
Bass, Julia F.; 29; 7-5-90; 6.
Bass, Jno. Hix; 48; res. Floyd Co.; 7-11-90; 13.
Shanklin, Rachel I.; 44; bn. Miss.; 7-13-90; 14.
Ross, Adolphus E.; 58; 7-25-90; 27.
Taylor, Geo. J.; 48; bn. Ala.; res. E. Rome; killed on railroad; 8-13-90; 15.
Donkle, Isaac; 59; bn. Pa.; res. Atlanta; 8-22-90; 23.
Webber, Jos.; 44; bn. Germany; killed; 9-4-90; 6.
Bass, N. H., Sr.; 82; res. Floyd Co.; 9-22-90; 24.
Wimpee, Mrs. M. A.; 55; poisoned; 10-5-90; 6.
Gwaltney, L. R., Jr.; 18; 10-14-90; 18.
Holmes, Dr. G. W.; 66; 11-3-90; 5.
Lamkin, G. W. F., Jr.; 62; bn. N. C.; 11-10-90; 12.
Ayer, Mrs. Lavinia; 55; bn. S. C.; res. Floyd Co.; 12-18-90; 20.
Meredith, Hugh; 78; res. Floyd Co.; 12-25-90; 26.

1891.

Anderson, Lars; 65; bn. Denmark; 1-5-91; 6.
Schirmer, Mrs. F. M.; 44; res. Kansas City, Mo.; 1-6-91; 8.
Pepper, E. G.; 64; 1-17-91; 18.
Snyder, Mrs. Ida U.; 39; res. Texas; murdered; 1-25-91; 30.
Hull, Frank; 19; bn. Ala.; res. B'ham; accidental death; 2-24-91; 25.
Jenkins, J. M.; 51; 2-25-91; 27.
Wright, Augustus R.; 78; res. Floyd Co.; 3-31-91; Apr. 2.
Willingham, Eugenia; 45; bn. Ala.; res. W. Rome; 4-8-91; 9.
Williams, W. T.; 65; bn. Ind.; res. Floyd Co.; 4-15-91; 16.
Cothran, H. D.; 51; bn. S. C.; res. E. Rome; 6-2-91; 3.
Holmes, Dr. T. M.; res. E. Rome; 6-18-91; 19.
Freeman, Mrs. M. A.; 58; res. Floyd Co.; 6-19-91; 20.
Clark, Mrs. S. A.; 48; res. E. Rome; 6-24-91; 26.
McKenzie, Mrs. Parmelia; 81; bn. N. C.; res. E. Rome; 6-25-91; 27.
Ayer, H. C.; 38; res. Floyd Co.; 7-17-91; 18.
Nixon, R. P.; 49; bn. Va.; 6-25-91; 5.
Harvey, Henry; 21; res. E. Rome; drowned; 7-25-91; 26.
Kane, Mrs. Mary S.; 55; bn. Ireland; 8-8-91; 9.
Morton, Mrs. Delia J.; 52; 9-7-91; 9.
Wingfield, J. S.; 39; res. Floyd Co.; 9-16-91; 18.
Carey, Mrs. Alice; 38; bn. Conn.; 9-22-91; 23.
Hawkins, Mrs. A. P.; 55; 9-25-91; 26.
Sheppard, H. K.; 45; bn. Ireland; res. Ohio; 9-27-91; 28.
Lindsey, John; 20; bn. Ala.; res. E. Rome; 10-5-91; 6.
Hoyt, Annie; 18; 10-14-91; 15.
Allee, A. J.; 43; bn. Pa.; 10-21-91; 22.
Yancey, B. C.; 74; bn. S. C.; res. E. Rome; 10-24-91; 25.
Rowell, Annie Lou; 16; 11-4-91; 6.
Mills, Frank A.; 50; bn. La.; 12-3-91; 4.
George, Mary; 75; bn. N. Y.; 12-10-91; 11.
Brooks, Martha; 59; 12-25-91; 26.
Hill, Jane; 43; bn. Ky.; 12-24-91; 26.
Adkins, M. L.; 70; bn. N. Y.; 12-25-91; 27.

1892.

Yeiser, V. A.; 26; 1-2-92; 3.
Hall, Fenton; 79; bn. S. C.; res. B'ham; 1-7-92; 9.
Fort, Wm. A.; 79; 1-13-92; 16.
Willingham, John; 25; res. W. Rome; 1-14-92; 15.
Dick, Sarah; 72; bn. Tenn.; res. Marietta; 1-18-92; 19.
Reeves, Elizabeth; 89; 1-19-92; 20.
Irwin, Mrs. E. A.; 72; bn. S. C.; 1-25-92; 26.
Geer, Mrs. Irene G.; 71; 1-29-92; 30.
Hall, Mrs. Sarah; 85; bn. S. C.; 1-31-92; 2.
Spears, J. L.; 31; res. LaGrange; 2-1-92; 4.
Dempler, L.; 75; bn. Germany; res. Floyd Co.; 2-5-92; 7.
Quinn, Mrs. Mary; 72; bn. N. C.; 2-6-92; 8.
McCaffrey, Mrs. J.; 37; bn. Pa.; 2-14-92; 17.
Hughes, John; 65; bn. Wales; res. W. Rome; 2-20-92; 2.
Underwood, Mrs. M. A.; 68; 2-25-92; 28.
Magruder, E. J.; 56; bn. Va.; 2-26-92; 27.
Roser, Mrs. P. D.; 55; bn. Va.; 3-7-92; 8.
Graves, Marl L.; 75; bn. N. C.; res. Ala.; 3-20-92; 22.
Butler, Elizabeth A.; 78; res. Atlanta; 4-30-92; 6.
Spullock, Mrs. E. A.; 65; 5-14-92; 17.
Elam, W. D.; 76; res. B'ham, Ala.; 6-26-92; 27.
Gibbons, Sam'l.; 25; 7-5-92; 5.
Norton, H. C.; 46; 7-8-92; 10.
Wimpee, W. M.; 81; 8-2-92; 3.
Mitchell, Dr. R. V.; 58; 8-9-92; 11.
Pitner, Mrs. Albert G.; 72; 8-12-92; 14.
Wingfield, Judson, 22; res. Texas; 8-28-92; 1.
Ayer, Mrs. E. W.; 78; 9-9-92; 10.
Caldwell, J. M. M.; 80; res. Franklin, Ky.; 9-21-92; 23.

Towers, Robt. H.; 32; res. B'ham; 9-27-92; 28.
Yancey, Mrs. B. C.; 72; res. Augusta; 10-2-92; 3.
Johnson, E. V.; 48; 10-12-92; 12.
Govan, Mrs. M. F.; 48; 11-5-92; 7.
Robinson, Mrs. Mary; 83; 12-7-92; 7.
Neely, Prof. Benj.; 58; 12-20-92; 20.

1893.

Thomas, Mrs. Mary; 65; 1-6-93; 8.
Henley, John H.; 30; 1-18-93.
Linton, Mrs. Annie; 68; B'ham.
Shanklin, Fletcher; 19; 7-14-93; 18.
Printup, Henry; 70; 7-20-93; 22.
Shanklin, Col. J. F.; 57; 7-20-93; 22.
Denny, Mrs. R. A.; 35; 8-12-93; 15.
Stansbury, Capt. Jas. A.; 59; 9-20-93; 21.
Meredith, James; 73; 12-27-93; 28.

1894.

DeJournett, Mrs. Mary; 78; 1-2-94; 2.
Carroll, Mrs. Thos.; 54; 1-6-94; 7.
Miller, Mrs. H. V. M.; 76; res. Atlanta; 1-9-94; 9.
Powers, Dr. S. F. dd. 1-13-94.
Schirmer, N. R.; 60; res. Kansas City, Mo.; 1-26-94; 28.
Smith, Charlie; 63; 4-2-94; 3.
Ingram, C. J. M.; 4-27-94; 27.
Sproull, Mrs. C. W.; 61; 6-12-94; 12.
Dick, Hal; 43; res. Atlanta; dd. 9-94.

1895.

Cothran, Bessie; 17; 1-1-95.
Fouche, Mrs. S. E.; 77; 2-3-95.
Sawrie, Mrs.; 84; 3-4-95; 5.
Yeiser, Col. J. G.; 69; dd. 3-7-95.
Howel, T. F.; 50; 3-18-95.
Wardlaw, J. M.; 73; dd. from a fall; 4-21-95; 22.
Sparks, Mrs. Ann; 63; dd. 5-4-95.
Mills, C. M.; 73; 6-4-95; 6.
Stillwell, C. Oliver; 61; 6-15-95.
Black, Mrs. Jno. J.; 6-28-95.
Wood, J. C.; 71; 7-18-95.
Clark, Miss Rosa; 7-29-95.
Vandiver, James; 10; 9-28-95.
Thompson, W. F.; 29; killed by railroad; 10-25-95; 26.
Battey, Dr. Robt.; 11-8-95; 10; in Battey vault.
Ramey, Wm.; 11-29-95.
Alexander, Mrs. T. W.; 12-95.
Nevin, M. A.; 54; 12-15-95.

1896.

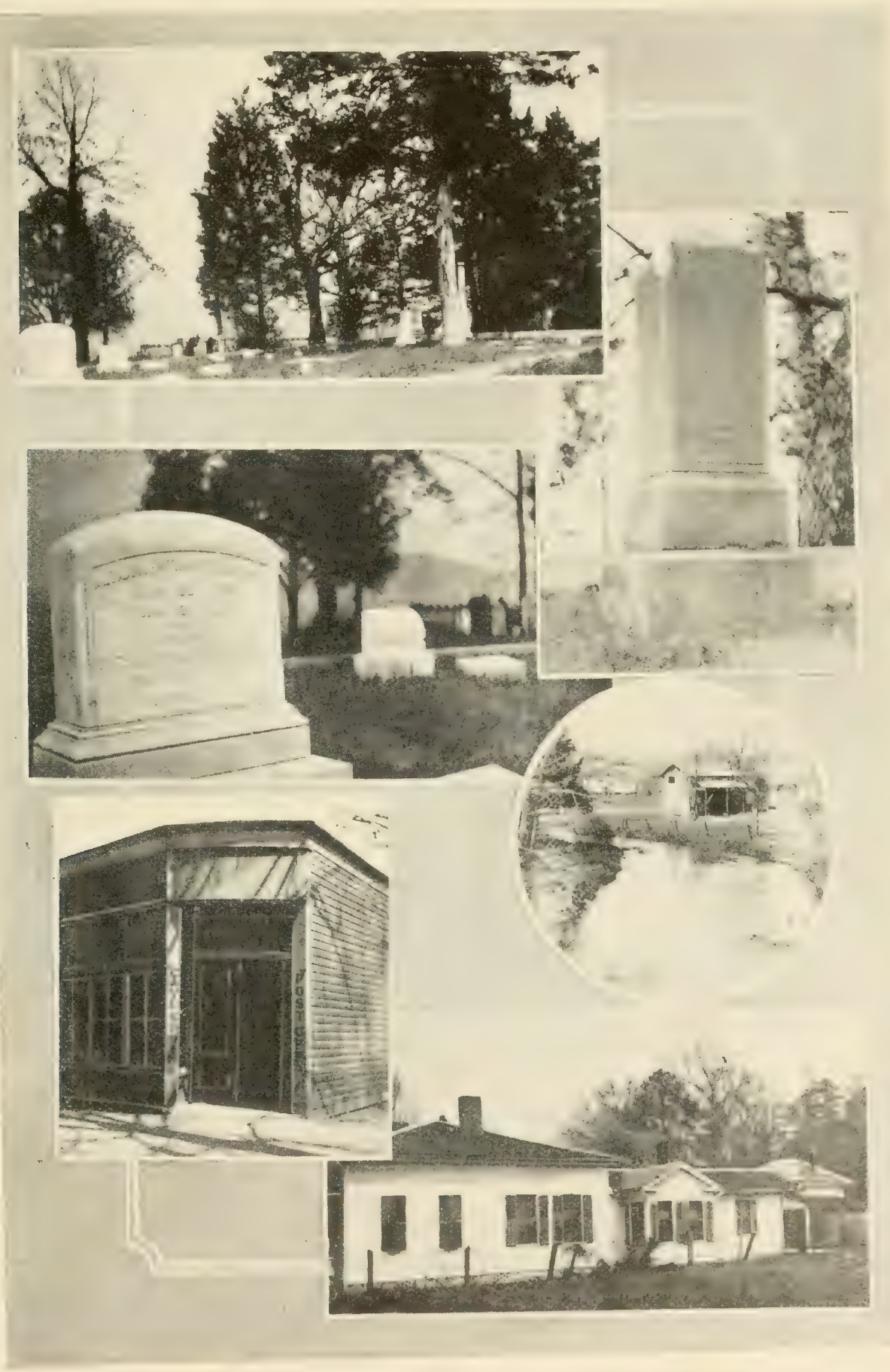
Rhudy, Mrs. Amy; 89; 1-8-96.
Walton, Miss Ruth; 21; 1-27-96.
Perkins, Jno. N.; 82; Feb. 96.
Pepper, Mrs. M. M.; 50; March, 96.
Pepper, M. M.; 42; 3-29-96.
Miller, Dr. H. V. M.; 84; 6-8-96.
Cothran, Mrs. Wade S.; 40; June, 96.
Freeman, Col. Jno. R.; 84; 6-15-96.
King, Mrs.; 55; 7-21-96.
Black, Jno. J.; 55; 7-21-96.
Jenkins, John; 52; 8-2-96.
Hidell, Miss; 22; 8-7-96.
Reynolds, W. B.; 43; 8-22-96.
Armstrong, R. T.; 43; 8-22-96.
Chidsey, Mrs. Geo. F.; 9-1-96.
Gwaltney, Rob.; 11-19-96.
Graves, Col. Chas. I.; 59; 11-1-96.

1897.

Moore, J. C.; 73; 2-27-97.
Norton, Reuben S.; 80; 4-4-97.
Wilkerson, R. T.; 60; 5-15-97.
Foster, W. P.; 41; 6-1-97.
Mitchell, Luke; 64; 7-2-97.
Jeffries, Dr. F. M.; 64; 8-2-97.
Freeman, Maj. Frank M.; 59; bn. Jones Co.; res. Floyd Co.; 9-18-97; 19.
George, Junius A.; 52; 9-28-97.
Quinn, Jno. M.; 77; 10-15-97.
Lansdell, Chas.; 23; 10-25-97.
Gammon, Von Albade; 18; 11-1-97.
Beard, James; 77; 11-17-97.
Roser, P. D.; 62; 11-25-97.
Turnley, Geo. P.; 35; accident; 12-25-97; 26.
Connor, Miss Virginia; 52; 12-31-97; 1.

1898.

Perry, Mrs. Jos.; 35; 1-4-98; 5.
Nixon, Dr. W. C.; 49; Ridge Valley; 1-13-98; 14.
Gammon, Chas. A.; 39; res. Anniston; 1-21-98; 22.
Sullivan, Mrs. Mary; 83; 1-24-98; 25.
Garrard, A. O.; 61; 2-8-98; 9.
Talley, G. T.; 54; 2-15-98; 16.
Caldwell, Mrs. S. C.; 51; bn. N. C.; 3-18-98; 20.
Franks, Miss Eugene; 34; 3-19-98; 20.
Hills, Wm. S.; 59; res. Charleston, S. C.; 3-26-98; 30; put in Battey vault, 6-26-02; removed to Detroit, Mich.
Hardin, P. H.; 74; 4-3-98; 6.
Hall, Jno. H.; 51; Lock 3, Ala.; 4-23-98; 25.
Morris, Wm., Margaret H., Sam, Frank, Clifford and infant of Wm. and Margaret Morris, and Minnie and Kate McKenzie; 8 bodies moved from Pleasant Valley to Myrtle Hill; 4-28-98.
Cothran, Hugh; 6 1-2; 5-10-98; 10.
Hume, Mrs. Mary W.; 59; 6-7-98; 8.
Rowell, Miss Fanny U.; 21; 6-10-98; 11.
Prather, John Q.; 47; res. Stone Mt.; 6-10-98; 11.
Hand, Mrs. Thos. O.; 37; 6-26-98; 27.
Montgomery, Mrs. Col. A. B.; 45; bd. 7-16-98.
Reynolds, L. B.; 29; Reynolds, Bend.; accidental gunshot at Chickamauga; 24; 7-23-98.



SIX OTHER PEEKS AT CAVE SPRING.

Top, the Harper lot, containing Major Armistead Richardson, founder of Cave Spring, whose shaft is seen at the right; tomb of Alexander Thornton Harper, II.; the postoffice, on which site is buried the Indian wife of the Big Rattling Gourd, who hit off her nose because she was unfaithful; in the oval, Little Cedar Creek, and at bottom, a side view of the home of A. T. Harper, II.

Graham, Mrs. Jno. M.; 21; 7-24-98; 25.
Hiles, Mrs. Thompson; 56; 7-26-98; 28.
Harper, Alfred Shorter; 30; 7-27-98; 28.
Ellis, E. F.; 19; Co. D, 3rd Ga. Inf., U. S. V., dd. typhoid fever, Griffin; 9-3-98; 5.
Reagin, Miss Carry; 73; 3 Wd.; 10-9-98; 10; bd. Old Cemetery.
Flemister, Robt.; 67; res. E. Rome; 11-21-98; 22.
Hargrove, R. T.; 63; dd. at Kingston; 12-15-98; 16; put in Battey vault; removed from vault and interred, 5-23-03.

1899.

Meaks, Mrs. S. J.; 64; 101 Main St., Atlanta; 1-2-99; 5.
Epperson, Mrs. Mary; 66; Cave Sprg.; 1-19-99; 20.
Wildsmith, Arthur; res. Missionary Ridge, Walker Co.; 2-7-99; 9.
Wright, Seaborn, Jr.; 7; 2-21-99.
Fenner, Dr. W. R.; 54; 2-26-99; 28.
Fouche, Mrs. Dora Ross; 38; 3-8-99; 9.
Dozier, Martha S.; 84; B'ham, Ala.; 3-22-99; 24.
Todd, Isaac L.; 5-1-99; 2.
Beard, H. A. J.; 51; 4 Wd.; 5-3-99; 5.
Powell, Mrs. J. C.; 54; 5 Wd.; 5-13-99; 14.
Woodruff, Capt. F.; 86; 2 Ave.; 4-13-99; 15.
Hudgins, Mrs. C. Buckner; 41; 5-15-99; 16.
Miller, Mrs. Rachel; 58; disinterred at Eve Sta. and moved to Rome, 5-19-99.
Elliott, Capt. J. M., Sr.; 74; Ala.; 5-28-99; 30.
Arrington, Mrs. H. H.; 32; 5-29-99; 30.
Quinn, Mrs. J. M.; 66; 6-2-99; 2.
Morrison, Robt. B.; 47; N. Rome; 6-2-99; 4.
Martin, Mrs. Ella; 81; N. Rome; 6-15-99; 17.
Dean, Mrs. Eve S.; 28; 3 Ave.; 6-18-99.
Kane, Wm. P.; 33; 5 Wd.; 7-4-99; 5.
Hamilton, Mrs. A. S.; 32; lived Trion; dd. Atlanta; 7-15-99; 16.
Alexander, I. W.; 78; E. Rome; 7-29-99; 12.
Cook, J. E.; 67; 2 Wd.; 9-22-99; 22.
McClure, Samuel S.; 44; 10-6-99; 8.
King, Samuel S.; 44; 10-6-99; 8.
Wyatt, W. R.; 57; 11-19-99; 21.
Crozier, Mrs. Henry; 39; E. Rome; 12-17-99; 18.

1900.

Gibson, Andrew; 75; Mobley Springs; 1-4-00; 5.
McNulty, Mrs. A. D.; Brunswick; 2-4-00; 6.
Norton, W. F.; 1 Wd.; 2-16-00; 18.
Marshall, Dr. E. B., Jr.; 28; Cedartown; 2-6-00; 7.
Sims, Mrs. Rebecca; 77; Floyd Co.; 3-21-00; 22.
Clark, Capt. Reuben G.; 67; 3-28-00; 30.
Gunn, Donald G.; 21; Effingham, Ills.; 4-15-00; 17.
Helm, Mrs. Rosa Hardin; 45; 4-21-00; 22; Old Cemetery.
Cook, Mrs. Lucindy; 68; 3 Wd.; 4-21-00; 22.
George, Mrs. J. B.; 60; 1 Wd.; 4-22-00; 23.
Harper, H. C.; 63; E. Rome; 5-13-00; 14.
Pitner, Albert G.; 41; 3 Wd.; 5-14-00; 15.
Byrd, Mrs. Philip G.; 38; 3 Wd.; 5-17-00; 18.
Stanton, Mrs. Edwin; 29; 3 Wd.; 5-31-00; June 2.
Willcox, Warren Palmer; 59; dd. Park Ave. Hotel, N. Y.; 6-18-00; placed in Battey vault, 21; removed to Branham addition 7-20-00.
Wingfield, Mary E.; 74; Atlanta; 7-7-00; 8.
Mathis, Mary C.; 67; 5 Wd.; 9-13-00; 15.
Simpson, Mrs. M. A.; 77; Floyd Co.; 8-2-00; 3.
Gammon, Wm. G.; 18; railroad accident Cartersville; 8-17-00; 19.
Bass, Mrs. Caroline; 88; 4 Wd.; 8-28-00; 29.
Ivey, Mrs. Mary J.; 75; E. Rome; 8-29-00; 30.
Goetchius, Rev. Geo. T.; 54; 8-31-00; Sept. 2.
McConnell, J. P.; 55; Mobley Spgs; 8-20-00; 22.
Cruise, Mrs. H. B.; 22; Atlanta; 8-29-00; 30.
Lester, Annie M.; 38; 2 Wd.; 10-17-00; 18.
Cutter, Mrs. M. N.; 76; Floyd Co.; burned to death; 11-3-00; 4.
Byars, Zack; 44; 11-19-00; 20.
Bale, J. A.; 73; accidental fall; 12-15-00; 17 to Battey vault; removed 19.

1901.

Lamkin, J. B. F.; E. Rome; 2-12-01; 13.
Nevin, Mrs. Jas. B.; 3-7-01; 9.
Sharp, Mrs. Myra A.; 55; 4 Wd.; 3-11-01; 13.
Arrington, Jas. J.; 22; Summerville; shot; 4-9-01; 10.
Lumpkin, Fred; 16; 5 Wd.; drowned Silver creek; 4-13-01; 14.
Harper, Mrs. Fannie; 28; B'ham; 4-15-01; 17.
DeMooney, Geo.; 101; Boozville, Floyd Co.; 4-20-01; 22.



J. D. Wolcott Underwood

Ross, Miss Imogene; 46; 5-3-01; 7.
King, Mrs. Fannie J.; 48; 4 Wd.; banana ice cream poisoning; 5-11-01; 12.
Wimpee, Mrs. H. H.; 49; 5 Wd.; 5-19-01; 20.
Watters, J. B.; 52; 4 Wd.; 5-30-01; 31.
Stewart, Mrs. Virgil A.; 65; 6-27-01; put in Battey vault 30, and removed 8-4-01.
Todd, Clarence; 52; 7-11-01; 12.
Connally, Mrs. R. T.; 40; Rockmart; 7-13-01; 14.
McLin, Clifton; 18; 8-7-01; 8.
Funkhouser, Saml.; 53; 8-7-01; 10.
Smith, Halstead, Jr.; 29; Cleburne, Texas; 8-16-01; 21.
Black, Eugene; 40; 8-22-01; 23.
Turnley, Dr. P. L.; 71; 9-10-01; 11.
Lindsey, Mrs. M. C.; 53; E. Rome; 9-18-01; 19.
Crouch, Dr. J. T.; 44; 11-21-01; 22.
Wyly, Mrs. Josephine; 66; 12-8-01; 9.
Sproull, C. Wm.; 82; Anniston; 12-25-01; 26.
McCrary, C. F.; 59; 4 Wd.; 12-31-01; 2.

1902.

Tracy, Frank; 45; Oostanaula, Gordon Co.; killed in railroad collision; 1-12-02; 14 .
Smith, Fletcher; 45; 4 Wd.; 1-15-02; 17.
Scott, Thos. W.; 43; 3 Wd.; 1-29-02; 30.
Wells, Henry E.; New Orleans; yellow fever; 1-13-97; 1-31-02.
Gregory, Mrs. Mary Choice; 70; 1 Wd.; 2-10-02; 11.
Carver, Mrs. Beulah M.; 48; 2-16-02; 18.
Hood, Frances H.; 80; 2-17-02; 18.
Hamilton, Joe; 32; 3-25-02; 26.
Lanham, Mrs. E. J.; 69; 4-7-02; 7.
Wyly, A. C.; 63; K. C., Mo.; 5-5-92; 4-16-02.
Spence, Wm.; 81; 2 Wd.; 4-12-02; 13.
McEntyre, Jas. J.; 40; New Decatur, Ala.; 5-23-02; 24.
Banks, Miss Lizzie; 42; dd. Battey Inf.; 4-24-02.
Clinard, Mrs. M. A.; 65; Cave Spg.; 4-26-02; 27.
King, C. L.; dd. 5-25-02; 5-16-02; 17; Battey vault.
Garrison, Georgia Harvey; 19; Columbia, S. C.; 5-29-02; in Battey vault; 6-1-02; removed 11-3-02.
Green, C. K.; 59; 5 Wd.; 6-8-02; 8.
Lester, Bannester S.; 72; 6-9-02; 11.
Brett, Mrs. Catherine R.; 54; 2 Wd.; 7-12-02; 13.
Griffin, A. E.; 70; 4 Wd.; 7-17-02; 18.
Camp, Mrs. J. L.; 2 Wd.; 8-15-02; 10.
Jeffries, Andrew J.; 25; B'ham; 11-10-02; 11.
Nevin, Mrs. Mitchell A.; 62; 11-11-02; 13.
Allen, Geo. M.; 34; Tallapoosa; 11-26-02; 28.

1903.

Magruder, Mrs. Annie P.; 30; 1 Wd.; 1-22-03; 23.
Hull, B. F.; 70; Floyd Co.; 2-1-03; 2.
Lumpkin, Mrs. J. H.; 66; 1 Wd.; 1-1-03; 3.
Lumpkin, J. H.; 66; 2-18-03; 19.
Johnson, Nellie Gough; 36; Columbus, Miss.; 2-25-03; 27.
Hert, Mrs. A. F.; 71; Gordon Co.; accidental fall; 4-16-03; Nov. 16.
Turnbull, Judge Waller T.; 42; 5-6-03; 8; in Battey vault; buried May 23.
Pitner, George; 18; Selma, Ala.; 5-27-03; 29.
Sanders, Wm.; 45; England; killed by C. of G. train; 6-11-03; 11.
Patton, Maj. Wm. A.; 35; E. Rome; 6-18-03; 19.
Carver, Mrs. Jennie J.; 48; Cartersville, Ga.; 7-1-03; 2.
Wright, W. A.; 65; 3 Wd.; 7-24-03; 25.
Rollins, (Rawlins), Mrs. Catherine; 81; Cleveland, O.; 8-16-03; 18.
O'Rear, Jno. C.; 41; 5 Wd.; 9-11-03; 12.
Maddox, Agnes; 22; 2 Wd.; 10-27-03; 28.
Spiegelberg, Mrs. M.; 63; 2 Wd. 10-31-03; 1.
Rowell, Capt. Christopher; 68; 11-4-03; 6.
Huffaker, N. J.; 73; Floyd Co.; 11-12-03; 13.
O'Rear, Mrs. S. A. F.; 76; 2 Wd.; bd. 12-3-03.
Stafford, Mrs.; 3 Wd.; 12-19-03; 21; in Battey vault; bd. 9-27-04.

1904.

Ewing, Mrs. J. W.; 55; Floyd Co.; bd. 1-4-04.
Hardin, J. S.; 58; 2 Wd.; bd. 1-10-04.
Norton, Mrs. Jane A.; 75; Grand Island, Neb.; 1-8-04; 11.
McClure, H.; 48; 2 Wd.; 1-14-04; 17.
Kane, Frank; 69; 5 Wd.; 1-25-04; 26.
Park, Mrs. N. D.; 84; Chattanooga, Tenn.; 1-25-04; 26.
Montgomery, Col. A. B.; 2-2-04; 3.
Brower, Jno. LeFoy; 26; Cedar Rapids, Iowa; 2-6-04; 8.
Johnson, Mrs. Mary E.; 63; Atlanta; 2-12-04; 13.
Mitchell, Mrs.; 32; 4 Wd.; 2-21-04; 22.
O'Bear, R. H.; 82; 5 Wd.; 2-29-04; 1.
Harper, Foster; 55; bd. 4-4-04.
Battey, Anderson Redding; dd. 4-9-04; Battey vault; 10.
Hiles, Will W.; 30; 2 Wd.; 4-11-04; 12.
Hancock, Mrs.; 82; 2 Wd.; bd. 5-5-04.
Helm, Capt. Thos. J.; 63; 2 Wd.; 5-17-04; 18; Old Cemetery.



A GROUP OF SUBSTANTIAL BUILDINGS.

At top, the Government postoffice, southwest corner of Fourth Avenue and East First Street; the Masonic Temple and annex (west of and adjoining postoffice), which for many years has been the home of Cherokee Lodge No. 66 of Masons; the Medical Building, northeast corner of Broad Street and Third Avenue, and adjoining it, the Third Avenue Hotel.

King, Jack; 52; 3 Wd.; 5-27-04; 28.
Berrien, Mrs. M. L.; 73; 2 Wd.; 5-29-04; 31.
Jeffries, T. F.; 77; Floyd Co.; killed by horse in Rounsaville stable; 6-5-04; 7.
Printup, Mrs. Dan'l. S.; 73; I Wd.; 6-21-04; 23.
Ayer, Wm. Franklin; 74; 3 Wd.; 6-21-04; 23.
Mitchell Mrs. Laura; 44; 4 Wd.; 7-28-04; 29.
Townes, Miss Ida; 4 Wd.; 1-29-04; 30.
Antognoli, Peter; 52; 2 Wd.; 8-9-04. 10.
O'Rear, G. W.; 86; 2 Wd.; 8-19-04; 21.
Adkins, Henry; 30; B'ham; 8-22-04; 23.
Gwaltney, Robt. J.; 35; 2 Wd.; 8-30-04; 31.
Tigner, J. A.; 76; 2 Wd.; 10-26-04; 28.

Gammon, Mrs. J. A.; 50; 11-1-04; 2.
Ayer, Thos.; E. Rome; 11-3-04; 4.
King, Capt. John B.; 54; Macon; 11-14-04; 16, Battey vault.
Ford, I. Dave; 76; 3 Wd.; 12-24-04; 25.
Coulter, Nelson H.; 32; dd. Asheville, N. C.; 12-23-04; 28.

1905.

Garrard, Clarence A.; 35; 2 Wd.; 1-2-05; 4.
Freeman, Dr. E. B.; 74; E. Rome; 1-5-05; 7.
Orr, Robt. F.; 67; 5 Wd.; 1-5-05; 7.
Benjamin, Frank Julian; 83; 1 Wd.; 1-9-05; 10.
Ellis, Jos. L.; 74; Atlanta; 1-16-05; 19.
Rice, Mrs. M. A. E.; 88; Floyd Co.; 1-26-05; 27.
Ross, A. F.; 52; 3 Wd.; 1-30-05; 31.
Sargeant, Mrs. Mary Jane; 68; St. Louis; 2-7-05; 9.
Harper, Mrs. Chas. M.; 59; 3 Wd.; 2-26-05; 28.
Wood, Chas. D.; 50; 3 Wd.; 3-5-05; 7.
Wilkerson, Mrs. Sallie; 2 Wd.; 3-16-05; 17.
Allen, M. D.; 81; Anniston; 3-29-05; 30.
Tigner, Mrs. J. A.; 76; 2 Wd.; 4-26-05; 8.
Tippen, J. B.; 74; E. Rome; 4-26-05; 27.
Marshall, Mrs. D. B.; 62; 1 Wd.; 5-3-05; 4.
Rhodes, Catal; 74; 3 Wd.; 5-14-05; 15.
Wood, Mrs. A.; 74; 2 Wd.; 5-17-05; 18.
Grant, J. W.; 71; W. Rome; 5-24-05; 25.
Sing, Young, or Joe Tang; China; by accident; 6-2-05.
Mitchell, Mrs. R. V.; 2 Wd.; 6-16-05; 18.
Wildsmith, Mrs. Lena; 50; Knoxville, Tenn.; 6-27-05; 28.
Bowie, Sophie Park; 61; Atlanta; 7-8-05; 9.
Howell, W. D.; 48; N. Y.; pistol wound; 7-11-05; 16.
Wright, George; 24; 2 Wd.; shot; 7-19-05; 20.
Gammon, J. A.; 61; 3 Wd.; 8-5-05; 7.
Veal, Joe; 38; 3 Wd.; 8-10-05; 11.
Smith, Mrs. Halstead; 53; 8-25-05; 27.
Anthony, Mrs. M. E.; 78; 1 Wd.; 9-20-05; 21; in Old Cemetery.
Gardner, Mrs. Annie; 82; Meridian, Miss.; 10-10-05; 12.
Little, Capt. A. J.; 65; 3 Wd.; 10-16-05; 17.
Hardin, Mrs. P. H.; 72; 3 Wd.; 10-17-05; 18.
Whitmore, Col. W. P.; 91; Floyd Co.; 10-18-05; 19.
Troutman, Chas. Reeve; 21; killed by street car, Atlanta; 11-4-05; 6; Battey vault.
Watters, A. J.; 79; 5 Wd.; 11-17-05; 18.
Omberg, Clarence L.; 51; B'ham, Ala.; 12-5-05; 7.
McCallie, Mrs. Margaret; 83; 2 Wd.; 12-7-05; 9.
Young, Harry W.; 37; Montgomery, Ala.; 12-14-05; 15.
Vinson, J. T.; 31; killed at Suwanee, Ga., by electric shock—accident; 12-21-05; 23.
Whatley, Mrs. C. A.; 71; Atlanta; 12-29-05; 30.
Randall, Mrs. Harriet; 42; Los Angeles, Cal.; 12-19-05; 10.

1906.

Gwaltney, Rev. Luther Rice; 65; E. Rome; 1-14-06; 15.
Weatherly, A. B.; 40; Cleveland, Tenn.; 1-22-06; 23.
Pullen, Geo. P.; 41; 5 Wd.; 1-30-06; 31.
Lambert, Mrs. Martha; 85; Atlanta; 2-4-06; 5.
McOsker, M. D.; 68; bn. Scotland; 2-12-06.
Whitmore, Mrs.; 56; Floyd Co.; 3-2-06.
West, W. J.; 45; Blountville, Tenn.; 3-19-06.
Hicks, W. D.; 56; 3-24-06.
Hargrove, C. B.; Enterprise, Ala.; accidental gunshot; 3-24-06; 27.
Johnson, Mrs. R. J.; 80; 3 Wd.; 3-27-06; 29.
Crossman, Mrs. Emeline; 66; 4-18-06; 18.
Smith, Halstead; 57; 4-21-06; 21.
Lanham, E. J.; 75; old age; 4-28-06; 30
Woodruff, Mrs. Martha; 86; B'ham; 6-12-06; 12.
Scott, Mary Reynolds; 24; Louisville, Ky.; 6-13-06; 13.
Smith, Linton; 32; Memphis, Tenn.; 8-12-06; 12.
Chambers, Mrs. Alice; 46; 8-25-06.
Montgomery, Mrs. John; 45; dd. Conn.; 9-21-06.
Mullen, J. E.; 70; 9-22-06.
Gammon, Edward E.; 21; B'ham; 9-20-06; 28.
Sproull, Mrs. J. C.; 84; res. Bartow Co.; 10-4-06.
Mull, Dr. J. C.; 35; 10-24-06.
Lanham, Mrs. J. D.; 48; 11-3-06.
Webb, J. P.; 62; Cobb Co.; 11-14-06.
Eastman, Mrs. Guy; 23; 11-14-06.
Warner, Chas. J.; 70; 11-29-06.
Shropshire, Ann Moore; 83; 12-4-06.
Gentry, H. C.; 70; 12-23-06.

1907.

Towers, Ruth; 18; 1-13-07.
Watters, Mrs. Geo. W.; 83; Carrollton; 1-13-07.
Farris, John; 66; 4-2-07.



Wright Willing Harris

Howell, Millard F.; 56; res. Cherokee Co., Ala.; dd. Phila.; 4-15-07.
Rowell, Mrs. Lou; 64; 6-16-07.
Trawick, Mrs. J. B.; 50; 6-18-07.
Black, J L.; 67; res. Penna.; dd. Rome; 6-29-07.
Colclough, E. H.; 74; res. Cherokee Co., Ala.; 9-18-07.
Berry, Bose; 22; shot in New Orleans; 10-26-07.
Lewis, J. C.; 52; res. France; 11-6-07.
West, Mrs. R. H.; 60; res. Tenn.; 11-15-07.
Veal, J. E.; 84; res. Columbia, S. C.; 11-23-07.

1908.

Wells, T. P.; 62; res. Bartow Co.; 2-2-08.
Miller, Mrs. G. H.; 76; E. Rome; 2-6-08.
Morton, Judge G. B.; 76; res. Athens; 2-6-08.
Fouche, Robt. T.; 72; 3-3-08.
Smith, Mrs. Martha; 60; res. Rome; dd. Chattanooga; 3-16-08.
Scott, Frank; 59; Ohio; 3-31-08.
Holder, Luther; 32; dd. Texas, res. Floyd Co.; 4-6-08.
Whitehead, J. J.; 77; 4-8-08.
Bridges, Mrs. Warren; 68; res. S. C.; dd. Rome; 4-23-08.
Salmon, N. L.; 35; res. Ala.; killed by accident; 3-25-08.
Gordon, Col. W. L.; 68; 8-24-08.
Burgwalt, Mrs. Jno.; 68; Sweden; 8-19-08.
Willingham, Griffin; 87; S. C.; dd. Floyd Co.; 10-26-08.
Keel, Henry; 21; Gadsden; killed by accident; 10-28-08.
Bridges, W. W.; 64; res. S. C.; dd. Rome; 6-10-08.
Smith, Owen O.; 26; dd. Atlanta; 7-6-08
Powers, N. F.; 59; 7-9-08.
Henson, Martha; 52; 7-9-08.
Wilkerson, Mrs. R. T.; 80; res. Tenn.; 8-22-08.
Gailliard, Mrs. Manor; 65; S. C.; 11-3-08.
Lanham, Will L.; 48; Floyd Co.; 11-5-08.
Clark, J. C.; 18; 12-28-08.

1909.

Taylor, Mrs. Mary M.; 72; Ala.; 1-19-09.
Johnson, Mrs. Luke; 47; N. Rome; 1-29-09.
Earle, J. P.; 72; S. C.; N. Rome; 1-29-09.
Jarvis, J. L.; 70; S. C.; 2-17-09.
Cheney, Walter T.; 56; bn. Chattooga Co.; dd. Rome; 3-19-09.
Ramey, Mrs. E. E.; 82; 3-26-09.
Hight, Chas. A.; 56; 11-30-09.
Harper, A. R.; 46; dd. Chicago; 3-30-09.
Thompson, Miss Susan; 52; S. C.; 4-2-09.
Ayer, Frank; 50; 4-5-09.
Fleetwood, Mrs. Annie; 62; 5-5-09.
Trammell, Dennis; 91; N. Rome; May 5-8-09.
Graves, Chas. I.; 46; 6-1-09.
Morrison, Gus A.; 77; S. C.; 6-2-09.
Willingham, J. H.; 6-4-09.
Shaw, Daisy; 35; Floyd Co.; dd. Phila. 6-5-09.
Lytle, L.; 72; S. C.; 6-10-09.
Callahan, F. N.; 76; S. C.; 6-19-09.
Dougherty, A.; 67; Floyd Co.; 7-4-09.
Perkins, Mrs. Bettie; 72; Va.; dd. Rome; 8-11-09.
Beysiegel, W. E.; 45; Ala.; 10-13-09.
Wade, Miss Mary; 76; N. Rome 10-22-09.
Sullivan, Arthur R.; 57; 10-22-09.
Harper, Chas. M.; 70; N. C.; dd. Rome; 11-4-09.
Hemphill, Miss Mabel; 50; bn. Rome; dd. Atlanta; 11-14-09.
Kelly, Wm.; 73; bn. S. C.; dd. Rome; 11-13-09.
Morrison, H. G.; 73; bn. N. C.; N. Rome; 11-25-09.
Smith, H. A.; 77; bn. N. C.; N. Rome; 11-24-09.
Sargent, John; 38; bn. Rome; dd. Ark.; 12-2-09.
Parks, Frank R.; 35; bn. Floyd Co.; dd. Los Angeles; 12-8-09.
Beysiegel, Charlie; Ala.; 12-24-09.
Tippen, Will; 35; Floyd Co.; 12-25-09.
Lamberth, Mrs. Jesse; 65; Floyd Co.; dd. Atlanta; 12-25-09.

1910.

Wood, T. C.; 91; N. C.; dd. Atlanta; old age; 2-19-10.
Patton, Mrs. Ida Nevin; 35; 3-24-10.
Woodward, Edward; 35; bn. Cartersville, dd. Rome; 4-2-10.
DeJournett, Will; 65; bn. Floyd Co.; dd. Atlanta; 4-3-10.
Camp, Mrs. James; 75; 4-3-10.
Sharpe, Miss Sarah Virginia; 55; bn. Chattooga Co.; 4-11-10.
Landers, J. L.; 35; bn. Chattooga Co.; dd. Lindale; 4-14-10.
Hudson, J. E.; 87; bn. N. C.; dd. Floyd Co.; 4-27-10.
Cheney, Miss Daisy; 19; Floyd Co.; 4-30-10.
White, Louis M.; 35; bn and dd. Calhoun; 5-16-10.
Gomez, Mrs. M.; Floyd Co.; dd. Marietta; 5-16-10.
Moffet, J. B.; 50; dd. Macon; 5-17-10.
Turner, Capt. L. M.; 50; bn. Cherokee Co.; dd. 5-27-10.
Farrell, Mrs. Charlie; 75; bn. N. C.; dd. Rome; 6-5-10.



OLD-FASHIONED ROMANS IN PICTURES.

Top, left to right, Miss Julia Omberg; Prof. J. M. Proctor, head of the Darlington-Proctor School and father of Edward and Jno. M. Proctor; Mrs. J. H. Rhodes, nee Mary Cooley; Rev. W. H. LaPrade, Methodist minister; Mary Battey-King; J. L. Camp and his little daughter, who became Mrs. Hunter McClure; Mrs. Peter M. Sheibley; Mrs. Jno. P. Eve; Hines M. Smith, a son of Maj. Chas. H. Smith ("Bill Arp.")

Stillwell, Mrs. O. M.; 75; 6-11-10.
Hampkin, J. R.; 58; S. C.; 6-14-10.
George, J. B.; 73; bn. N. Y.; 6-18-10.
Shiflett, Mrs. C. A.; 30; Floyd Co.; 6-28-10.
Harris, Judge Richard R.; 75; bn. Bradley Co., Tenn.; 7-6-10.
Pyle, Chas.; 30; Floyd Co.; 6-28-10.
Reese, J. J.; 68; Floyd Co.; 7-11-10.
Reese, Miss G. A.; 18; 7-12-10.
Gwaltney, Rev. Luther Rice; 80; 7-18-10; 20.
Collier, Dick; 35; dd. at B'ham; 7-30-10.
Watters, Mrs. Kate; 86; bn. Gilmer Co.; 6-10-10.
Hanson, George; 12; drowned; 8-31-10.
Clarkeson, W. G.; 23; 8-9-10.
Sullivan, Mrs. J. B.; 75; bn. N. C.; Aug. 31, 10.
Simpson, J. H.; 54; dd. Anniston; 9-27-10.
Jackson, Miles; 80; Floyd Co.; dd. Rome; 9-30-10.
Rounsaville, Jno. Wesley; 68; dd. Rome; 10-5-10.
McDonald, Mark G.; 59; 10-18-10.
Stafford, Mrs. Sarah; 81; Floyd Co.; dd. Chattanooga; 10-25-10.
Magruder, Mrs.; 78; 11-4-10.
Yancey, Robt. B.; hot in Fla.; 11-27-10.
Hillyer, Dr. Eben; 80; 12-22-10.

1911.

Hill, J. B.; 68; 1-1-11.
Vincent, Mrs. Wm. J.; 68; 1-9-11.
Hamilton, David Blount; 77; 1-31-11.
Funderburk, Mrs.; 66; Floyd Co.; 2-7-11.
Moss, A. C.; 35; 2-11-11.
Gammon, Mrs. Laura; 50; 2-21-11.
Rice, Jno. H.; 68; bn. N. C.; dd. Rome; 2-27-11.
Sullivan, James B.; 86; 4-22-11.
Camp, James; 72; 4-29-11.
Martin, Mrs. Margaret; 82; S. C.; 5-15-11.
Daniel, T. E.; 38; Cherokee Co.; dd. Rome; 6-1-11.
Marshall, E. B.; 72; bn. Floyd Co.; dd. Rome; 6-2-11.
Owens, Georgia; 28; 6-4-11.
Watson, A. P.; 65; Floyd Co.; dd. Rome; 6-13-11.
Mitchell, Walter; 55; bn and dd. Floyd Co.; 6-26-11.
Hendricks, John; 44; Floyd Co.; dd. Rome; 6-28-11.
Daniel, R. H.; 56; bn. Ala.; 8-3-11.
Bailey, Mrs. Curtis; 66; bn. Floyd Co.; dd. W. Rome; 8-23-11.
Reese, Paul D.; 45; dd. Boozville; 10-21-11.
Sharpe, Miss Annie; 35; 11-24-11.
Mebane, Mrs. W. B.; 27; bn. Floyd Co.; dd. Rome; 11-22-11.

1912.

Thompson, Henry; 86; bn. Floyd Co.; dd. Rome; 1-9-12.
Moseley, A. B. S.; 72; 2-12-12.
Jack, Tony; 72; 2-14-12.
Gould, Capt. J. P.; 62; W. Rome; 3-13-12.
Coulter, Mrs.; 52; bn. Floyd Co.; dd. Rome; 3-13-12.
Wood, Harvey C.; 66; 4-15-12; 16.
Gresham, A. S.; 27; 4-17-12.
Owens, Dr. J. D.; dd. 1850; dug up Apr. 16-12 on Upper Broad and interred in pauper section.
Hughes, Mrs. Lizzie Roach; 75; E. 3d St.; dd. 4-21-12.
Mulkey, Miss Annie; 51; dd. 6-15-12; 16.
Bright, Mrs. Emaline; 69; 6-17-12; 18.
Vandiver, J. M.; 41; 6-19-12; 20.
Stoffregen, Mrs. J. H.; 89; Hanover, Germany; dd. 6-21-12; 23.
Yeiser, Mrs. J. G.; 79; dd. 6-29-12; July 2.
Wright, Mrs. E. C.; 40; Polk Co.; dd. 7-3-12; 4.
Troutman, Rev. Marcellus L.; 52; res. Athens, Ga.; dd. 7-5-12; 7; Battey vault.
Bowie, Wm. Wurts; 32; 7-11-12; 13.
Ramey, Geo.; 56; 7-27-12; 28.
Bowie, Langdon, Sr.; 70; 8-4-12.
Hunt, Dr. D. G.; 82; Va.; 8-4-12; 6.
Simpson, Capt. W. P.; 72; Tenn; 8-12-12; 13.
Ayer, Mrs. W. F.; 80; 9-4-12; 5.
Smith, Mrs. Hines M.; 63; 9-27-12; 29.
Hardin, Mrs. Rebecca; 52; 10-29-12; 30.
Haynes, Mrs. B. T.; 56; 10-31-12; 1.
Ramsaur, Dr. D. H.; 73; res. Atlanta; dd. there; 11-1-12; 2.
Shrewsbury, Mrs. M. A.; 78; 11-5-12; 6.
Maxwell, G. L.; 80; 11-6-12; 7.
Wimpee, M. A.; 77; 11-23-12; 25.
Attaway, M. K.; bd. 11-29-12; plowed up on N. Broad St. with 3 infants 26, in iron caskets.
Shropshire, W. M.; 94; 11-29-12; bd. 1.
Gould, Mrs. Pearl; 28; 12-14-12; 15.
Howell, Mrs. G. W.; 92; Howell's Cross Roads; 12-16-12; 18.
Twyman, Mrs. L. C.; 67; non-res.; 12-28-12; 29.

1913.

Unknown body in iron casket, N. Broad St.; buried on C. Attaway lot; 1-1-13.
Chidsey, Frances; 16; 1-18-13; 19.
Hawkins, Mrs. J. H.; 68; 1-23-13; 24.
Ivey, Mrs. Elizabeth E.; 83; E. Rome; 2-7-13; 8.
O'Neill, J. J.; 69; dd. 2-9-13; 10.



"WHEN MRS. WOODROW WILSON CAME HOME."

As Ellen Louise Axson, Mrs. Wilson was the schoolmate and friend of numerous Romans; she lived in Rome nearly 20 years, and on Thursday, Aug. 6, 1914, breathed her last at the White House in Washington, D. C. She was buried Wednesday, August 12, beside her parents, Rev. and Mrs. S. E. Axson, in Myrtle Hill cemetery at Rome. At top, the people at foot of cemetery; Broad Street Bridge; President Wilson's carriage on Second Avenue near East Fifth Street; cemetery scenes.

Davies, Mrs. Anna; 63; 2-22-13; 25.
Beysiegel, Mrs. Carrie; 49; 2-28-13; 3-2.
Smith, Jas. A.; 67; 3-10-13; 11.
Wright, Mrs. Carlton; 3-20-13; 23; auto accident.
O'Neill, W. P.; 67; res. Atlanta; dd. E. Rome; 4-9-13; 10.
Spiegelberg, M.; 73; 4-19-13; 21.
Allen, Mrs. R. V.; 4-23-13; 25.
Grace, Wm. T., Jr.; 25; res. Macon; 4-23-13; 25.
Fouche, C. M.; 71; 4-27-13; 29.
Pollock, Mrs. J. G.; S. Rome; bn. S. W. Ga.; dd. 5-5-13; 6.
Boyd, Dr. W. H.; 85; E. Rome; 5-8-13; 9.
Mitchell, Mrs. Mary; 76; res. Co.; dd. 5-10-13; 11.
McGhee, Mrs. Joe; 58; 6-11-13; 13.
Veal, Mrs. J. Sam; 45; 6-26-13; 27.
Patton, Jos. B.; 64; Tenn. dd. 7-3-13; 4.
Saylor, Elvira; 43; 7-4-13; 4.
Hudgins, Mrs. Mamie; 40; 7-21-13; 22.
Sproull, Grimn Wm.; 35; res. B'ham; dd. 7-26-13; 28.
Lawrence, Geo. A.; 38; 1 Wd.; dd. 8-15-13; 15.
Headden. Rev. Robt. B.; 74; 2 Wd.; 8-14-13; 16.
Powers, D. J.; 65; res. Lyons, Ga.; non-res.; 9-6-13; 8.
Elliott, Mrs. J. M.; 89; res. Gadsden; 9-16-13; 18.
Hiles, Capt. Thompson; 72; bn. Tenn.; 9-18-13; 19.
Nealy, Dr. Jno. C.; 43; res. Bainbridge; 9-19-13; 20.
Keeley, Mrs. Grace Lanham; 29; bn. Rome; dd. Macon; 9-19-13; 21.
Moss, Wm. M.; 68; S. Rome; dd. 9-22-13; 23.
Lumpkin, B. F.; 63; S. Rome; dd. 10-9-13; 10.
Tracy, Mrs. J. T.; 53; E. Rome; 10-25-13; 26.
Drennon, Mrs. Charlie; 45; 10-26-13; 27. (Oakland Cemetery).
Hillyer, Mrs. Eben; 11-8-13; 9.
Plumb, Mrs. Mary; 66; 12-3-13; 4.
Jack, Miss Amanda; 79; res. Atlanta; 12-3-13; 4.
Alexander, Mrs. J. W.; 54; 12-28-13; 30.

1914.

Allen, W. C.; 79; 1-5-14; 5.
Terhune, Mrs. E. A.; 66; 1 Wd.; 1-11-14; 12.
Holder, Mrs. C. B.; 66; S. Rome; 1-13-14; 14.
Jones, Mrs. Maud Allgood; 43; Atlanta; bn. Trion; 1-15-14; 17.
Root, Mrs. Louise Bass; 30; N. Wakima, Wash.; 3-21-14; 28.
Wicker, Robt.; 29; 1-27-14; 28.
Todd, Mrs. L. A.; 61; 5-13-14; 14.
Brett, Mrs. M. W.; 75; res. Statesboro; 5-20-14; 22.
Holder, G. B.; 70; 6-18-14; 19.
Ledbetter, Mrs. A. W.; 68; 6-28-14; 29.
Hawkins, Mrs. Jno. H.; 74; 2d Ave.; 7-15-14; 16.
West, Capt. Ernest E., U. S. A.; res. Rhea Spgs., Tenn.; dd. 7-17-14; 18.
Wilson, Mrs. Woodrow; 54 yrs. 3 mos., 22 days; dd. at the White House, Washington, D. C.; 8-6-14; 12.
McWilliams, Oscar H.; 75; E. Rome 8-29-14; 31.
Williamson, Capt. Tom J.; N. Rome; 70; 9-21-14; 22.
Archer, W. N.; 64; E. Rome; 10-16-14; 17.
Hamilton, Mrs. David Blount; 78; 1-27-14; 28.
Ross, Mrs. A. F.; 50; 2 Wd.; 11-25-14; 26.
Donkle, Mrs. Jane; 86; res. Anniston; 12-7-14; 9.

1915.

Reece, Jno. C.; 44; dd. Atlanta; 1-1-15; 2.
Moore, Mrs. Mary C.; 82; res. and dd. Atlanta; 12-31-15; 1-2.
Franklin, Ben; drowned in Oostanaula river; 1-3-15; bd. 5, Jewish Cemetery.
Clements, T. E.; 61; N. Broad; 1-13-15; 14.
Alexander, Col. Thos. W.; 88; 3 Wd.; 1-22-15.
Gomez, N. M.; 70; res. and dd. Marietta; 2-3-15; 5.
Brannon, R. S.; 75; 5 Wd.; 3-6-15; 7.
Attaway, Mrs. Joe; 40; 4 Wd.; 3-10-15; 11.
Harris, Judge Walter; 57; 4 Wd.; 3-17-15; 18.
Ruggles, Chas.; 55; 3-26-15; 27; Oakland.
Hough, Mrs. Edward C.; 87; 4-18-15; 19.
West, J. H.; 73; 7 Wd.; 5-2-15; 4; bd. in Soldiers' lot.
Goetchius, Chas. B.; 53; 5-15-15; 16.
Simpson, Mrs. W. P.; 69; dd. Battle Creek, Mich.; 6-23-15; 25.
Rounsaville, Mrs. Jno. Wesley; 70; 7-15--15; 16.
Ivey, Dr. Jas. E.; 61; E. Rome; 8-11-15; 13.
Johnson, J. Lindsay; 60; dd. Manila, P. I., July, 1915; bd. 9-20-15.
Bass, Mrs. N. H.; 70; 5 Wd.; 9-22-15; 23.
Shropshire, Sam; 73; dd. in N. Rome; 10-2-15; 3.

Seay, Mrs. W. W.; 79; 10-21-15; 22.
Sullivan, Arthur R., Jr.; 31; dd. Memphis, Tenn.; 12-3-15; 5.
Rowell, Miss Bessie; 37; E. Rome; 12-14-15; 16.

1916.

Nixon, Mrs. Mary P.; 72; S. Rome; 1-20-16; 22.
Funderburk, Miss Emma; 70; N. 1-22-16.
Chidsey, Geo.; 64; 1-29-16; 30.
Wright, R. B.; 77; dd. Soldiers Home, Atlanta; 2-18-16; 20; Soldiers' lot.
Lewis, Wm. M.; 46; E. Rome; killed by car on Southern; 3-4-16; 5.
Gammon, Wm. Melville; 75; E. Rome; 3-9-16; 11.
Funderburk, Miss Emma; 70; N. Rome; 4-14-16; 15.
Condit, Elmer J.; 60; 4-15-16; 16.
May, Mrs. Isaac; 50; 4-20-16; 21.
Best, Wm.; 46; S. Rome; 4-21-16; 22.
Given, Mrs. R. W.; 42; res. and dd. Oakdale, Tenn.; 5-7-16; 9.
Moore, Capt. Jim Tom; 80; 5-20-16; 21.
Rounsaville, Fred; 42; 6-6-16; 7.
McConnell, Mrs. J. P.; 68; res. and dd. Chattanooga; 6-12-16; 14.
Procter, H. C.; 55; dd. Atlanta; 7-12-16; 14.
Seay, Jno. J.; 73; 8-17-16.
Hargis, Mrs. Mary M.; 72; lived B'ham; 8-20-16; 21.
Howel, Mrs. Mary Park; 53; 8-24-16; 25.
Walton, Mrs. Ione K.; 72; res. and dd. Meridian, Miss.; 8-27-16; 29.
Trammell, H. C.; 71; N. Rome; 8-25-16; 26; (Oakland).
Miller, Geo. H.; 80; 9-11-16; 12.
McDonald, V. A.; 38; S. Rome; killed by shooting in 4 Wd.; 9-17-16; 19.
Harvey, Mrs. S. P.; 80; N. Rome; 9-20-16; 21.
Wright, F. Carlton; 48; 9-22-16; 23.
Hackett, John; 64; 4 Wd.; 6-27-16; 29.
Headden, Mrs. R. B.; 7-17-15; 19.
Hough, Edward C.; 89; 10-13-16; 15.
Sullivan, Mrs. Arthur R.; 63; 10-7-16; 19.
Crumley, G. W.; 64; res. E. Rome; dd. DeSoto Park; 11-15-16; 16.
Burney, Stark J.; 58; 2-15-17; 17.
Lanham, E. E.; 53; S. Rome; 11-20-16; 21.
Elliott, Ben H.; 60; res. and dd. Tenn.; 11-28-16; 30.
Prather, Mrs. Georgia Hodges; 67; lived and dd. Macon; 12-9-16; 10.
Rounsaville, Jas. Roy; 35; 12-21-16; 22.

1917.

Satterfield, W. J.; 61; 2-3-17; 5.
Wimpee, Mrs. Mary; 64; res. Dalton; 2-17; 3; (Oakland).
Burney, Stark J.; 58; 2-15-17; 17.
Dean, Joel; 34; dd. 2-13-17 at San Antonio, Texas; 18.
Pruden, Chas. S.; 57; 2-19-17; 21.
Coulter, Clinton; 29; 2-27-17; 28.
Quarles, Linton; 35; res. St. Louis, Mo.; 2-4-17; 8; (Oakland).
Esserman, Rabbi; 75; 3-14-17; 15; (Jewish Cemetery).
Ballard, Tom; 48; 5 Wd.; drowned in Etowah river, 3-3-17; found near Cedar Bluff, Ala.; 3-24; bd. 24.
Wimpee, John; 71; 4 Wd.; 4-8-17; 9.
Bowie, Mrs. Langdon; 70; res. Hotel Forrest; 4-8-17; 9.
McGhee, L. M.; 34; dd. on train between Chicago and Chattanooga; 4-17-17; 18.
Hawkins, Hal; 64; E. 8th St., E. Rome; 4-18-17; 19.
Cantrell, Mrs. E. E.; 26; lived below Mobley Park; 4-20-17; 21.
Mullen, Mrs. S. F.; 75; 2d Ave.; 5-7-17; 9.
McArver, A. B.; 59; E. 3d St.; 5-9-17; 10.
Steele, N. J.; 66; E. Rome; killed by Southern engine; 5-29-17; 30.
Neal, W. M.; 86; E. 3d St.; 6-4-17; 6.
Dupree, Mrs. J. F.; 71; S. Broad; dd. from fall; 6-5-17; 6.
Wingfield, Mrs. J. F.; 71; W. Rome; 6-10-17; 11.
Lindsay, C. S.; 75; res. and dd. Atlanta; 6-21-17; 22.
Attaway, W. R.; 65; dd. 3d Ave. room; 7-13-17; 16.
Parks, Hugh B., Jr.; 32; 7-20-17.
May, J. Will; 56; 7-23-17; 24.
Battey, Wm. Cephas; 67; dd. Hendersonville, N. C.; 7-1-17; 8-3.
Harris, Mrs. R. R.; 80; S. Rome; 8-3-17; 5.
Conn, Rev. C. L.; 54; W. Rome; 8-21-17; 22.
Benjamin, Mrs. Frank; 78; E. 2d St.; 8-26-17; 27.
Govan, M. F.; 83; res. Atlanta; old age; 9-3-17; 5.
Seay, Florida Bayard; 84; dd. N. Y.; 9-30-17; Oct. 3.
Dempsey, Richard; 60; 4 Wd.; 10-8-17; 10.
Shropshire, Miss Lillie; 60; 2 Wd.; 11-27-17; 28.
Jenkins, Tom; 36; E. of Rome; pistol shot in breast; 11-28-17; 30.
Fahy, Thos.; 74; 11-30-17; 1.
Lansdell, Mrs. W. S.; 80; 4 Wd.; 12-16-17; 18.
Towers, Mrs. W. M.; 68; 12-31-17; 3.

1918.

McCrary, Mrs. Mary Mitchell; 73; 1-22-18; 23.



ROMANS OF THE OLD SCHOOL AND THE NEW.

Left to right, Mark B. Eubanks, three views of the late Judge Joel Branham, Geo. Rounsaville, Misses Nellie Bass and Frances Graves, Thos. E. Clemmons, the "young hopeful" of Fire Chief Horace L. Taylor, Dr. Jno. F. Lawrence, City Court Solicitor James Maddox, with A. C. Fincher, mayor of Cave Spring; Judge Jno. P. Davis, Nathan Harris and Judge Harper Hamilton.

Hagin, James; 58; E. Rome, 1-26-18; 27.
Shropshire, Capt. Chas. Freeman; U. S. A.; 45; dd. Phila., Pa.; 1-29-18; 1.
Morton, E. H.; 52; Floyd Co.; 2-6-18; 9.
Stamps, Lt. Lofton H., U. S. A.; res. and dd. Lawton, Okla.; burned in aeroplane accident; 2-8-18; 11.
Lester, Mrs. Bannester S.; 82; 2-15-18; 16.
Webb, James Hugh, U. S. A.; 24; 4 Wd.; dd. Memphis, Tenn.; aeroplane collision; 2-23-18; 27.
Stansbury, Mrs. Josephine; 79; 4 Wd.; 2-27-18; 1.
Fouche, Mrs. Robt. T.; 75; 2 Wd.; 4-14-18; 16.
Omberg, Miss Emma; 64; 1 Wd.; 4-16-16-18; 17.
Omberg, Mrs. Susan; 70; res. Atlanta; dd. Pittsburg, Pa.; 4-23-18; 26.
Arrington, A. B.; 49; 4-29-18; 30.
Trammell, Geo. Lee; 40; N. Rome; 5-2-18; 3; (Oakland).
Rupee, J. M.; 78; 5 Wd.; 7-4-18; 5.
Cox, Mrs. Ross P.; 46; 5-7-18; 11.
Redrean, (Redmond?), John; 26; 5 Wd.; motorcycle accident, Cleveland, Tenn.; 7-13-18; 15.
Bass, Col. Josiah; 80; 5-25-18; 27.
Magruder, Geo. H.; 52; 8-14-18; 15.
Harbin, D. D.; 70; C. S. A.; 1 Wd.; 9-17-18; 18; soldiers' lot.
Rounsaville, Mrs. Susie; 36; 2 Wd.; 9-26-18; 27.
Gwaltney, Mrs. Susan; 75; 2 Wd.; 10-1-18; 3.
Price, Wm. Clyde; 26; U. S. N.; dd. of flu, Norfolk, Va.; 10-2-18; 6.
Johnson, Raymond; 23; U. S. A.; 4 Wd.; dd. of flu, Baltimore; 10-1-18; 6.
Baxter, Mrs. W. H. Hanson; 28; res. and dd. Chattanooga; 10-14-18; 16.
Wilbey, Philip Sheridan; 29; dd. of flu, Minn.; 10-19-18; 24.
Griffin, Mrs. Alice Glover; 34; W. Rome; 10-24-18; 25; Harper vault.
Gwaltney, Miss Mary; 35; E. Rome; 10-28-18; 29.
Cooley, Mrs. Ella; 80; res. and dd. Sugar Valley, Ga.; 10-28-18; 29.
Chastain, T. C.; 46; E .Rome; dd. Anchor Duck; 10-15-18; 17; (Oakland).
Futrelle, A. W.; 62; 2 Wd.; dd. hospital, Atlanta; 11-2-18; 4.
Strange, Mrs. W. T.; 47; 11-6-18; 7.
Harris, Walter, Jr.; 26; 4 Wd.; 11-9-
Terhune, Cornelius; 65; 11-6-18; 8. 10-18; 11.
Judkins, Jas. R.; 33; res. and dd. Chicago; 11-20-18; 22.
Byars, Mrs. Hardin C.; 33; 2 Wd.; 11-20-18; 22.
Coulter, Mrs. Ben; 33; 1 Wd.; 11-24-18; 25.
Stillwell, Oliver; 52; 4 Wd.; 11-24-18-26.
Baumgartner, C.; 69; S. Rome; 11-26-18; 28.
Lumpkin, J. H.; 60; 4 Wd.; 11-28-18.
Hallock, Capt. Roy Edgar, U. S. A.; 33; res. N. J.; 12-27-18; 31.

1919.

West, Mrs. Mary; 55; 3 Wd. 2d Ave.; 1-7-19; 9.
Broach, Mrs. Nancy; 85; res. and dd. N. Rome; 1-15-19; 17; (Oakland).
Byars, C. T.; 26; S. Rome; 1-18-19.
DeJournett, J. R.; 75; res. and dd. Greenville, Ga.; 1-18-19; 20.
May, Wm. J.; 53; res. and dd. B'ham; 1-28-19; 29.
Wilkerson, C. L.; 50; 5th Ave., N. Rome; 2-4-19; 6.
Arp, J. D.; 55; res. and dd. Floyd Co.; 2-8-19; 9.
Treadaway, Mrs. Sallie; 60; res. N. Rome; 2-25-19; 26; (Oakland).
DeJournette, Mrs. Jonte Ragan; 28; dd. N. Y.; 2-28-19; 2.
Allen, Asberry; 78; res. E. Rome; dd. Fla.; 3-6-19; 9.
McHenry, Col. W. S.; 73; 2d Ave.; 3-21-19; 22.
Lansdell, Henry S., Jr.; 41; res. and dd. Atlanta; 3-26-19; 28.
Bowie, James Park; 65; E. Rome; 4-6-19; 8.
Latimer, Rev. A. H.; 72; res. and dd. Savannah; 4-8-19; 11.
Chidsey, Lt. Geo. B.; 39; U. S. A.; dd. Ft. McPherson; 5-7-19.
Adamson, N. E.; 69; 1 Wd.; 6-16-19; 18.
Angle, J. Y.; 82; S. Rome; 6-30-19; 1.
Mann, Mrs. Mary Frances; 56; 5 Wd.; 7-4-19; 6.
Malone, D. T.; dd. Mo., July, 1919.
Maddox, Mrs. Jas. W.; 69; 7-21-19; 22.
Graves, Mrs. Chas. I.; 79; 8-5-19; 7.
Archer, Mrs. Fannie Ivey; 61; E. Rome; 8-7-19; 9.
Walker, Mrs. Margaret E.; 67; res. and dd. Atlanta; 8-7-19; 9.
Hammond, Dr. L. P.; 63; 2 Wd.; dd. St. Jos. Hos., Atlanta; 8-24-19; 25.
Williamson, Mrs. Theodore H.; 42; res. and dd. Los Angeles; 8-12-19; 19.
Bryant, Mrs. W. W.; 48; 8-27-19; 28.
Simpson, J. E.; 76; 4 Wd.; 9-13-19; 15.
McPeak, Mrs. O.; 39; E. Rome; drowned; 9-23-19; 26.
Lumpkin, Mrs. J. B.; 48; Ave. A, 4 Wd.; 9-30-19; 1.
Panchen, J. S.; 82; res. and dd. Atlanta; 10-1-19; 2.
Ledbetter, Ollie G.; 43; 2 Wd.; 10-8-19; 9.

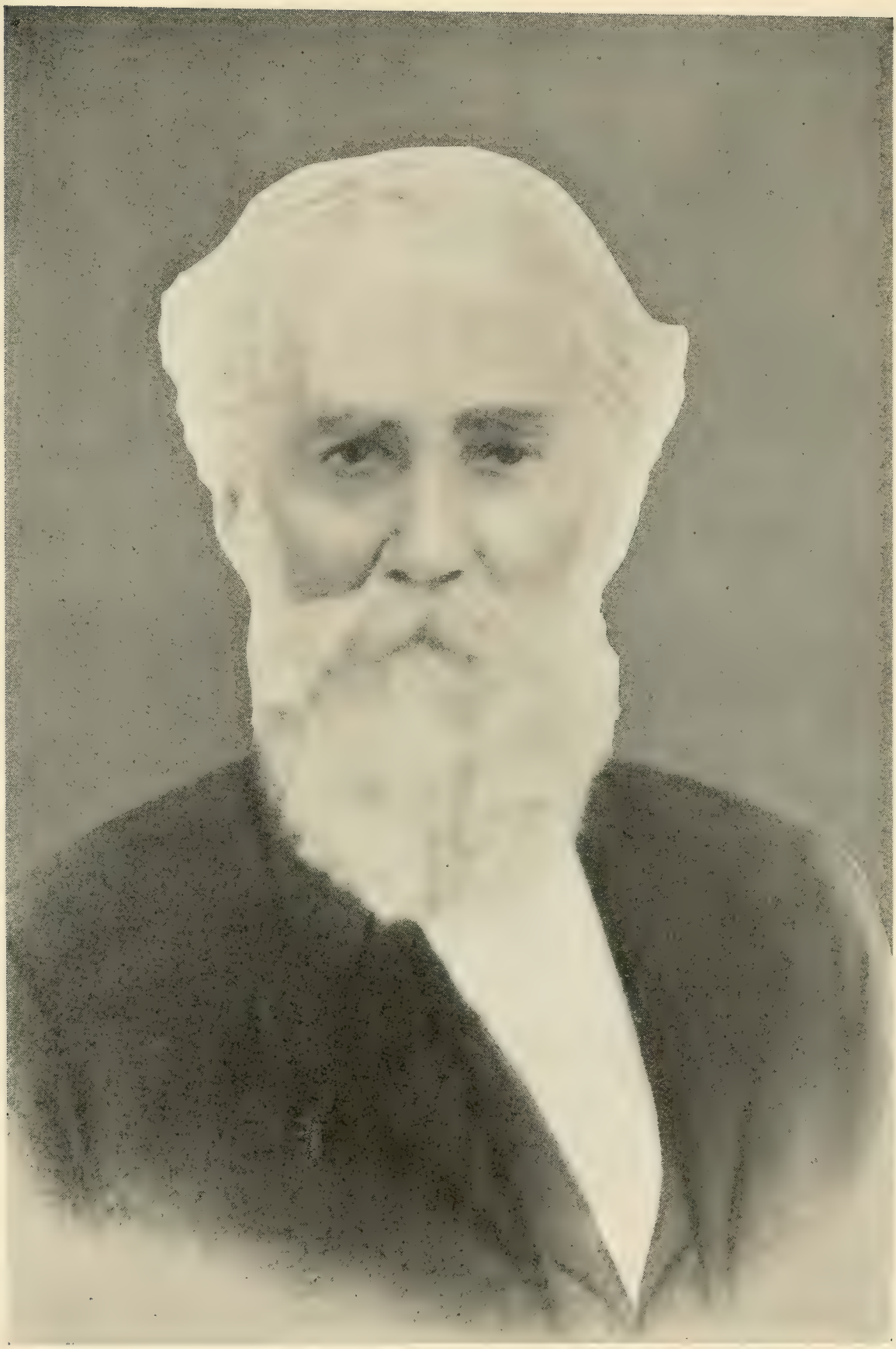
Sharp, Garnett W.; 36; res. and dd. Macon; 4-22-19; found dead on cot; 9-25-19.
Moody, Mrs. Ruth Howell; 23; res. and dd. Tuscaloosa, Ala.; 10-10-19; 11.
Glover, Mrs. J. A.; 72; 10-14-19; 15.
Shropshire, Mrs. Mary Bell; 76; N. Rome; 10-27-19; 28; (Oakland).
Morris, J. M.; 61; res. Atlanta; dd. St. Joseph Hosp.; 11-3-19; 5.
Jamison, Rev. A. C.; 65; res. and dd. Atlanta; 11-7-19; 8.
Hillyer, Mrs. Elizabeth; 66; E. Rome; 11-19-19; 21.
Foster, Mrs. Lena McDonald; 49; res. and dd. Chattanooga; 12-6-19; 9.
Lansdell, Hy S.; 73; res. and dd. Atlanta; 12-9-19; 11.
Carey, Mrs. James S.; 95; E. 1st St.; 1 Wd.; 12-13-19; 14.

1920.
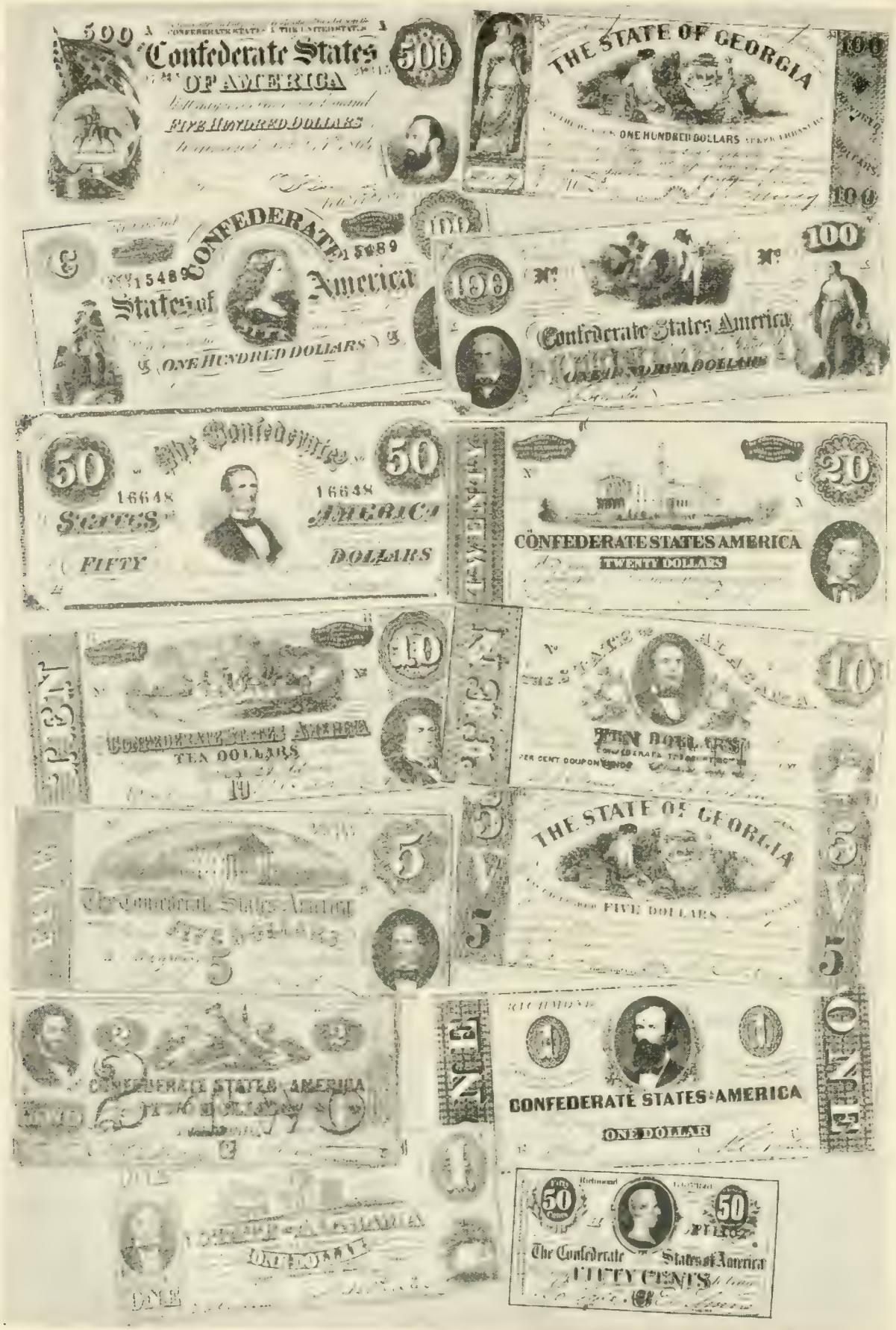
Beysiegel, Mrs. Will.; 57; 1-3-20; 6.
Landrum, L. M.; 70; res. and dd. N. Broad St.; 1-26-20; 28.
Jones, Mrs. Jno. R.; 39; res. Atlanta; dd. Phoenix, Ariz.; 2-1-20; 7.
Green, Ben W.; 48; 1 Wd.; 2-8-20; 10.
Wood, Claud C.; 31; res. and dd. Anniston; 2-15-20; 16.
Woodruff, Mrs. Elizabeth; 79; res. and dd. B'ham; 2-22-20; 24.
Braselton, Dr. B. F.; 65; N. of Rome; 3-6-20; 8.
Stoffregen, Charley; 66; 5 Wd.; 3-7-20; 9.
Storey, J. L.; 68; Summerville Rd.; 3-14-20; 16.
Thomas, Dr. J. D.; 77; 3-19-20; 20.
Wimpee, Mrs. Della; 66; 4 Wd.; 3-31-20; 1.
King, Robt. N.; 43; res. and dd. Phila. Gen. Hosp.; 3-27-20; 1.
Cothran, Guy S., Sr.; 45; res. Lavender Mt.; burned to death in house at Subligna; 4-6-20; 8.
Shibley, (Shiebley?), C. B.; res. and dd. Washington, D. C.; 4-9-20; 13.
May, Mrs. Lula M.; 50; E. Rome; 4-18-20; 20.
Mullen, Miss Lula S.; 52; S. Rome; May 10-20; 12.
Agnew, Mrs. Emma S.; 52; res. Atlanta; 6-14-20; 15.
McCloud, (McLeod)., Jas. F.; 60; 4 Wd.; 6-21-20; 22.
Given, Hughie C.; 87; 3 Wd.; 7-2-20; 4.
Reece, Judge Jno. H.; 82; N. Rome; 7-19-20; 21.
Holcomb, John; U. S. A.; 24; dd. Denver, Col., hosp.; 8-30-20; 2.
Lanham, Roy E.; U. S. A.; dd. France, Oct., 1918; 9-24-20.
Hidell, Miss Lizzie; 76; 10-16-20; 17.
Wright, Mrs. Ava Butler; 85; res. and dd. Atlanta; 10-4-20; 6.
Hargrove, Miss Linnie; 82; 10-15-20; 16.
Washington, Clifford D.; U. S. A.; 24; E. Rome; dd. France, 1919; 10-3-20.
Lanham, J. Henry; 61; 4 Wd.; 10-23-20; 24.
Steele, Capt. Jno. N.; U. S. A.; 26; killed at Ft. Oglethorpe by horse in polo game; 11-14-20; 17.
Behrens, Alfred H.; 67; 1 Wd.; 11-16-20; 17; (Oakland).
Fleetwood, Geo. W.; 82; C. S. A.; Tulsa, Okla.; 11-17-20; 19.
Hagin, J. S.; 55; E. Rome; 12-3-20; 5.
Trammell, Mrs. Henry; 70; N. Rome; 12-23-20; 26; (Oakland).
Hine, Henry J.; 55; E. Rome; 12-30-20; 31.

1921.

Hardin, A. D.; 77; N. Rome; 1-8-21; 10.
Appleton, Mrs. Jessica Branham; 52; res. and dd. Washington, D. C.; 2-1-21; 4.
Simmons, W. S.; 68; 2-13-21; 14.
Johns, D. B.; 39; res. Berry Schls; 2-12-21; 14.
Garlington, Mrs. Annie; 68; 1 Wd.; 2-25-2; 27.
Hughes, Benj. I.; 67; 3-18-21; 20.
Bowie, Jno. M.; 75; res. and dd. Anniston; 3-19-21; 21.
Terhune, Mrs. Susie Bowie; 65; 5-23-21; 25.
Maddox, Mrs. Frank; 32; 6-13-21; 14.
Burks, Peter D.; 65; 2 Ave., 1917, accident Southern railway, Ala.; 6-21-21; 23.
Hamilton, David Blount; 61; "Thornwood;" 7-7-21; 11.
Wyatt, Mrs. Frances R.; 61; 8-5-21; 6.
Shanklin, Almeron Walton; 33; Lieut,. U. S. A.; killed October 15, 1918, in Argonne Forest Drive, France; funeral and interment Sept. 2, 1921.
Sexton, W. T.; 70; 4 W.; 9-5; 7.
Camp, F. B.; 26; U. S. A.; 9-21; 21.
Fickling, Mrs. W. H.; 53; 10-8; 10.
Dykes, Mrs. Dr. J. H.; 80; 10-13; 14.
Hill, Hiram D.; 79; broke hip in fall; 10-22; 23.
Johnson, Joe; 57; killed, 10-23, in 4 W.; 25.
Attaway, Wm. Jos.; 21; died from battle wounds in France, June, 1918; 11-11.
Daniel, Wm. LaFayette; 69; E. Rome; 11-16; 17.
Hurt, A. F.; 92; died 11-22 in Gordon Co.; 22.
Barnes, George, 68; killed by Southern train at Tannery, 12-2; 4.



Augustus R. Wright



MONEY THAT WILL NEVER COME BACK.

Confederate Government and state bills in general use during the Civil War, preserved here as a reminder of the South of slavery and plantation days. This money gradually depreciated until at the end of the war a trunkful would just about buy a square meal. if such could be found. Stacks of it are still in the possession of families who have never become reconciled to the new order of things.

Norton, Mrs. Henry C.; 67; 12-8; 10.
Armstrong, John; 40; res. Floyd Co.; died Asheville, N. C.; 12-10; 12.
McClure, Hunter; 35; U. S. Army; died in France, 1918; 12-14.
Ross, Walter; 51; 12-18; 20.
Hamilton, Henry; 36; died at Anniston, Ala.; 12-24; 26.
Dougherty, Wm.; 72; E. Rome; 12-31; Jan. 2.

1922.

Clements, Cicero T.; 80; E. Rome; 1-13; 15.
Morris, S. W.; 65; 1-16; 17.
Earle, W. Cull; 45; E. Rome; 1-17; 18.
Pendley, John; 26; died at Lindale 1-21; 22.
Stokes, J. B.; 32; dd. at Anchor Duck Mill; 1-21; 22.
Battey, Mrs. Robert; 91; dd. Sunday, Feb. 5, at 400 First Ave.; 6, Battey vault.
Clements, P. P.; 75; 2-6; 6, in Oakland cemetery.
Morton, H. D.; 31; dd. 3-2, in Shreveport, La.; 5.
Sanders, Mrs. D. B.; 67; dd. at Birmingham, Ala.; 3-24; 26.
Dempsey, L. A.; 54; 3-30; Apr. 1.
Bower, Jno. A.; 72; E. Rome; 4-8; 10.
Hughes, Roy; 38; dd. 4-8 in Fla.; 10.
*Omberg, Miss Julia; 80; 4-18; 20.
Penn, J. C.; 58; 4-26; 27.
Burnes, Hugh; 30; dd. 5-4 as result of shell shock as soldier in France; 5.
Parks, Mrs. Hugh B.; 65; E. Rome; 5-13; 14.
Reece, J. Walter; 69; 4 W.; 5-10; 11.
Jones, J. Walter; 30; killed by electric shock; 5-15.
Hawkins, Weldon W.; 42; E. Rome; 5-18; 19.
Quinn, Mrs. F. E.; 62; 5-22; 24.
Wright, Jule; 35; dd. 5-25 in Okla.; 28.
Hall, Mrs. F. N.; 36; 5-28; 30.
Collier, Mrs. J. A.; 82; Floyd Co.; 6-5; 6.
McLain, Dan; 65; dd. 6-5, in Atlanta; 7.
Slaton, G. A.; 70; 6-9; 11.
Branham, Judge Joel; 87; dd. 6-16 at 101 2d Ave.; 18.
Frasier, Miss Florence; 18; 4 W.; 6-24; 25.
Stribling, Miss Catherine; 51; Nashville, Tenn.; dd. Rome; 7-4; 5.
Cothran, Mrs. H. D.; 83; dd. Washington, D. C.; 7-5; 8.
Glover, Capt. J. A.; 74; 4 W.; 7-7; 9.
Colclough, Mrs. S. F.; 85; dd. 7-12, at Carrollton; 13.
**Wright, Adaline Allman; 94; dd. Mentone, Ala.; 7-24; 25.
Cherry, Lemuel; 12; 4 W.; drowned 8-10 in Horseleg lake; 12; Oakland.
McHenry, Mrs. W. S.; 70; died 8-18 in S. Ga.; 20.
Dunn, W. M.; 74; 9-1; 3.
Bradford, Mrs. Mary A.; 88; 9-2; 3.

*Miss Omberg was the first subject of the so-called Battey operation, performed at her cottage home, 615 W. First St., Aug. 27, 1872. She died of organic heart trouble.

**At the time of her death, Mrs. Wright was probably the oldest white person in Rome.

MYRTLE HILL ADDENDA.

Little of the following information appears elsewhere herein. The data was taken from headstones and slabs because it could not be obtained from the sexton's records.

The Axson lot:

Jane M. Stevens, born in Liberty County, Ga., Oct. 31, 1814; died March 15, 1897.

Janie, wife of Rev. Sam'l. Edward Axson, born Sept. 8, 1838; died at Rome, Nov. 4, 1881. "Asleep in Jesus."

Rev. Samuel Edward Axson, who departed this life May 28, 1884, aged 47 years, 5 mos. For 17 years pastor of the Rome Presbyterian church. "While yet in the noonday of life, in the heat of a well-fought fight, the Master called him to his exceeding great reward."

"Sacred to the memory of Ellen Louise Axson, born 15 May, 1860 at Savannah, Ga., died 6 Aug., 1914, at Washington, D. C.

"'A traveler between life and death
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command;
And yet, a spirit still and bright,
With something of angelic light.'"



FLOYD COUNTY HOMES AND BURIAL GROUNDS.

At top, the Philip Walker Hemphill lot at DeSoto Park, containing the first wife and two children of one of the founders of Rome; the James Hemphill-Jones-Jolly home on the Cave Spring road, near which in a private lot lie the bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Montgomery; the Wm. S. Gibbons (Jos. Ford) home, also in Vann's valley, built by Jos. Ford, who lies buried in the 50-foot square lot seen at the bottom.

Dr. Homer Virgil Milton Miller; born Apr. 29, 1814; died May 31, 1896. "A Christian who faithfully served his God, a physician who loved his fellow man, a soldier and a senator from Georgia. He never did anything that caused a citizen of Georgia to put on mourning. Adsum."

Rachel Cheri Miller, wife of Gen. Andrew Miller; died Aug. 15, 1841, aged 58.

Sarah Joyce Alexander; died Mar. 6, 1895. "She stretcheth out her hand to the poor, yes, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy."

Our mother: Sarah, wife of Henry J. Dick; born May 2, 1820; died Jan. 17, 1892.



Morris Wright

Henry J. Dick; born Mar. 27, 1814; died July 22, 1866.
Hal B. Dick; born Mar. 17, 1853; died Sept. 24, 1894.
Benj. A. Dick; born Nov. 26, 1844; died Sept. 30, 1868.

Cunningham M. Pennington; died Aug. 23, 1885, aged 73. His wife, Elizabeth Freeman; died Jan. 5, 1873, aged 58.

Jno. Temple Graves lot: Grandmother, Lucretia Calhoun, wife of Dr. H. H. Townes, later of Dr. DeGraffenried; died 1881. Favorite niece of Jno. C. Calhoun. A noble woman of the old regime."

Our mother: Mrs. Sabrey Hemphill; born Apr. 21, 1772; died May 12, 1872, 100 years and 21 days.

Dr. J. H. Nowlin; born Oct. 20, 1822; died May 15, 1871.

Mary A. Choice; born Mar. 6, 1809; died Oct. 26, 1870.

Samuel Gibbons; born in the Valley of Virginia, June 17, 1806; died Aug. 27, 1870.

Susan Farrar Shelton; born June 12, 1809, at Charlottesville, Va.; died Mar. 28, 1869.

Fleming Rice; born Mar. 5, 1802; died Apr. 24, 1873, and wife, M. E. A. Arrington; born Apr. 21, 1817; died Jan. 26, 1865.

Sarah R., daughter of W. B. and Elizabeth A. Lowery; born July 30, 1851; died Feb. 26, 1856.

Marina, wife of Thos. Pollard; born Apr. 6, 1800; died Apr. 6, 1858. (This was one of the first burials in Myrtle Hill).

Jordan Reese; born June 20, 1842; died at Culpepper, Va., Aug. 18, 1861, from wounds received Apr. 21, 1861, at the First Battle of Manassas.
Louisa Reese, wife of Dr. Jordan Reese; died May 13, 1864, aged 55.
Dr. Jordan Reese; died May 10, 1849, aged 50.
G. B. T. Moore; born Nov. 1, 1833 in Greenville District, S. C.; died Mar. 29, 1861; M. H. Reese; born June 3, 1831; died May 19, 1863, at Rome.

Dr. James R. Smith; born Mar. 3, 1824; died July 3, 1857. (Two infant sons are buried in the Smith lot). (One of first interments).
Asahel R. Smith; born Aug. 20, 1774; died June 25, 1875. (Father of Maj. Chas. H. Smith, "Bill Arp").

Bayard E. Hand, Lt. U. S. Navy; born Mar. 25, 1830, at Darien, Ga.; died July 16, 1885 Wilmington, N. C. "The anchor of his soul was faith in Christ."

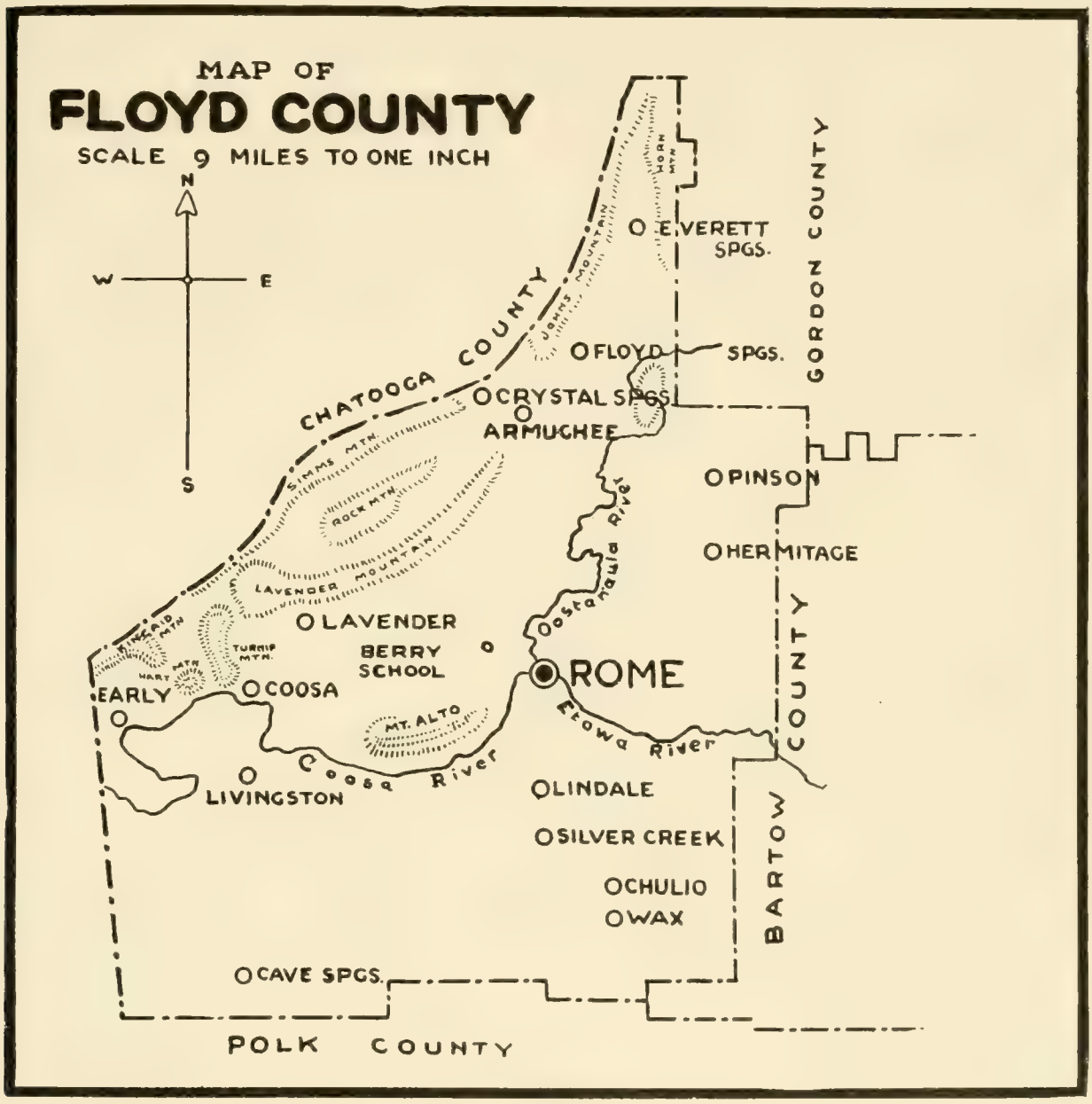
Mary A. Jones, wife of B. F. Jones; died Dec. 13, 1862. "For so He giveth his beloved sleep."

Rev. Jas. F. Swanson; born Jan. 27, 1825; died Oct. 28, 1869.
Lt. Col. Armistead Richardson Harper, 1 Ga. cavalry, C. S. A.; born Mar. 4, 1835; died Oct. 28, 1863, of wounds received in battle.
Roena Harper; born Nov. 17, 1870; died Sept. 27, 1894.

Mary J. A. Selkirk, relict of James McGlashan, of Edinburgh, Scotland; died Dec. 31, 1870, aged 79.

Alexander McDonald; born Apr. 13, 1797, in McIntosh County, Ga.; died at Rome, Oct. 6, 1879, aged 82; Martha Morton, wife of J. C.McDonald; born May 5, 1840, in Athens, Ga.; died at Rome Apr. 1, 1880, aged 40.

J. R. Stevens; born March 22, 1822; died Feb. 11, 1871.
Thos. McCulloch, a native of Scotland, late secretary of the Cornwall (Ala.)



Langdon Bowie; born Aug. 27, 1806; died July 27, 1870.
Iron Works; died July 22, 1880; aged 69.

Elizabeth Yarborough, wife of Wm. Davis; born Feb. 27, 1795; died July 30, 1869.

America Addaline, wife of Daniel Walker; died Jan. 24, 1871, at 24.
John Robinson; born Jan. 8, 1808; died Feb. 3, 1868; aged 60.
Annie E. Wright, only daughter of G. H. and A. Gardner; born Dec. 14, 1850; died Sept. 13, 1878.

On the topmost peak of Myrtle Hill Cemetery, looking to the west, is the heroic marble monument to the heroes of the Confdracy. On a large pedestal stands a Confederate soldier at parade rest, facing the west. Inscriptions say:

"This monument is the testimony of the present to the future that these were they who kept the faith given them by the fathers. Be it known by this token that these men were true to the traditions of their country's call; steadfast in their duty, faithful even in despair, and illustrated in the unflinching heroism of their deaths, the free-born courage of their lives."

"They have crossed the river and sleep beneath the shade."

"How well they served the faith their people know. A thousand battlefields attest, dungeon and hospital bear witness. To their sons they left but honor and

their country. Let this stone forever warn those who keep these valleys that only their sires are dead—the principles for which they fought can never die."

"The Confederate States of America, 22 Feb., 1862. Deo Vindice. Erected by the Women of Rome to the memory of the soldiers of Floyd County, Ga., who died in defense of the Confederate States of America, 1861-65."

CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS' SECTION.

In the part of Myrtle Hill Cemetery reserved for the deceased of the Civil War are 377 graves. This number includes 81 Confederate unknown and two unknown of the Federal Army. These Boys in Gray died at or near Rome; most of them succumbed to wounds or disease in Rome hospitals, while some were killed in defending Rome against Sherman's army in May, 1864, and in skirmishes before and after that date. The dead soldiers sleep with their heads pointed toward the beautiful Coosa Valley and their feet pointed northeastward toward Rome. Over the graves of the departed are simple headstone slabs of gray marble about 20 inches high.

In the list are many honored names from the Southern States. Included is one Spanish-American War veteran—E. L. Ellis, of Co. D, 3rd Ga., U. S. Volunteers.

The first abbreviation refers to the company to which the soldier belonged; the second and third refer to his regiment and state:

J. W. Grizzard, K-8 S. C.; Fred Wayland, 7 Ala.; Capt. A. C. Wells, F-51 Ga.; J. Batson, G-27 Miss.; — Burney, ———; Captain W. H. Lawrence, 8 Ala. cavalry; —— Melvin, ———; J. W. Corprew, I-1 Tex. Legion, Ross' Brigade; S. F. Mapp, A-28 Miss. cavalry; J. P. Z. Bragg, F-8 Miss.; Lt. R. W. Echols, Floyd Infantry, 8-Ga.; Quillian V. Hayes, B-23 Ga.; (died July 14, 1918).

J. F. Kelley, D-20 Ga. (died Jan. 17, 1909; 65 years of age); J. R. Slaughter, E-3 Ark.; J. J. Morrison, ———; J. C. M., G-43 Ga.; Jasper Corbet, G-4 Ga. cavalry; Albert Lewis, A-8 Miss.; M. Cornelius, E-28 Ala.; H. H. Albritton, B-5 Miss. cavalry; G. W. Woodward, D-5 Miss. cavalry; M. McGilvray, ———; M. Ralt, E-36 Ala.; Geo. Rose, C-6 Tex.; R. T. Bonter, E-18 N. C.

A. F. Mauks, 54 Va.; T. Tucker, K-21 Tenn.; A. H. Bradshaw, C-38 Tenn.; J. A. Estill, D-9 Ky.; J. T. Jowers, F-46 Ga.; J. L. Turner, D-1 Ky.; Jno. Phipps, D-21 Miss.; Robt. Miller, 27 Ga.; A. McCrow, 63 Va.; W. G. Austin, C-19 La.; W. Sanders, A-63 Tenn.; J. L. Henderson, F-3 Ga.; J. Phillips, K-47 Ga.; J. H. Bray, 44 Tenn.; J. P. Nowland, 4 La. battery; O. Miller, E-36 Ala.; N. A. Basshaw, I-54 Va.; J. W. Pratt, D-54 Va.; J. Temple, G-50 Ga.

J. C. Sheppard, 33 Ala.; Jno. Glohasey, C-11 Tenn.; C. D. Coleman, A-54 Ala.; W. Griffin, 44 Miss.; E. G. Denton, 25 La.; W. H. Wiley, K-51 Tenn.; J. W. Lee, E-26 Ga.; N. Morris, 56 Ga.; J. C. Brown, B Fla.; J. Durrett, F-15 Ala.; D. R. Malo, F-8 Tenn.; W. G. Stone, F-45 Miss.; J. Ester, G-50 Ala.; A. S. Wilson, D-19 Ala.; J. W. Wells, D-1 Ala. cavalry; P. B. Bird, D-36 Ala.; J. Murray, D-3 Ark.

M. Williams, 54 Va.; James Gregg ——; Isaac Moss, D-24 Miss.; W. Keelan, I-26 Tenn.; W. D. Bayne, D-9 Ga.; J. R. Thweatt, K-17 Miss.; Jno. West, A. Hampton's Legion; J. Fulmer, C-25 Ala.; F. Noel, F-3 Tenn.; G. W. Beach, C-19 Tenn.; J. Bartlett, K-28 Tenn.; G. B. Andrews, H-16 Ala.; A. Wyatt Prior, K-18 Tex.; Chas. Moster, F-65 Ga.; J. S. Losey, F-33 Ala.

Chas. Foster, F-65 Ga.; J. G. Baley, Ga. State troops; J. R. Daniel, E-26 Tenn.; J. J. Groome, E-59 Ala.; E. L. McLendon, C-36 Ala.; J. O. Hunter, Pharis' Engineers; J. L. Barksdale, B-41 Miss.; J. Meadows, Safton's regiment; J. Cowerel, B Tenn.; —— Phillips, Va.; W. C. Sparkman, 5-32 Tenn.; S. Crevison, Cobb's Ga. battery; J. M. Hill, D-58 Ala.; Sgt. Curry, ———; R. B. Greer, F-16 S. C.; E. C. Murdoch, E-10 Tenn.

Wm. Arrowsmith, B-32 Tenn.; Jas. H. Meneose, Cynthiana, Ky.; J. S. Cashan, A. Henderson's regiment; D. Davis, A-8 Tenn.; M. Mahan, C-10 Tenn.; A. S. Parker, H. Henderson's regiment; P. Wright, E-1 Ark.; H. Rains, D Tenn.; W. H. Purdue, C-2 Tenn.; Wm. Lard, A-4 battalion; N. O. E. Stone, A-10 Miss.; T. Jordan, H-8 Miss.; Rev. E. N. Boland, (member Ga. Conference, Methodist church), 46 Ga.; J. Davenport, C-8 Tenn.; J. M. Heard, 13 La. sharpshooters; T. Tallison, E-16 S. C.

J. Arly, A-29 Miss.; D. Murdock, F-41 Ga.; J. Floyd, E-16 S. C.; R. W. Rogers, C-19 Ala.; W. E. Yort, D-30 Miss.; J. H. Adaway, H-14 Ark.; J. G. Cowan, G-18 Ala.; J. R. Hunt, H-41 Mss.; A. J. Harwell, H-32 Tenn.; Wm. Knight, B-29 La.; A. Babbet, G-8 Confederate cavalry; A. Scroggins, D-18 Ala.; S. Tilton, 4—;



FOUR VIEWS IN MYRTLE HILL CEMETERY

Rome from the hill top, with the Battey vault in the foreground; tomb of Benj. C. Yancey, United States Minister to Argentine; grave of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson (nee Ellen Lou Axson), with headstone selected by the President; resting places of some 300 Confederate soldiers who died or were killed at Rome.

H. J. Middleton, D-1 —: C. Bruce, South Carolina; J. H. McKnight, G-10 Tex.; S. O. Young, C-24 S. C.

S. L. Ambrose, 10 Ky.; J. Gileas, A-Ala.; E. Herran, F-24 S. C.; N. A. Rankin, A-24 Tex.; — — Wiggins; David Phillips, E-58 N. C.; J. C. Day, E-6 Tenn.; Col. Jno. R. Hart, 6 Ga. cavalry, died Aug. 6, 1886 (shaft erected by comrades and friends); J. Phillips, H-19 Ala.; J. R. Coulder, A-4 Ark.; J. M. Haynie, C-6 Tenn.; Wm. Bolton, — —.

W. M. Davis, F-28 Ala.; E. F. Gordon, I-24 Miss.; E. S. Godard, 33 Tenn.; E. Horn, B-9 S. C.; B. Bradwell, A-30 Miss.; S. L. Jones, A-31 Miss.; W. S. Billingslea, D-28 Tenn.; R. G. Omen, C-31 Ark.; Jno. Wilson, 29 N. C.; R. E. Davis, A-26 Miss.; Jos. P. Brown, D. Murray's battery; Sgt. Jas. A. Currie, B-9 Tenn; — — Langford, K-10 Miss.; B. F. Tubb, K-27 Miss.; D. Browman, F-29 Tenn.; J. W. Queen, — —; — —, K-46 Miss.; M. Camp, G-25 Ala.; Jno. Stone, F-19 S. C.

S. Caldwell, D-28 Ala.; D. Caffman, C-39 N. C.; J. D. Smith, 39 Ala.; A. Surrat, 4 Tenn.; Chris Jones, I-9 Ky.; H. B. Melton, E-24 Ala.; J. N. Seyler, A-30 Miss.; A. D. Parker, D-3 Ala.; Wm. Carter,E-26 Ala.; J. J. G. — —; M. S. Dodd, G-22 Ala.; S. F. Graham, H-27 Miss.; A. J. Jones, D-39 N. C.; Jno. Privatt, A-44 Tenn.; J. L. Shepard, F-10 Tex.; W. R. G., Ark. cavalry; A. Reynolds, H-34 Miss.

A. B. Lane, D-27 Miss.; W. H. Graves, 10 Tex.; H. C. B., A-26 Ala.; H. A. Cagle, B-34 Ala.; F. M. Bailey, G-25 Ala.; W B. Goodwin, 79 Miss.; R. Elliott, Eufaula battery; R. H. Bayne, I-29 Miss.; D. Jackson, E-28 Ala.; M. Diton, C-28 Ala.; James Raney, F-10 Tex.; S. R. Allen, E-39 Ala.; Jno. Coffee, C-26 Ala.; S. B. Nelson, A-19 Ala.; S. M. Bennett, H-28 Ala.; J. P. Goins, 25 Miss.; R. C. Hayes (born May 14, 1842, died Dec. 8, 1916), E-1 Ga. battalion; W. M. Kelly, (born Aug. 1, 1835, died Nov. 13, 1909; four years in army); J. W. Goodwin,, B-26 Ala.

P. Warseburn, B-Am. Ga. Vols.; J. C. Paris, E-23 Miss.; Albert Jones, I-23 Miss.; J. A. Stafford, A-30 Miss.; A. M. Dunn, K-30 Miss.; J. Randolph, B-25 Ark.; R. J. Childs, B-26 Miss.; Jno. Hyatt, A. Rope's battery; W. Williams, C-5 Ark.; J. Walton, 27 Miss.; P. A. Vinson, 45 Ala.; J. M. Gray, B-4 —; W. Denton, C-41 Miss.; J. Dickey, H-28 Ala.; R. L. S., —; W. N. McAruilty, E-19 Tex.; Jno. Hill, B-29 Miss.

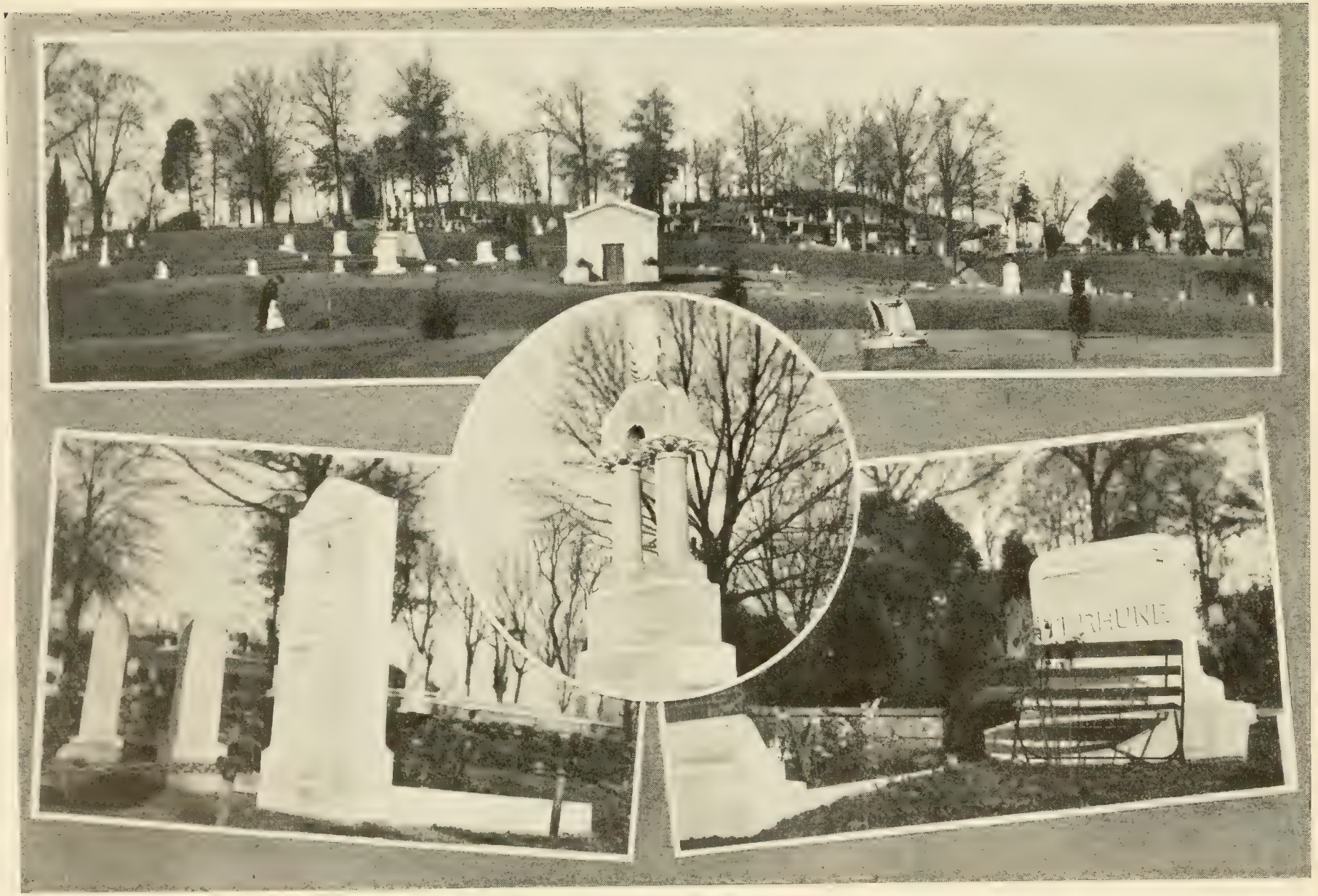
N. H. Sanders, B-39 N. C.; E. Smith, H-15 Ark.; C. Buckner, E-31 Ala.; S. C. Smith, C-30 Miss.; Jno. Till, H-15 Tex. cavalry; J. W. Armes, G-23 Miss.; J. T. McCarthy, —; Ed Riley, H Ala.; L. Poe, D-34 Miss.; F. M. Thornton, E-8 Tenn.; Lt. J. M. Sumner, B-28 Tenn.; Capt. Jno. N. Perkins, Rome, Ga., (born Dec. 2, 1822, died Feb. 15, 1896; a gallant soldier and a brave man.

R. T. McGaskill, L-13 Tenn.; J. E. Hicks, K-37 Miss.; J. T. Wilbanks, K-10 Miss.; J. A. Reeves, C-4 Tenn.; W. N. Holt, E-26 Ala.; M. McAuley, D-34 Miss.; F. M. Robinson, B-4 Ark.; F. M. Mayhew, 41 Miss.; R. E. Bennett, 2 Ark.; E. L. Ellis, D-3 Ga., U. S. Vols., Spanish-American war (died Sept. 3, 1898); W. G. H. Howard, E-1 Mo.; W. J. Smith, G-19 Ala.; Jno. Mull, B-31 Ark.; J. D. Pullen, D-3 —; P. R. Shipley, H-37 Miss.; J. C. Betterton, H-27 Miss.

C. Bernard, G-30 Miss.; O. R. Brown, A-47 Tenn.; M. V. Warren, H-8 Miss.; Unknown, 28 Ala.; E. Hyatt, C-22 Ala.; Reuben Riggs, 31 Ark.; W. J. Steele, G-39 N. C.; —— Cornelius, B-28 Ala.; W. T. Mitchell, F-24 Miss.; B. O. Tidwell, K-11 Tenn.; S. M. McDonald, F-7 Miss; — — Wieb, C-28 Ala.; Mr. King, A-25 Ala.; J. C. Greenway, D-22 Ala.; W. R. Harowick, B-19 S. C.; W. S. Dellis, H-38 Tenn.

J. H. Young, A-25 Ala.; E. G. Lester, A-28 Ala.; S. W. Masters, I-24 Ala.; J. P. Vaughn, D-25 Ala.; J. C. Thehoine, C-37 Miss.; J. D. Hill, G-26 Ala; J. Smith, K-29 Tenn.; Jno. McGhor, E-9 Ala.; Josiah Griffin, — battery, —; D. McJunkin, F-19 Tenn.; J. M. Mitchell, 26 Ala.; O. W. Martin, Eufaula battery; A. Vaughn, B-33 Ala.; C. C. Hall, E-26 Ala.; D. Page, A-25 Ala.; R. E. Howard, C-45 Ala.; W. J. Burden, D-9 Ga.; W. M. Hill, —; J. H. Woolbright, E-41 Miss.; J. R. Giles, H-10 S. C.

C. M. ——, G-43 Ga.; J. Rachel, 3 Ga. battalion; D. W. Lane, F-34 Miss.; E. Glamron, Walters' battery; J. M. Breckenridge, H-41 Miss.; S. T. Warthen, C-4 Ala.; B. F. Suttle, 6 Ky.; H. Pearce, 34 Ala.; I. J. Valentine, I-39 Ala.; J. W. Kingrel, Biggs' cavalry company; I. Faulkner, C-2 Ark.; H. M. Coffee, K-39 N. C.; F. M. McAllister, C-18 Ala.; T. H. Lansdell, A-24 Miss.; W. A. Aikin, 19 Ala.; J. W. Jamison, E-10 Miss.; E. Moore, K-38 Tenn.; S Travis, H-27 Miss; J. W. McLowan, H-27 Miss.; E. Hyatt, C-22 Ala.



Panorama of Myrtle Hill Cemetery, showing Glover vault. In oval, Daniel R. Mitchell monument. Lower left, graves of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson and her parents, Rev. and Mrs. Samuel Edward Axson. Right, the Cornelius Terhune lot.

MYRTLE HILL SEXTONS.

No record is available of the early sextons, from 1857, when Myrtle Hill was opened, through 1873. The following others have served:

1874-1885, Jas. E. Mullen; 1885-7, W. Mayfield Neal; 1887-92, Jas. E. Mullen; 1892-97, Peter David Roser; 1897, Fred S. House (ad interim); 1897-1906, C. L. King; 1906-12, Alvin D. Hardin; 1912-22, C. L. King (now serving).

THE PHILIP W. HEMPHILL GRAVEYARD.

This mortal sanctuary reposes in a grove of oaks and hickories on the top of the hill between DeSoto (Mobley) Park lake and the street car line, about 100 yards west of the old home of Philip Walker Hemphill, and contains the sacred dust of the following:

Elizabeth Cunningham Hemphill, first wife of Philip W. Hemphill, died Apr. 9, 1844; aged 34 years and 24 days. Two daughters, Margaret Jane Hemphill, who died July 3, 1837; aged 3 years, 3 months, 14 days, and Nancy whose slab contains the date 1841 but is otherwise indistinct. Mrs. Hemphill's slab states that she was for sixteen years a member of the Presbyterian church. James M. Cunningham, born Jan. 26, 1821, died Oct. 22, 1851.

These graves are boxed over, with flat slabs on top. Fifteen feet northwest of the four are headstone and footstone marking the grave of a daughter of Samuel and Mary G. Mobley; time and weather have erased the first name and the dates of birth and death.

THE JOHN HUME CEMETERY.

This private burial ground was established by John Hume, the pioneer, on his country estate, "Tantatanara" ("Running Waters") on the Southern railway two miles north of North Rome and about two miles east of the Oostanaula river. It is 1,500 feet northwest of the old home. In this lonely spot, nurtured by the gentle breezes and the glamour of the long ago, sleep the following in peace everlasting:



THE HUME CEMETERY, North Rome, on land which was once the home of Jno. Ridge and the pow-wow site of the Cherokees.

John Hume, senior, born Charleston, S. C., Feb. 8, 1798, died Rome, Ga., Oct. 19, 1872.

Ann Mazyck, wife of John Hume, born July 10, 1818, died May 14, 1881.
John Hume, Jr., born June 24, 1834, died May 11, 1888.

Ariana S., wife of John Hume, Jr., born Apr. 6, 1830, died Dec. 6, 1878.

Anne W. Hume, born Dec. 18, 1831, died Feb. 13, 1884.

Eliza Simons, born July 29, 1834, died Feb. 4, 1858.

Isaac Wilson Hume, born May 3, 1836, died July 11, 1880.

Chas. C. Hume, born Oct. 30, 1867, died July 24, 1876.

Leila Ada Hume, born May 6, 1858, died 16th; (year and month not given).

James O'Hear Hume, born Apr. 5, 1851, died June 30, 1852.

Harriet W. Hume, born July 15, 1860, died May 1, 1862.

John H. Hume, born June 24, 1870, died July 9, 1876.

Twelve Humes are buried there, and the only others are two or three of the children of Jim Berry, who used to live nearby. The Berry children's graves are not marked.



BEAUTIFUL SUBJECTS IN BEAUTIFUL SETTINGS

Graduation procession of Shorter College, "Maplehurst," 1919, at top. The seniors are accompanied by the sophomores bearing daisy chain, and the sophomores followed by the juniors. In the central picture Miss Sarah Glover, '22, drives the prize-winning Shorter float in the Home-coming parade, Oct. 13, 1921. At the bottom is the prize float of 1920.

OCCUPANTS OF THE OLD SEVENTH AVENUE CEMETERY.

Note: The cemetery that usually goes by the above title was known to some as "Oak Hill." The first burials appears to have been those of James McEntee and Mrs. Rebecca Mann, in 1837, and the last of Thos. Jefferson Helm, in 1904. The place was generally abandoned in 1857, when Myrtle Hill Cemetery was opened up by the city, and since then all but perhaps 100 of the deceased have been removed to the new burial place. Its location is on Seventh Avenue, three blocks north of the City Auditorium, overlooking the Oostanaula river and within sight of the home of Major Ridge. Notes are appended below in the hope that the preservation of these fragments of the past will constitute a service and an inspiration to future generations.

Judge William H. Underwood, father of Judge Jno. W. H. Underwood, and an important figure in the removal of the Cherokee Indians west, sleeps in an unmarked grave.

Dr. George Magruder Battey's grave was once surmounted by a flat, vine-covered slab which contained the single word "George," laced there by his wife, Emily Verdery Battey, a native of Augusta. It has been lost with numerous others. Dr. Battey was born in 1826 at Augusta, and died in 1856 at Rome; aged 30.

Other graves:

John Henry Lumpkin, born June 13, 1812, died July 10, 1860. The shaft to Judge Lumpkin is of white marble, about 12 feet high, and is the largest in the cemetery. On it are Masonic symbols. He was once a member of Congress.



THE JNO. H. LUMPKIN SHAFT in the old cemetery, beneath which sleeps a jurist and Congressman.

Dr. John Noble's grave is covered with a raised slab of gray stone and on it is the inscription "Generous and just, He lived and died without an enemy." Dr. Noble died November 16, 1848, at the age of 24. He was a brother of the second wife of Weems Berrien, father of Miss Frances Berrien, of Rome, half-brother of McPherson Berrien, of Savannah, whose only daughter, Lou, married Francis S. Bartow, colonel of the 8th Georgia Regiment of the Confederacy.

Robert Ligon, born Feb. 26, 1812; died Oct. 23, 1841.

Esther Ligon, born Dec. 2, 1775; died June 10, 1859. Ancestors of Miss Lilly Mitchell, of Rome, Mrs. Wm. Worth Martin, of Atlanta, and Mrs. Geo. Turrentine, of Rome. The Berrien children are buried in the lot.

Mary Elizabeth Reeves, born Dec. 12, 1826; died Oct. 23, 1847, only child of Absalom E. and Eliza Hall Reeves.

Eliza Hall Reeves, born July 6, 1803, died June 20, 1892. Mrs. Reeves taught private school on or near Eighth Avenue near cotton factory and W. & A. R. R. Taught Judge John C. Printup and many others. She and her husband kept the old Exchange Hotel for a time and the old Choice House, where the Hotel Forrest now stands.

Jas. H. McEntee, died May 5, 1837, aged 4 years, 3 months, 28 days. This lad was probably son of Jim McEntee, who kept a store and boarding house on the north side of Broad street where the Martha Berry hospital was later located. The boy was playing near the house while workmen were putting up lumber, and a piece fell and killed him. A granddaughter of Jim McEntee was the late Mrs. J. Aiken (Rosalind Burns) Gammon. The only daughter of the McEntees was Mary Jane, who married John T. Burns of South Carolina, the father of Rosalind Gammon. Mr. McEntee was an Irishman and his wife a beautiful woman of great refine-

ment. Martha Baldwin Smith, living on the Alabama Road opposite the Shorter College lot, used to spend nights at the McEntee's when it was too late to return home from school, and Mr. McEntee would bounce her and Mary Jane on his knee. Mr. McEntee in his declining years lived on a farm on the Etowah River near the W. & A. R. R., where his daughter was wooed and won by J. Aiken Gammon.

Henry Montague Burns, son of William O. and Mary J. Burns; born June 1853. Died.....

Mrs. Mary Amanda Wood, died Aug. 2, 1856; 29 years old.

Jacob B. Slavey (of Seavey), born April 12, 1817, died Jan. 19, 1852.

Solomon Stanberry, born Mar. 7, 1826, died Feb. 24, 1856.

Mrs. Eliza T. Mobley, died Jan. 31, 1857 (?) at 38 years. A Mobley infant rests nearby.

Two sisters lie side by side. Sallie R. Freeman died June 27, 1878 at 20, and Mary Joe Freeman Oct. 30, 1876, at 11 years. "So through the clouds their spirits passed into that pure and unknown world of love where suffering cannot come."

Mary T. Freeman, born Dec. 16, 1830; died Sept. 23, 1900.

John R. Freeman, born Apr. 12, 1821, died June 7, 1896.

Dennis Parke Hills, born Jan. 20, 1818, died Mar. 15, 1856, and Jonah C., 1 year old.

Henry E. Hills, born Oct. 18, 1851; died Jan. 14, 1864.

Ann Eliza Hills, born Oct. 27, 1846; died Mar. 5, 1847.

Dennis Hills, born Leominster, Mass., May 6, 1800, died Mar. 11, 1868; married Eliza A. Henderson, Dec. 4, 1834.

Mrs. Fannie E. Perry, consort of Thos. J. Perry, born Feb. 22, 1834, died July 2, 1856; 23 years, 4 months, 11 days. Mr. Perry was Rome's postmaster for a long time; his wife was kin to the Ombergs of Rome. Her grave has a flat marble slab over it.

Mrs. Mary Rogers, born Aug. 8, 1799, died May 3, 1876. Sister of Miss Linnie Hargrove's mother; aunt of Zachariah B. and Rob Hargrove and Mrs. Wm. Fort. Was mother of Jobe Rogers. She lived at one time in the John J. Seay home, built by the Forts, at the southeast corner of Second avenue and E. Fourth street. Was noted for keeping her home in perfect order.

James R. Ihly, born Apr. 18, 1815, died Nov. 4, 1851.

Anna Johnston, born May 2, 1797, died June 25, 1852.

Elizabeth E. and John Summers, infants.

Athaliah Adaliza Johnson, died Oct. 9, 1839; 5 years, 11 months, 14 days.

Robertus Johnson, died Oct. 5, 1843; 17 years, 6 months, 27 days.

Jacob Herndon, died May 11, 1855; 52 years, 7 months, 6 days.

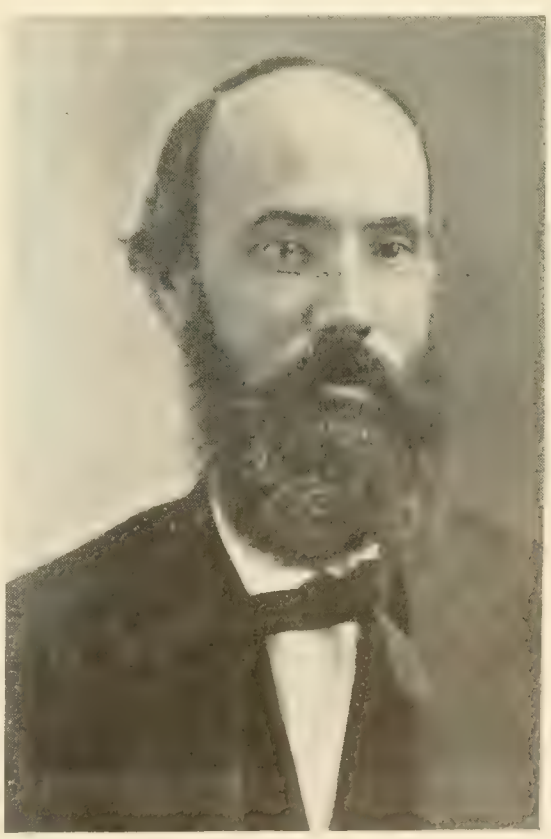
James M. Herndon, died Feb., 1856; 29 years, 3 months, 19 days.

Mattie Saurie, died Oct. 4, 1869; 22 years old. Cynthia M. Saurie, died Sept. 9, 1853; 15 years. Mrs. Selma Saurie, died Mar. 3, 1895; 83 years, 9 months. "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith." Richard E. Saurie, died Feb. 13, 1850; 34 years. Mrs. Selma Saurie was a member of the Methodist church and lived near the present home of Mrs. Naomi P. Bale.

Mary E. Winfrey, wife of John B. Winfrey, died Sept. 1837, in the John Ross home, Fourth Ward, aged 21 years, 11 months, 29 days.

Mrs. Anna S. Eddelman, wife of A. M. Eddelman, born Nov. 24, 1830, died June 21, 1863.

David Rounsaville, son of David and S. Rounsaville, born Nov 16, 1802, died Nov. 22, 1845. Sarah Ann Rounsaville, wife of David Rounsaville, born Mar. 12, 1818, died Feb. 4, 1867.



REV. SAMUEL EDWARD AXSON, the father of the first Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, and leading Presbyterian divine, once of Augusta.



A GLIMPSE OF THE ABANDONED CEMETERY.

This property belongs to the city and holds the sacred dust of many old Romans famed in song and story. A movement has been started to preserve it like Colonial Park in Savannah, and to connect it with the city's extensive tract on Ft. Jackson Hill. Land in this neighborhood can now be had at a reasonable price, and it is in the direct path of the city's logical growth.

Mrs. Elizabeth Rounsaville Conger, wife of Abijah Conger, aunt of J. A. Rounsaville, born June 21, 1800, died May 16, 1872.

Sophia Amanda Cooper, died Nov. 16, 1845; aged 20 years, 6 months, 10 days.

Jos. R. Scroggs, died Sept. 5, 1847; aged 29 years, 4 months, 12 days.

Margaret L., wife of Allan A. Williams and eldest daughter of Jno. M. Berrien, born Sept. 15, 1804, at Savannah, died Dec. 5, 1851, at her residence in Cass county.

Thos. S. Wright, son of Augustus R. and A. E. Wright, born Feb. 14, 1850, died Feb. 23, 1866; son of Judge Wright and Mrs. Wright; said to have been a brilliant speaker, though only 16; brother of Seaborn and Moses Wright.

Emeline, infant daughter of A. R. and A. E. Wright, died 1856.

Jno. L. Holbrook, died May 10, 1872; 54 years old. Sarah C. Holbrook, died May 12, 1882; 53 years old.

"Johnnie" (on 3-foot pyramid, with no other information).

E. A. Spullock (mother), born Oct. 22, 1823, died Mar. 15, 1892. J. (Jas.) M. Spullock, (father), born Nov. 19, 1816, died Dec. 5, 1883. The parents of Misses Fannie, Ida, Callie and Jessie Spullock and of Jamse Spullock. Also: "In memory of our little boy, Owen H. Spullock, died Nov. 1, 1852; 2 years, 7 days old."

Rev. John Hendricks, a Baptist minister, died June 18, 1856; aged 56.

The following inscriptions are on the monument of Dr. Hendricks: "Thus he sleeps, like one who draws the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams." "He was lovely and pleasant in his life and his body rests beneath this memorial. This monument is reared by his beloved widow and orphan children as a testimonial of a servant of Jesus Christ, who like Enoch, walked with God, like Abraham attained the righteousness of faith, and like Paul finished his course with joy."

J. Thos. Hendricks, born March 7, 1839, died May 14, 1851.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hendricks, died Jan. 19, 1873; aged 63. "Illustrious as wife, mother and Christian. Our hope, Jesus."

Mrs. Rebecca Mann, died Feb. 7, 1837; at 74 years; grandmother of Mrs. Hiram Hill and ancestor of her descendants. "She died as she had lived, a Chirstian. Let this slab protect her dust. God shall bid her arise."

Thomas Hamilton, M. D., born Mar. 18, 1790, died Oct. 9, 1859. A Mason and a Quaker; grandfather of Mrs. Annie Freeman Johnson and Mrs. Julian Cumming; moved from near Cartersville, Cass county, to Rome. His wife, a Miss Clower, was a Methodist. Grandfather of Telemon Cruger Smith-Cuyler, who lives on Clower place at Wayside, Ga. Ancestor of Rome Hamiltons.

Mrs. Malinda Hamilton (nee Malinda Clower), born June 4, 1803, died June 27, 1882. Was mother of Mrs. D. Mack Hood, mother of Mrs. Joel Branham.

George P. Hamilton, M. D., a Mason, born Nov. 11, 1825, died June 7, 1859.

George Thomas Hamilton, born May 23, 1831, died Nov. 5, 1851.

Wm. Scott, infant son of C. A. and Madeline Hamilton, born Jan. 30, 1853, died April 28, 1853.

Rosa Hardin Helm, died Apr. 21, 1900; aged 45 years. Thomas Jefferson Helm, born April 17, 1840; died May 17, 1904. Was from Columbia, Tenn., and friend of J. W. Ewing; kin to Spullocks.

Rebecca Cloud Hardin, died Aug. 9, 1880; 66 years old.

Peter Reagan and Nancy Reagan, dates of birth and death blank.

Mrs. Rachel L. Meigs, born July 4, 1816, died Apr. 22, 1877. Was Rachel Reagan.

Charlotte E. Brown, died Sept. 7, 1845; aged 21 years, 4 months, 12 days.

Prunella (?) daughter T. J. and M. V. Treadaway, died Dec. 1, 1831; 1 year, 16 days.

THE JOSEPH WATTERS BURIAL GROUND.

On the Calhoun Road, six miles north of Rome, in Ridge Valley, Watters District, is the resting place of the rugged pioneer, Joseph Watters, and most of his descendants who have gone to their reward. It is near the Watters and Rush homes and Floyd County Model School. Eight of the graves are located by small rock markers, and the other stones bear the following inscriptions:

Joseph Watters, born Feb. 24, 1792, died Mar. 1, 1866; Elizabeth Watters, (his wife), born June 23, 1779, died Feb. 19, 1881; William Watters, born Mar. 20, 1820, died Sept. 7, 1886; Susan Antoinette Watters, born Nov. 12, 1839, died Aug. 13, 1811; Sarah Cornelia Watters, wife of James M. Watters, born Aug., 1850, died May, 1914; Thos. Jackson Davis, born July 9, 1862, died July 23, 1909, and an infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Jackson Davis, died Mar. 9, 1906.

HEBREW CEMETERY INTERMENTS.

A partial list of well-known persons buried in the Jewish Cemetery, near Silver Creek in South Rome, follows:

Ed J. Esserman, died Dec. 21, 1907; David Esserman, died March 14, 1917; Moritz Spiegelberg, died April 19, 1913; Benj. Franklin, died Jan. 2, 1915; Phillip Cohen, died Nov. 30, 1886; Henry Kuttner, died June 4, 1890; Jacob Kuttner, died May 16, 1905; F. Abramson, died April 2, 1922.

Lagniappe

LANGLEY RAPS SNOBBERY.

By Lee J. Langley.

These be evil days for snobs and snobbery. Practically all the authors of the late popular books have turned the X-ray on the warped and festering torso of the snob, and the public has first laughed at his puny soul, and then grieved over his misfortune.

The moving pictures are beginning to hold him up to ridicule and scorn, and to portray him as a social blight and a public nuisance.

His neighbors, at the risk of giving offense, are courageously trying to purge the community of him. During the past week George Battey took a well-aimed shot at his nest, as did likewise my conservative friend, Editor Clair Rowell. Mr. Battey called the practice of snobbery the "old order" of things, and declared we must abandon it. Editor Rowell called it provincialism, and said we must modernize with the times.

I call it plain damphoolishness; symptoms of a crippled mentality.

Edith Wharton's book, "The Age of Innocence," took the Pulitzer prize of $1,000 for the best book of 1920 portraying American character and tradi- Thos. Jackson Davis, born July 9, Innocence" says of the snob:

"Culture! Yes, if you only had it! But there are just a few little local patches, dying out here and there for lack of—well, hoeing and cross fertilizing; the last remnants of the old European traditions that your forebears brought with them. But you're in a pitiful little minority. You've got no center, no competition, no audience. You're like the pictures on the walls of a deserted house; the portrait of a gentleman. You'll never amount to anything, any of you, till you roll up your sleeves and get right down into the muck. That, or emigrate."

Sinclair Lewis, in his "Main Street," asks, "Why try to reform them when dynamite is so cheap?"

Snobbery cost Chas. Evans Hughes, now Secretary of State, the presidency of the United States. California was safe for Hughes, but against the advice of his friends, Hughes went to California. When he got there he closeted himself with the silk hat and kid gloved crowd and refused to receive the "wool hat" boys. The wool hatters openly swore vengeance, and Hughes lost California, which alone cost him the presidency. His campaign manager, Mr. Wilcox, was an icicle personified.

Correspondents say that this taught Mr. Hughes a lesson, and that today he is the most amiable, approachable and most democratic official in Washington, except the president.

Snobbery cost the late A. O. Bacon the governorship of Georgia. At a political speaking at Jug Tavern, now Winder, a farmer's wife asked Mr. Bacon to buy four pairs of wool socks for $1, which she had knit herself. Mr. Bacon frowned and asked her what on earth she thought he wanted with that kind of sock,—that he wore only silk socks. That settled Bacon's chances of election. Mr. Bacon heard of his snobbish "bust" when it was too late. This taught him a lesson—he reformed and a few years later was elected to the United States Senate and made Georgia one of the greatest Senators in her history.

It gives me genuine pleasure here to pay high tribute to the character, statesmanship and intellect of the late Senator Bacon; he simply made the mistake in his early career of being snobbish, or appearing so, and paid the penalty that some mighty good men with political ambitions living not a thousand miles from Rome must pay, unless they reform.

It never offends me for a fellow to make it known that he thinks he is too good to associate with me; it only makes me laugh. It would not offend me if he should come out and tell me so. I would laugh all the more.

I've got a trap set for whatever there may be of snobbery in Rome. I'm going to catch it in whichever direction it moves, and if it assays up to any appreciable standard, three or four of us are going to plan a snipe party for the snob victims, either political, social, financial or commercial, according to the particular turn the snobbery takes, and then there will be another story to tell.

There is no snob in the world who won't fall for a snipe hunt.—8-12-21.

SNIPE HUNT PLANS.

By Lee J. Langley.

George Battey asked me in his column last Sunday when I am going to stage my snob snipe party.

That must depend on conditions and circumstances, George. I haven't got my snob covey rounded up yet. I have a little bunch of about a half dozen real nice juicy ones nibbling around my trap, but they are a little chary of my bait. I've got a slow and rather new delivery and they are not quite certain just when and where my release will cut the plate. I ran across what appeared to be a fine specimen of the breed the other day and he looked sick and sort of locoed, but when I got him square in the eye he gave me a belligerent and defiant stare.

I have been hoping, and am hoping yet, that the lonesome little school of the tribe we have here will reform and sign up for life in the HE-man league, challenge success and fortune on their own merits and add luster and renown to the family names and connections instead of swashbuckling around in a circle and trying to collect dividends enough to live off the capital of the good name left them by two-fisted, fighting and successful fathers.

Considerable preliminary preparation will have to be made before we can stage the first snipe party. I have heretofore said that snobbery is a mental disease, and there are several types of it, and each case demands a different treatment.

There is the political snob who believes that by reason of his inherited preferment, or superior ability and qualifications, he is entitled to all the political honors in sight. This chap is afraid to let anybody else advance or advantage in any place or position for fear it would in some way interfere with himself. He quietly stabs his most promising neighbor on every occasion.

To handle this bird we would have to get some of my pals in Washington to wire him to come on to the capitol and sign a receipt for the Rome postoffice or take a place as assistant to Charles Evans Hughes, Secretary of State. We would have to give him a big torchlight parade before he left, and otherwise in a most public manner show our appreciation of his greatness. Also we would have a mighty big reception committee meet him at the Union station, as well as a bunch of correspondents to tell the world how it all came out.

Then we have in some unfortunate spots in this big world the financial snobs who get themselves attached to a little 2x4 bank of some kind, with about enough capital to finance a good Chinese laundry and work themselves up into the conviction that they are Napoleons of finance. These are the beauty boys.

For this kind we would have some of the bunch in New York wire them that their distinction as bank executives and renowed financial abilities had attracted the attention of Wall Street and that they had been elected president of the National City Bank (the New York National City Bank) to succeed Jim Stillman and that they were requested to report as early as possible to take charge of "the biggest bank in America."

Now we would have to give this bug a big banquet where he could hear his praises sung as he has murmured them to himself since his first infection, and appoint a committee to go with him and see him at last enter upon his own; also to rescue him from the observation ward of Bellevue hospital following the close of his argument with the bank officers.

The social snob is of course the catch-as-catch-can champion of all the snobs on earth. He has been one of the chief nuisances of civilization ever since the Mayflower bumped its nose against Plymouth Rock. He has added to the gaiety of all nations, and we have a very few specimens of him left, the age of social democracy notwithstanding.

He has a brain about as big as a hummingbird's and the nerve of a Fatty Arbuckle. He is a third or fourth sprout sprung from a good strong original stock that went to seed in the last generation and left only this fibrous sprig that is not strong enough or hardy enough to ever reach maturity.

We would have to tip the boys off down in Atlanta, or Athens, to recognize his social position and superiority by giving a big reception in his honor to which would be invited all the exclusive social queens and raging social lions of the state. Would he fall? Say, will a hobo take chicken pie?

Also we have the church snob. The sleek, smiling, pawing and parading hypocrite who wants to pose as the one big, controlling church leader. He arrays himself in his cutaway or Prince Albert, gets to church before anybody else, takes charge and gives general directions to all comers. He can't be comfortable in a seat where he will not hold the spotlight all the time; he stands around the walls, goes from one department of the services to another, frowns on some things and smiles his approval on others. His ambition is to have the world recognize and acknowledge him as the leader of some big influential church and congregation.

This class of snob is as jealous and envious of every possible competitor for church honors as a first violinist is of the orchestra leader. He would murder the best Christian on earth for getting in his way if he just dared to.

I have never tried to handle one of these snobs and must work out a program. I have wanted to slay a few of them.

But, George, be patient; this campaign is on to stay. There is no room in the good old world for anybody these days except real men, working men, accomplishing men and unselfish men, and if there are others they must reform or emigrate.—Sept. 20, 1921.

TOWN ANALYSIS.

By Robt. H. Clagett.

Whenever anybody residing in a town or city undertakes the analysis of the characteristics and peculiarities of the place, he is sure to create considerable comment. Such analyses provide the focus for a subject of conversation that almost everybody delights in—a subject in which they themselves are the characters to be talked about. Lee Langley, ex-newspaper man and clever writer, has started such conversation in Rome by his recent articles in which he undertook to reveal some of the characteristics of Rome and Romans, neither shunning the bad nor withholding the good.

In our opinion Lee Langley's articles have been good for Rome, because they have set many people to talking about their town and analyzing their relationship to it. Anything that causes such retrospection is healthful. Romans who have read his articles may or may not agree with them. He does not seem to care about that. We cannot agree with all that he has written, if he intended to leave the impression that some of the things he said are applicable to Rome alone, because it has been our observation that the worst characteristics he attributed to this town are with equal verity applicable to all Southern towns of sim-

ilar size and environment. To us a distinct characteristic of Rome is its similarity to other smaller Southern cities.

In substance Mr. Langley said in a good natured way that to become a Roman it is necessary for a person either to be born into that high estate, marry into it or buy himself into it. To a certain extent the same thing may be said of any other city, North or South—if he meant by that to rank high in social, political or business circles one must achieve his position through the good will of the inhabitants of the place in which he dwells. It has been our experience that it is very easy to become just any kind of Roman one has the desire to become, provided he has sufficient intelligence, social grace, business ability and individual personality to deserve the position or recognition that he aspires to.

Rome is not a Utopia. Nor is there a Utopia anywhere in the United States or any other country on the face of the earth. We have our objectionable characteristics, which in most instances are the same as the objections that may be pointed out in any other town in this section of the United States. Likewise, we have our admirable features, some of which, it is pleasing to contemplate, are not to be found in all other places. If we have any criticism to make of the town that we have chosen as our future abode, it is that it is too much like other towns in which we have dwelt. What we would like to see happen is that Rome become so distinctly different from other towns either in good or bad qualities, if you please, that she will attract extraordinary attention.

As was said at the outset of this editorial, Lee Langley has done a good service by setting us to thinking about curselves. He did it in a good natured way, and if there was anything written that offended anybody we feel that he did not intend to do that or care whether he did or not. What we would like to see transpire here is that all inhabitants of this town—old-timers and new-comers, men and women, boys and girls, merchants and tradesmen, professional men and manufacturers alike—consider themselves Romans in every sense of the word and deport themselves in the manner that they think Romans should act.

The manner, then, in which the majority deport themselves, will be acceputed as the Rome Spirit and all who do not conform thereto will be aliens, because have we not the classic admonition that when in Rome one should do as Rome does? If there be anyone among us who can change our ways sufficiently to cause a majority to conform to his idea of what is the proper way, that new way will become the Rome way for better or for worse. If there be any immediate improvement in prospect, it lies in an endeavor to make Rome different from any other small city in the South.—July 12, 1921.

"BOLSHEVIK" DINNER RULES.

By Jack D. McCartney.

Every sport has its rules, even the social sport, and it is unwise to violate any of these strict regulations.

When asked to take your hostess out to dinner, were you ever penalized with a cold glance for being off side? Did you ever invite two young ladies to the same party and find yourself playing doubles, when you had meant it to be only a single court? Did you ever play all the courses at a formal dinner and find you had the wrong iron left for the last shot? Have you ever tried to steal home with your wife on second floor and your mother-in-law on third? If so, you will appreciate these few random but important rules, and use them as an amateur in good standing, says a writer in the Kansas City Times.

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1. Approach a formal dinner party as you would a railroad track, with its "Stop, Look and Listen," sign. You stop eating, look hungry and listen to the conversation of the experienced lady next to you who ate at home first.

2. To save embarrassment, never attend the wrong party or the wrong funeral. Imagine looking into the face of the host or the corpse, as the case may be, and finding him a perfect stranger.

3. Caution your wife ahead of time to avoid dwelling on your ordinarily huge appetite. Your hostess may insist on your taking a second helping of the pickled turnips or some such dish.

4. When seated uncomfortably against the leg of a table at one of these narrow apartment house festive boards, never kick irritably against what you believe to be the obstruction. It is just possible the leg may be that of the lady opposite.

5. The sport of seating ladies at a dinner party is the most hazardous of all. The procedure urgently requires the detailed instructions which follow.

The whole matter might be simplified and accidents avoided, if custom were not so fixed. For instance, the show method of seating the performers would be splendid. The butler, serving as interlocutor, should move to the piano, directly all the guests are in the dining room and at their chairs. Then he should call out in a loud, clear voice: "Ladies, be seated!" (Chord). All then would sink into their chairs with pleasing unanimity, the hostess would give friend husband the cue for that humorous little monologue of his, after which he, in turn, should address a guest with, "And where were you last night, Mr. Bones?" and all would go rattlingly.

Then there is the military method. Guests form in column of twos and troop in to the tune of a stirring march on the phonograph. Reaching a position in rear of their chairs the host commands, "In place, halt!" The following commands then are given in quick succession: "Chair with the right hand grab!" "One pace to the left, march!" "Chairs to the rear, march!" "Take seats" and "Come and get it!"

Custom, however, almost precludes such efforts. Hence it is a question of best way—old style.

The alert gentleman will not always seat the lady on his right, not if he is a judge of weights. Pick the lighter lady. Then, if the chair and the lady miss connection, the resulting crash will not be so noisy and even may be drowned with a loud guffaw.

The lady to be seated maneuvers the chair behind her. If she insists on standing too long, waiting for the hostess to sit or counting to see if there are thirteen at the table, the time has come for action. Drawing the chair still farther back to gain a start, rush it toward the lady, striking her at the bend of the knees with the chair and taking her by surprise. That is a most important factor, the surprise element. It avoids that possibility, already mentioned, of her getting out of control and crashing.

With the lady once in the chair, the clever gentleman will propel it instantly toward the festive board. Some of the sex is just tricky enough to attempt to rise again if given an opportunity. Speed foils 'em. Don't cut down the momentum for fear of pushing the lady's chair too far forward. She will rebound from the edge of the table nicely.

If the gentleman has followed instructions thus far faithfully, he will find the lady safely parked at her place and undoubtedly somewhat winded from caroming off the table. Before she can regain the power of speech, the alert gentleman will have an opportunity of making most lusty inroads on the soup, relishes and even part of the fish course, unhindered by the demands of conversation.—Tribune-Herald, Jan. 16, 1921.

A MONKEY DOES HIS BIT.

By W. S. Rowell.

As a result of a very unusual injury—particularly for a ruling sovereign—he King of Greece is dead from the bite of a pet money. King Alexander had ruled but a short while, —about three years, in fact. He was placed on the throne when former King Constantine was deposed by the allies, on account of his pro-German activities. He had been a mere figurehead, possessing no real power, and there is, therefore, no reason for any disturbance in Greece on that account.

King Alexander was the nephew of the former German Emperor, as are, of course, his brothers, one of whom, Prince Paul, has just been elected his successor by the Greek parliament. The new sovereign is the third son of Constantine, and is a man of about the same calibre as Alexander, and will be just about as much of a king, which will be very little.—Tribune-Herald, Oct. 27, 1920.

WHEN WOMEN GO TO VOTE.

By W. S. Rowell.

Well, won't it be worth going miles to see—when women stalk up to the courthouse to vote! In the first place, lack of experience will embarrass them to some extent. They won't know where to go nor what to do. But the average woman is quick to catch on and we don't anticipate much trouble in this regard.

The woman will start upstairs to the voting place, and be as mad as pepper if some man should perchance be in front of her, for naturally all women feel that they should go in front of the men. Then, by the time she gets fairly started, an election manager will call her back, and tell her that she must first find out if she is registered. If she IS, she will be given a ticket with a number on it and if she is not, there will be the dickens to play in explaining to her

why she can't vote because she is not registered.

The woman will then take the ticket handed her by the manager and go on up stairs. When stopped by another manager at the top, she will protest against giving up the ticket she has in order to receive another that she knows nothing about. But after argument this will be settled.

Then she won't want to go into the booth to fix her ticket, and she is not going to let any mere man fix it, because it's no man's business how she votes, and she don't want them to know anyway.

After having fixed her own ticket in her own way (probably having scratched the candidates she wanted to vote for), she looks around and sees the ballot box. After some discussion she will hand the ticket to the manager, who will call out her name and a number. This will bring on more talk; she will want to know why her name is called out without her consent and what the number is for.

This having been satisfactorily explained, she will start out the way she came and when barred by a police officer, there'll be another long discussion coupled with protests. Finding that she cannot go out the way she came in she will follow the advice of the officer and go out the way pointed out. All of which she will consider totally unnecessary, and something of an insult.

It is our opinion that women will go to the polls in twos or threes, dressed in the height of fashion, in order to create an impression on the men standing around the polls. Of course, the men will be duly impressed.

When the returns come in and they find that their candidates are defeated, a mighty howl will go up, fraud, cheating, bribing and swindling will be charged. They will declare that they will never go to the polls again, to be cheated out of their rights by unfair counters, and they won't go again until another elections rolls around.—Oct. 30, 1920.

WOMEN LIKE WINNERS.

By W. S. Rowell.

It is a natural factor in the feminine make-up that women like winners, and it is well that they do—it acts as an additional incentive to men to put things over.

Women are tender-hearted, of course; they'll stand by an unfortunate man, one who is in real trouble, be he husband, brother or friend, to the last extremity—they are always the friend of the disabled or oppressed, but among men possessing all their faculties, they want winners.

We do not believe this is due to selfishness or hard-heartedness. We believe that it is implanted in the woman nature to make men work harder and fight fiercer. Take a strong, healthy man, in possession of all his faculties, he had better succeed in his undertakings if he expects to win the favor of women. They think he's got no business losing, and he has not.

We are not criticizing women for liking winners; in fact, we rather admire their perspicacity, and as stated above, this quality in their natures frequently acts as an incentive for men, stirring their energies and ambitions to greater and higher things.

"DEAR SIR."

By W. S. Rowell.

There are some old-fashioned customs that do not fit into the modern scheme of things—they are out of date, and apparently silly. One of these is the custom of beginning all letters with "dear sir" or "dear madam." It is true that this is polite, and people should always be polite. But when a man or woman writes to his or her deadly enemy, and uses the pronoun "dear," it is inconsistent, to say the least.

We don't know how this custom started; it was probably in the dark ages, when language had a different meaning from that of the present. In some instances it may have been intended as sarcasm; it certainly has that effect in a great many instances. We have often wondered why this particular form of address is used. It would have been just as reasonable to say "gentle sir," "kind sir" or "hated sir" as the circumstances seemed to warrant. But just why men started the fashion of always addressing each other as "dear sir" and stuck to it whether appropriate or not we have never been able to understand.

In a great many instances, for a man to address another as "dear sir" amounts to about the same thing as two rivals kissing each other when they meet. They hate each other to such an extent that their lips should burn on touching, yet they kiss and smile most sweetly. This is equally

as out of place as addressing every man you write to as "dear sir."

We don't know any reason why you should not say "miserable sir" if that should fit the occasion, or "fat sir" or "lean sir." Why not address each person you write to under an appropriate designation? What is the use in calling a man "dear" when you hate him like a fish?—Dec. 3, 1920.

AT HOME-COMING, OCT. 14, 1920.

From Judge Wright's Address of Welcome.

"Rome's Who's Who contains everybody, with one man as good as another. There are roses in Rome whose petals wave a welcome of pink and white and red to our distinguished visitors. Out in the Flat Woods there are sweet potato patches containing the same 'possum tracks which long ago beckoned us to the hunt, and the whip-poorwills call not today 'Whip-poorwil' but 'Welcome Home.' Everybody is happy at your coming, and only the skies are blue."

From the Response of Col. John Temple Graves.

"When I think of Rome I recall the dearest period of my existence. Once a Roman, always a Roman. It is better to be a Roman than a king. This is the land of the Indians and the pioneer pale-face, the land of memory and dreams. I learned to ride a horse in Rome; I learned to ride a bicycle in Rome; I have taken a header from all the hills of Rome into the purling waters of the Etowah, the Oostanaula and the Coosa."

A BASHFUL BRIDEGROOOM.—The following story, taken from the scrap book of the late John M. Graham, of Tennessee, now in the possession of a good lady of Rome, is reprinted from the Rome News of some date in 1921. Prudish persons should not read beyond these introductory lines; all others are cordially invited to wade in:

"Senator Sebastian, of Arkansas, was a native of Hickman County, Tenn. On one occasion a member of Congress was lamenting his own bashfulness and awkwardness. 'Why,' said the Senator from Rackensack, 'you don't know what bashfulness is. Let me tell a story, and when it is through I will stand the bob if you don't agree that you never knew anything about bashfulness and its baneful effects.

"'I was the most bashful boy west of the Alleghenies. I wouldn't look at a girl, much less speak to a maiden. But for all that I fell desperately in love with a sweet, beautiful, neighbor girl. It was a desirable match on both sides and the folks saw the drift and fixed it up. I thought I should die just thinking of it. I was a gawky, country lout some 19 years old. She was an intelligent, refined and fairly well educated girl in a country and at a time when girls had superior advantages, and were therefore superior in culture to the boys. I fixed the day as far off as I could have put it. I lay awake in a cold perspiration as the time drew near, and shivered with agony as I thought of the terrible ordeal.

"'The dreadful day came. I went through with the program somehow in a dazed, confused, mechanical sort of way like an automaton booby through a supper where I could eat nothing, and through such games as "possum pie," "Sister Phoebe" and all that sort of thing. The guests one by one departed and my hair began to stand on end. Beyond the awful curtain of Isis lay the terrible unknown. My blood grew cold and boiled by turns. I was in a fever and then an ague, pale and flushed by turns. I felt like fleeing to the woods, spending the night in the barn, or leaving for the West never to come back.

"'I was deeply devoted to Sally,—loved her harder than a mule can kick, but that dreadful ordeal, I could not, I dared not, stand it. Finally the last guest was gone, the bride retired, the family repaired to bed, and I was left alone, horror of horrors,—alone with the old man. "John," said he, "you can take that candle. You will find your room right over this. Good night, John, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul," and with a mischievous twinkle in his fine gray eyes the old man left the room. I mentally said "Amen!" to his "Heaven help you," and when I heard him close a distant door, staggered to my feet and seized the farthing dip with a nervous grasp. I stood for some minutes contemplating my terrible fate and the inevitable and speedy doom about to overwhelm me. I knew that it could not be avoided, and yet I hesitated to meet my fate like a man. I stood so long that three love letters grew on the wick of the tallow dip, and a winding sheet was decorating the sides of the brass candlestick.

"'A happy thought struck me. I

hastily climbed the stair, marked the position of the landing and the door of the bridal chamber. I would have died before I would have disrobed in that holy sanctuary, where awaited me a trembling and beautiful girl, a blushing maiden, "clothed upon" with her own beauty and modesty, and her snowy *robe de nuit.* The thought was that I could make the usual preparations outside in the hall, blow out the light, open the door and friendly night would shield my shrinking modesty and bashfulness, and grateful darkness at least mitigate the horror of the situation. It was soon done. Preparations for retiring were few and simple in Hickman, although consisting of disrobing, and owing to scarcity of cloth in those days man was somewhat near the Adamic state when he was prepared to woo sweet sleep.

"'The dreaded hour had come. I was ready. I blew out the light, grasped the door knob with a deathly grip and nervous clutch. One moment and it would be over! One moment and it wasn't over, by a darned sight!

"'I leaped within, slamming the door with a loud noise behind, and at the same time with a sickening gasp uttering the name of my sweetheart.

"There, seated in front of a blazing, glowing hickory log fire, with candles burning brightly on the mantel and bureau, was the blushing bride, surrounded by the six lovely bridesmaids.'"

TOO LATE TO BE CLASSIFIED.

On the eve of going to press, a good "story" has been received. Mrs. Mabel Washbourne Anderson, of Pryor, Okla., sends a book of poems by her father, the late John Rollin Ridge (son of John Ridge, grandson of Major Ridge and native of the present Floyd County), in which is contained a preface with a highly engrossing narrative by the poet, which carries the reader back to the Indian days at Rome.* This account speaks for itself in the main. It needs explaining with respect to the location of the home of John Ridge. It leaves for the reader to figure out whether Mr. Ridge lived in Ridge Valley (at "Hermitage") or at the old Hume place about two miles north of North Rome, on the Southern railway.

John Rollin Ridge mentions his father's house "on a high hill, with a large spring at the foot of it," and another nearby hill, 200 yards away. The Rush place is on an elevation, at the foot of which, in Ridge Valley, is a bold spring. The Hume place is mostly flat, and its spring is probably smaller than the other spring.

But to the article by the poet. It is contained in a book called "Poems," published in 1868 by Henry Payot & Co., and printed by Edward Bosqui & Co., at 517 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal. The book has been out of print so many years that copies of it are rare. The publisher's prefatory note precedes the Ridge account, and both now follow:

"Most of the poems in this little volume are the productions of boyhood; very few of them were written after the author had reached the age of 20. As his career on the coast, in connection with political and literary journalism, is familiar to all readers, we will add nothing to this letter."

"'I was born in the Cherokee Nation, east of the Mississippi River, on the 19th of Mar., 1827.** My earliest recollections are of such things as are pleasing to childhood, the fondness of a kind father, and the smiles of an affectionate mother. My father, the late John Ridge, as you know, was one of the chiefs of the tribe, and son of the warrior and orator distinguished in Cherokee councils and battles, who was known among the whites as Major Ridge, and amongst his own people as Ka-nun-ta-cla-ge. My father grew up until he was twelve or fifteen years of age, as any untutored Indian, and he used well to remember the time when his greatest delight was to strip himself of his Indian costume, and with aboriginal cane-gig in hand, while away the long summer days in wading up and down creeks in search of crawfish.

"'At the age which I have mentioned before, a missionary station sprang into existence, and Major Ridge sent his son John, who could not speak a word of English, to school at this station, placing him under the instruction of a venerable missionary named Gambol.*** Here he learned

*Undoubtedly at Running Waters.

**John Rollin Ridge died in 1867 at Grass Valley, Cal., and was there buried under a stunted tree which he had planted years before while engaged in placer mining. His wife died about 1910 at Berkeley, Cal., and was laid to rest at that place, which is the site of the University of California. Mrs. Ridge got together the choicest of her husband's poems and had them published a year after his death. Among his best serious efforts are "Mt. Shasta" and "The Atlantic Cable." He was often called upon to read his verses at public meetings and college commencements.

***Supposed to have been at Spring Place.

rapidly, and in the course of a year acquired a sufficient knowledge of the white man's language to speak it quite fluently.

"'Major Ridge had become fully impressed with the importance of civilization. He had built him a log cabin, in imitation of the border whites, and opened him a farm. The missionary, Gambol, told him of an institution built up in a distant land especially for the education of Indian youths (Cornwall, Conn.), and here he concluded to send his son. After hearing some stern advice from his father, with respect to the manner in which he should conduct himself among the "palefaces," John left for the Cornwall school, in charge of a friendly missionary. He remained there until his education was completed. During his attendance at this institution, he fell in love with a young white girl of the place, daughter of Mr. Northrup.*

"'His love was reciprocated. He returned home to his father, gained his consent, though with much difficulty (for the old Major wished him to marry a chief's daughter amongst his own people), went back again to Cornwall, and shortly brought his "palefaced bride to the wild country of the Cherokees. In due course of time, I, John Rollin, came into the world. I was called by my grandfather "Chees-quat-a-law-ny," which, interpreted, means "Yellow Bird." Thus you have a knowledge of my parentage and how it happened that I am an Indian.

"'Things had now changed with the Cherokees. They had a written Constitution and laws. They had legislative halls, houses and farms, courts and juries. The general mass, it is true, were ignorant, but happy under the administration of a few simple, just and wholesome laws. Major Ridge had become wealthy by trading with the whites and by prudent management. He had built him an elegant house on the banks of the "Oosteenar-ly River," on which now stands the thriving town of Rome, Ga.

"'Many a time in my buoyant boyhood have I strayed along its summer-shaded shores and glided in a light canoe over its swiftly-rolling bosom, and beneath its ever-hanging willows. Alas for the beautiful scene! The Indian's form haunts it no more!

"'My father's residence was a few miles east of the "Oostenar-ly." I remember it well,—a large two-story house, on a high hill, crowned with a fine grove of oak and hickory, a large clear spring at the foot of the hill, and an extensive farm stretching away down into the valley, with a fine orchard on the left. On another hill some 200 yards distant stood the school house, built at my father's expense, for the use of a missionary, Miss Sophie Sawyer, who made her home with our family and taught my father's children and all who chose to come for her instruction. I went to this school until I was ten years of age—which was in 1837. Then another change had come over the Cherokee Nation. A demon spell had fallen upon it. The white man had become covetous of the soil. The unhappy Indian was driven from his house,—not one, but thousands—and the white man's ploughshare turned up the acres which he had called his own. Wherever the Indian built his cabin and planted his corn, there was the spot which the white man craved. Convicted on suspicion, they were sentenced to death by laws whose authority they could not acknowledge, and hanged on the white man's gallows. Oppression became intolerable, and forced by extreme necessity, they at last gave up their homes, yielded their beloved country to the rapacity of the Georgians, and wended their way in silence and sorrow to the forests of the far west. In 1837 my father moved his family to his new home. He built his houses and opened his farm; gave encouragement to the rising neighborhood and fed many a naked and hungry Indian whom oppression had prostrated to the dust.

"'A second time he built a schoolhouse, and Miss Sawyer again instructed his own children and the children of his neighbors. Two years rolled away in quietude, but the spring of '39 brought in a terrible train of events. Parties had arisen in the Nation. The removal west had fomented discontents of the darkest and deadliest nature. The ignorant Indians, unable to vent their rage on the whites, turned their wrath toward their own chiefs, and chose to hold them responsible for what had happened. John Ross made use of these prejudices to establish his own power. He held a secret council and plotted the death of my father and grandfather, and Boudinot and others who were friendly to the interests of these men. John Ridge was at this time the most powerful man in the Nation, and it was

*Sarah Bird Northrup.

necessary for Ross, in order to realize his ambitious scheme for ruling the whole Nation, not only to put the Ridges out of the way, but those who most prominently supported them, lest they might cause trouble afterwards.*

" 'These bloody deeds were perpetrated under circumstances of peculiar aggravation. On the morning of the 22nd of June, 1839, about daybreak, our family was aroused from sleep by a violent noise. The doors were broken down and the house was full of armed men. I saw my father in the hands of assassins. He endeavored to speak to them, but they shouted and drowned his voice, for they were instructed not to listen to him for a moment, for fear they would be persuaded not to kill him. They dragged him into the yard and prepared to murder him. Two men held him by the arms, and others by the body, while another stabbed him deliberately with a dirk 29 times. My mother rushed out to the door, but they pushed her back with their guns into the house, and prevented her egress until their act was finished. My father fell to the earth, but did not immediately expire. My mother ran out to him. He raised himself on his elbow and tried to speak, but the blood flowed into his mouth and prevented him. In a few moments more he died, without speaking that last word which he wished to say.

" 'Then succeeded a scene of agony the sight of which might make one regret that the human race had ever been created. It has darkened my mind with an eternal shadow. In a room prepared for the purpose lay pale in death the man whose voice had been listened to with awe and admiration in the councils of his Nation, and whose fame had passed to the remotest of the United States, the blood oozing through his winding sheet and falling drop by drop on the floor. By his side sat my mother, with hands clasped and in speechless agony—she who had given him her heart in the days of her youth and beauty, left the home of her parents and followed the husband of her choice to a wild and distant land. And bending over him was his own afflicted mother, with her long, white hair flung loose over her shoulders and bosom, crying to the Great Spirit to sustain her in that dreadful hour. And in addition to all these, the wife, the mother and the little children, who scarcely knew their loss, were the dark faces of those who had been the murdered man's friends, and possibly some who had been privy to the assassination, who had come to smile over the scene.

" 'There was yet another blow to be dealt. Major Ridge had started on a journey the day before to Van Buren, a town on the Arkansas River, in Arkansas. He was traveling down what was called the Line Road, in the direction of Evansville. A runner was sent with all possible speed to inform him of what had happened. The runner returned with the news that Major Ridge himself was killed. It is useless to lengthen description. It would fall short, far short, of the theme.**

" 'These events happened when I was twelve years old. Great excitement existed in the Nation, and my mother, thinking her children unsafe in the country of their father's murderers, and unwilling to remain longer where all that she saw reminded her of her dreadful bereavement, removed to the state of Arkansas and settled in the town of Fayetteville. In that place I went to school until I was 14 years of age, when my mother sent me to New England to finish my education. There it was that I became acquainted with you, and you know all about my history during my attendance at the Great Barrington School as well as I do myself. Owing to the rigor of the climate, my health failed me about the time I was ready to enter college, and I returned to my mother in Arkansas. Here I read Latin and Greek and pursued my studies with the Rev. Cephas Washbourne (who had formerly been a missionary in the Cherokee Nation) till the summer of 1845, when the difficulties which had existed in the Nation ever since my father's death, more or less, had drawn to a crisis.'

" 'Thus have I briefly and hurriedly complied with your request and given you a sketch of my life. I shall not return to the Nation now until circumstances are materially changed. I shall cast my fortunes for some time with the whites. I am 23 years old, married and have an infant daughter. I will still devote my life to my people, though not amongst them, and before I die I hope to see the Cherokee Nation, in conjunction with the Choctaws, admitted into the Confederacy of the United States.' "

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*Elias Boudinot, it will be remembered, was killed at the same time by the same assassins.

**The reader should bear in mind that Ross disclaimed any personal responsibility in the plot and its execution, and that the culprits were never apprehended. The new Indian country was not amenable to such laws at that time as would cause a strict reckoning to be had in the circumstances.

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